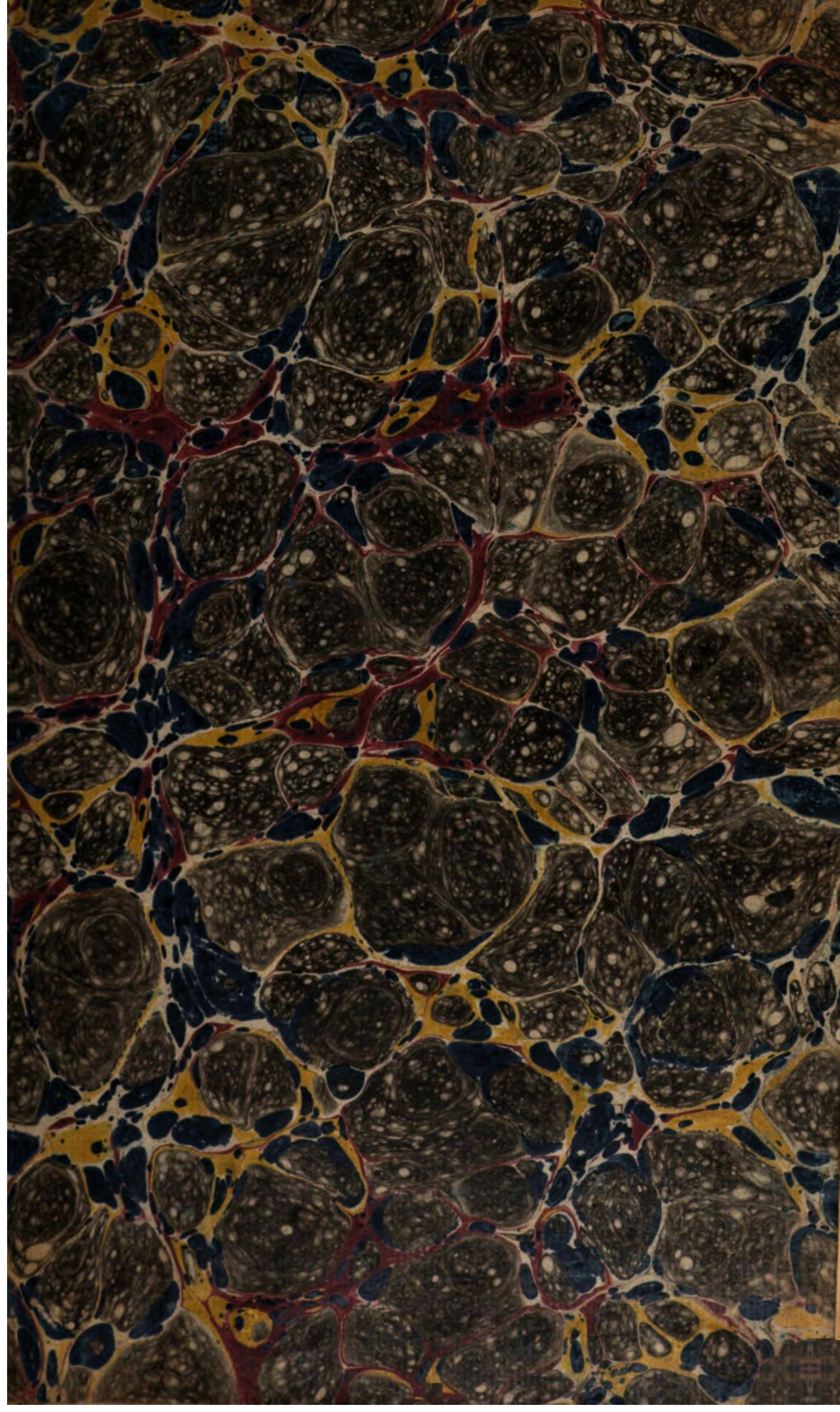






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A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Fourth.

— *Containing* —

Donne, Daniel, Browne, P. Fletcher, G. Fletcher,
B Jonson, Drummond, Crashaw, & Davenant.



LONDON :

*Printed for John & Arthur Arch, 23. Gracechurch Street,
and for Bell & Bradfute and I Mundell & C^o Edinburgh.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE.

Containing his

SATIRES,
SONGS AND SONNETS,
EPIGRAMS,
ELEGIES,

EPITHALAMIONS,
LETTERS,
FUNERAL ELEGIES,
HOLY SONNETS,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His wit refulgent, though his rhyme was prose;
He midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

DR. BROWN'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DODGE.

Containing his

EXPLANATIONS, LETTERS, GENERAL NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL		STATISTICS, SONNETS AND SONNETS, EPIGRAMS, ELEGIES,
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OF THE

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

There is no plain Dodge in honest regardance told,
His was a life of struggle, though his rhyme was bold;
He might an age of poets and poets write,
With genuine style, and classic strength of thought.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THE

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY WINDLEY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
1853.

THE LIFE OF DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573. His father was an eminent merchant, descended from a very ancient family in Wales; and his mother was descended from the family of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England. His grandfather, by the mother's side, according to Jonson, in his "Conversation with Drummond," was Heywood the Epigrammatist; so that, as he observes, "he was originally a poet."

He was educated at home till the eleventh year of his age, when he was sent to the University of Oxford, and entered a Commoner of Hart-Hall, where, it was observed of him, as of John Picus Mirandula, that "he was rather born wise, than made so by study."

He continued three years at Oxford, but declined taking his first degree, by the advice of his relations, who, being of the Romish religion, disliked the oath required to be taken upon that occasion.

He afterwards removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and from thence, about three years after, to Lincoln's Inn, London, where he prosecuted the study of the common law, with sufficient appearance of application and success.

He seems, however, to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, about this time, he composed most of his love poems, and other levities and pieces of humour, which sufficiently established his poetical reputation, and procured him the acquaintance of all those of his own age, who were most distinguished for acuteness of wit, and gaiety of temper.

His father dying when he was about nineteen years of age, and leaving him 3000 l. he relinquished the study of the law, and devoted himself to a diligent examination of the controversy between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, which ended in a full conviction of the truths of the reformed religion, and his conversion to Protestantism.

About the twenty-first year of his age, he resolved to gratify his desire of travelling; and in the years 1596 and 1597, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in the expedition against Cadiz, and staid some years in Spain and Italy, where he improved himself by conversing with men of learning, and gained a perfect knowledge of the Spanish and Italian languages.

Soon after his return to England, he was made secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in whose service he continued five years, and who had so high an opinion of his abilities, as to declare that "he was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

In 1602, he married privately, without the consent of her father, Anne, daughter of Sir George Moore, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower, who then lived in the Lord Keeper's family, and was niece to his lady.

Sir George Moore resented his marrying his daughter, without his consent, so highly, that he procured his dismissal from the Lord Keeper's service, and had him committed to prison.

He soon obtained his liberty; but was obliged to be at the expence of a tedious law-suit, to recover the possession of his wife, which involved him in great difficulties.

His wants, however, were in a great measure prevented by the kindness of his relation, Sir Francis Wooley, who entertained him and his family several years in his house, at Pillford in Surrey, and at last effected a reconciliation between him and his father-in-law, who engaged to pay him 800*l.* as a portion with his wife, and 20*l.* quarterly till it was paid.

After the death of Sir Francis Wooley, he took a house for his wife and children at Mitcham in Surrey, and lodgings for himself near Whitehall, where he was much visited and caressed by the nobility, foreign ministers, and other persons of distinction.

Some time after, he removed his family to apartments in the house of his friend, Sir Robert Drury, in Drury-lane.

In 1610, he was incorporated Master of Arts at Oxford, having before taken the same degree at Cambridge.

About two years afterwards, he accompanied Sir Robert Drury to Paris; and not long after his return he entered into holy orders, by the persuasion of King James, who had a high opinion of his abilities, and once expressed great satisfaction in having been the means of introducing so worthy a person into the church.

He was ordained by his friend, Dr. King, Bishop of London, who had been chaplain to the Lord Keeper Egerton, at the same time that he was his secretary. He was immediately after made one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majesty, and, about the same time, attending the King to Cambridge, he was created Doctor in Divinity by the University, on the particular recommendation of his Majesty.

On his return from Cambridge, he had the affliction to lose his wife, who died on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, August 15. 1617. Soon after the death of his wife, he was chosen Preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and two years after, by his Majesty's appointment, attended the Earl of Doncaster in his embassy to Germany. In 1621, he was advanced to the Deanery of St. Paul's. Soon after, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, was given to him by the Earl of Dorset, and another benefice, by the Earl of Kent.

In 1623-4, he was chosen prolocutor of the Convocation, and appointed by the King to preach several occasional sermons at Paul's cross.

In 1630, he was seized with a fever at the house of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aberly Hatch, in Essex, which brought on a consumption, of which he died on the 31st of March 1631, and was buried in the cathedral church of St. Paul, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Some time before his death, when he was emaciated with study and sickness, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a shroud; and having closed his eyes, he had his portrait taken, which was kept by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality. Dugdale says, that the effigy on his monument in St. Paul's church was done after this portrait.

Donne is better known as a poet, than as a divine; though in the latter character he had great merit. His prose writings, which are chiefly theological, are enumerated by Walton, who has written his life, with a just admiration of his talents and virtues, but with unnecessary prolixity and amplification, and in a strain of vulgar credulity and enthusiasm, peculiar to the productions of the last century.

His "Pseudo Martyr," in which he has effectually confuted the doctrine of the papal supremacy, is the most valuable of his prose writings. His Sermons abound too much with the pedantry of the times in which they were written, to be at all esteemed in the present age.

His Poems, consisting of "Songs and Sonnets, Epigrams, Elegies, Epithalamions, Satires, Letters, Funeral Elegies, Holy Sonnets," &c. published at different times, were printed together in one volume 12mo. by Tonson, 1719, and reprinted by Bell, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1781, with the addition of Elegies on his Death, by Jonson, Carew, King, Corbet, and other contemporary wits, a specimen of which is given in the present edition.

All his contemporaries are lavish in his praise. Prejudiced, perhaps, by the style of writing which was then fashionable, they seem to have rated his performances beyond their just value. To

the praise of wit and subtilty his title is unquestionable. In all his pieces he displays a prodigious richness of fancy, and an elaborate minuteness of description; but his thoughts are seldom natural, obvious, or just, and much debased by the carelessness of his versification.

Dryden has very justly given him the character of "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." In his dedication of Juvenal to the Earl of Dorset, he says: "Donne, alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent, but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification; and were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with speculations of philosophy, where he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love."

Pope, probably taking the hint from this passage, has shewn that Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, assume more dignity, and appear more charming, when "translated into numbers and English."

Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Cowley," has displayed his prodigious genius and extensive learning, to great advantage, in characterising the metaphysical poetry of Donne, and his imitators.

"This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge.

"The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily, resolving to shew it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry, they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear, for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

"In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least, the powers of reflection and comparison are employed, and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found, buried, perhaps, in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value, and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety, though less copiousness of sentiment."

A iii

UPON MR. J. DONNE AND HIS POEMS.

This soul of Verse, in its first pure estate,
Shall live, for all the world to imitate;
But not come near; for in thy verse's light
Thou dost not brook under the vulgar's sight;
That hovering high in the air of Wit,
Holds such a pitch that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the eye
(Or a more piercing instrument) doth spy,
T' adorn earth's face, thou dost it dwell on;
To beauty's elements, and thence derive

We dare say thou art dead, when he doth see
His part, that to thy being gives fresh flame;
And though thou art dead, yet will preserve thy
name;
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And why-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May live more mortal; a dead palely may
Still on, and quickly turn it into clay;
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise again;
But this great spirit thou hast left behind;

the spirit of wit and liberty his life is undisciplined. In all his pieces he displays a prodigious richness of fancy, and an elaborate management of description; but his thoughts are seldom natural, obvious or just, and much debated by the subtilties of his reasoning.

Donne has been justly given the character of "the greatest wit of the seventeenth century." In his dedication of *Juvenal* to the Earl of Dorset, he says, "Donne, alone, of all our countrymen, had your patronage; and to arrive at your veneration; and were he translated into numbers and English, he would see the waning of his glory."

You equal Donne; and I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He

and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics too often in his poems, and in his sermons, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the mind of the reader with speculations of philosophy, which he should en-

gage their power, and entertain them with the softness of love.

Hope, probably taking the hint from the passage, has thence that Donne's language, which abound with so much wit, assume more dignity, and appear more charming, when it is applied into nature and English.

My Lord,

MANY of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might, upon the Author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these latter times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, that now frights them from this country, where they

have been so ingeniously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they so unjustly own, who, profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned Sisters are fled over to beg your Lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms; and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved your honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness: so that although these poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordship's statue upon, where you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord, your most humble servant,

JOHN DONNE.

UPON MR. J. DONNE AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
Unburied yet this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, though thou'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy
name?

Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May shew thee mortal; a dead palsy may
Seize on't, and quickly turn it into clay,
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd;
But this great spirit thou hast left behind,

This soul of Verse, in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,
But not come near; for in thy fancy's flight
Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
But hovering high in the air of Wit,
Holds such a pitch that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn earth's face, thou sweetly didst con-
trive
To beauty's elements, and thence derive

Unspotted lilly's white; which thou didst set
Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,
Making them soft and warm, and by thy power
Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.
The cherries thou hast made to speak will be
Sweeter unto the taste than from the tree;
And, spite of winter-storms, amidst the snow
Thou oft' hast made the blushing rose to grow.
The sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have sent their pearls and rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and, plac'd by thee, they drew
More lustre to them than where first they grew,
All minerals that earth's full womb doth hold
Promiscuously thou couldst convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
That it was much more pure than in the mine.
The lights that gild the night, if thou didst say
They look like eyes, those did outshine the day;

For there would be more virtue in such spells
Than in meridions or cross parallels.
Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend or wit could name,
It was thy theme for beauty: thou didst see
Woman was this fair world's epitome.
Thy nimble Satires, too, and ev'ry strain
With nervy strength that issu'd from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praise.
But thy diviner poems, whose clear fire
Purges all dross away, shall by a choir
Of cherubims with heav'nly notes be set:
(Where flesh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There purest spirits sung such sacred lays
In panegyric hallelujahs.

ARTH. WILSON.

EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so:
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He must have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.

He must have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts:
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mecænas, and Augustus too:
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an epitaph for thee
He must be dead first; let it alone for me.

SATIRE I.

Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk persum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesie to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh, monstrous! superstitious Puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man!
That when thou meet'st one with inquiring eyes
Doth search, and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
That wilt consort none till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company;
Why shouldst thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust desire and love,
The nakedness and barrenness t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore or prostitute boy)

Sooner may one guess who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-ly,
By drawing forth heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou wouldst
go.

But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so imprison'd and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch en-
dures
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go;
And as fiddlers stoop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave troops he nigh't the ground;

But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore;
Or thou, O elephant or ape! wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you
see

Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he
That dances so divinely. Oh! said I,
Stand still; must you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, let us go;
It may be you smell him not; truly I do.
He hears not me; but on the other side
A many-colour'd peacock having spy'd,
Leaves him and me: I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I last left all repute
For his device in handsomely a suit;
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
Of all the court to have the best conceit:
Our dull comedians want him; let him go:
But, oh! God strengthen thee; why stoop'st thou
so?

Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which understood none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the pox. He answer'd not, but spy'd
More men of sort, of parts and qualities.
At last his love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me,
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many there were he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of
door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

S A T I R E II.

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the
rest.

Though poetry indeed be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Though, like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot
read,

And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes;
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms

Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.
Rams and flings now are silly battery;
Pistolets are the best artillery:

And they who write to lords, rewards to get.
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst who (begganly) doth chaw
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To out-do dildoes and out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Litany,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer, which (alas!) of late
But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
Than are new benefic'd ministers; he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes,
His title of Barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady! Speak, Coscus. I have been
In love e'er since *tricesima* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hillary term I went;
You said, if I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Slavonians scoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys rore.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which choose
Law-practice for mere gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will
swear

That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand,
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding cheer)

Piccential he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances big as gloss'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying, as a friar,
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory
(clause)

But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses beires*,
And filly, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words or sense; or in divinity
As controverters in youch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear
the doubt.

Where are those spread woods which cloth'd here-
tofore [door.
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none
draws

Within the vast reach of th' huge statute-laws.

S A T I R E. III.

KIND pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh nor weep sins, but be wise:
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of our souls' devotion
As virtue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Tlusts as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in heav'n, whose merit
Of strict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easie ways and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou
lay

Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north-discoveries, and thrice
Colder than *salamanders*! like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whose countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he

Which cries not Goddess! to thy mistress, draw
Or eat thy poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Centinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?

Know thy foes: the foul devil (he whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this:
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet last;
Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
Seek true religion. O! where Mirreus,
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago.
He loves the raggs so, as we here obey

The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
Grants to such brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd

Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
Grajus stays still at home here; and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good; as one
Knowing some women whores dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so

As women do in diverse countries go
In diverse habits, yet are still one kind,
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one, allow,
And the right; ask thy father which is she;
Let him ask this. Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:

Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
T'adore or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely. In strange way
To stand inquiring right is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands; and he that will
Reach her about must, and about it, go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists win so.

Yet strive so that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest; for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do
not stand

In so ill case, that God hath with his hand

Sign'd kings' blank-charters to kill whom they
hate,
Now are they vicars, but hangmen, to Fate.
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
At the last day? or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries
Equally strong? cannot both sides say so:
'That thou may'st rightly obey power, her bounds
know;
Those past her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, power is: those blest flowers that
dwell [well;
At the rough stream's calm head thrive and do
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish souls which more choose men's unjust
Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to
trust.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath
been
Poison'd with love to see or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,
Yet went to court: but as Clare, which did go
To mafs in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my Destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I suffer'd this: Towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than strangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are.
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black,
though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftastaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all states belongs.
Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Compliment;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Outflatt' favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surlus, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
'This fellow, chooseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist? and I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? Most sweet Sir! Beza, then
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said; Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travel. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeakt,
O, Sir!
'Tis sweet to talk of kings! At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes
meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic coarse;
So're all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, eyes you see,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they're neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogram.
Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse; so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays;
He takes my hand, and, as a still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie,

More than ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows
what

A subtle statesman may gather of that :
He knows who loves whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth
beg

A license old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more; and as he 'had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travel, so I sigh and sweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man :
He names a price for every office paid :
He saith, Our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them lasting as far
At the last day; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him : I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free : therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing : therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th'
hour

Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me? I said, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom. But as fiddlers still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)
Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he saw hell did advance

Itself o'er me : such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?
No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun! in all thy journey vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, our's are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten o'clock, and past; all whom the Meuse,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cries the flatterer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage as court. All are prayers; who'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The lady's come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with co-
cheneal,
The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are
bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns I thought
This cause: these men men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to 'have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
And whispers by Jesu so oft', that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, that will plague them
both,
Who in the other extreme only doth

Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, Arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now; I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go;
Go through the Great Chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-crofs, for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine,
I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away; although I yet
(With Maccabee's modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

S A T I R E V.

Thou shalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muse! nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theme
Charity and Liberty give me. What is he
Who officers' rage and suiters' misery
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all which were, are, and shall
Be, be made of the same elements,
Each thing, each thing implies or represents;
Then man is a world, in which officers
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suiters
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them run: these self reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring stomach, and suitors
Th' excrements which they void. All men are dust;
How much worse are suitors, who no men's lust
Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms'
meat!
For they eat you now whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a wastful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it: they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals; th' issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest Empress? know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose can o'er-
flow.
You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.

O Age of rusty Iron! some better wit
Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
Th' Iron Age was when justice was sold; now
Injustice is sold dearer far. Allow
All claim'd fees and duties, gamesters, anon
The money which you sweat and swear for's
gone
Into other hands. So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
If law in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts
below
Flows from the first main head; and these can
throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'st
Against the stream, upwards, when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou shouldst complain, will in thy
way
Become great seas, o'er which, when thou shalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may
'have more.

Judges are gods; and he who made them so
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When supplications
We send to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubims, and all heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; so 't is. Would it not anger
A stoic, a coward, yea, a martyr,
To see a pursuivant come in, and call
All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
His plate Chalices; and mis-take them away,
And ask a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair law's white rev'rend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts: she is established
Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be
Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies
Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
So officers stretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why bar'st thou to yon' officer? Fool, hath he
Got those goods for which erst men bar'd to thee?
Fool! twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and
now hungerly
Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
Thou hadst much and law's Urim and Thummim
try
Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's pepper,
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Than Hammon, when he sold 's antiquities.
O Wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
Æsop's Fables, and make tales prophecies.
Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows ce-
zened,
Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished,

SATIRE VI.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw't exprest as 't is in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou say'st she's wife and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
By matching her, as she would match her foe;
And wouldst persuade her to a worse offence
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her, she needs must change: I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that must to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats she'd scarcely stay with
thee,
And wouldst th' have this to choose thee, being
free?
Go, then, and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough

In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath
sweet:

Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I'll warrant her
She'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
(She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead.
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause a while, and thou may'st live to see
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.
If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine;
For though thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cause above effect can be,
'Tis virtue to be chaste, she'll make thee.

EPITHALAMIONS:

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

On **FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE of the Rhine, and LADY ELIZABETH, being married on**
St. Valentine's Day.

I.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and strait is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Va-
lentine!

II.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;
All that is noising unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phœnixes.
Thou mak'st a taper see
What the sun never saw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
Did not contain; one bed contains through thee
Two phœnixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live;
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day, O
Valentine!

III.

Up then, fair Phœnix Bride! frustrate the sun;
Thyself from time affliction

Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride! and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds, forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all;
And by their blazing signify
That a great prince's falls, but doth not die:
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder, and be thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records from this day, Va-
lentine!

IV.

Come forth, come forth! and as one glorious
flame
Meeting another grows the same,
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable union go;
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but once an disunite;
You're twice inseparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Bishop stays
To make you one; his way, which divers ways
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made
fast,
You two have one way left yourselves t' en wine,
Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But, oh! what ails the sun, that hence he stays
Longer to-day than other days?
Stays he new light from thence to get?
And finding here such stars is loth to set;

And why do you two walk
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?
The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.
The masquers come late, and I think will stay,
Like Fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas! did not Antiquity assign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.
But now she's laid: what though she be?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he?
He comes, and passeth through sphere after sphere;
First her sheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and he a moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere;
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe:
And yet they do; but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd nor to spare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again:
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No occasion to be liberal.

More truth, more courage, in these two do shine
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine!

VIII.

And by this act of these two phoenixes
Nature again restored is;
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one phoenix still, as was before.
Rest now, at last, and we
(As Satyrs watch the sun's uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desired, because your face we see;
Others near you shall whisp'ring speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win, by observing then whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, her's or his.
This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

EPITHALAMION

Made at Lincoln's Inn.

The sun-beams in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed;

No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your body's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing
thigh, [smother
Which when next time you in these sheets will
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be oft' more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

II.

Daughters of London! you which be
Our golden mines and furnish'd treasury;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

III.

And you, frolic Patricians!
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans;
Ye painted Courtiers! barrels of others' wits,
Ye Country men! who but your beasts love none;
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphrodites,
Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring,
Lo! in yon' path which store of strow'd flow'rs
graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight fail't is no other thing:
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame;
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple! unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till mystically join'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starv'd womb
Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might these two dis sever,
Always all th' other may each one possess;
For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To-day puts on perfection and a woman's name.

V.

Winter days bring much delight,
None for themselves, but for they soon bring
night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes;
But that the sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; noon-point he hath attain'd,
His steeds will be restrain'd,
But gallop lively down the western hill: [frame,
Thou shalt, when he hath run the heav'ns half
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name;

VI.

The amorous evening-star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Herself in her with'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians! and, Dancers! take some truce
With these your pleasing labours; for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
You, and not only you but all toil'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toils are dispens'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's
name.

VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lie
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are best in nakedness:

Vol. IV.

This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state a cradle;
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VIII.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content
That this life for a better should be spent,
So she a mother's rich style doth prefer, [lie,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' imbowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, oh
light
Of heav'n! to-morrow rise thou hot and early,
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long, we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought; for she which had no
name
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

B

E C L O G U E.

DECEMBER 26. 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas-time, reprehends his absence from Court at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset: Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

Allophanes.

UNSEASONABLE man! statue of ice!
 What could to country's solitude entice
 Thee in this year's cold and decrepit time?
 Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
 Ev'n smaller birds who by that courage dare
 In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.
 What delicacy can in fields appear,
 Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze jerkin wear?
 Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
 Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
 Having tak'n cold and their sweet murmurs lost?
 If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldst lament
 With just solemnity, do it in Lent.
 At court the spring already advanced is,
 The sun stays longer up; and yet not his
 The glory is; far other, other fires:
 First zeal to prince and state, then love's desires,
 Burn in one breast, and, like heav'n's two great
 lights,
 The first doth govern days, the other nights:
 And then that early light which did appear
 Before the sun and moon created were,
 The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
 From which all fortunes, names, and natures, fall;
 Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright
 eyes,
 At ev'ry glance a constellation flies,
 And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
 In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
 First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
 Then from their beams, their jewels, lustres rise,
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.

Most other courts, alas! are like to hell,
 Where in dark plots fire without light doth
 dwell;

Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get
 Continual but artificial heat
 Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
 And make our court an everlasting East;
 And canst thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there:

As heav'n to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
 So are those courts whose princes animate
 Not only all their house but all their state.
 Let no man think, because he's full, he hath all:
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
 Not only in fulness but capacity,
 Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
 More of heav'n's glory than a wordling can.
 As man is of the world, the heart of man
 Is an epitome of God's great book
 Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
 So's the country of courts, where sweet peace doth
 As their own common soul, give life to both:
 And am I then from court?

Allophanes. Dreamer! thou art:

Think'st thou, fantastic! that thou hast a part
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice or amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
 Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
 Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold,
 But never shall, except it chance to lie
 So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.

As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion springs,
Wisdom and honour from the use of kings;
Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
70 That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in heav'n; so is he still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come.
Chide thyself then, O fool! which yesterday
Might'st have read more than all thy books be-
wray.

Hast thou a history which doth present
A court where all affections do assent
Unto the king's, and that king's are just?
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
10 Where men need whisper nothing and yet may;
Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou hast no such, yet here was this, and more;
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
And is no more in his minority;
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost? O ignorant man!

Idios. I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts: I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say;
And yet I 'scap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd some.
Read then this nuptial-song, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But since I'm dead and buried I could frame.
No epitaph which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. *The time of the Marriage.*
Thou art repriev'd, old Year! thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And shouldst within five days expire;
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire
Than thy old soul, the sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the northern pole impart [heart.
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II. *Equality of Persons.*
But, undiscerning Muse! which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be try'd by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride

Becomes a man: should chance or envy's art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the
loving heart?

III. *Raising of the Bridegroom.*
Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
First, cheerful Bridegroom! and first let me see
How thou prevent'st the sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
How, having laid down in thy sovereign's breast
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward
art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart.
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving
heart.

IV. *Raising of the Bride.*
But now to thee, fair Bride! it is some wrong
To think thou wert in bed so long;
Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
Thou in first rising should allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou wouldst wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, wouldst be Phaeton.
For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear! so quencht, thou may'st impart
To us that come thy 'nflaming eyes, to him thy
loving heart.

V. *Her Apparelling.*
Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in water see;
So dost thou when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are;
And though thou stoop t' appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou entirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his
loving heart.

VI. *Going to the Chapel.*
Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
As men which through a cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two;
So as you go to church do think of you:
But that veil being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The church triumphant made this match before,
And now the militant doth strive no more.
Then, reverend Priest! who God's recorder art,
Do from his dictates to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by an-
gels eye or heart.

VII. *The Benediction.*
Blest pair of Swans! oh! may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing:

Live till all grounds of wishes fail,
 Till honour, yea, till wisdom, grow so stale,
 That new great heights to try,
 It must serve your ambition to die,
 Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live
 Heirs from this king to take thanks, you to give.
 Nature and grace do all, and nothing art.
 May never age or error overthwart
 With any west these radiant eyes, with any north
 This heart.

VIII. *Feasts and Revels.*

BUT you are over-blest: plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay:
 The tables groan, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
 And were the doctrine new
 That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
 For every part to dance and revel goes;
 They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
 Though six hours since the sun to bed did part,
 The masks and banquets will not yet impart
 A sunset to these weary eyes, a centre to this
 heart.

IX. *The Bride's going to Bed.*

WHAT mean'st thou, Bride! this company to keep?
 To sit up till thou fain would sleep?
 Thou may'st not when thou'rt laid do so;
 Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertain,
 And do all this day's dances o'er again,
 Know, that if sun and moon together do
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too:
 Therefore thou may'st fair Bride! to bed depart!
 Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
 loving heart.

X. *The Bridegroom's Coming.*

As he that sees a star fall runs apace,
 And finds a gelly in the place;
 So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
 Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.
 And as friends may look strange
 By a new fashion or apparel's change.
 Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
 These clothes their bodies never yet had seen:
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part
 As freely as each to each before gave either hand
 or heart.

XI. *The Good-Night.*

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
 Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year.
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine
 In warmth, light, lasting equal the divine!
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
 But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
 For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
 This is joy's bonfire then, where love's strong arts
 Make of so noble individual parts,
 One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving
 hearts.

Idios. As I have brought this song, that I may
 do

A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Allopb. No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt incense the perfume is not
 His only that presents it, but of all.
 Whatever celebrates this festival
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
 Nor may yourself be priest; but let me go
 Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
 Such altars as prize your devotion.

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain:
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God! First I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was
thine.
I am thy son, made with myself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image; and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish, that's thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not
choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes which I have spent,
That I might, in this holy discontent,
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in
vain!
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did
rent?
That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.

Th'hydroptick drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of past joys for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No ease; for long yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

Oh! my black soul! now thou art summoned
By sickness, death's herald and champion,
Thou'rt like a pilgrim which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd, and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh! make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dyes red souls to white.

V.

I am a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic sprite;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and (oh!) both parts must
die. [high,
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was most
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh! it must be burnt; alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler; let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord! with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating eat.

VI.

This is my play's last scene; here Heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint

My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space :
 But my' ever-waking part shall see that face
 Whose fear already shakes my every joint.
 Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes
 flight
 And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell,
 So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
 To where they're bred, and would press me to
 hell.
 Impute me righteous; thus purg'd of evil,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
 Your trumpets, Angels! and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
 All whom th' flood did, and fire shall, overthrow;
 All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you whose
 eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
 But let them sleep, Lord! and me mourn a space;
 For if above all these my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
 When we are there. Here on this holy ground
 Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
 As if thou 'hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

VIII.

If faithful souls be alike glorify'd
 As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
 And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
 That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride;
 But if our minds to these souls be descri'd
 By circumstances and by signs that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my mind's white truth by them be
 try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
 And style blasphemous conjurers to call
 On Jesus' name, and Pharisaical
 Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
 O pensive soul! to God, for he knows best
 Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

IX.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
 Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us;
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
 Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
 Why should intent or reason, born in me,
 Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
 And mercy being easy and glorious
 To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
 But who am I that dare dispute with thee!
 O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
 And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
 And drown in it my sin's black memory:
 That thou remember them some claim as debt,
 I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death! be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;

For those whom thou think'st thou dost over-
 throw

Die not, poor Death! nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then, from thee much more must
 flow;

And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and despe-
 rate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou,
 then?

One short sleep past we wake eternally;
 And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
 Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he
 Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd,
 But by my death cannot be satisfy'd
 My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucify him daily, being now glorify'd.
 O let me then his strange love still admire.
 King's pardon, but he bore our punishment;
 As Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
 God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
 He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
 Why do the prodigal elements supply
 Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
 Simpler, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse! subjection?
 Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
 Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
 Whose whole kind you might swallow' and feed
 upon?
 Weaker I am, woe's me? and worse than you;
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
 But wonder at a greater, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue;
 But their Creator, whom sin nor nature ty'd,
 For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

What if this present were the world's last night?
 Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucify'd, and tell
 Whether his countenance can thee affright;
 Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
 Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head
 fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes' fierce
 spite?
 No, no; but as in my idolatry
 I said to all my profane mistresses,
 Beauty of pity, foulness only is
 A sign of rigour, so I say to thee:

To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd ;
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you
As yet but knock ; breathe, shine, and seek to mend,
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and
bend [new.
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me
I, like an usurpt town, to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh ! to no end :
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue ;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again ;
Take me to you, imprison me ; for I,
Except you' enthal me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

Wilt thou love God as he thee ? then digest,
My Soul ! this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast.
The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,

Coheir to his glory, and Sabbath's endless rest :
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stoln stuff fold, must lose or buy't again ;
The Sun of glory came down and was slain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, t' un-
bind.

'Twas much that man was made like God be-
fore,
But that God should be made like man much
more.

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me ;
His jointure, in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath
blest,
Was from the world's beginning slain, and he
Hath made two wills which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy sons invest :
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil :
None doth ; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill :
Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
Is all but love ; O, let this last will stand !

O D E.

I.

V ENGEANCE will sit above our faults ; but till
She there do sit
We see her not nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way ; and thus whilst we do ill
We suffer it.

II.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill :
Enough we labour under age and care :
In number th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

III.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soon repent, [seen,
(Strange thing !) perceive not ; our faults are not
But past us ; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

IV.

But we know ourselves least ; mere outward shews
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour : only he who knows
Himself knows more.

B iii]

POEMS, SONGS, SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this Flea, and mark, in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
And in this Flea our two bloods mingled be.
Confess it: this cannot be said
A sin or shame, or loss of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two;
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh! stay; three lives in one Flea spare,
Where we almost, nay, more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is.
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet;
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that blood which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now:
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth! what thou and I
Did till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then.
But suck'd on childish pleasures sillyly?
Or slumber'd we in the seven-sleeper's den?
'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controuls,
And makes one little room an every-where.

Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is
one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest:
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?
Whatever dies was not mixt equally.
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all; none of these loves can
die.

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot:
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.
If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee:
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door me might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False ere I come to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To-morrow when thou leav'st what wilt thou say?
 Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons which we were?
 Or that oaths, made in reverential fear
 Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
 Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
 So lovers contracts, images of those,
 Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unloose?
 Or, your own end to justify
 For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vain lunatic! against these scapes I could
 Dispute and conquer, if I would;
 Which I abstain to do,
 For by to-morrow I may think so too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learn'd the art
 To cut it can find none.

So if I now should utter this,
 Others (because no more
 Such stufte to work upon there is)
 Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
 Hath found, all outward lothes;
 For he who colour loves and skin,
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
 Virtue in women see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the he and she;

And if this love, though placed so,
 From profane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or if they do deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did,
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

Busy old fool! unruly Sun!
 Why dost thou thus
 Through windows and through curtains look on
 Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?

Sawcy pedantick Wretch! go, chide
 Late school-boys, or four 'prentices;
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride;
 Call country ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of
 time.

Thy beams so reverend and strong,
 Dost thou not think
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long?
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
 Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
 Be where thou left them, or lie here with me:
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all states, and all princes I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us; compar'd to this
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchymy.
 Thou, Sun! art half as happy as we
 In that the world's contracted thus:
 Thine age asks ease; and since thy duties be
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us,
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
 This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

THE INDIFFERENT.

I CALL love both fair and brown;
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
 betrays;
 Her who loves loneness best, and her who sports
 and plays;
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the
 town;
 Her who believes, and her who tries;
 Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork, and never cries:
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
 Will it not serve your turn to do as did your
 mothers?
 Or have you all old vices worn, and now would
 find out others?
 Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
 Oh! we are not, be not you so;
 Let me, and do you twenty know.
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
 Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
 Grow your fixt subject because you are true?

Venus heard me sing this song,
 And by love's sweetest sweet, variety, she swore
 She heard not this till now; it should be so no
 more.
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
 And said, Alas! some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be

Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy;
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.

LOVE'S USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now
I will allow,
Usurious god of Love! twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love! let my body range, and let
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's reliet; think that yet
We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no, not the sport
From country grays to comfitures of court,
Or city's *quelque-chose*; let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if, when I'm old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame or pain
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain:
Do thy will then; then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love! I submit to thee:
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy or my gout,
My five gray hairs or ruin'd fortunes flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts im-
prove.

Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour or his Grace,
Or the Kings real or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants' ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my reins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men whom quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call'st what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly;
We are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;

The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two, being one, are it;
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms.
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes as half-acre tombs;
And by those hymns all shall approve
Us canoniz'd for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and
drove

Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrors and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomise.
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I AM two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry:
But where's that wise man that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation I should them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verse:
But when I have done so,
Some man, his art or voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read;
Both are increased by such songs;
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three:
Who are a little wise the best fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear! I shall never have it all:
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant,

If then thy gift of love was partial,
That some for me, some should to others fall,
Dear! I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'st me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then:
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee;
And yet it was thy gift, being general.
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
Grow there, Dear! I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet;
He that hath all can have no more:
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
store.
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart;
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it.
Lovers riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts to join us! so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

SWEETEST Love! I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can shew
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 't is best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journies, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to 't our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us't advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.

It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st;
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN last I dy'd (and, Dear! I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon
That myself, that is you, not I,
Did kill me; and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart when I was gone,
But I, alas! could find there none. [ly,
When I had rip'd and search'd where hearts should
It kill'd me again that I, who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
For colours it and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine;
But, oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

Oh! do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I knew:
To leave this world behind is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if when thou, the world's soul, goest,
It stay, 't is but thy carcase then,
The fairest woman but thy ghost,
But corrupt worms the worthiest men.

O wrangling Schools! that search what fire
Shall burn this world: had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her Fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent;
Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament:

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persevere;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

TWICE or thrice had I lov'd thee
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft', and worshipp'd be:
Still when to where thou wert I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see:
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love ask, and now
That it assume thy body I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast Love I thought,
And so more steadily to 'have gone
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw I had Love's pinnace over-fraught;
Thy every hair for Love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme and scattering bright, can love inhere:
Then as an angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere.
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

STAY, O Sweet! and do not rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 't is day; what though it be?
O! wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 't is light?
Did we lie down because 't was night?
Love which, in spite of darkness, brought us
hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

IV.

Must bus'ness thee from hence remove?
Oh! that 's the worst disease of love;
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath bus'ness, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself (which makes times as they pass)
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.
Two graves must hide thine and my corse:
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft' fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwells but love,
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their
graves remove.
And then we shall be th'roughly blest,
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth were kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be,
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION

Of my Name in the Window.

I.

My name, engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,

Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it was;
Thine eye will give it price enough to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glass should be
As all confessing and through shine as I:
'Tis more that it shews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules Love's magic can undo;
Here you see me and I see you.

III.

As no one point nor dash,
Which are but accessories to this name,
The show'rs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same:
You this entireness better may fulfil,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given Death's head keep,
Lovers mortality to preach,
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then as all my souls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein,
Which till this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repair,
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
Into such characters as grav'd be,
When those stars had supremacy.

VII.

So since this name was cut
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut;
As much more loving as more sad
'Twill make thee; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
'To look on one whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
'Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by the lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Dispute thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him beginn'st to thaw for this,
May my name step in and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
To an overt act, and that thou write again,
In superscribing my name flow
Into thy fancy from the pen,

So in forgetting thou rememb'rest right,
And unaware to me shall write.

XI.

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And thus I murmur in my sleep:
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive such balm as else cures every thing:
But, O! self-traitor, I do bring
The spider Love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall;
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for me that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh and mock me to my face:
But since I cannot this disgrace
Endure, nor leave this Garden, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal vials, Lovers! come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false that taste not just like mine:
Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow what she wears.
O perverse sex! where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear Love) what thou shalt do
To anger Destiny, as she doth us;
How I shall stay, though she elogne me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her through whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her whose book (they say) Homer did find
and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters which pass 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be,
To all whom love's subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found:
There the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,

That sees how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be, these his records.

This Book, as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-graved tomb,
In cipher writ, or new-made idiom;
We for Love's clergy only are instruments.
When this Book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were safe in this our universe,
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels
verse.

Here loves divine (since all divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or loth so to amuse
Faith's infirmities, they choose
Something which they may see and use; [sit,
For though mind be the heaven where Love doth
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here, more than in their books, may lawyers find,
Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
And how Prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself to womankind;
Who, though from heart and eyes
They exact great subsidies,
Forfake him who on them relies,
And for the cause honour or conscience give;
Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

Here statesmen (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 't is one proceed;
In both they do excel
Who the present govern well,
Whose weakness none doth or dares tell.
In this my Book such will there something see,
As in the Bible some can find out alchymy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes far off that great heights takes:
How great love is presence best trial makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be.
To take a latitude
Sun or stars are fittest view'd
At their brightest; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we
But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be?

COMMUNITY.

Good we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still:
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some choose
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good it would be seen;
Good is as visible as green,
And to all eyes itself betrays:
If they were bad they could not last,
Bad doth itself and others waste;
So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well:
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,
And when he hath the kernel ate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season as the grass.
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make 't more.
But if this medicine, Love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mixt of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure an abstract as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their Muse:
But, as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes
do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love such additions take;
Those, like so many spheres, but one heaven
make,
For they are all concentric unto thee;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love! any devil else but you
Would for a giv'n soul give something too.

At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanship, or play,
For them, which were their own before;
Only I've nothing which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
To falsify a tear, a sigh, a vow;
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *Non obstante* on Nature's law;
These are prerogatives; they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forswear,
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love! let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childish is:
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust.
Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not.
Such in love's warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.
This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land;
This face, which, wherefoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from
tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth than quarries were before.

For this love is enrag'd with me,
Yet kills not. If I must example be
To future rebels; if th' unborn
Must learn, by my being cut up and torn,
Kill and dissect me, Love! for this
Torture against thine own end is:
Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.

SOME man, unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures so?
Are sun, moon, or stars, by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?
Beasts do no jointures lose
Though they new lovers choose;
But we are made worse than these.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall;
Good is not good unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

THE DREAM.

DEAR Love! for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy Dream:
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for phantasy,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My Dream thou brok'st not, but continuest it.
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make Dreams truths, and fables histories.
Enter these arms; for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou
knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then.
I must confess it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying shew'd thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's strong as he:
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

LET me pour forth
My tears before thy face whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear;
And by this mintage they are something worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee:
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then when on a di-
verse shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that which was nothing all:

So doth each tear
Which thee doth wear
A globe, yea, world, by that impression grow.
Till thy tears mixt with thine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heav'n
dissolved so.

O more than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere;
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea what it may do too soon:
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth:
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most is cruelest, and hastes the
other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHYMY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say where his centric happiness doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told.
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery:
Oh! 't is imposture all:
And as no chemic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can? If he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play,
That loving wretch that swears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsey the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit they're but mummy posselt.

THE CURSE.

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams, he knows
Who is my mistress, whither by this Curse;
Him only for his purse
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be scorn'd by one whom all else scorn,
For swear to others what to her he 'hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them
such;
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be

Anguish'd, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess and die,
And no record tell why:
His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy
Or may he so long parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venom of all stepdames, gamester's gall,
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets or poets spake; and all which shall
Be annexed in schedules unto this by me
Fall on that man; for if it be a she,
Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 't is none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

A NOCTURNAL

Upon S. Lucie's day, being the shortest day.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks.
The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;

The world's whole sap is sunk;
The general balm th' hydropic earth hath
drunk,

Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is farunk;
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchymy;
For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations and lean emptiness;
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that's good;
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by Love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we
grow

To be two chaoses, when he did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcases.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the elixir grown:
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know, I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones,
detest,
And love, all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light and body must be here.

But I am none: nor will my sun renew,
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival:
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I fix mine eye on thine, and there,
Pity my Picture burning in thine eye,
My Picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I espy.
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By Pictures made and marr'd to kill,
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more I'll depart:
My Picture vanished, vanish all fears
That I can be endamag'd by that art.

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Though thou retain of me
One Picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With filken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun;
And there th' enamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loth
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not there light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors sleeve silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own Bait;
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE APPARITION.

When by thy scorn, O, Murd'ress! I am dead,
And thou shalt think thee free
Of all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.
And then, poor aspin wretch! neglected, thou,
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie,
A verier ghost than I.

What I will say I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is stark mad whoever says
That he hath been in love an hour;
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour.
Who will believe me if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say
I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart
If once into love's hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some:
They come to us, but us love draws,
He swallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me; but love, alas!
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

A VALEDICTION,

Forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
Now his breath goes, and some say No:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
'Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss,
Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE ECSTASY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sat we on one another's breast.

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string:

So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which, to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me:

And, whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day,

If any so by love refin'd
That he souls' language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake, the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This Ecstasy doth perplex
(We said) and tell us what we love;

We see by this it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move :

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mixt souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redouble still and multiplies.

When love with one another so
Inter-animates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loveliness controuls.

We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are compos'd and made;
For the atoms, of which we grow,
Are soul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas ! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear ?
They are ours, though not we ; we are
Th' intelligencies, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us at first convey.
Yielded their sense's force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so ;
But that it first imprints the air ;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot which makes us man ;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

T' our bodies turn we then, and so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look ;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book :

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the god of love was born :
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn :

But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice nature custom lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me :

Sure they which made him god meant not so
much,

Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it,
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives ; correspondency
Only his subject was ; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purleau of the god of love.
Oh ! were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do ?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see
Falseness is worse than hate ; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown !
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part ;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not ;
If he suck'd her's I let him know
'Twas not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat ;
Her eyes, which rowl t'wards all, weep not, but
sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters which she writ to me :
And if that favour made him fat,
I said, If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah ! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail ?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where, I chose ;

Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now, as other false'ners use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe
Great love! some legacies, I here bequathe
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love! I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame! t' ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears.
Thou Love! hast taught me heretofore,
By making me love her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffons my pensiveness;
My silence t' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin,
Thou, Love! taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university:
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamester's share.
Thou, Love! taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indig-
nity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes:
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians or excess;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love! by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I
do but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners mine English tongue.
Thou, Love! by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus dispropor-
tion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying; because love dies too.

Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
forth;

And all your graces no more use shall have
Then a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love! taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practise this one way t' annihilate
all three.

THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm:
The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
For 't is my outward soul,
Viceroy to that which unto heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to controul,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolu-
tion.

For if the finewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength
and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled when they're con-
demn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by't, bury it with me;
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 'twas humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 't is some bravery,
That since you would have none of me I bury
some of you.

THE BLOSSOM.

LITTLE think'st thou, poor Flow'r!
Whom I have watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough;
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.
Little think'st thou, (poor heart!
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow);
Little think'st thou
That thou to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be
 Subtle to plague thyself, will say,
 Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
 Here lies my bus'ness, and here I will stay:
 You go to friends, whose love and means present
 Various content
 To your eyes, ears, and taste, and ev'ry part;
 If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then stay here; but know,
 When thou hast staid and done thy most,
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
 Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
 How shall she know my heart? or, having none,
 Know thee for one?
 Practice may make her know some other part,
 But take my word she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
 Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
 Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
 Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
 For God's sake! if you can, be you so too:
 I will give you
 There to another friend, whom we shall find
 As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE.

BRING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE.

Upon the hill on which it is situate.

UPON this Primrose hill
 (Where, if Heav'n would distill
 A shower of rain, each several drop might go
 To his own Primrose, and grow manna so;
 And where their form and their infinity
 Make a terrestrial Galaxy,
 As the small stars do in the sky)
 I walk to find a true love, and I see
 That 't is not a mere woman that is she,
 But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not which flower
 I wish, a six or four:
 For should my true-love less than woman be,
 She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
 Be more than woman, she would get above
 All thought of sex, and think to move
 My heart to study her, and not to love:
 Both these were monsters. Since there must re-
 side

Falseness in woman, I could more abide
 She were by Art than Nature falsify'd.

Live, Primrose! then, and thrive
 With thy true number five;
 And women, whom this flower doth represent,
 With this mysterious number be content.
 Ten is the farthest number; if half ten
 Belongs unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take half us men:

Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
 Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
 First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIC.

WHEN my grave is broke up again,
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more than one a-bed)
 And he that digs it spies
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let us alone,
 And think that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their souls, at the last busy day,
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time or land
 Where mass-devotion doth command,
 Then he that digs us up will bring
 Us to the bishop or the king,
 To make us relics; then
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby:
 All women shall adore us, and some men?
 And since at such time miracles are sought,
 I would have that age, by this paper, taught
 What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
 Diff'rence of sex we ne'er knew
 No more than guardian angels do;
 Coming and going we
 Perchance might kiss, but yet between those
 males
 Our hands ne'er toucht the seals
 Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free;
 These miracles we did; but now, alas!
 All measure and all language I should pass,
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP.

WHEN I am dead, and doctors know not why,
 And my friends' curiosity
 Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
 And they shall find your picture in mine heart;
 You think a sudden Damp of love
 Will through all their senses move,
 And work on them as me, and so prefer
 Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in the conquest have,
 First kill th' enormous giant, your disdain,
 And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain;
 And, like a Goth or Vandal, rise,
 Deface records and histories

Of your own acts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness:
But these I neither look for nor profess.
Kill me as woman; let me die
As a mere man: do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

SHE'S dead! and all which die
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth her's involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthly sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's security)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
This, (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath, with my store,
My use increas'd;
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip her's; as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art.
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties
by thee bespoken?
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh! why should ought less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have
bid it say,
I'm cheap, and nought but fashion; fling me away.
Yet stay with me, since thou art come;
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb:
Be justly proud, and glad safe, that thou dost
dwell with me,
She that, oh! broke her faith would soon break
thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER sloop'd so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave;
For may I miss where'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.
If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no means be express'd
But negatives, my love is so;
To all which all love I say No.
If any who decipher best,
What we know not (ourselves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing: this
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me,
At least remember I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears:
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of Conqueror
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me;
Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
Then lest thy love thou hate and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too!

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which such two souls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, Ghost! that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day;
As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, Go.

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too;

Or if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murd'rer do:
Except it be too late to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding Go.

THE COMPUTATION.

FROM my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favours past,
And forty on hopes that thou wouldst they might
last,

[two]
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out
A thousand I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal. Can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX.

No lover saith I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover:
He thinks that else none can or will agree
That any loves but he.
I cannot say I lov'd, or who can say
He was kill'd yesterday?
Love with excess of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold.
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die;
He that saith twice doth lie:
For though he seem to move, and stir a while,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is set;
Or like the heat which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd, and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, lo! here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light;
"O give no way to grief,
"But let belief
"Of mutual love
"This wonder to the vulgar prove,
"Our bodies, not we, move."

Let not thy wit bewcep
Words, but sense deep;
For when we miss,
By distance, our hopes-joining bliss,
Ev'n then our souls shall kiss:
Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet:
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
"O give no way to grief," &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WHILST yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
Call what they cannot name an unknown power;
As ignorantly did I crave.
Thus when
Things, not yet known, are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they wax lesser fall, as they size grow.

But from late fair
His Highness (sitting in a golden chair)
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence
What before pleas'd them all takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After such pleasures? unless wise
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This, as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find!
I'll no more doat and run
To pursue things which had endamag'd me;
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the summer sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-feed to the tail.

SONG.

DEAR Love! continue nice and chaste,
For if you yield you do me wrong:

Let duller wits to Love's end haste,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear brings less annoy
Than fear and hope, brings greater joy;
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
Granting my suit you give me all;
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For I have made your godhead fall.

Beasts cannot wit nor beauty see,
They man's affections only move:
Beasts other sports of love do prove,
With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love! prolong my suit; for thus
By losing sport I sport do win;
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spy some ill,
And now the world is given to scoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety ourselves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh!) be not poor;
Give me not all, yet something lend;
So I shall still my suit commend,
And at your will do less or more:
But if to all you condescend,
My Love, our sport, your godhead end.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in Love's philosophy,
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went

Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd;
But now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows, flow
From us and our cares; but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way,
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes,
If our love's faint, and westwardly decline,
To me thou falsely thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day;
But, oh! Love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

THE TOKEN.

SEND me some Tokens that my hope may live,
Or that my caseless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new toucht youth; nor ring, to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the corals which thy wrist infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold:
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 't is like the best;
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this nor that t' increase my score,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

VI. RESURRECTION.

"Mort with one drop of thy blood my dry soul,
 Shall (though the how be in extreme degree,
 Too long hard, and yet too gently) be
 Freed by that drop from being hard; and
 And life, by this death shall be
 Death, whom thy death flew; nor shall to me

DIVINE POEMS.

If in thy life, look now, thou shalt see
 What in the long, I have none
 But made a feast of which, and which was
 May then this sleep, and death from me pass
 That, wak'd from both, I again risen may
 Salute the life and everlasting day.

Of God drew'd on me in the sacrament,
 Who can deny me power and liberty
 To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be
 Swim, and as every stroke thou art the Cross.

I. LA CORONA.

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and
 praise,

Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
 Thou which of good haste, yea, art treasury,
 All changing unchang'd, Ancient of days;
 But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,
 Reward my Muse's white sincerity,
 But what thy thorny crown gain'd that give me,
 A crown of glory, which doth flower always:
 The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our

ends,

For at our ends begins our endless rest;
 The first last end now zealously possessest,
 With a strong sober thirst my soul attends.
 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
 Salvation to all that will is nigh.

III. ANNUNCIATION.

"SALVATION to all that will is nigh;
 That All, which always is all every where,
 Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
 Lo, faithful Virgin! yields himself to lie
 In prison in thy womb; and though he there
 Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
 Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force
 may try.

E'er by the spheres time was created thou
 Wast in his mind, who is thy son and brother,
 Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yet thou'rt now
 Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother;
 Thou' hast light in dark, and shut'st in little room
 Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITY.

"IMMENSITY, cloister'd in thy dear womb,"
 Now leaves his well-belov'd imprisonment;
 There he hath made himself to his intent
 Weak enough, now into our world to come:
 But, oh! for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room?

Yet lay him in his stall, and from the orient
 Stars and wise men will travel, to prevent
 Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
 See'st thou, my Soul! with thy faith's eye, how he,
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
 Was not his pity towards thee wond'rous high,
 That would have need to be pitied by thee?
 Kifs him, and with him into Egypt go,
 With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

"WITH his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,"
 Joseph! turn back: see where your child doth sit
 Blowing; yea, blowing out those sparks of wit
 Which himself on the Doctors did bestow:
 The Word but lately could not speak, and lo,
 It suddenly speaks wonders. Whence comes it
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow-seeming child should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not foul to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness:
 But as for one which hath a long task 't is good
 With the sun to begin his business,
 He in his age's morning thus began,
 By miracles exceeding power of man,

V. MIRACLES.

"By miracles exceeding power of man"
 He faith in some, envy in some begat;
 For what weak spirits admire ambitious hate;
 In both affections many to him ran:
 But, oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
 Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
 Measuring self-life's infinite to span,
 Nay, to an inch. Lo, where, condemned, he
 Bears his own cross with pain; yet by and by,
 When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
 And, at thy death giving such liberal dole;
 Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

"Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul,"
 Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly) be [soul;
 Freed by that drop from being starv'd, hard, or
 And life, by this death abled, shall controul
 Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
 Fear of first or last death bring misery,
 If in thy life's-book my name thou enrol:
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there of which, and for which 't was,
 Nor can by other means be glorified.
 May then sin's sleep, and death soon from me pass,
 That, wak'd from both, I again risen may
 Salute the last and everlasting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

"Salute the last and everlasting day;"
 Joy at th' uprising of this Sun and Son
 Ye whose true tears or tribulation
 Have purely wash'd or burnt your drossy clay;
 Behold the highest, parting hence away,
 Lightens the dark clouds which he treads upon;
 Nor doth he by ascending shew alone,
 But first he, and he first, enters the way.
 O strong Ram! which hast batter'd heaven for me,
 Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast mark'd
 the path,
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
 Oh! with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,
 And if thy Holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
 Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O Queen of queens! thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mother's womb they life receive,
 God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
 By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O Queens! that earthly crowns do wear,
 To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
 If men such high respects unto you bear,
 Which daughters, wives, and mothers, are of kings,
 What honour can unto that queen be done
 Who had your God for father, spouse, and son?

THE CROSS.

Since Christ embrac'd the Cross itself, dare I,
 His image, th' image of his Cross deny?

Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen altar to despise?
 It bore all other sins, but is it fit
 That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he fly his pains who there did die?
 From me no pulpit nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandal taken shall this Cross withdraw;
 It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
 Of this Cross were to me another cross;
 Better were worse, for no affliction,
 No cross is so extreme as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instru-
 ment

Of God dew'd on me in the sacrament?
 Who can deny me power and liberty
 To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be?
 Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross:
 The mast and yard make one where seas do toss.
 Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small
 things;
 Look up, thou see'st birds rais'd on crossed
 wings.

All the globe's frame and spheres is nothing else
 But the meridian's crossing parallels.
 Material Crosses then good physic be,
 But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
 These for extracted chemic med'cine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your own physic or need none,
 When still'd or purg'd by tribulation;
 For when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
 Then are you to yourself a crucifix.
 As perchance carvers do not faces make,
 But that away which hid them there do take:
 Let Crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
 And be his image, or not his, but he.
 But as oft' alchymist do coppers prove,
 So may a self-despising get self-love:
 And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
 So is pride issued from humility;
 For 't is no child but monster: therefore cross
 Your joy in Crosses, else 't is double loss;
 And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
 Must perish soon, and to destruction bow:
 For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
 No cross from bad, we cannot scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sow'r, stinking cross the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that roam
 And move: to th' others objects must come home,
 And cross thy heart; for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Cross those detorsions when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the brain, though bony, walls doth vent
 By futures, which a cross's form present,
 So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
 Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall;
 Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
 Then doth the Cross of Christ work faithfully
 Within our hearts when we love harmlessly
 The Cross's pictures much, and with more care
 That Cross's children which our crosses are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.
By Euphrate's flow'ry side
We did 'bide,
From dear Juda far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

II.
When poor Sion's doleful state,
Desolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the Temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we call'd;

III.
Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beside us;
Where we, sitting all forlorn,
Thus in scorn
Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

IV.
Come, sad Captives! leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.
Can, ah! can we leave our moans,
And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury?
Can we in this land sing lays
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.
No; dear Sion! if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joints become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.
Let my tongue lose singing skill,
Let it still
To my parched roof be glew'd,
If in either harp or voice
I rejoice
Till thy joys shall be renew'd.

VIII.
Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind;
Bear in mind
In our ruins how they revell'd:
"Sack, kill, burn," they cry'd out still,
"Sack, burn, kill;
"Down with all, let all be levell'd."

IX.
And thou, Babel! when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a-flowing, grows to turning,
Victor now shall then be thrall,
And shall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

Happy he who shall thee waste,
As thou hast
Us, without all mercy, wasted;
And shall make thee taste and see
What poor we,
By thy means, have seen and tasted.

Happy who thy tender bairns,
From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
Ruthless stones
With their brains and blood besmearing.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT.

SLEEP, sleep, old Sun! thou canst not have repast
As yet the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep, then, and rest; the world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to-day;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou enlight'ned hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale;
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
Hast'ning to heav'n, would that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when he lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of pow'r to make ev'n sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I PRESUME you rather try what you can do in me
than what I can do in verse: you know my ut-
termost when it was best, and even then I did
best when I had least truth for my subjects. In
this present case there is so much truth as it de-
feats all poetry: call, therefore, this paper by
what name you will, and if it be not worthy of
him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be
that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to
have waited on his body to Scotland, and preach-
ed there, I would have embraced the obligation
with more alacrity; but I thank you that you
would command me that which I was loth to
do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit
to the obedience of

Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

A HYMN

TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

WHETHER that soul, which now comes up to you,
 Fill any former rank, or make a new;
 Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
 Or be a name itself, and order more
 Than was in heav'n till now; (for may not he
 Be so, if every several angel be
 A kind alone) whatever order grow
 Greater by him in heav'n, we do not so.
 One of your orders grows by his access,
 But by his loss grow all our orders less.
 The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
 Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
 Fair mirth is damp't, and conversation black,
 The Household widow'd, and the Garter slack;
 The Chapel wants an ear, Council a tongue;
 Story a theme, and Music lacks a song.
 Blest order! that hath him; the loss of him
 Gangren'd all orders here; all lost a limb!
 Never made body such haste to confess
 What a soul was; all former comeliness
 Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone,
 And having lost that beauty would have none:
 So fell our monasteries, in an instant grown
 Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;
 So sent his body, that fair form it wore,
 Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
 His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
 Anticipate a resurrection:
 For as it is his same, now his soul's here,
 So in the form thereof his body's there.
 And if, fair Soul! not with first innocents
 Thy station be, but with the penitents,
 (And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
 Whether that colour which is scarlet then
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
 When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
 Amongst those many friends now left behind,
 And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, let it be
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
 Wish him a David, her a Magdalene.

THE

ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail flesh! abstain to-day; to-day
 My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle emblem is,
 Whose first and last concur: this doubtful day
 Of feast or fast Christ came and went away.
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who's all:
 She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall;
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead:
 She sees at once the Virgin-mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, public at Golgotha.

Sad and rejoic'd she's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen:
 At once a son is promis'd her, and gone;
 Gabriel gives Christ to her, he her to John:
 Not fully a mother, she's in orbity,
 At once receiver and the legacy.
 All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
 Th' abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
 (As in plain maps the furthest west is east)
 Of th' angel's Ave and *Consummatus est*.
 How well the church, God's Court of Faculties,
 Deals in sometimes and seldom joining these!
 As by the self-fix'd pole we never do
 Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
 Which shews where th' other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not far) doth never stray:
 So God by his church, nearest to him, we know,
 And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
 His Spirit, as his fiery pillar, doth
 Lead, and his church as cloud; to one end both.
 This church, by letting those feasts join, hath
 shown
 Death and conception in mankind are one;
 Or 't was in him the same humility,
 That he would be a man and leave to be,
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgment but one period;
 His imitating spouse would join in one
 Manhood's extremes; he shall come, he is gone;
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all:
 So though the least of his pains, deeds or words,
 Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
 This treasure then in gross, my Soul! up-lay,
 And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

LET man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
 Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
 And as the other spheres, by being grown
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
 And being by others hurried every day,
 Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
 Pleasure or business so our souls admit
 For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
 Hence is't that I am carried t'wards the west
 This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
 There I should see a sun by rising set,
 And by that setting endless day beget.
 But that Christ on his cross did rise and fall,
 Sin had eternally benighted all.
 Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
 That spectacle of too much weight for me.
 Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
 What a death were it then to see God die?
 It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
 It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
 Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
 And tune all spheres at once, pierc'd with those
 holes?

Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them, and thou look'st to-
wards me,

O Saviour! as thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger; punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANY.

I. THE FATHER.

FATHER of heav'n, and him by whom
It, and us for it, and all else for us,
Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous;
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by self-murder red.
From this red earth, O Father! purge away
All vicious tinctures, that, new fashioned,
I may rise up from death before I'm dead.

II. THE SON.

O SON of God! who seeing two things,
Sin and death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade,
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucify'd again:
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

III. THE HOLY GHOST.

O HOLY GHOST! whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat,
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend, and let
(Though this glass lanthorn, flesh, do suffer main)
Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar, be the same.

IV. THE TRINITY.

O BLESSED, glorious Trinity!
Bones to philosophy but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents diversely
Most slipp'riness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd (undistinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge, be,
Give me such self-diff'rent instinct
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumb'red Three.

V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, (that she cherubim,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin;
Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloth'd himself, and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain who hath such titles unto you.

VI. THE ANGELS.

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we shall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' earth, conceiving by the sun,
Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run;
So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

And let thy Patriarchs desire
(Those great grandfathers of thy church, which
saw
More in the cloud than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more than us grace and law,
And now in heav'n still pray that we
May use our new helps right)
Be satisfy'd, and fructify in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reason added, lose her sight.

VIII. THE PROPHETS.

Thy eagle-sighted Prophets, too,
(Which were thy church's organs, and did sound
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heav'nly Poets, which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rithmic feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets or poetickness.

IX. THE APOSTLES.

AND thy illustrious zodiack
Of twelve apostles, which ingirt this all,
(From whom whoso'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou hast let me know
That their books are divine,
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline [mine.
Me, when my comment would make thy word

X. THE MARTYRS.

AND since thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before thou couldst,
And long since thou no more couldst die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body wouldst
In Abel die, and ever since
In thine, let their blood come
To beg for us a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life; for, oh! to some
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

XI. THE CONFESSORS.

THEREFORE with thee triumpheth there
A virgin squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not married, were
Tender'd, not taken by those ravishers:
They know, and pray that we may know:
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive. A man
Is to himself a Dioclesian.

XII. THE VIRGINS.

THE cold white-snowy nunnery,
(Which, as thy mother, their high abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent)
Though they have not obtain'd of thee
That or thy church or I
Should keep, as they, our first integrity:
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhood virginity.

XIII. THE DOCTORS.

THE sacred academ above
Of doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd and
taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdone,
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the sun.

XIV.

And whilst this universal choir,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
Prays ceaselessly, and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this pray'r, Lord! O Lord! deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out
thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking that great courts immure
All or no happiness, or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou'rt covetous
To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,
From reaching this world's sweets: who seek thee
thus

With all their might, good Lord! deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yesterday's tears to-day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope we wound our souls away;
From bribing thee with alms t' excuse
Some sin more burdalous;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord! deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance or slack company;
From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choke Sin's spawn, vanity;
From indiscreet humility,
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity;
From being spies, or to spies pervious;
From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being sent
T' ungracious us, stay'dst at her full grace;
And through thy poor birth, where first thou
Glorify'dst Poverty,
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By accepting kings gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evenness with fits;
And through thy free confession,
Though thereby they were then [gone,
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have
Good Lord! deliver us; and teach us when
We may not, and we may, blind unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all to blows
Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn

All ways which rage or justice knows [born;
And by which thou couldst shew that thou wast
And through thy gallant humbleness,
Which thou in death didst shew,
Dying before thy soul they could express,
Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, e'er this world do bid us go.

xxi.

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
When Want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work Despair a breach to enter in;
When Plenty, God's image and seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are mov'd to seem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord! deliver us.

xxii.

In churches when th' infirmity
Of him which speaks diminishes the word;
When Magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay our ghostly sword;
When Plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or Wars, thy champions, sway;
When Heresy, thy second deluge, gains,
In th' hour death, th' eve of last judgment-day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

xxiii.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord! to thee
A sinner is more music when he prays,
Than spheres or angels praises be
In panegyric allusions;
Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord!
We know not what to say:
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice
and word.

O thou! who Satan heardst in Job's sick day,
Hear thyself now, for thou in us dost pray.

xxiv.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting anguish piety;
That snatching cramps of wickedness,
And apoplexies of fast sin may die;
That music of thy promises,
Not threats in thunder, may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book thou dost, or creatures, say,
That we may hear, Lord! hear us, when we pray.

xxv.

That our ears sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright;
That we by heark'ning not procure
Our praise, nor other's dispraise so invite;
That we get not a slip'riness,
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at kings excess,
T' admit the like of Majesty divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord! open thine.

xxvi.

That living law, the magistrate,
Which to give us and make us phyfic doth
Our vices often aggravate;
That preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
That Satan, and envenom'd men,
Which will, if we starve, dine,

When they do most accuse us, may see them
Us to amendment hear them, thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord! lock thine.

xxvii.

That Learning, thine ambassador,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
For phyfic made, from poison be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die.
Hear us, weak echoes, O thou ear and cry!
Son of God! hear us: and since thou,
By taking our blood, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thyself and us allow,
And let not both us and thyself be slain.
O Lamb of God! which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again!
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS,

By Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke.

ETERNAL God! (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions do the circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalms first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 't was a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form)
So thou hast cleft that spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
Two, by their bloods and by thy Spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony;
Two that make one John Baptist's holy voice;
And who that psalm, "Now let the isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They shew us islanders our joy, our king;
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all, three choirs, heav'n, earth, and
spheres;
The first, heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears;
The spheres have music, but they have no tongue;
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does hear)
This choir hath all. The organist is he
Who bath tun'd God and man, the organ we:
The songs are these which Heav'n's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal

To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
 That I must not rejoice as I would do,
 When I behold that these Psalms are become
 So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home;
 So well in chambers, in thy church so ill;
 As I can scarce call that Reform'd until
 This be reform'd. Would a whole state present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our church unto our spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh, than any other, sing?
 For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,
 Which by this Moses and this Miriam is
 Already done; and, as those Psalms we call
 (Though some have other authors) David's all;
 So though some have, some may some Psalms
 translate,
 We thy Sidnean Psalms shall celebrate;
 And till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
 (Learned the first hour that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These, their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

At the Author's last going into Germany.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
 Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
 Which, though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
 And all whom I love here, and who love me;
 When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
 As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go,
 Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
 Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost controul
 The am'rousfness of an harmonious soul;
 But thou wouldst have that love thyself: as thou
 Art jealous, Lord! so I am jealous now.
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
 My soul: whoever gives, takes liberty.
 Oh! if thou car'st not whom I love,
 Alas! thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
 On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
 Marry those loves which in youth scatter'd be
 On face, wit, hopes, (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for prayer that have least light:
 To see God only I go out of sight;
 And to 'scape stormy days I choose
 An everlasting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT,

He was the Word that spake it,
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what that Word did make it,
 I do believe and take it.

THE LAMENTATION OF JEREMY,

For the most part according to Tremellius.

CHAP. I.

1. How sits this city, late most populous,
 Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
 Amplest of nations, queen of provinces
 She was, who now thus tributary is.
2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
 Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
 Her lovers comfort her. Perfidiously
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.
3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
 Juda is captive led: those nations
 With whom she dwells no place of rest afford;
 In straits she meets her persecutor's sword.
4. Empty are the gates of Sion, and her ways
 Mourn, because none come to her solemn days.
 Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
 And she's unto herself a bitterness.
5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace,
 Because when her transgressions did increase
 The Lord struck her with sadness. Th' enemy
 Doth drive her children to captivity.
6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone.
 Like harts, which seek for pasture and find none,
 Her princes are; and now before the foe, [go,
 Which still pursues them, without strength they
7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem
 (Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old she esteem'd most,
 Whilst her foes laugh at her for which she 'ath lost,
8. Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is she
 Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be:
 Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they
 Have seen: herself doth groan, and turn away.
9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
 Remember'd not her end; miraculously
 Therefore she fell, none comforting. Behold,
 O Lord! my affliction, for the foe grows bold.
10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
 The foe hath stretch'd his hand; for she hath seen
 Heathen, whom thou commandst should not do so
 Into her holy sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay.
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord! behold, and weigh.
12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me;
O! see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath.
13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He hath cast from heav'n on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,
And made me languish all the day alone.
14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.
15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men; he did company excite
To break my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.
16. For these things do I weep; mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; for he which should be nigh
To comfort me is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.
17. There's none, though Sion do stretch out her
hand,
To comfort her: it is the Lord's command
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.
18. But yet the Lord is just and righteous still;
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O hear, all people! and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men, in captivity.
19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my priests and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat, [get.
Which should refresh their souls, and none could
20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah! see
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword, without as death within doth waste.
21. Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be
That thou hast done it; but thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.
22. Let all their wickedness appear to thee;
Do unto them as thou hast done to me
For all my sins. The sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.
- To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot his footstool in the day of wrath!
2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.
3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
Hath clean cut off; and, lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire,
But is t'wards Jacob all devouring fire.
4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.
5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel and his palaces;
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughters lamentations.
6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast down
The place where was his congregation,
And Sion's feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.
7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests
His sanctuary; and in the foes hands rests
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.
8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground:
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'er-
turn
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.
9. The gates are sunk unto the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their kings and princes be
Amongst the heathen without law, nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.
10. There Sion's elders on the ground are plac'd;
And silence keep; dust on their heads they cast;
In sackcloth hath they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.
11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping; and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery
That sucking children in the streets do die.
12. When they had cry'd unto their mothers,
Where
Shall we have bread and drink? they fainted
there;
And in the street, like wounded persons, lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.
13. Daughter Jerusalem, oh! what may be
A witness or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath hung
VOL. IV.

14. For the vain foolish things thy prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturb thy bondage; but for thee
False burthens and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, "Is this
"That city which so many men did call
"Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?"

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, "Devour we this;
"For this is certainly the day which we
"Expected, and which now we find and see."

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call;
Therefore, O walls of Sion! let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord! consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
To eat their children of a span? shall thy
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie;
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Then in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me; when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'scape; for those which I
Brought up did perish by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkness, not to light,
3. And against me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh
and skin;
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. And set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me, lest I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before.

8. When I cry out, he out shuts my prayer; 9.
And hath [path.
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my

10. And like a lion hid in secrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.

11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long a song and mockery.

15. He hath me fill'd with bitterness, and he
Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He
hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.
17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope, (unto myself I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.

19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My soul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart considers; therefore hope there is.
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord! is thy fidelity.

24. The Lord is, faith my soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them who on him rely,
And to the soul that seeks him earnestly.

26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear:

28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath born it: 29. And his mouth he
lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

30. He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.

31. For not for ever doth the Lord forsake;

32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he
doth take

Compassion, as his mercy's infinite.

33. Nor is it with his heart that he doth smite,

34. That under foot the prisoners stamped be,

35. That a man's right the judge himself doth see
[ed is

To be wrung from him; 36. That he subvert-
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this. [pass

37. Who then will say that ought doth come to
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;

39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?

40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;

41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts up-
raise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'st not; 43. Usest no clemency;

Pursu'st us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath;

44. Cover'st thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass; 45. And thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring, to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare,
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

48. With wat'ry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters so:
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,
50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to see.

51. And for my city, daughters' sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy,
Like a bird, chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I'm
Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord! upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. And thou my voice didst hear:
Oh! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear,
58. Thou, Lord! my soul's cause handled hast,
and thou
Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord! do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they've wrought;

61. How they reproach'd thou'st heard, and what
they thought;

62. What their lips utter'd, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.

64. Give them rewards, Lord! for their work-
ing fit, [thy might

64. Sorrow of heart, thy curse: 66. And with
Follow, and from under heav'n destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

1. How is the gold become so dim! how is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this!
The stones, which were stones of the sanctuary,
Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valu'd as purest gold, how do we see
Low-rated now! as earthen pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand.

3. Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughter's live,
By reason of the foe's great cruelty,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw;
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished:
And they, which ever were in scarlet cloth'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more
Than did the town of Sodom sin before,
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polish'dness was saphirine.

[know

8. They're darker now than blackness; none can
Them by the face, as through the street they go;
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And, withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;
And better through pierc'd than through penury.

10. Women, by nature pitiful, have ate [meat
Their children (dress'd with their own hand) for

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all
which live

In the inhabitable world, believe
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so. [shed

13. For the priests' sins, and prophets, which have
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered:

14. Which, when these men, whom they made
blind, did stray

Thorough the streets, defiled by the way
With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching as they pass,

15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men,
"Depart, depart, and touch us not!" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles
were, [there:

Yet told their friends they should not long dwell
16. For this they're scatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more. No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford, [sword:
For that they're priests redeem them from the

17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have,

18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day;
19. Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they
Which follow us; o'er mountains tops they flie
At us, and for us in the desert lie,

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our nostrils, he
Of whom we said, under his shadow we

Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which these men digged, fell.

Rejoice, O Edom's daughter! joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'st Uz; for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shall fill thyself, and shew thy nakedness.

22. And then thy sins, O Sion! shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sins, O Edom's daughter! he will see,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. REMEMBER, O Lord! what is fall'n on us;
See and mark how we are reproached thus.

2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.

4. Waters, which are our own, we drink and pay,
And upon our own word a price they lay.

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit;
They make us travail, and not intermit.

6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread, and unto th' Assyrians.

Our fathers did these sins, and are no more;
But we do bear thy sins they did before.

8. They are but servants which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat,
For in the wilderness the sword did wait.

10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in Sion us'd. [grace

12. The princes with their hands they hung; no
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare:

14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs, forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head, and wo
Be unto us, because we've sinned so:

16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is;

17. Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.

18. But thou, O Lord! art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why shouldst thou forget us eternally,
Or leave us thus long in this misery?

20. Restore us, Lord! to thee; that so we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest thou, O Lord! despise us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,

In my Sickness.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then think here before.

Whilst my physicians, by their love, are grown
Cosmographers and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shewn
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy that in these straits I see my west;
For though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? as west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar? [them,
All straits, and none but straits are ways to
Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord!
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own; [down.
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
And having done that thou hast done,
I fear no more.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms, I my picture, if any colours can deliver a mind so plain and flat, and thorough-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt and stick, and do not say quickly good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others: yet I would not be so rebellious against myself as not to do it since I love it, nor so unjust to others to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill that he gives not something exemplary to follow or fly. Now, when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt: how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity with as much, and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged

out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also; and, therefore, you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and in a maceron, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs, works this. And, therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served: and though it could not speak when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me so seriously deliver you, by her relation, all her passages, from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time, when she is the whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

I.

I SING the Progress of a deathless Soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not con-
troul,
Plac'd in most shapes. All times, before the law
Yok'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing,
And the great World t' his aged evening,
From infant morn through manly noon I draw :
What the gold Chaldee or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, 'tis in this one,
A work t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soul envies not ;
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the first east thou now beginn'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career .
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow, dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine ;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she
That before thee one day began to be,
And, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long,
long outlive thee.

III.

Nor holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
The church and all the monarchies did float ;
That swimming college and free hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny
Us and our latest nephews did install,
(From thence are all deriv'd that fill this all)
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So diverse shapes into that floating park, [spark.
As have been mov'd and inform'd by this heav'nly

IV.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing ; who, where we offspring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant : thou
Knot of all causes ; thou whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O ! vouchsafe thou to
look,
And shew my story in thy eternal book,
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much myself as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal this my life's race is spann'd.

V.

To my six lusters, almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more ;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this and t' others whets ;
O ! let me not launch out, but let me save
Th' expence of brain and spirit, that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may
have.

VI.

But if my days be long and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough
Itself ; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold, in sad lone ways, a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light :
For though through many straights and lands I
roam,
I launch at Paradise, and sail t'wards home :
The course I there began shall here be stay'd ;
Sails hoisted there struck here, and anchors laid
In Thames which were at Tygris and Euphrates
weigh'd.

VII.

For the great Soul which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and
brow,
Which as the moon the sea moves us, to hear
Whose story with long patience you will long ;
(For 'tis the crown and last strain of my song)
This Soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh ; this Soul, which oft did tear
And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late
Rome,
And liv'd when every great 'change did come,
Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, less
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That All, which always was all every where,
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear,
Which could not die, yet could not choose but
die)
Stood in the self same room in Calvary

Where first grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in security
This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling
free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
That apple grew which this soul did enlive,
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and t' her, whom the first man did
wive,

(Whom and her race only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she t' her husband; both did eat:
So perished the eaters and the meat,
And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die
and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we're here slain o'er again
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head;
The daughters here corrupt us rivulets;
No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks, their
nets:

She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray from turning to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners judges 't would seem rigorous;
She sinn'd, we bear: part of our pain is thus
To love them whose fault to this painful love
yok'd us.

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so.
Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept? or can
His creatures will cross his? Of every man
For one will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who sinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the snake,
Nor her, who was not then made? nor is't writ
That Adam cropt or knew the apple; yet
The worm, and she, and he, and we, endure
for it.

XII.

But snatch me, heav'nly Spirit! from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity; less is their gain
Than hazard still to meditate on ill,
Though with good mind; their reason's like
those toys

Of glassy bubbles which the gamefome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves
spill.

Arguing is heretic's game, and exercise,
As wrestlers, perfects them. Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, and he-
relies.

XIII.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins and tender conduit-pipe
Through which this Soul from the tree's root did
draw

Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose Soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
'Tis so soon gone (and better proof the law

Of sense than faith requires) swiftly she flew
T' a dark and foggy plot; her her fates threw
There through th' earth's pores, and in a plant
hous'd her anew.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force
A place where no place was by Nature's course,
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd so
His spongy confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the prince, and so fill up the way [near
That weasels scarce could pass; when he comes
They throng and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatten'd
were.

XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,
Westward his left; th' ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
And, as a slumb'rer, stretching on his bed,
This way he this and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
To shew that in love's bus'ness he should still
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception
kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf
ears,
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs;
A young Colossus there he stands upright;
And, as that ground by him were conquered,
A lazy garland wears he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits so red and bright,
That for them ye would call your love's lips white;
So of a lone unhaunted place possesst,
Did this Soul's second inn, built by the guest
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve,
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite:
Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child the moist-red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept, since it saw light:
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood.
Unvirtuous weeds might long unweav'd have flood,
But he's short liv'd that with his death can do
most good.

XVIII.

To an unsetter'd Soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars and hearts thoughts but slow
pac'd,

Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul, and she,
Whom four new coming and four parting suns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs,
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd and enail'd her that seem'd so free
Into a small blew shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itself
door.

xix.

Out crept a sparrow, this Soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with
pain:

His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overspreads:
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat: meat fit for men
His father steals for him, and so feeds then
One that within a month will beat him from his
hen.

xx.

In this world's youth wise Nature did make haste,
Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last:
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and tent, o'erflutters his next hen:
He asks her not who did so taste, nor when;
Nor if his sister or his niece she be,
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy
If in her fight he change; nor doth refuse
The next that calls; both liberty do use.
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may
freely choose.

xxi.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom less,
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 'twas not;
So jolly, that it can move this Soul. Is
The body so free of his kindresses,
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slack'neth not the Soul's and body's knot,
Which temp'rance straitens? Freely on his she-
friends
He blood and spirit, pith and marrow, spends;
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

xxii.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive,
With feign'd calls his nets or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave;
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three; then straiten'd twenty years
To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

xxiii.

This coal with over blowing quench'd and dead,
The Soul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook. A female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was;
For they had intertouch'd as they did pass,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This Soul inform'd, and able it to row
Itself with sinny oars, which she did sit,
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

xxiv.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd:

It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd; and yet before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallow'd clear
This and much such, and unblam'd; devour'd there
All but who too swift, too great, or well-arm'd,
were.

xxv.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soul in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the swan's digestive fire
She left her house, the fish, and vapour'd forth:
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; for he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone;
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

xxvi.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glassy deep,
But oft retarded; once with a hidden net,
Though with great windows, (for when need first
taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not
wrought

As now, with curious greediness, to let
None 'scape, but few and fit for use to get)
As in this trip a ravenous pike was ta'en,
Who, though himself distressed, would fain have slain
This wretch; so hardly are ill habits left again.

xxvii.

Here by her smallness she two death's o'erpass,
Once innocence 'scap'd, and left th' oppressor fast;
The net through swam, she keeps the liquid path,
And whither she leap up sometimes to breath
And suck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but safe the place she's come unto,
Where fresh with salt waves meet, and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board
or two.

xxviii.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shews them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spy'd through his traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted, she's but to th' exalter's good;
(As are by great ones men which lowly stood)
It's rais'd to be the raiser's instrument and food.

xxix.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto man they neither do nor wish;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon;
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make fasts and lents for their destruc-
tion.

xxx.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttony's best orator: at last,
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
That, leagues o'erpass'd at sea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languish'd, dies:
The Souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
The fish I follow, and keep no calender
Of th' other: he lives yet in some great officer.

xxxii.

Into an embryo fish our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness, as if unmanacled
From Greece Morea were, and that, by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swam;
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the Hopeful Promontory's head:
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes
fail,

A great ship overfet, or without fail,
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like
this whale.

xxxiii.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons voices when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no fides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

xxxiiii.

He hunts not fish, but, as an officer,
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat sucks every thing,
That passeth near. Fish chafeth fish, and all,
Flier and follower, in this whirlpool fall:
O! might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls to make one great
must die?

xxxv.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomful house this Soul doth float,
And, like a prince, she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat:
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest; there's no pause at perfection;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

xxxvi.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not th'roughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death, (they did not
eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils which thence out-
streat)

Conspir'd against him; and it might undo
The plot of all that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger
wreak?

xxxvii.

The flail-finn'd thresh'er, and steel-beak'd sword-
fish

Only attempt to do what all do wish:
The thresh'er backs him, and to beat begins;
The sluggard whale leads to oppression,
And, t'hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink: the sword-fish upwards spins,
And gores him with his beak; his staff-like fins
So well the one, his sword the other, plies,
That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all com-
panies.

xxxviii.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account that thought and wrought his
fall?

The heirs of slain kings we see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obsequies forget;
Nor will against such men the people go,
Because he's now dead to whom they should shew
Love in that act. Some kings, by vice, being
grown

So needy of subjects love, that of their own
They think they lose if love be to the dead prince
shewn.

xxxix.

This soul, now free from prison and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle; and having for her house
Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse,
(As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great
Than they who good repos'd estates possess)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by
less

Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

xl.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant,
(The only harmless great thing) the giant
Of beasts, who thought none had, to make him
wife,

But to be just and thankful, loth t' offend,
(Yet Nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasy
Black dreams; like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

xli.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the Soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole
town

Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down:
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape, (for only he that meant

To die did ever kill a man of better room)
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb :
Who cares not to turn back may any wither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a wolfe's yet unborn whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help
To issue : it could kill as soon as go.
Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
Was the first type) was still infested so
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe ;
And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her in-
tends.

XLII.

He took a course, which since successfully
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes ;
To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept : ere she could
bark,
Attach'd her with strait gripes, yet he call'd those
Embracements of love : to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words ; nor doth
she show,
Nor much resist, no needs he streighten so
His prey, for were she loose she would not bark
nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her ; his she wholly bides ;
Who not her own, none others secrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not !
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss and fear
By the wolfe's death ; and now just time it was
That a quick Soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of emp'rors you shall not
Read of a lust the which may equal this :
This wolf begot himself, and finished
What he began alive when he was dead.
Son to himself, and father too, he is
A riding lust, for which schoolmen would miss
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field ; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade,
Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himself by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,
And, like a spy, to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.

It quick'ned next a toyful ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go

From tent to tent, and with the children play :
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia ;
Doth gaze on her, and where she passeth pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass ;
And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One than another ; first that e'er did crave
Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak ;
First that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's sombersalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his mistress merry, or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They eas'ly do that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty ; beauty they in boys and
beasts do find.

XLVIII.

By this misled too low things men have prov'd,
And too high ; beasts and angels have been lov'd :
This ape, though else th'rough vain, in this was
wise ;
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say Nay.
His toys prevail not ; likelier means he tries ;
He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
And uplifts subtilly, with his russet paw,
Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe
Of Nature ; Nature hath no gaol, though she hath
law.

XLIX.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant :
That virtue, by his touches chaste and spent,
Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite ;
She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth ;
And willing half and more, more than half wrath.
She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents ; when Thelemite,
Her brother, enter'd, and a great stone threw
After the ape, who thus prevented flew.
This house, thus batter'd down, the Soul possess
anew.

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next where th' ape would have
gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chemic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it ; and part did become
A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;
Part harden'd itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
Those finew strings which do our bodies tie
Are ravell'd out ; and fast there by one end
Did this Soul limbs, these limbs a Soul attend ;
And now they join'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,

Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
To be a woman: Themeech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain that first did plough.

LII.

Whoe'er thou beest that read'st this sullen writ,
Which just so much courts thee as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
Or most of those arts whence our lives are blest,
By curst Cain's race invented be,
And blest Seth vext us with astronomy.
There's nothing simply good nor ill alone;
Of every quality Comparison
The only measure is, and judge Opinion.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,

G. HERBERT.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuive Christum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum; nempe symbolum suæ
Tibi debet unde et terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
Tandem et fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum!

Munde, suas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi;
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

ALTHOUGH the cross could not Christ here de-
tain,
Though nail'd unto 't, but he ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only while thou speak'st, this Anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,
He writ; when his hand could write no more
He gave the Seal, and so left o'er.

How sweet a friend was he who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more secure in great Love's common weal
(Where nothing should be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
This holy cable is of all storms secure.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

Sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Christ.

Qui prius affuetus Serpentum fasce tabellas
Signare (hæc nostræ symbola parva Domûs)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmata, nanciscor stenimata jure nova. [vacro,
Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impressa la-
Finibus extensis, Anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem definit ipsam,
Anchora sit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu.
Nec natalitis penitus Serpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quà sapiens, dos est; quà terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis; at in nostrâ sit medicina Cruce
Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique
A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat. [lumi
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, Sigil-
Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, et munera, vota, preces.

Plura tibi accumulet sanctus cognominis ille,
Regia qui flavo dona Sigillat equo.

*A sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, the
crest of our poor family.*

ADOPTED in God's family, and so
Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
The Cross (my seal at baptism) spread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors: bear, as thou shouldst do,
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus
Is Christ, who there is crucify'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold;
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old.
The Serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that is me:
And as he rounds the earth to murder sure,
My death he is, but on the Cross my cure.
Crucify Nature then, and then implore
All grace from him crucify'd there before.
When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,
This Seal is a catechism, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that saint which rides in our great Seal
To you who bear his name great bounties deal.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS.

Vota Amico facta. Fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee
mine, [shine:
Thou who dost, best friend, in best things out-

May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares;
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds;
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds;
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing;
 Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise;
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies;
 Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine:
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee
 mine.

He that cannot choose but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move,
 For he loves against his will:

Nor he which is all his own,
 And cannot pleasure choose;
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he list refuse:

Nor he that loves none but fair,
 For such by all are sought;
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his judgment then is naught:

Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me' his jest or slave;
 Nor a fool, for when others—
 He can neither—

Nor he that still his mistress prays,
 For she is thrall'd therefore;
 Nor he that pays not, for he says
 Within she's worth no more.

Is there then no kind of men
 Whom I may freely prove?
 I will vent that humour then
 In this mine own self-love.

THE heavens rejoice in motion; why should I
 Abjure my so much-lov'd variety,
 And not with many youth, and lov'd, divide?
 Pleasure is none if not diversify'd.
 The sun that, sitting in the chair of light,
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one sign to inn,
 But ends his year, and with a new begins.
 All things do willingly in change delight,
 The fruitful mother of our appetite;
 Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
 Where their fair spreading streams run wide and
 clear;
 And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
 Corrupts itself, and what doth live in it.
 Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
 And worthy, all alone, my love to share:
 Nature in her hath done the liberal part
 Of a kind mistress, and employ'd her art

To make her loveable; and I aver
 Him not humane that would turn back from
 her,
 I love her well, and would, if need were, die
 To do her service: but follows it that I
 Must serve her only when I may have choice?
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
 The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
 And holds me in the sun-beams of her hair;
 Her nymph-like features such agreements have,
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse;
 Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse;
 Others, for that they well descended were,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share;
 And though they be not fair, 't is much with me
 To win their love only for their degree;
 And though I fail of my required ends,
 Th' attempt is glorious, and itself commends.
 How happy were our fires in ancient time,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime?
 With them it was accounted charity
 To stir up race of all indifferently:
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
 Which with the Persians still in usage stands.
 Women were then no sooner ask'd than won,
 And what they did was honest, and well done:
 But since this little honour hath been us'd,
 Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
 The golden laws of Nature are repeal'd,
 Which our first fathers in such reverence held;
 Our liberty's revers'd, and charter's gone,
 And we made servants to Opinion,
 A monster, in no certain shape attir'd.
 And whose original is much desir'd;
 Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
 Here Love receiv'd immedicable harms,
 And was despoiled of his daring arms;
 A greater want than is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awful wings with which he flies;
 His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts
 Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts:
 Only some few, strong in themselves, and free,
 Retain the seeds of ancient liberty;
 Following that part of love, although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their breast;
 In spite of modern censures him avowing
 Their sovereign, all service him allowing:
 Amongst which troop, although I am the least,
 Yet equal in perfection with the best;
 I glory in subjection of his hand,
 Nor ever did decline his least command;
 For in whatever form the message came,
 My heart did open and receive the same.
 But time will in its course a point descry,
 When I this loved service must deny;
 For our allegiance temporary is;
 With firmer age return our liberties.
 What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
 Shall not so eas'ly be to change dispos'd,
 Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found assembled in some one,
 We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

BOTH robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Two by themselves each other love and fear;
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

Niobe.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A Burnt Ship.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
Ship drown'd.

Fall of a Wall.

UNDER an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall
A too bold captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envy'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A Lame Beggar

I AM unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he says true, he lies.

A Self Accuser.

YOUR mistress that you follow whores still taxeth
you;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it though
it be true.

A Licentious Person.

THY sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary.

IF in his study he hath so much care
To hang old strange things, let his wife beware,

Disinherited.

THY father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

THY flattering picture, Phryne is like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

An Obscure Writer.

PHILO with twelve years' study hath been griev'd
To b' understood: when will he be believ'd?

KLOCKIUS so deeply 'ath sworn ne'er more to
come

In bawdyhouse, that he dares not go home,

Raderus.

WHY this man gelded Martial I amuse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Kath'rine for the court's sake put down stewes.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

LIKE Æsop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury!
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Æsop's self, which nothing. I confess
I should have had more faith if thou hadst less;
Thy credit lost thy credit; it is sin to do,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all. Change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.

Compassion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I. JEALOUSY.

FOND woman! which wouldst have thy husband
die,
And yet complain'st of his great Jealousy:
If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath as thick and short as can
The nimblest crocheting musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue
His soul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies,
Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolic be,
As a slave which to-morrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane Jealousy.
O! give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us:
We must not, as we us'd, flout openly
In scoffing riddles his deformity;
Nor, at his board together being fate
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate:
Nor when he, swoln and pamper'd with high fare,
Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house as before.
Now do I see my danger, for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country, and do it there)
We play in another's house, what should we fear?
There will we scorn his household policies,
His silly plots and pensionary spies;
As the inhabitants of Thames right side
Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

ELEGY II. THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY and love thy Flavia, for she
Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;
For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;
Though theirs be ivory, yet her teeth be jet;
Though they be dim, yet she is light enough.
And though her harsh hair's foul, her skin is rough.

What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's
red;
Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements; where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality,
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
She hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we say?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder: if we justly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty soon as beauty dies;
Choose this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis less grief to be foul than to have been fair.
For one night's revels silk and gold we choose,
But in long journies cloth and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say
There is best land where there is foulest way.
Oh! what a sovereign plaister will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmoset.
Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and so for thee
Who, forc'd by bus'ness, absent oft must be:
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem
white;
Whom, though seven years she in the stews had laid,
A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid;
And though in childbirth's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear 't were but a tympany;
Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess,

One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
For things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGY III. CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undo,
Yea, though thou fall back, that apostasy
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are, like the arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another fowler, using those means as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes, goats, and all beasts, change when they
please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to endure than men?
They're our clogs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free.
Who hath a plow-land casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear.
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By Nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'st, but, oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likeness glews Love; and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love must I change too?
More than thy hate I hate it; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as she;
And so not teach, but force my opinion
To love not any one nor every one,
To live in one land is captivity;
To run all countries a wild roguery.
Waters stink soon if in one place they abide,
And in the vast sea are more purify'd;
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest. Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGY IV. THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar is question'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I (by this traiterous means surpris'd)
By thy hydroptic father catechis'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice;
Though he hath oft sworn that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
Yet close and secret as our souls we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out day light,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;

And when she takes thy hand, and would seem
kind,

Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
And, kissing, notes the colour of thy face,
And, fearing lest thou'rt swoln, doth thee embrace;
And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats,
And politicly will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;
Yet love these forc'ries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren which, like fairy sp'rits,
Oft skip into our chamber those sweet nights,
And, kiss'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day to tell what they did see;
The grim eight-foot high iron-bound serving man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That which betray'd me to mine enemy;
A loud Perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
Ev'n at thy father's nose, so were we spy'd.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought:
But as we in our isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only, and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
So thought he sweet strange that had none at all.
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
Ev'n my oppress'd shoes dumb and speechless were;
Only thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traitorously hast betray'd,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him and stay'd with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the silly amorous sucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
There things that seem exceed substantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you're burnt, not that they lik'd your smell.
You're lethsome all, being ta'en simply alone;
Shall we love ill things join'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay,
And you are rare that takes the good away.
All my Perfumes I give most willingly
T' embalm thy father's corse. What! will he die?

ELEGY V. HIS PICTURE.

HERE, take my Picture; though I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall
dwell;

'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
 When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come back, my hand,
 Perhaps, with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
 My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
 With Care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread;
 My body a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powder's blue stain's scatter'd on my skin;
 If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
 So foul and coarse as, oh! I may seem then,
 This shall say what I was; and thou shalt say,
 Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
 Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
 Should now love less what he did love to see?
 That which in him was fair and delicate,
 Was but the milk which in Love's childish state
 Did nurse it, who now is grown strong enough
 To feed on that which to weak tastes seems tough.

ELEGY VI.

Oh! let me not serve so as those men serve
 Whom honour's smokes at once flatter and starve:
 Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks,
 Nor so write my name in thy loving books,
 As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
 Their prince's stiles which many names fulfil,
 Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves; I hate dead names: oh! then let me
 Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite, be.
 When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my purgatory, faithless thee,
 Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
 So careless flowers, strow'd on the water's face,
 The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye,
 Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
 Yet burns his wings; and such the devil is,
 Scarce visiting them who're entirely his.
 When I behold a stream, which from the spring
 Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
 And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
 Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow;
 Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
 The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
 See rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native and her long kept course,
 And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
 In flattering eddies promising return.
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
 Then say I that is she, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
 Careless despair in me, for that will whet
 My mind to scorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pain
 Was ne'er so wise nor well arm'd as Disdain.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
 Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye.
 Though hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I
 shall,
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;

My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance; and when I
 Am the recusant, in that resolute state
 What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

ELEGY VII.

NATURE's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistry, oh! how thou dost prove
 Too subtle! fool, thou didst not understand
 The mystic language of the eye nor hand;
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the air
 Of sighs, and say this lies, this sounds despair;
 Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
 Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
 I had not taught thee then the alphabet
 Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
 And bound up, might, with speechless secrecy,
 Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
 Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
 To ev'ry suitor, "I, if my friends agree;"
 Since household charmsthy husband's name to teach
 Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach;
 And since an hour's discourse could scarce have
 made
 One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
 In broken proverbs and torn sentences,
 Thou art not by so many duties his
 (That from the world's common having sever'd
 thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)
 As mine; who have, with amorous delicacies,
 Refin'd thee into a blissful Paradise.
 Thy graces and good works my creatures be;
 I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
 Which, oh! shall strangers taste? must I, alas!
 Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
 Chase wax for others seals? break a colt's force,
 And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII. THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
 As that which from chaf'd musk-cats pores doth
 trill,
 As the almighty balm of th' early east,
 Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress' breast;
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
 They seem no sweat-drops, but pearly coronets.
 Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
 Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils,
 Or like the skum which, by need's lawless law
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
 From parboil'd shoes and boots, and all the rest,
 Which were with any sovereign fatness blest;
 And like vile stones lying in saffron'd tin,
 Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
 Round as the world's her head, on ev'ry side
 Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide;
 Or that whereof God had such jealousy,
 As for the ravishing thereof we die.

'Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce
set;

Like the first chaos, or flat-seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earth's shadows her embrace;
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seal's
skin,

Or grave, that's dust without and stink within;
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands;
Like rough-bark'd elm boughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madness or for sin;

Like sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state;
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
The short swollen fingers of thy mistress' hand.

Then like the chemic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the limbeck's warm womb doth inspire
Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold,
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,

Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds! or like to that Ætna,
Where, round about, the grass is burnt away.

Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worm sucking an envenom'd sore?

Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
Is not your last act harsh and violent,

As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice

A priest is in his handling sacrifice,
And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
As we when we embrace, or touch, or kiss.

Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus;
She and Comparisons are odious.

ELEGY IX.

The Autumnal.

No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

Young beauties force our loves, and that's a rape;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot scape.

If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame;
Affections here take Reverence's name.

Were her first years the golden age; that's true,
But now she's gold oft' try'd, and ever new:

That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropic clime.

Fair eyes! who asks more heat than comes from
hence,

He in a fever wishes pestilence,
Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they
were,

They were Love's graves, or else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit

Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorite;
And here, till her's, which must be his death,

come,

He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.

Here dwells he; though he sojourn ev'ry where
In progress yet his standing house is here;
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils, sit.

This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,

Which then comes seasonablest when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.

Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she,

Or else because, being young, Nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.

If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;

If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day,

But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack,
Lank as unthrift's purse, but a soul's sack:

Whose eyes seek light within; for all here's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than
made;

Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
To vex the soul at re-urrection;

Name not these living death-heads unto me,
For these not ancient but antic be.

I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay
With tombs than cradles to wear out the day.

Since such Love's natural station is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill;

Not panting after growing beauties; so
I shall ebb on with them who homeward go.

ELEGY X.

The Dream.

IMAGE of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart

Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart

The value; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.

Honours oppress weak spirits and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.

When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantasy is queen, and soul and all;

She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.

So if I Dream I have you, I have you;
For all our joys are but fantastical;

And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.

After such a fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;

And shall to Love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were spent.

But, dearest heart! and, dearer image! stay;
Alas! true joys at best are Dreams enough;

Though you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI.

Death.

LANGUAGE! thou art too narrow and too weak
 To ease us now; great sorrows cannot speak.
 If we could sigh out accents and weep words,
 Grief wears and lessens that tear's breath affords.
 Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are;
 (So guiltiest men stand mute at the bar)
 Not that they know not, feel not, their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
 Tyrant i' the fifth and greatest monarchy,
 Was't that she did possess all hearts before
 Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace won,
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies;
 For they let out more light than they took in,
 They told not when, but did the day begin.
 She was too saphirine and clear for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jet, now thy fit dwellings be.
 Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak;
 Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break?
 25 And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
 Thou hast lost thy end, in her we perish all:
 Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
 That know her better now who knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine and die,
 Since she first went, that were not misery:
 She chang'd our world with her's; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity's oppression:
 For of all moral virtues she was all
 That ethics speak of virtues Cardinal.
 Her soul was Paradise; the cherubim
 Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
 She had no more than let in Death, for we
 All reap consumption from on fruitful tree.
 God took her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
 And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
 To raise our minds to heav'n, where now she is;
 Whom if her virtues would have let her stay,
 44 We had had a saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred
 fire,
 Religion, did not consume but inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
 That what we turn'd to feast she turn'd to pray,
 And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
 The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell;
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body's left with us, lest some had said
 She could not die; except they saw her dead:
 For from less virtue and less beauty
 The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddesses:
 The ravenous earth, that now woos her to be
 Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree

That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb,
 Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond;
 And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
 Of grief, for all would break a Stoic's heart.

ELEGY XII.

Upon the loss of his mistress's chain, for which he made satisfaction.

Nor that in colour it was like thy hair,
 Armolets of that thou may'st still let me wear;
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
 For so it had that good which oft I mist;
 Nor for that silly old morality,
 That as these links were knit our loves should be,
 Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost;
 Nor for the luck's sake, but the bitter cost.
 O! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
 No heaven of vile folder did admit;
 Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
 From the first state of their creation;
 Angels which Heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
 To gain new friends, t' appease old enemies,
 To comfort my soul when I lie or rise:
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence, (dread Judge) my sins great burden
 bear?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
 And punish'd for offences not their own?
 They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
 When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in
 chains:
 Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
 For most of them their natural country rot
 I think possesseth; they come here to us
 So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
 And howsoever French kings Most Christian be,
 Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
 Or were they Spanish stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as catholic as their king,
 Those unlickt bear-whelps unfiled pistols,
 That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
 Which, negligently left unrounded, look
 Like many angled figures in the book
 Of some dread conjurer that would enforce
 Nature, as these do Justice, from her course;
 Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
 As streams like veins run through th' earth's ev'ry
 part,
 Visit all countries, and have sily made
 Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
 Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day,
 And mangled seventeen-headed Beigia:
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithal
 Almighty chemics from each mineral,
 Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd;
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
 For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
 But shall my harmless angels perish? shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?

Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead;

Much of my able youth and lustyhead
Will vanish, if thou, Love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone;
And be content that some loud squeaking crier,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,

May like a devil roar through every street,
And gall the finder's conscience if they meet:
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with phantastic scenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murderers, stuffs his rents

So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content,
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st (alas!) the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a Chain;
So in the first fall'n angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide

Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride;
And they are still bad angels; mine are none;
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity these angels yet; their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls! (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels! (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone;
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.

But oh! thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach contain

Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain;
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.

May all the evils that gold ever wrought,
All mischief that all devils ever thought,
Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
The plague of travellers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
May thy sworn sins themselves to thee present.

But I forgive; repent, thou honest man!
Gold is restorative, restore it then;
But if that from it thou be'st loth to part,
Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

ELEGY XIII.

COME, Fates! I fear you not: all whom I owe
Are paid but you; then rest me ere I go.
But Chance from you all sovereignty hath got;
Love wounded none but those whom Death dares

not:
True if you were and just in equity,
I should have vanquish'd her as you did me,
Else lovers should not brave Death's pains and live:

But 't is a rule, Death comes not to relieve:
Or pale and wan Death's terrors, are they laid
So deep in lovers they make Death afraid?
Or (the least comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love Death as well as me?

Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay
For ransom, which tax they on us do lay,
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her sake
Still in her turn he doth a lover take;
And if Death should prove false she fears him not;

Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.
That fatal night we last kiss'd I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus despair'd, I should have said)
Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more than she:
Like lambs that feed their teats and must eat hay,
A food whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst too touch

A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,

And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent.
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus till dry tears solder mine eyes, I weep,
And then I dream how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may; he pities my state,
But says I therein no revenge shall find;
The sun would shine though all the world were blind.

Yet, to try my hate, Love shew'd me your tear,
And I had dy'd had not your smile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth,
And as you please to look I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss:
That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength,
And what is lost in force is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
That his compassion still prov'd greater woe:
For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.

This merits not our anger, had it been;
The queen of Chastity was naked seen:
And in bed not to feel the pain I took
Was more than for Actæon not to look;
And that breast, which lay open, I did not know,
But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGY XIV.

His Parting from Her.

SINCE she must go and I must mourn, come,
Night!
Environ me with darkness whilst I write;
Shadow that hell unto me which alone
I am to suffer when my love is gone.
Alas! the darkest magic cannot do it,
And that great hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus! and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are!
I could lend them obscurity now, and say
Out of myself: there should be no more day:
Such is already myself-want of light,
Did not the fire within me force a light.
Oh, Love! that fire and darkness should be mixt,
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt!
Is 't because thou thyself art blind, that we,
Thy martyrs, must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual right,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite?
No, no: the fault is mine; impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring Destiny,
Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed
That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed;
And therefore sooner now than I can say
I saw the golden fruit 't is wrapt away:
Or as I had watch'd one drop in the vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love! thou'rt blinder than thyself in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss,
And where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Justice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their fa-
vourites all.
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our bloods, enflaming our desires,
And mad'st us sigh, and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyself into our flames didst turn?
Was't not enough that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous,
And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th' ugly sweat of jealousy,
Yet went we not still on in constancy?
Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
Varied our language through all dialects

Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
And after all this passed Purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
Oh, Fortune! thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms;
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams: Love never wanteth
shifts.

I will not look upon the quick'ning sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure,
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;
Time shall not lose our passages; the spring
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The summer, how it enripened the year;
And autumn, what our golden harvests were:
The winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall she. [night
And, dearest Friend! since we must part, drown
With hope of day; burdens well borne are light.
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the sphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty so;
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy;
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy;
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this, to th' comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;
The poles shall move to teach me ere I start,
And when I change my love I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think heav'n hath motion lost, and the world
fire
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft suspected which men most persuade:
Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XV.

Julia.

HARK, news: O Envy! thou shalt hear descry'd
My Julia, who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdains,

Is her continual practice, does her best,
 To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
 Sticks jealousy in wedlock. Her own child
 'Scapes not the show'rs of envy. To repeat
 The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
 Dear reputation. Would to God she were
 But half so loth to act vice as to hear
 My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
 That female mastix to limn with his pen,
 This she Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
 Burning with anger, (anger feeds desire)
 Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding
 cries

Give out for nothing but new injuries,
 Her breath like to the juice in Tenebris,
 That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosper-
 ous:

Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
 The food of others than herself to fill.
 But, oh! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
 Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
 Of former curses, projects unmade-up,
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mishapen cavils, palpable untruths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing lothes:
 These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
 Throng in her bosom for creation.
 I blush to give her half her due, yet say
 No poison's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
 To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
 To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave,
 Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
 Officer, jugler, or justice of peace,
 Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
 I am no libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many:
 I fear not *Ore tenus*, for my tale
 Nor count, nor counsellor, will red or pale.

A Citizen and his Wife the other day,
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the seat:
 I saw the lech'rous Citizen turn back
 His head, and on his Wife's lip steal a smack;
 Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
 Riding before to kiss his Wife behind,
 To get acquaintance with him I began,
 And fort discourse fit for so fine a man.
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the custom-farmers held out still?
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffic of the midland seas had marr'd?
 Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace,
 And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace?
 Of new-built Aldgate and the Moorfield crosses,
 Of store of bankrupts and poor merchant's losses,

I urged him to speak; but he (as mute
 As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
 Replies with only Yeas and Nays. At last
 (To fit his clement) my theme I cast
 On tradesmen's gains: that set his tongue a-
 going.

Alas! good Sir, (quoth he) there is no doing
 In court nor city now. She smil'd, and I,
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,
 And at the present times with such a face
 He rail'd as fray'd me; for he gave no praise
 To any but my Lord of Essex's days;
 Call'd those the Age of Action. True, (quoth he)
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
 For put to push of pay away they run:
 Our only city-trades of hope now are
 Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and scrivener;
 The much of privileg'd kinsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poor:
 In the first state of their creation
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
 A righteous pay-master. Thus ran he on
 In a continued rage: so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
 And troth (how) could I less? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor
 And his wife brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
 To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appear,
 The bright sign of a lov'd and well-try'd inn,
 Where many citizens with their wives had been
 Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay
 To take some due refreshment by the way.
 Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
 And at his return found nothing but a rope;
 So he on me: refus'd, and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
 I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine;
 But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

ELEGY XVII.

The Expostulation.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true
 Was it my fate to prove it wrong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
 And must she needs be false because she's fair?
 Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
 Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
 Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
 Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
 And blown away with wind? or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet,
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet,

As from our hearts; so many oaths, and tears
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeten'd by our fears)
 And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false who 'ld wish you just?
 O! I profane: though most of women be
 'This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
 My dearest Love! though froward jealousy
 With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
 Sooner I'll think the sun will cease to cheer
 The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
 Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But, oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
 Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
 Having his falsehood found too late, 't was he
 'That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
 Whilst he (black wretch!) betray'd each simple word
 We spake unto the cunning of a third.
 Curs'd may he be that so our love hath slain,
 And wander on the earth wretched as Cain!
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
 In plaguing him let Misery be witty!
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye;
 Till he be noisome as his infamy!
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
 And after all self-torment, when he dies
 May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
 Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
 'That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
 And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
 To the king's dogs than any other beast!
 Now I have curs'd, let us our love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive:
 I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
 Of my life's lease: like painters, that do take
 Delight not in made works, but whilst they make.
 I could renew those times when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
 To like what you lik'd, and at masks and plays
 Commend the self-same actors the same ways;
 Ask how you did, and often, with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent:
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtilly catch'd as a disease;
 But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get,
 And ought not be profan'd on either part,
 For though 't is got by chance 't is kept by art.

ELEGY XVIII.

WHOEVER loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
 Love is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er-lick

Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
 We err, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
 Fac'd like a man, though better than his own?
 Perfection is in unity: prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilness, the application,
 The wholsomeness, the ingenuity,
 From rust, from soil, from fire, ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
 By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.
 All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women than to say
 They love them for that by which they're not
 they?
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
 Till I both be and find one wise and good?
 May barren angels love so: but if we
 Make love to woman, virtue is not she:
 As beauties, no, nor wealth. He that strays thus
 From her to her's is more adulterous
 Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
 And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
 He's an infernal god, and under ground
 With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound.
 Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
 Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Although we see celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
 So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart,
 And virtues; but we love the centric part.
 Nor is the soul more worthy or more fit
 For love than this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place,
 How much they err that set out at the face?
 The hair a forest is of ambushes,
 Of springs, and snares, fetters, and manacles:
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinkled shipwrecks us again.
 Smooth 'tis a paradise, where we would have
 Immortal stay, but wrinkled 'tis a grave.
 The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a cheek a rosy hemisphere
 On either side, and then directs us where
 Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
 Not faint Canaries, but Ambrosial.
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
 We anchor there, and think ourselves at home;
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there
 Wise Delphic oracles, do fill the ear;
 Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
 The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These and (the glorious promontory) her chin,
 Being past the Straits of Hellespont, between
 The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
 (Not of two lovers but two Loves the nests)
 Succeeds a boundless sea; but yet thine eye
 Some island moles may scatter'd there descry;
 And sailing towards her India, in that way
 Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay:
 Though there the current be the pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou shouldst be embay'd,

Thou shalt upon another forest set,
Where many shipwreck, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chace
Mis-spent, by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below; practise my art;
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the devil never can change his:
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
Civility we see refin'd: the kiss,
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to th' imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too:
For as free spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists; so may that man,
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
Than if at beauties enemies he stay.
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid:
They then which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that exchequer looks must go:
He which doth not, his error is as great
As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

COME, Madam! come; all rest my powers defy;
Until I labour, I in labour lie.

The foe oft-times having the foe in sight
Is tir'd with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glitt'ring,
But a far fairer world encompassing.

Unpin that spangled breastplate which your wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopt there.

Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
That still can be, and still can stand, so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when through flow'ry meads th' hill's shadow
steals.

Off with that weary coronet, and shew
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men; thou angel bring'st with thee
A heav'n like Mah'met's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs but these our flesh upright.

License my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.

O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom's safest when with one man mann'd,
My mine of precious stones! my empery!
How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is set my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! all joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
Are, like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views;
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul may court that and not them:
Like pictures or like books gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus array'd.

Themselves are only mystic books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself, cast all, yea, this white linen, hence;
There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why, then,
What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD;

Wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mrs. ELIZABETH DRURY, the frailty and the decay of this whole world is represented.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

WELL dy'd the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his Anatomy:
No evil want his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss. While thus we
gain,

Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent; the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality.
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble Maid! could'st not have found nor
fought

A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate
Than while this spirit lives that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephew's eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine.
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch.
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red.

Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own:
As then the wise Egyptians went to lay
More on their tombs than houses, these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were; so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid!
Thy grace profess'd all due where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs that to thee suited been,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and
thine,

Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him,
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
As any angel's tongue can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love thy virtues did preface
What high part thou bear'st in those best of
songs,

Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul! whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN that rich soul, which to her heav'n is
 gone,
 Whom all do celebrate who know they 'ave one,
 (For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
 It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
 And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this
 May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his)
 When that queen ended here her progress time,
 And as t' her standing house to heav'n did
 climb,
 Where, loth to make the faints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the choir and song:
 This world in that great earthquake languished,
 For in a common bath of tears it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vital spirits out,
 But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt
 Whether the world did lose or gain in this;
 (Because since now no other way there is
 But goodness, to see her whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as she)
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
 And as men think that agues phthisic are,
 And th' ague being spent give over care;
 So thou, sick world! mistak'st thyself to be
 Well, when, alas! thou'rt in a lethargy.
 Her death did wound and tame thee then, and
 then
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the sun or man.
 That wound was deep; but 'tis more misery
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan;
 But this is worse that thou art speechless grown.
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpass;
 For as a child kept from the font until
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
 Had not her coming thee her palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some months she hath been dead, (but, being dead,
 Measures of time are all determined)
 But long she hath been away, long, long; yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
 When sickness without remedy impairs
 The present prince, they're loth it should be said
 The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead;
 So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
 A strong example gone, equal to law,
 The cement, which did faithfully compact
 And give all virtues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
 Though it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
 Or that our weakness was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more
 Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss de-
 plore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee,
 Sick World! yea dead, yea putrified; since she,

Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try
 What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
 Her death hath taught us, dearly, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortal in th' purest part.
 Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The world's infirmities, since there is none
 Alive to study this dissection:
 For there's a kind of world remaining still,
 Though she, which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
 Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
 A faint weak love of virtue and of good
 Reflects from her on them which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay,
 Which, from the carcase of the old world free,
 Creates a new world, and new creatures be
 Produc'd; the matter and the stuff of this
 Her virtue, and the form our practice is;
 And though to be thus elemented arm
 These creatures from home born intrinsic harm,
 (For all assum'd unto this dignity,
 So many weedless Paradises be,
 Which of themselves produce no ven'mous sin,
 Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
 Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
 And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
 This new world may be safer, being told
 The dangers and diseases of the old;
 For with due temper men do them forego
 Or covet things, when they their true worth
 know.
 There is no health; physicians say that we
 At best enjoy but a neutrality:
 And can there be worse sickness than to know
 That we are never well, nor can be so?
 We are born ruinous; poor mothers cry
 That children come not right nor orderly,
 Except they headlong come, and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruin, how importunate
 Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate
 Even God's purpose, and made woman, sent
 For man's relief, cause of his languishment:
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principal in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funeral;
 One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
 And singly one by one they kill us now,
 And we delightfully ourselves allow
 To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
 We kill ourselves to propagate our kind;
 And yet we do not that; we are not men;
 There is not now that mankind which was then,
 When as the sun and man did seem to strive
 (Joint-tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When flag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
 When, if a slow-pac'd star had stoln away
 From the observer's marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred years to see 't again,
 And then make up his observation plain;

When as the age was long, the size was great,
 Man's growth confess'd and recompenc'd the
 meat;
 So spacious and large, that every soul
 Did a fair kingdom and large realm controul;
 And when the very stature, thus erect,
 Did that soul a good way t'wards heav'n direct:
 Where is this mankind now? who lives to age
 Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
 Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true-made clock run right or lie.
 Old grandfathers talk of yesterday with sorrow,
 And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torn house or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length, is man
 Contracted to an inch who was a span;
 For had a man at first in forests stray'd,
 Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
 A wager that an elephant or whale
 That met him would not hastily assail
 A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
 The fairies and the pygmies well may pass
 As credible. Mankind decays so soon,
 We're scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon;
 Only death adds t' our length; nor are we grown
 In stature to be men till we are none.
 But this were light, did our less volume hold
 All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
 Spirits of virtue which then scatter'd was:
 But 'tis not so; we're not retir'd, but damp't;
 And as our bodies so our minds are crampt:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus,
 In mind and body both, bedwarfed us.
 We seem ambitious God's whole work t' undo;
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
 To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
 Do what we can to do't as soon as he.
 With new diseases on ourselves we war,
 And with new physic, a worse engine far.
 This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
 All faculties, all graces, are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appear,
 They're but man's ministers and legates there,
 To work on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to civility and to man's use:
 This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
 Till man came up, did down to man descend;
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh! what a trifle and poor thing he is!
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
 Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
 To his other wants; yet when he did depart
 With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophecy,
 When they call'd virtues by the name of She;
 She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
 That for allay unto so pure a mind
 She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
 The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
 Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
 All by a true religious alchimy;
 She, she is dead! she's dead! When thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,

And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernatural food, religion,
 Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou'rt less than an ant.
 Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
 Quite out of joint, almost created lame;
 For before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the best:
 It seiz'd the angels, and then, first of all,
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her brains, and took a general main,
 Wringing each joint of th' universal frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
 Both beasts and plants curst in the curse of man:
 So did the world from the first hour decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day;
 And now the springs and fountains which we see,
 Like fons of women after fifty be:
 And new philosophy calls all in doubt
 The element of fire is quite put out;
 The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
 Can well direct him where to look for it:
 And freely men confess that this world's spent,
 When in the planets and the firmament
 They seek so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out again t' his atomies:
 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
 All just supply, and all relation:
 Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinks he hath got
 To be a phoenix, and that then can be
 None of that kind of which he is, but he.
 This is the world's condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to re-union bow;
 She that had all magnetic force alone
 To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one;
 She whom wise Nature had invented then,
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
 And needed a new compass for their way;
 She, that was best and first original
 Of all fair copies, and the general
 Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
 Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
 Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
 Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so;
 And that rich Inde, which doth gold inter,
 Is but as single money coin'd from her;
 She, to whom this world must itself refer,
 As suburbs or the microcosm of her;
 She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st
 this,
 Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this world's general sickness doth not lie
 In any humour, or one certain part,
 But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
 Thou see'st a hectic fever hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd,
 And that thou hast but one way not t' admit
 The world's infection, to be none of it:
 For the world's subtil'st immaterial parts
 Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts;

For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
 Beauty, that's colour and proportion.
 We think the heav'ns enjoy their spherical,
 Their round proportion embracing all,
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Observ'd in diverse ages, doth enforce
 Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
 Such diverse down-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure form : it tears
 The firmament in eight and forty shares,
 And in these constellations then arise
 New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes; [war,
 As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or
 When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.
 They have impal'd within a zodiac
 The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab control
 And fright him back, who else to either pole
 (Did not these tropics fetter him) might run;
 For his course is not round, nor can the sun
 Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
 One inch direct, but where he rose to-day
 He comes no more, but with a cozening line
 Steals by that point, and so is serpentine;
 And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
 He means to sleep, being now fal'n nearer us.
 So of the stars, which boast that they do run
 In circle still, none ends where he begun;
 All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
 For of meridians and parallels
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the heav'ns, and now they are his own.
 Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
 To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
 We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
 They're diversely content t' obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
 Doth not a Ténarus or higher hill
 Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
 The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink?
 Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to-day,
 Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way
 Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die;
 And men to sound depths so much line untie,
 As one might justly think that there would rise,
 At end thereof, one of th' antipodes;
 If under all a vault infernal be,
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
 Then solidness and roundness have no place:
 Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
 Of th' earth? Think so; but yet confess in this
 The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
 That those two legs whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
 And, oh! it can no more be questioned
 That beauty's best proportion is dead,
 Since even grief itself, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 She, by whose lines proportion should be
 Examin'd, measure of all symmetry,
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought souls
 made
 Of harmony, he would at next have said

That Harmony was she, and thence infer
 That souls were but resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies go,
 As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
 She who, if those great doctors truly said,
 That th' ark to man's proportion was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary
 Both elements and passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civil war to cease:
 She, after whom what form so'er we see,
 Is discord and rude incongruity; [this,
 She, she is dead, she's dead! When thou know'st
 Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee;
 And that not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
 Poisoning the fountains whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us; but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfy wise and good lookers-on,
 Since most men be such as most think they be,
 They're lothsome too by this deformity:
 For good and well must in our actions meet;
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
 But beauty's other second element,
 Colour and lustre, now is as near spent;
 And had the world his just proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
 As a compassionate turcoise, which doth tell,
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well;
 As gold falls sick being stung with Mercury,
 All the world's parts of such complexion be.
 When Nature was most busy, the first week
 Swaddling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
 That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
 To mingle and vary colours every day;
 And then, as though she could not make enow,
 Himself his various rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one;
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decay'd: summer's robe grows
 Dusky, and like an oft dy'd garment shews
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
 Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not been dead:
 But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue,
 (Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvest Paradise, from whom
 Did all things verdure and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous,
 Being all colour, all diaphanous,
 (For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her)
 She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st
 this,
 Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That it should more affright than pleasure thee:
 And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
 'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
 Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.

Nor in ought more this world's decay appears
 Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the elements do not feel this,
 The father or the mother barren is :
 The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
 In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower ;
 Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth :
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs,
 And false conceptions fill the general wombs ;
 Th' air shews such meteors, as none can see
 Not only what they mean, but what they be.
 Earth such new worms as would have troubled
 much

Th' Egyptian Magi to have made more such.
 What artist now dares boast that he can bring
 Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those stars may be
 Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
 And do by touch all which those stars could do ?
 The art is lost, and correspondence too ;
 For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
 And man least knows their trade and purposes.
 If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
 She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
 Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us ;
 Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea ashes too, are med'cinal,
 Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
 It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at,
 And all the world would be one dying swan,
 To sing her Funeral praise, and vanish then.
 But as some serpent's poison hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live serpent shot,
 So doth her virtue need her here, to sit
 That unto us, she working more than it.
 But she, in whom to such maturity
 Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die ;
 She, from whose influence all impression came,
 But by receiver's impotencies lame ;
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state ;
 So that some princes have some temperance,
 Some counsellors some purpose to advance
 The common profit, and some people have
 Some stay, no more than kings should give to
 crave ;

Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some grains of chastity :
 She that did thus much, and much more could do,
 But that our age was Iron, and rusty too ;
 She, she is dead ; she's dead ! When thou know'st
 this,

Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vain to dew or molify
 It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood : nothing
 Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
 But those rich joys which did possess her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker and a part.
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts that are of most effect ;

So the world's carcase would not last, if I
 Were punctual in this Anatomy ;
 Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who fain would think they're
 well.

Here, therefore, be the end ; and, blessed Maid !
 Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, [song,
 Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose
 Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
 Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
 Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
 That is, thy death : for though the soul of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
 When man doth die ; our body's as the womb,
 And as a midwife death directs it home ;
 And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
 And have your last and best concoction
 From her example and her virtue, if you
 In reverence to her do think it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for chronicle, not verse.
 Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
 A last and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
 To Moses to deliver unto all
 That song, because he knew they would let fall
 The law, the prophets, and the history,
 But keep the song still in their memory :
 Such an opinion, in due measure, made
 Me this great office boldly to invade ;
 Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
 Me from this trying to imprison her,
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature ; heav'n keeps souls,
 The grave keeps bodies, verse the same enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest.
 Alas ! what's marble, jet, or porphyry,
 Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those pearls and rubies, which she was ?
 Join the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glass ;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials ;
 Yet she's demolish'd ; can we keep her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men ?
 Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
 Life to that name by which name they must live ?
 Sickly, alas ! short-liv'd, abortive be
 Those carcase verses whose soul is not she ;
 And can she, who no longer would be she,
 (Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
 In paper wrapt ? or, when she would not lie
 In such an house, dwell in an elegy ?
 But 't is no matter ; we may well allow
 Verse to live so long as the world will now,
 For her death wounded it. The world contains
 Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains ;

Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more;
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
 The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
 By which remote and distant countries meet:
 But those fine spirits which do tune and set
 This organ, are those pieces which beget
 Wonder and love, and these were she; and she
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be:
 For since Death will proceed to triumph still,
 He can find nothing after her to kill,
 Except the world itself; so great was she.
 Thus brave and confident may Nature be;
 Death cannot give her such another blow,
 Because she cannot such another shew.
 But must we say she's dead? May't not be said,
 That as a funder'd clock is piecemeal laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
 Repolish'd, without error then to stand?
 Or as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
 Itself into the earth, and after comes
 (Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
 For many leagues) far greater than it was,
 May't not be said that her grave shall restore
 Her greater, purer, firmer, than before?
 Heav'n may say this, and joy in't; but can we,
 Who live and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
 What is't to us, alas! if there have been
 An angel made a throne or cherubim?
 We lose by't; and as aged men are glad,
 Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,
 So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
 This joy, that we had her who now is gone.
 Rejoice then, Nature, and this world, that you,
 Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
 Your force and vigour e'er it were near gone,
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
 One whose clear body was so pure and thin,
 Because it need disguise no thought within.
 'Twas but a through-light scarf her mind t' inrol,
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul;
 One whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd,
 And whom whoe'er had worth enough desir'd.
 As when a temple's built saints emulate
 To which of them it shall be consecrate:
 But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
 Those new stars every artist exercise;
 What place they should assign to them they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out;
 So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
 Till she can by no body's else, nor she;
 But like a lamp of balsamum, desir'd
 Rather t' adorn than last, she soon expir'd,
 Cloth'd in her virgin-white integrity:
 For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
 To 'scape the infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away before she was one;
 And the world's busy noise to overcome,
 Took so much death as serv'd for opium;
 For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
 She hath yielded to too long on extasy.
 He which, not knowing her sad history,
 Should come to read the book of Destiny,
 How fair and chaste, humble and high, she had
 been,
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen;

And measuring future things by things before,
 Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
 Would think that either Destiny mistook,
 Or that some leaves were torn out of the book:
 But't is not so: Fate did but usher her
 To years of reason's use, and then infer
 Her destiny to herself, which liberty
 She took, but for thus much, thus much to die:
 Her modesty not suffering her to be
 Fellow-commissioner with Destiny,
 She did no more but die. If after her
 Any shall live which dare true good prefer,
 Every such person is her delegate,
 T' accomplish that which should have been her
 fate; [thanks
 They shall make up that book, and shall have
 Of Fate and her for filling up their blanks;
 For future virtuous deeds are legacies
 Which from the gift of her example rise:
 And't is in heav'n part of spiritual mirth
 To see how well the good play her on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL;

Wherein, by occasion of the religious death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Harbinger to the Progress.

Two Souls move here, and mine (a third) must
 move
 Paces of admiration and of love.
 Thy Soul (dear Virgin!) whose this tribute is,
 Mov'd from this mortal sphere to lively bliss,
 And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
 The world's last day, thy glory's full degree,
 Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,
 Are in their place, and yet still moved are.
 No Soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
 It clogg'd is) can follow thee half way,
 Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
 So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow.
 But now thou art as high in heav'n flown
 As heav'n's from us; what Soul, besides thine own,
 Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate
 Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
 I envy thee, (rich Soul!) I envy thee,
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
 And thou, (great Spirit!) which her's follow'd, hast
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,
 So far, as none can follow thine so far,
 (And if this flesh did not the passage bar
 Which long ago hadst lost the vulgar sight,
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
 And now mak'it proud the better eyes, that they
 Can see thee lessen'd in thine airy way;
 So while thou mak'it her Soul by progress known,
 Thou mak'it a noble progress of thine own.
 From this world's carcase having mounted high
 To that pure life of immortality;

Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress whilst thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount, and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays;
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh! let her never stoop below the clouds;
And if those glorious fainted souls may know
Or what we do or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs, shall still content them best
Which praise those awful pow'rs that make them
blest.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

The Second Anniversary.

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run
Since both this lower world's and the sun's fun,
The lustre and the vigour of this all,
Did set; 'twere blasphemy to say did fall.
But as a ship which hath struck sail doth run
By force of that force which before it won;
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beck'ned and call'd back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His Soul; when all these motions which we saw
Are but as ice, which crackles as a thaw;
Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings,
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone,
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are at the creation nam'd
Before the sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd
So after this sun 's set some shew appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all:
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
Immortal Maid! who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great grand-children of thy praises grow;
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrify with vice;
For thus man may extend thy progeny
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns thy issue may encrease so long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.

Thirst for that time, O my insatiate Soul!
And serve thy thirst with God's safe sealing bowl,
Be thirsty still, and drink still, till thou go
To th' only health; to be hydroptic so,
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be.
Be not concern'd; study not why or when;
Do not so much as not believe a man:
For though to err be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more bus'ness than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcase; thou art fed
By it but as a worm that carcase bred.
And why shouldst thou, poor worm! consider
more

When this world will grow better than before?
Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcase's last resurrection?
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so
As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
Look upward, that's towards her whose happy state
We now lament not but congratulate:
She to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat heark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live,
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in then when she was in it:
She that first try'd indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As courts to princes; she whose eyes enspher'd
Star-light, enough t' have made the South controul
(Had she been there) the star-full northern pole;
She, she is gone; she's gone! When thou know'st
this,

What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my Soul! that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight;
For such approaches heav'n doth make in death:
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony:
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack,
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy Soul, from thence;
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more by calling it
Thy phthisic; chide the slackness of the fit:
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee:
Think Satan's serjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, t' another give thy lust;
Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score:

Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
 - Weep but because they go not yet that way :
 Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this
 That they confess much in the world amiss,
 Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that
 Which they from God and angels cover not :
 Think that they shroud thee up, and think from
 thence
 They re-invest thee in white innocence :
 Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
 Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go)
 Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
 Worms, which insensibly devour their state :
 Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
 Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucy's night :
 Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
 Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,
 She, whose complexion was so even made,
 That which of her ingredients should invade
 The other three no fear, no art, could guess,
 So far were all remov'd from more or less :
 But as in Mithridate or just perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes
 To govern or to triumph on the rest,
 Only because all were, no part was best :
 And as, though all do know that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
 None can these lines or quantities unjoint,
 And say this is a line or this a point ;
 So though the elements and humours were
 In her, one could not say this governs there,
 Whose even constitution might have won
 Any disease to venture on the sun
 Rather than her, and make a spirit fear,
 That he too disuniting subject were,
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, they're unstable, circles angular :
 She who was such a chain as Fate employs
 To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would think
 No accident could threaten any link ;
 She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
 The purest blood and breath that e'er it ate,
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heav'n was content to suffer violence ;
 Yea, though he plead a long possession too,
 (For they're in heav'n on earth who heav'n's
 works do),
 Though he had right, and pow'r, and place, before,
 Yet death must usher and unlock the door :
 Think further on thyself, my Soul ! and think
 How thou at first wast made but in a slipk :
 Think that it argued some infirmity,
 That those two Souls which then thou foundst in me,
 Thou fedst upon, and drew'st into thee, both
 My second Soul of sense and first of growth :
 Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus :
 This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
 My pony could, beyond escape or help,
 Infect thee with orig'nal sin, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse nor leave it now ;

Think that no stubborn fullen anchorite,
 Which, fixt t' a pillar or a grave doth sit
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
 So foully as our Souls in their first-built cells :
 Think in how poor a prison thou dost lie,
 After enabled but to suck and cry : [inn,
 Think when 't was grown to, most 't was a poor
 A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
 And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age :
 But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty :
 Think that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
 In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
 And freely flies : this to thy Soul allow ;
 Think thy shell broke, think thy Soul hatcht but
 now ;
 And think this slow-pack'd Soul, which late did
 cleave
 T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
 Twenty perchance or thirty mile a-day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 'Twixt heav'n and earth ; she stays not in the air,
 To look what meteors there themselves prepare ;
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th' air's middle region be intense ;
 For th' element of fire, she doth not know
 Whether she pass'd by such a place or no ;
 She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live and die :
 Venus retards her not, t' inquire how she
 Can (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be :
 He that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
 Works now on her, who now is grown all eye ;
 Who, if she meet the body of the sun,
 Goes through, not staying till her course be run ;
 Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
 Nor is by Jove nor by his father barr'd ;
 But ere she can consider how she went,
 At once is at and through the firmament :
 And as these stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those spheres, as through those beads
 a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing ;
 As doth the pitch which, left our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back ;
 So by the Soul doth death string heav'n and earth ;
 For when our Soul enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second grace)
 Heaven is near, and present to her face,
 As colours are and objects in a room,
 Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
 This must, my Soul ! thy long short progress be
 T' advance these thoughts ; remember then that she,
 She whose fair body no such prison was,
 But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
 An age in her ; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her ;
 She in whose body (if we dare prefer
 This low world to so high a mark as she)
 The western treasure, eastern spicery,
 Europe and Affric, and the unknown rest,
 Were early found, or what in them was best :

And when we've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first be-
trothe

The tutelar angels, and assign'd one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
She of whose Soul, if we may say 't was gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that. We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
And chides us, slow-pac'd snails! who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 't were but little to have chang'd our room
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor Soul! in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
'Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
'Thou neither know'st how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;
Nor dost thou (though thou know'st that thou
art so)

By what way thou art made immortal know.
Thou art too narrow, Wretch! to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all Souls thought,
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 't is an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth
flow,

Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions, which men raise
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things which for our use be?
We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things: matters of fact,
How others on our stage their parts did act,
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said,
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto:
In this low form, poor Soul! what wilt thou do?
Oh! when wilt thou shake off this pedantry
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?

Thou look'st through spectacles; small things
seem great

Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit on collections to discern:
In heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning it,
And what concerns it not shall straight forget.
That thou (but in no other school) mayst be
Perchance as learned and as full as she;
She, who all libraries hath th'roughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practis'd
So much good as would make as many more;
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action;
She who, in th' art of knowing Heav'n, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heav'n she came,
(In a far fairer print) but read the same;
She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge as would over-freight
Another did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy as great perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book,
Return not, my Soul! from this ecstasy
And meditation of what thou shalt be
To earthly thoughts, till it too thee appear,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? What station
Canst thou choose out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spongy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them again?
Are there not some courts (and then no things be
So like as courts) which in this let us see
That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill than these can speak?
The poison's gone through all; poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements, will show:
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy Soul! where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men have said;
Where she's exalted more for being good
Than for her interest of motherhood:
Up to those patriarchs which did longer sit
Expecting Christ than they've enjoy'd him yet;
Up to those prophets which now gladly see
Their prophecies grown to be history;
Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
All the sun's course with more light than the sun;
Up to those martyrs who did calmly bleed
Oil to th' apostles' lamps, dew to their seed;
Up to those virgins who thought that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his temple give:
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live

She who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities;
 She who, being to herself a state, enjoy'd
 All royalties which any state employ'd;
 For she made wars and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will;
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty and chastity together kiss:
 She did high justice, for she crucify'd
 Ev'ry first motion of rebellion's pride;
 And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
 For, only herself except, she pardon'd all:
 She coin'd in this, that her impression gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have:
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
 Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one
 Made her a sovereign state, religion
 Made her a church; and these two made her all.
 She, who was all this all, and could not fall
 To worse by company, (for she was still
 More antidote than all the world was ill)
 She, she doth leave it, and by death survive
 All this in heav'n, whither who doth not strive
 The more because she's there, he doth not know
 That accidental joys in heav'n do grow.
 But pause, my Soul! and study, ere thou fall
 On accidental joys, th' essential.
 Still before accessories do abide
 A trial must the principal be try'd.
 And what essential joy canst thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (and beauty worthiest is to move)
 Poor cozen'd Cozener! that she, and that thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now;
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay:
 Nor are (although the river keep the name)
 Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same.
 So flows her face and thine eyes, neither now
 That saint nor pilgrim which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
 Constant, y' are hourly in inconstancy.
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because that God did live so long above
 Without this honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made creatures to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it,
 But that to his hands man might grow more fit:
 But since all honours from inferiors flow,
 (For they do give it, princes do but show [this
 Whom they would have so honour'd) and that
 On such opinions and capacities
 Is built as rise and fall to more and less:
 Alas! 't is but a casual happiness.
 Hath ever any man t' himself assign'd
 This or that happiness t' arrest his mind,
 But that another man which takes a worse,
 Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
 They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
 Might have consider'd, that for that effect
 All this whole solid earth could not allow,
 Nor furnish forth materials enow;

And that his centre, to raise such a place,
 Was far too little to have been the base.
 No more affords this world foundation
 T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
 But as the Heathen made them several gods
 Of all God's benefits and all his rods,
 (For as the wine, and corn, and onions, are
 Gods unto them, so agues be and war)
 And as by changing that whole precious gold
 To such small copper coins they lost the old,
 And lost their only God, who ever must
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
 So much mankind true happiness mistakes,
 No joy enjoys that man that many makes.
 Then, Soul! to thy first pitch work up again;
 Know that all lines which circles do contain,
 For once that they the centre touch, do touch
 Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
 Double on heav'n thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
 All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
 The sight of God in fulness can think it;
 For it is both the object and the wit.
 This is essential joy, where neither he
 Can suffer diminution nor we;
 'Tis such a full and such a filling good,
 Had th' angels once look'd on him they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 She whom we celebrate is gone before;
 She, who had here so much essential joy,
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any natural stone or tree,
 Better than when in images they be;
 Who kept, by diligent devotion,
 God's image in such reparation
 Within her heart, that what decay was grown
 Was her first parents' fault, and not her own;
 Who, being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe procontract;
 Who by a faithful confidence was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
 Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;
 Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
 Both where more grace and more capacity
 At once is given: she to heav'n is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A heav'n, and here became unto us all
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
 But could this low world joys essential touch,
 Heav'n's accidental joys would pass them much.
 How poor and lame must then our casual be?
 If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
 My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
 By being greater, grown to be less man.
 When no physician of redress can speak,
 A joyful casual violence may break
 A dangerous apostem in thy breast,
 And whilst thou joy'st in this the dangerous rest,
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 Whate'er was casual may ever be.
 What should the nature change? or make the same
 Certain, which was but casual, when it came?

All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
 Only by coming, that it can away.
 Only in heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
 And accidental things are permanent.
 Joy of a Soul's arrival ne'er decays;
 (For that Soul ever joys, and ever stays)
 Joy that their last great consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection,
 When earthly bodies more celestial
 Shall be than angels were, for they could fall;
 This kind of joy doth every day admit
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy 'tis no small part that she,
 She, in whose goodness he that names degree
 Doth injure her; ('tis loss to be call'd best,
 There where the stuff is not such as the rest)
 She, who left such a body, as even she
 Only in heav'n could learn how it can be
 Made better, for she rather was two Souls,
 Or like to fall on both sides-written rolls,
 Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
 As strong records for God as minds within;
 She who, by making full perfection grow,
 Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,

Long'd for, and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
 Where she receives and gives addition.
 Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
 A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
 The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not
 yet,
 And where what laws of poetry admit,
 Laws of religion have at the least the same,
 Immortal Maid! I might invoke thy name.
 Could any saint provoke that appetite,
 Thou here shouldst make me a French conver-
 tite;
 But thou wouldst not, nor wouldst thou be
 content
 To take this for my second year's true rent.
 Did this coin bear any other stamp than his
 That gave thee power to do, me to say this?
 Since his will is that to posterity
 Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be;
 And that the world should notice have of this,
 The purpose and th' authority is his:
 Thou art the proclamation, and I am
 The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

That which is said of one of them, or more,
 she whom we remember to have known;
 she, who had part to much of earthly joy,
 As no other could; which she did lose
 When with God's presence was separated;
 (Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
 it was in her natural state of love;
 Some then when in images they see;
 Who kept by him, by his own love;
 God's image in his own image;
 Within her heart, that what she was grown
 Was her self, and what she was not;
 Who, being satisfied in any act,
 Still heard God praising his late presence;
 Who by a natural confidence was set
 Reached to God, and now is married there;
 What lights were more clear than in her day;
 Who dreamt of heaven, and was not in prayer;
 Who being here, still with grace, yet strive to be
 Both where more grace and more capacity
 At once is given: she to heav'n is gone,
 Who made this world in love proportion
 A heav'n, and here became what was all
 Joy (as our joy should) eternal;
 That could she low world joy could touch
 There's a accidental joy would pass their mind;
 How poor and lame were then our casual joy;
 If the prince will his subjects to call cheer
 My Lord, and this the well that then are there;
 By being greater, grown to be less man;
 When no physician of words can speak,
 A joyful casual violence may break
 A dangerous speech in thy breast,
 And while thou joy'st in this the dangerous self,
 The day may rise up, and so strange to thee;
 What was casual may ever be;
 What should the nature changed, or make the same
 Certain, which was but casual, when it came

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EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGY

ON THE

UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look to me, Faith! and look to my faith, God,
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness, is,
And reason is that centre, faith is this;
For into our reason flow, and there do end,
All that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in for man in one circumference;
But for th' enormous greatneffes which are
So disproportion'd and so angular,
As is God's essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what, souls do departed
hence:
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all nor upon all alike;
For Reason, put t' her best extension,
Almost meets Faith, and makes both centres one;
And nothing ever came so near to this
As contemplation of that Prince we miss;
For all that Faith might credit, mankind could,
Reason still seconded, that this Prince would,
If then least moving of the centre make,
More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to
shake,
What must this do, centres distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now that he,
Whose reputation was an extasy,

On neighbour states, which knew not why to
wake,
Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
For whom what princes angled, when they try'd
Met a torpedo, and were stupify'd;
And others' studies, how he would be bent,
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soul of peace unto Christianity?
Was it not well believ'd that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake,
And that his times might have stretcht out so far
As to touch those of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came, we saw heav'n did allow
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times rumours of wars should rise.
But now this faith is heresy, we must
Still stay, and vex our great grandmother Dust.
Oh! is God prodigal? Hath he spent his store
Of plagues on us, and only now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery,
And will not let's enjoy our curse, to die?
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall;
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:

'Therefore we live, though such a life we have
As but so many mandrake's on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that;
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
'To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not
men?

For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none:
For, as if all the substances were spent,
It were madness to inquire of accident;
So is 't to look for Reason, he being gone,
'The only subject Reason wrought upon.
If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious men discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now for us with busy proof to come
'That we 'ave no reason would prove we had some;
So would just lamentations; therefore we
May safer say that we are dead than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare
We 'ave double excuse; he's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
'Too narrow to think him as he is he,
(Our souls best hating and mid period
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
Oh! may I (since I live) but see or hear
'That the-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate my life: whoe'er thou be
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she.
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you with I knew your history.
So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an angel singing what you were.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little
conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon
the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not
his heir. I do not therefore send this paper to
your Ladyship that you should thank me for it,
or think that I thank you in it; your favours
and benefits to me are so much above my me-
rits, that they are even above my gratitude, if
that were to be judged by words which must
express it. But, Madam, since your noble bro-
ther's fortune being your's, the evidences also

concerning it are your's; so his virtues being
your's, the evidence concerning that belong also
to you, of which, by your acceptance, this may
be one piece; in which quality I humbly pre-
sent it, and as a testimony how entirely your
family possesseth

Your Ladyship's most humble
and thankful servant,

J. DONNE.

OBSEQUIES

ON THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

To the Countess of Bedford.

FAIR Soul! which wast not only, as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so, and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refin'd
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make, by this soft extasy,
This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight now all rest;
Time's dead low water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the lab'ers have
Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this.
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes must shut them
then
Again by death) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me midnight's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing
thee;
And I discern, by favour of this light,
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass, as thou, when thou dost see
Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorify'd, I comprehend
All in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we
see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their being here
Virtues indeed remote seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call
best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.

As bodies change, and as I do not wear
 Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
 And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
 That drop which I look'd on is presently
 Pulsht with more waters from my sight, and gone;
 So in this sea of virtues can no one
 Be insisted on. Virtues as rivers pass,
 Yet still remains that virtuous man there was
 And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,
 Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
 Because God knows where every atom lies;
 So if one knowledge were made of all those
 Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
 His virtues into names and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Destiny,
 Should I divide and discontinue so
 Virtue, which did in one entireness grow:
 For as he that should say spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits half so much as he
 Which says they have no parts but simple be;
 So is 't of virtue; for a point and one
 Are much entirer than a million.
 And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
 It would have let him live to have been old:
 So then that virtue in season, and then this,
 We might have seen and said that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just.
 In good short lives virtues are fain to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place,
 When they would exercise back time and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
 For lack of time, his own epitome;
 So to exhibit in few years as much
 As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
 As when an angel down from heav'n deth fly,
 Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
 We cannot think now he is at the sun,
 Now through the moon, now through the air doth
 run;
 Yet when he's come we know he did repair
 To all 'twixt heav'n and earth, sun, moon, and air;
 And as this angel in an instant knows,
 And yet we know this sudden knowledge grows
 By quick amassing several forms of things
 Which he successively to order brings,
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
 So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
 And lay together every A and B;
 So in short-liv'd good men's not understood
 Each several virtue, but the compound good;
 For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
 As angels go and know, and as men read.
 O! why should then these men, these lumps of
 balm,
 Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And to make us alive themselves be dead?
 O Soul! O Circle! why so quickly be
 Thy ends, thy birth, and death, clos'd up in thee?

Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent through every path
 Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgement,
 hath.

Thou knowest that though the tropic circles have
 (Yea, and those small ones which the poles engrave)
 All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of th' equinoctial,
 Yet when we come to measure distances,
 How here, how there, the sun affected is,
 When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
 Only great circles then can be our scale;
 So though thy circle to thyself express
 All tending to thy endless happiness,
 And we, by our good use of it, may try
 Both how to live well (young) and how to die;
 Yet since we must be old, and age endures
 His torrid zone at court and calentures,
 Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
 Zeal's agues, and hydropic avarice,
 (Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust and ignorance of youth)
 Why didst thou not for these give med'cines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to do?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each misemotion and distemper feel,
 Whose hands get shaking palsies, and whose string
 (His sinews) slackens, and whose soul, the spring,
 Expires or languishes; whose pulse, the fly,
 Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
 Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
 Or idle as men which to their last hour come;
 If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will;
 So youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then we follow all, or follow none.
 Yet as in great clocks which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to inform whole towns t' employ their time,
 An error doth more harm, being general,
 When small clocks faults only on th' wearer fall;
 So work the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the state, rely.
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a
 soul,

A clock so true as might the sun controul;
 And daily hadst from him who gave it thee
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
 And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
 Oh! why wouldst thou be an instrument
 To this unnatural course? or why consent
 To this not miracle but prodigy,
 That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
 Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
 Though her flood were blown in by thy first
 breath,

All is at once sunk in the whirlpool death;
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
 Now I am sure that if a man would have
 Good company, his entry is a grave.
 Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
 Where, when the several labourers I see

For children, house, provision, taking pain,
They're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and
grain;

And church-yards are our cities, into which
The most repair that are in goodness rich;
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them:
At that gate then, triumphant Soul! dost thou
Begin thy triumph: but since laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may
All that they will 'gainst the triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
By law to triumph none admitted be
Till they, as magistrates, get victory;
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did
yield,

Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field
To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subjects love,
Thou couldst no title to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are,
Both envy and acclamations popular,
(For both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a diverse mine, those which are great)
Till then thy war was but a Civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good success,
In a defensive war their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone:
Why shouldst thou then, whose battles were to win
Thyself from those straits Nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he who takes indentures doth require;
But didst not stay t' enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others what thou didst to do:
Why shouldst thou triumph now, when heav'n
no more

Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
For heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were:
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place which is conquered must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out.
And hath he left us so? or can it be
This territory was no more than he?
No; we were all his charge: the diocese
Of every exemplar man the whole world is;
And he was joined in commission
With tutelar angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid and chide
Him who triumph'd were lawful, it was ty'd

With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave:
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority by which he got
Leave to triumph before by age he might;
So though, triumphant Soul! I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us,
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great Sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee
'Gainst Nature's laws, which just impugnors be
Of early triumphs: and I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
That all men should lack thee than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives and French *soldarii* did;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulwarks which became them best;
Do not, fair soul! this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

AN ELEGY

On the LRDY MARKHAM.

MAN is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend
To break our bank whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land-waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament
(Tears, which our soul doth for our sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste and funeral,
And even those tears which should wash sin are sin:
We, after God, new-drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all envenom'd things,
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles; we cannot see
Through passion's mist what we are, or what she:
In her this sea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay,
Do take up porcelaine where they buried clay,
So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines,
Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall
Make and name them th' Elixir of this all.
They say the sea when it gains loseth too.
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do

Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
 To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this;
 They perish both when they attempt the just;
 For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust.
 So, unobnoxious now, she 'ath buried both;
 For none to death sins that to sin is loth;
 Nor do they die which are not loth to die;
 So hath she this and that virginity.
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
 Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas!
 How little poison cracks a crystal glass!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's Word must be true, "All sinners be."
 So much did zeal her conscience rarify,
 That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,
 Making omissions acts, laying the touch
 Of sin on things that some time may be such.
 As Moses' cherubims, whose natures do
 Surpass all speed, by him are winged too;
 So would her soul, already in heav'n, seem then
 To climb by tears the common stairs of men.
 How fit she was for God I am content
 To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
 How good in all her titles, and how meet
 To have reform'd this forward heresy,
 That women can no parts of friendship be:
 How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
 Lest they that hear her virtues think her old,
 And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ELEGY ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

DEATH! I recant, and say, unsaid by me
 Whate'er hath slipt that might diminish thee.
 Spiritual treason, atheism, 't is, to say
 That any can thy summons disobey.
 Th' earth's face is but thy table; there are set
 Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
 In a rude hunger now he millions draws
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws:
 Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last:
 Now wantonly he spoils and eats us not,
 But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deep,
 Where harmless fish monastic silence keep;
 Who (were Death dead) the rows of living sand
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
 In birds (heav'n's choristers) organic throats,
 Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
 A tenth rank in the heav'nly hierachy. [in ?
 O strong and long-liv'd Death! how cam'st thou
 And how without creation didst begin?
 Thou hast and shalt see dead before thou dy'st
 All the four monarchies and Antichrist.
 How could I think thee nothing, that see now
 In all this all nothing else is but thou?
 Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
 Wasteful consumptions and degrees of thee;

For we to live our bellows wear and breath,
 Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death:
 And though thou beest (O mighty bird of prey!)
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth he
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee;
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
 One whom thy blow makes not ours nor thine own:
 She was more stories high: hopeless to come
 To her soul, thou hast offer'd at her lower room.
 Her soul and body was a king and court,
 But thou hast both of captain mis'd and fort.
 As houses fall not, though the kings remove,
 Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
 Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
 As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace:
 Both work a separation, no divorce:
 Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
 Which shall be almost another soul, for there
 Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
 Because in her her virtues did outgo
 Her years, would'st thou, O emulous Death! do so,
 And kill her young to thy loss? Must the cost
 Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins
 of youth?

Oh! every age a diverse sin pursu'th.
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold:
 Shortly ambitious, covetous when old,
 She might have prov'd; and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
 Had she persever'd just, there would have been
 Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin;
 Such as would call her friendship Love, and feign
 To sociableness a name profane,
 Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus might'st thou 'ave slain more souls, hadst
 thou not crost
 Thyself, and to triumph thine army lost.
 Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone:
 But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
 Our tears are due, because we are not such.
 Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chain is broke, though no link lost.

ELEGY ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

DEATH! be not proud; thy hand gave not this
 blow;
 Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy coming terror, anguish, grief, denounces;
 Her happy state courage, ease, joy, pronounces.
 From out the chrystal palace of her breast
 The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
 (Not by the thund'ring voice wherewith God
 threatens,
 But as with crowned saints in heav'n he treats)

And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers fought :
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it when life did knock.

Nor boast the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay ;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That though dissolv'd it yet a space endures ;
No dram thereof shall want, or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.

Go then to people curst before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face not for her, but our harm, wears.
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams washt
should be,

And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes saw not how bright did shine,
Through flesh's misty veil, those beams divine ;
Deaf were the ears not charm'd with that sweet
sound

Which did i' th' spirit's instructed voice abound ;
Of flint the conscience did not yield and melt
At what in her last act it saw and felt. [sight,

Weep not, nor grudge, then, to have lost her
Taught thus our after-stay's but a short night ;
But by all souls not by corruption chok'd,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invok'd,
Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever blest ;
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
" The Grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting."

ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue ;
By our long-striving hopes ; by that remorse
Which my words masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which spies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg : but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and over swear them thus ;
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love ! love's impetuous rage ;
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back. O ! if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar :
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness : thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 't is madness have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd : feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be.

Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit nor mind : be not strange
To thyself only : all will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly cloth'd apes are call'd apes ; and as soon
Eclips'd as bright we call the moon the moon.
Men of France changeable cameleons,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and th' rightest company
Of players which upon the world's stage be,
Will too too quickly know thee : and, alas !
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd : but none of these,
Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease
If thou stay here. Oh ! stay here ; for for thee
England is only a worthy gallery
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess :
Nor praise nor dispraise me ; nor bless nor curse
Openly Love's force ; nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh ! oh !
Nurse, oh ! my love is slain ! I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are speechless grown to make stones
speak ;
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see'st what thou art now :
Yet thou'rt not yet so good ; till death us lay
To ripe and mellow, here we're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass ; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilk in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases ;
So we ourselves miraculously destroy,
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heav'n, when the trumpet's air shall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee ;
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

ELEGY.

MADAM,

THAT I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scroll.

Others by wills give legacies, but I,
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown, to make stones
speak :

Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see what thou art now.
Yet thou'rt not yet so good ; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there we are stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass ; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases.

ELEGY ON THE LORD C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, oh ! heir of it ; o'er all is his pay.

This strange chance claims strange wonder, and
to us

Nothing can be so strange as to weep thus.

'Tis well his life's loud-speaking works deserve
And give praise too ; our cold tongues could not
serve :

'Tis well he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have store.
Oh ! if a sweet-brier climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,
Or fell'd and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet that must wither which by it did rise,
As we for him, though no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for heav'n's discovery,
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
We lose, what all friends lov'd, him ; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow ;
If he could have fees in whose practice grew
All virtues whose name subtle schoolmen knew.
What ease can hope that we shall see him beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet ?
His children are his pictures : oh ! they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb since he is gone ;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK,

From the Island Voyage with the Earl of Essex.

Thou, which art I, ('t is nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a history
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd
My lines are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only t' impute excellence.
England, t' whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave,
(For Fate or Fortune's drifts none can gainsay,
Honour and mis'ry have one face one way)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like pris'ners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and, fresh and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet;
Meat comes, it came, and swole our sails, when
we
So joy'd as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see;
But 't was but so kind as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
then.
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like shot not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas! I pity thee, and curse those men
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee
then,

Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not;
I and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die;
And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep,
And, trembling, ask what news? and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing, to fear away Fear:
There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waist
With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings,
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago:
Yea, ev'n our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from
thence:
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the
gain?
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermuda's ca. a.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd
light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day:
So violent yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me I wish not
thee.

THE CALM.

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid Calm, but nothing it doth 'fwage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now than a stork before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us;
In Calms Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and as the isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rage supply,
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownests, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor fought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover:
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes maws,
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own priest and own sacrifice.
Who live that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea unto the ship we turn,
Like parboil'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherds scoff;
Or like slack sinew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th' Emperor's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd and loving; or the thirst
Of honour or fair death outpusht me first,
I lose my end; for here, as well as I,
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtilly lay
A scourge 'gainst which we all forgot to pray,
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now than before he was he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
As chance or ourselves still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense. I lie;
I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR, more than kisses letters mingle souls,
For thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls

The tediousness of my life: but for these
I could invent nothing at all to please;
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a lock of hay that am a bottle of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
That (though than pitch they stain worse) we
must touch.

If in the furnace of the even Line,
Or under th' adverse icy Pole, thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there; but, oh! what refuge canst thou
win

Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung or garlic be a perfume? or can
A scorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three: of all three?
(O knotty riddle!) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if none such there were:
And courts are theatres where some men play
Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.
The country is a desert where the good
Gain'd inhabits not; born is not understood:
There men become beasts, and, prone to all evils,
In cities blocks, and in a lewd court devils.
As in the first chaos confusedly
Each element's qualities were in th' other three;
So pride, lust, covetise, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And, mingled thus, their issue is incestuous;
Falseness is denizon'd, Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there Virtue's stinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men are sponges, which to pour out receive;
Who know false play rather than lose, deceive:
For in best understandings sin began;
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all but white Integrity.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would, like strangers, greet themselves, see-
ing then

Utopian youth grown old Italian.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell:
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy pac'd) this snail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol:
And in the world's sea do not, like cork, sleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line; but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound, so closely thy course go;
Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no;
Only in this be no Galenist. To make
Courts hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dulness; do not add
Correctives, but as chemics purge the bad.
But, Sir, I advise not you; I rather do
Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd of you,

Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried
forth,

I th'roughly love; but if myself I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE**.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HERE'S no more news than virtue; I may as well
Tell you Calais or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell
That Vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest; so may God frown,
If but to lothe both I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still's worse than he.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate
(God's Commissary) doth so th'roughly hate
As i' th' court's squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe, me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court was a player's praise,
Plays were not so like courts as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimic anticks jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious jests
Are but dull morals at a game at chess.

But 't is an incongruity to smile;
Therefore I end, and bid farewell a while
At court, though from court were the better style.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON,

At his going Ambassador to Venice.

AFTER those rev'rend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd
name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After those loving papers which friends send
With glad grief to your sea-ward steps farewell,
Which thicken on you now as pray'rs ascend
To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you must say at Venice this means now,
And hath for nature what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before,
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an easier load (though both oppress)
To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that our own and only business;
In this we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them (schools, and courts, and wars,
o'erpass)
To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft' prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

TO SIR HENRY GOODERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raises.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier;
Her appetite and her digestion mend:
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end,

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports?

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more
scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit;
We can beginnings but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heav'n, and God her
father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well if it teach you to spare,
And make you ashamed to make your hawk's
praise your's,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say that high enough she towers,

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God: love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there;
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

LIKE one who in her third widowhood doth pro-
fess

Herself a Nun, ty'd to retiredness,
So affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness;

Since she to few, yet too many, hath shown
How love-song weeds and satiric thorns are
grown

Where seeds of better arts were early sown.

Though to use and love poetry to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery,
Omissions of good ill as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass;

So we (if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil the souls of simples, use
Places where they may lie still warm, to choose;

So works retiredness in us. To roam
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure, for the great rent day.

Manure thyself then; to thyself b' improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

REASON is our soul's left hand, Faith her right;
By these we reach divinity, that's you:
Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from fair Faith grew.

But as although a squint left hand handedness
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand;
So would I (not t' encrease, but to express
My faith) as I believe so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon the reasons why you're lov'd by all
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach;
Then back again t' implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the catholic voice doth teach;

That you are good; and not one heretic
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so:
For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
If 't were not injur'd by extrinsic blows;
You birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning, and religion,
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off or cures what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physick but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
His factor for our loves, do, as you do,
Make your return home gracious, and bestow
This life on that, so make one life of two:
For so, God help me! I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things;
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune; now I see
Rareness or use, not nature, value brings,
And such as they are circumstanc'd they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us sin t' excuse,
But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
Makes her not see, or not shew, all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
For as dark texts need notes, some there must be
To usher virtue, and say, This is she:

So in the country's beauty. To this place
You are the season, (Madam!) you the day;
'Tis but a grave of spices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd, else her sweets she en-
shrines,
As China, when the sun at Brazil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so,
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This shews that you from Nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the court th' antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrificers run;
And whether priests or organs you, we obey,
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples frames and beauty as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse and curiosity
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple, not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be;
And after this survey oppose to all
Builders of chapels you, th' Escorial;

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair:
On these I cast a lay and country eye:
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophecy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original;
The elements, the parent, and the growth,
And every piece of you is worth their all.
So entire are all your deeds and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of poetic rage or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts
grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
The story of beauty, in Twickenham is and you.
Who hath seen one would both; as who hath
been
In Paradise would seek the cherubim.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To have written then, when you writ, seem'd
to me

Worst of spiritual vices, Simony;
And not to have written then seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this my debt I seem'd loth to confess,
In that I seem'd to shun beholdingness;
But 't is not so. Nothing, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more,
By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shewn,
May not I yield not gold, but coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd though profane;
Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or choose,
In me you've hallowed a Pagan muse

And denizon'd a stranger, who, mis-taught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath fought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's best part, or all it, you.
I have been told that virtue in courtiers hearts
Suffers an ostracism, and departs :
Profit, ease, fitness plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know :
Your, or you virtue, two vast uses serves,
It ransoms one sex, and one court preserves;
There's nothing but your worth, which being
true,

Is known to any other, not to you ;
And you can never know it ; to admit
No knowledge of your worth is some of it :
But since to you your praises discords be,
Stoop others ills to meditate with me.
Oh ! to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse we know not what we would,
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills !
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.
As new philosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends,
Only the body's busy, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipses and controuls
The quick high moon, so doth the body souls.
In none but us are such mixt engines found,
As hands of double office ! for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raise ;
Who pray'reless labours, or without these prayers,
Doth but one half, that's none. He which said,
Plough,

And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love ?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
These, not engrav'd, but inborn dignities,
Caskets of souls, temples, and palaces :
For bodies shall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free.
As men t' our prisons now, souls t' us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us :
Whate'er the world hath bad or precious
Man's body can produce ; hence hath it been
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes, in man are
seen :

But whoe'er saw, though Nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn, in man did grow ?
We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament.
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
To encrease with ours those fair souls company ?
But I must end this letter ; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath some perverseness ; for she will
Neither believe her good nor others ill.
Even in you, Virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise, degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjust suspicion ;

And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles. Some aspersions
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad :
For so ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will ;
But in your common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, *N*

On New Year's Day.

THIS twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, (meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,
Whose what and where in disputation is)
If I should call me any thing, should miss.

I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new :
That cannot say my thanks I have forgot :
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true ;
This bravery's since these times shewed me you.

In recompense I would shew future times
What you were, and teach them t' urge towards such.
Verse embalms Virtue ! and tombs or thrones of
rhymes

Preserve frail transitory fame as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-liv'd ; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast
New spirits ; for strong agents with the same
Force that doth warm and cherish us do waste ;
Kept hot with strong extracts no bodies last.

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place :
And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
Should name, know, or express, a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good ; for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you how you should lay out
His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood ;
He will perplex security with doubt,

And clear those doubts; hide from you, and shew
you good,
And so encrease your appetite and food,

He will teach you that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloisters and in court:
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
Some pity's not good there, some vain disport;
On this side sin with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
Which pleasure and delight may not ingress;
And though what none else lost be trueliest yours,
He will make you what you did not possess,
By using others (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not so:
He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
And 'scape spies, to good ends; and he will shew
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a discreet wariness;
And (though to 'scape than to revenge offence
Be better) she shews both; and to repress
Joy when your state swells, sadness when 't is less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear:
He cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Gospel, then 't is our new-year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd, that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none:

But as of th' elements these, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed;
And those are barren both above our head;

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us
shew,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung than by the fire or sun.

Care not, then, Madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourers ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum's* melody.

And ordnance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in Sicil Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue
But one: 't is best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took souls stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber-drop enwraps a bee,
Covering discovers your quick soul, that we
May in your th'rough-shine front your hearts
thoughts see.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were
shewn.

Of such were temples; so and such you are;
Being and seeing is your equal care,
And virtue's whole sum is but know and dare.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's; and you know
How these are one: her Yea is not her No.

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence.

Nature's first lesson, so Discretion
Must not grudge Zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must Wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God, (round circles) so
Religion's types the pieceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways Discretion,

Go thither still, go the same way you went;
Who so would change doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THOUGH I be dead and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) court enough in my grave;
As oft as there I think myself to be,
So many resurrections waken me:
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
This season, as 't is Easter, as 't is spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts, dispos'd into your influence, so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow.
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure; for since I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown

In you, I should not think or say they shine
(So as I have) in any other mine.
Next I confess this my confession,
For 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too
much,

And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess my impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do
By studying copies, not originals.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You, that are she and you, that's double she,
In her dead face half of yourself shall see;
She was the other part; for so they do
Which build them friendships, become one of
two;

So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth Cusco and Musco take,
As divers stars one constellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go.
Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been,
And we your rich tomb in her face had seen.
She, like the soul, is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay:
And since you act that part, as men say, Here
Lies such a prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so we all rev'ence you;
For such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before?
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so as all in you contracted is:
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, shall stay;
And though diffus'd and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one all unite.
So, Madam, as her soul to heav'n is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams
are.

She was all spices, you all metals; so
In you two we did both rich Indias know:
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One dram of gold, but what was first shall last,
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So to yourself you may additions take,
But nothing can you less or changed make.
Seek not, in seeking new, to seem to doubt
That you can match her, or not be without,
But let some faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no such book as she.

VOL. IV.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY,

Being at the Siege of Juliers.

MAN is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be;
Wisdom makes him an ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a theatre;
Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him is ate away;
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy's he which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts, and disforested his mind!
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have
been;

Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
And is not as himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse;
For man can add weight to Heav'n's heaviest
curse.

As souls (they say) by our first touch take in
The poisonous tincture of original sin,
So to the punishments which God doth fling
Our apprehension contributes the string.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taste:
We do infuse to what he meant for meat
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat:
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills, men know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy; but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleasure is his rod,
And is his devil that might be his God.
Since then our business is to rectify
Nature to what she was, we're led awry
By them who man to us in little show;
Greater than due no form we can bestow
On him, for man into himself can draw
All; all his faith can swallow or reason chaw;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill;
All the round world to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial:
For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profession then
Which you do use to make, that you know man:
This makes it credible you have dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, Eve to man's, was made,
Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her;

G

Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees
Wonders, because they're rare; but a new star,
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle, for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason 'scapes and sense,
For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant God below,
By virtues's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst, may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the sun's fall, which now t'wards earth doth
bend,

'Then we might fear that Virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd: exil'd by men
She fled to heav'n, that's heavenly things, that's
you:

She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and she
Informed us, but transubstantiates you.
Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so;
But Virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
To adhere in these names, her and you to shew;

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
As water being into air rarify'd,
Neither appear till in one cloud they be,
So for our sakes you do low names abide:

'Taught by great constellations (which, being
fram'd
Of the most stars, take low names Crab and Bull;
When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others see:
'To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off to me.

'To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 'tis not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject, owe
Some tribute for that; so these Lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise:
If they were so, oft flatteries work as far
As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poison'd fountain still;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,
Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any 'tis not you,
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce that all these praises should be true,
And virtue should your beauty and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honoured too,
And all these gifts confess'd which he instill'd,
Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
Or mouth and speaker of the universe,
A ministerial notary; for 'tis
Not I, but you and Fame, that make this verse.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.

But as from extreme heights who downward
looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers as brooks,
And loseth younger forms; so to your eye
These, (Madam!) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist or nothing seem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere atoms.
But I, who can behold them move and stay,
Have found myself to you just their midway,
And now must pity them; for as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode nor cross-arm'd elegy.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempest of a frown;
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a-day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade. [pain,
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his
Was he that first taught women to disdain.

And all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
 Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
 And several desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd;
 So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
 An unripe willingness which nothing did;
 A thirst, an appetite which had no ease, [please.
 That found a want, but knew not what would
 What pretty innocence in that day mov'd,
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd!
 Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why.
 That natural fearfulness that struck man dumb,
 Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
 As all discoverers, whose first essay
 Finds but the place, after the nearest way;
 So passion is to woman's love, about,
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
 It is not love that sues or doth contend;
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
 Man's better part consists of purer fire,
 And finds itself allow'd ere it desire.
 Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
 And journies not till it find summer-way.
 A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
 Is sport for every girl to practise on. [know,
 Who strives through woman's scorns women to
 Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
 It is mere sickness after one disdain,
 Though he be call'd aloud to look again.
 Let others sin and grieve; one cunning flight
 Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
 I can love first, and (if I win) love still,
 And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
 It is her fault if I unsure remain;
 She only can unty, I bind again.
 The honesties of love with ease I do,
 But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But, Madam, I now think on you; and here,
 Where we are at our heights, you but appear.
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-day,
 But a soul shadow, not your break of day.
 You are at first-hand all that's fair and right,
 And others' good reflects but back your light:
 You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
 For what is more doth what you are, restrain,
 And though beyond, is down the hill again.
 We have no next way to you, we cross to't,
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute:
 Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made.
 These are your pictures to the life. From far
 We see you move, and here your zances are;
 So that no fountain good there is doth grow
 In you but our dim actions faintly show.

Then find I, if man's noblest part be love,
 Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
 The soul with body is a heav'n combin'd
 With earth, and for man's ease nearer join'd.
 Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,
 We guess not their large natures, but command;

And love in you that bounty is of light,
 That gives to all, and yet hath infinite;
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
 But soul we find too earthly to ascend,
 Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
 Able immortal clearness to endure.
 Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
 Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
 No more can impure man retain and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love,
 Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire.

Such may have eye and hand, may sigh, may
 speak, [break.
 But like swollen bubbles, when they're high't they
 Though far removed northern isles scarce find
 The sun's comfort, yet some think him too kind.
 There is an equal distance from her eye;
 Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
 But as air takes the sun-beams equal bright
 From the rays first to his last opposite,
 So happy man, blest with a virtuous love,
 Remote or near, or howsoe'er they move,
 Their virtue breaks all clouds that might annoy;
 There is no emptiness, but all is joy.
 He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
 To style his ward'ring rage of passion Love.
 Love, that imports in every thing delight,
 Is fancied by the soul, not appetite;
 Why love among the virtues is not known
 Is, that love is them all contract in one.

TO MR. J. W.

All hail, sweet Poet! and full of more strong fire
 Than bath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
 I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
 Of wit and art I love not but admire.
 Who have before or shall write after thee;
 Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
 Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
 Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envy'd than pitied; therefore I,
 Because I wish the best, do thee envy.
 O! would'st thou by like reason pity me,
 But care not for me, I, that ever was
 In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!
 (But for thy grace got in the Muse's school)
 A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh! how I grieve that late-born modesty
 Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts, [parts
 That men may not themselves their own good
 Extol without suspect of surquedry:
 For but thyself no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worth but thine. How good it were to see
 A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet as
 The painter's bad god made a good devil,

It will be good prose, although the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme as thou dost pass,
Then write, that I may follow, and so be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy zany.
I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO MR. T. W.

[sure
HASTE thee, harsh Verse! as fast as thy lame mea-
Will give thee leave, to him; my pain and pleasure
I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.
Tell him all questions which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this earth's habitation;
And 'tis where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is sent;
You are my pawns, or else my testament.

TO MR. T. W.

[Fear,
PREGNANT again with th' old twins, Hope and
Oft have I ask'd for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our streets fly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And ever more conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
The body risen again the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for't, and zealously embrace
Thy love; though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons, which say, amidst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

INCERTO.

At once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my heart;
I to the nurse, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm house, though the carpenter
Perish, doth stand; as an ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger;

So, though I languish, prest with melancholy,
My verse, the strict map of my misery,
Shall live to see that for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent
That from unhappy me things happy are sent;
Yet as a picture or bare sacrament

Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

TO MR. C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both sustain
No blot nor maim by this division;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain.
But though besides myself I leave behind,
Heav'n's liberal and the thrice fair sun,
Going to where starv'd winter eye doth won,
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
To melt all ice but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. S. B.

O THOU! which to search out the secret parts
Of th' India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast sea of arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not Siren-like to tempt, for I
Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Full fill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and as the rest
Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our Common Law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then ride
post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that strange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood.

My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd herself; the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r, doth withhold:
Hence comes it that these rhymes, which never had
Mother, want matter; and they only have
A little form, the which their father gave:
They are profane, imperfect, oh! too bad
To be counted children of Poetry,
Except confirm'd and bishopped by thee.

TO MR. R. W.

Is, as mine is, thy life a slumber be, [me:
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear [pear,
Shapes so like those shapes whom they would ap-
As this my letter is like me, for it [and wit;
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind,
It is my Deed of Gift of me to thee;
It is my will, myself the legacy:
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wife melancholy;
That I rejoice that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamour'd patient
His picture to his absent love hath sent.
All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Heavens are heav'ns, and ships wing'd angels be,
The which both gospel and stern threat'nings bring;
Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
As with the Jews guide God did; he did shew
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
Perchance, these Spanish bus'nesses being done,
Which as the earth between the moon and sun
Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve;
But if (as all th' all must) hopes smoke away,
Is not almighty Virtue an India?
If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is.

TO MR. J. L.

Of that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in th' English provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There's none that sometimes greets us not; and yet
Your Trent is Lethe, that past us you forget.
You do not duties of societies,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat beasts, stretched barns, and labour'd
fields,
Eat, play, ride, take of joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow

Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
I that my love, she that her gifts, on you are spent.

TO MR. J. P.

Blest are your north parts, for all this long time
My sun is with you, cold and dark's our clime.
Heav'n's sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
Stay'd in your north, (I think) for she was there,
And hither, by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous sun;
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as lard fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods, oft poll'd, yet ever wear
A green and (when she list) a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all outgo;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold,
Thy son ne'er ward, thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

TO MRS. M. H.

MAD Paper! stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons whom thy brain did create;
At least lie hid with me till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do?
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
But 't is not all; thou should'st be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die,
And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made such, to work more)
Doth touch thee, (sapless leaf!) thou grow'st by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child mis-speak half-utter'd words,
Or because Majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch! thou dy'st again,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
From speech of ill and her thou must abstain,
And is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not
her,
And Wit, and Virtue, and Honour, her attend;
And since they're but her clothes, thou shalt not
err
If thou her shape, and beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any whom we know
Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what shew
Of favour she alone to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'erskip the rest;
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark if she do the same that they protest;
Mark if she mark whither her woman came:

Mark if slight things be objected and o'erblown;
Mark if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
Nor to make myself her familiar;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her.

TO E. OF D.

With six Holy Sonnets.

SEE, Sir, how as the sun's hot masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
In me your fatherly yet lusty rhyme
(For these Songs are their fruits) have wrought
the same;
But though th' engend'ring force from whence
they came

Be strong enough, and Nature doth admit
Sev'n to be born at once, I send as yet
But six; they say the seventh hath still some maim:
I choose your judgment, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these droffy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir to change them to gold.
You are that alchymist which always had [bad.
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

SIR H. WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,
You do not love:
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You sell desire.

Love is not love but given free;
And so is mine, so should your's be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of others moan,
To mine is stone:
Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be grac'd
With name of chaste;
And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed;
So her disdainings can ne'er offend,
Unless self-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again;
As water causeth fire to fret and fume
Till all consume,
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's self for Love's own sake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart
To have no part;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public tend?

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY, AND

MRS. ESSEX RICHE,

From Amyens.

MADAM,

HERE, where by all all saints invoked are,
It were too much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints, should my humility
To other saint than you directed be,
That were to make my schism heresy.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold
As not to tell it: if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see;

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or spent:
They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons shew.

For when, through tasteless flat humility,
In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he:

So is the blood sometimes. Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloister'd men, who, in pretence of fear,
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual cholerick critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeal, virtue but in their gall.

We're thus but parcel gilt; to gold we're grown,
When virtue is our soul's complexion;
Who knows his virtue's name or place hath
none.

Virtue's but anguish, when 't is several,
By occasion wak'd and circumstantial;
True virtue's soul always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity;
For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it that your beauty wounds not
hearts.

As others, with profane and sensual darts,
But, as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues and their might,

What must I think that influence must do
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy sister; she
Of whom, if what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short galleries
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes;

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but to th' other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery.
He that believes himself doth never lie.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

August, 1614.

FAIR, great, and good! since seeing you we see
What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be;
Since now your beauty shines, now when the sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevell'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies periwigs and tires
In lovers sonnets; you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and
dry'd,

All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Courts, city, church, are all shops of small wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;
All trying, by a love of littleness,
To make abridgements and to draw to less,
Even that nothing which at first we were:

Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it that man to get
Towards him that's infinite must first be great:
Since in an age so ill as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge or witness of those times
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical:

Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine be shewn
Any small spark of these, call it your own;
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others, call not that idolatry;
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various
green,

He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures which were made that day;
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As that another's worthiest, and that you;
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth and sense; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came.
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more do I wrong any if I adore
The same things now which I ador'd before.

The subject chang'd, and measure. The same thing
 In a low constable and in the king
 I reverence, his power to work on me;
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 O' fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
 From having found their walks to find their home:
 And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
 For my last soul did fit and mould my clay;
 So am I debtor unto them whose worth
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth
 This new great lesson, thus to study you,
 Which none, not reading others first, could do.
 Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
 In a dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie;
 For as your fellow-angels, so you do
 Illustrate them who come to study you.
 The first whom we in histories do find
 'To have profest all arts was one born blind;
 He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
 Not those by which angels are seen and see;
 So, though I'm born without those eyes to live,
 Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
 Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
 Yet may I see you thus as now I do;
 I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
 And though I burn my library be learn'd.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

WHERE is that holy fire which verse is said
 'To have? is that enchanting force decay'd? [law,
 Verse, that draws Nature's works from Nature's
 Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
 Have my tears quench'd my old poetic fire?
 Why quench'd they not as well that of desire?
 Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with
 thee,

But I, their maker, want their liberty;
 Only thine image in my heart doth sit,
 But that is wax, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,
 And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and sense.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,
 Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
 That tells how fair thou art: thou art so fair
 As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
 Are grac'd thereby, and to make blind men see
 What things gods are, I say they're like to thee:
 For if we justly call each silly man
 A little world, what shall we call thee then?
 Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
 As down, as stars, cedars, and lilies are;
 But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my Phao a while, but shall be never
 As thou wast, art, and, oh! may'st thou be ever!
 Here lovers swear in their idolatry
 That I am such, but grief discolours me;
 And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
 My beauty, and make m' unworthy of thy love.
 Plays some soft boy with thee? oh! there wants
 yet

A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.

His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness,
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
 Thy body is a natural Paradise,
 In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs perfection; why shouldst thou then
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behind them that which their sin
 shews,

And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows;
 But of our dalliance no more signs there are
 Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air;
 And between us all sweetness may be had;
 All, all that Nature yields, or Art can add.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
 But so as thine from one another do:
 And, oh! no more; the likenesses being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
 Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to
 thighs?

Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
 That touching myself all seems done to thee.
 Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
 And amorously thank myself for this.
 Me in my glass I call thee; but, alas!
 When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
 O! cure this loving madness, and restore
 Me to me; thee my half, my all, and more:
 So may thy cheeks red outwear scarlet dye,
 And their white whiteness of the Galaxy:
 So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
 Envy in all women, and in all men love;
 And so be change and sickness far from thee,
 As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me.

TO BEN. JONSON.

JAN. 6. 1603.

THE state and men's affairs are the best plays
 Next your's: 't is not more nor less than due praise.
 Write, but touch not the much-descending race
 Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
 As but themselves none think them usurpers;
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
 If the Queen masque, or King a-hunting go,
 Through all the court follow, let them. We know
 Like them in goodness that court ne'er will be,
 For that were virtue, and not flattery.
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
 God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
 Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; and when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
 Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's
 tongue
 Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and myself as counsel.
 Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
 Contemn learning, and all your studies flout:
 Let them scorn hell, they will a serjeant fear
 More than we them, that ere long God may for-
 bear,

But creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excess as their means cease:
 Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
 His grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their souls. But that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enow
 For the Queen's masque, and their husband's for
 more
 Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
 Well, let all pass, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised reed, nor quencheth smoking flax.

TO BEN. JONSON.

9 NOVEMBERIS, 1603.

If great men wrong me I will spare myself;
 If mean, I will spare them. I know the pelf
 Which is ill got the owner doth upbraid:
 It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
 And a jury; but 't will revenge in this,
 That though himself be judge he guilty is.
 What care I though of weakness men tax me?
 I'd rather sufferer than doer be:
 That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
 That judgment is that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? though less, yet some of both
 have we
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
 Poor I! whom every petty cross doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
 Am of this (though it should sink me) careless:
 It would but force me t' a stricter goodness.
 They have great gain of me who gain do win
 (If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
 The standing of great men's lives would afford
 A pretty sum, if God would sell his Word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
 How unlike they are that they're likened to?
 Yet I conclude they are amidst my evils;
 If good like gods; the naught are so like devils.

Amicissimo et meritissimo

BENJ. JONSON.

IN VOLPONEM,

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris
 Consulti veteres sequi æmularierque,
 Omnes saperemus ad salutem.
 His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,
 Illos quod sequeris, novator audis.
 Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
 Libri canitie induantur horâ:
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda;
 Nascanturque fenes, oportet, illi
 Libri, quæis dare vis perennitatem.

Priscis ingenium facit laborque
 Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros
 Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
 Qua priscos superamus et futuros.

TO SIR THO. ROWE, 1603.

DEAR TOM,

TELL her, if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one mind hath but one face:
 If then why I take not my leave she ask,
 Ask her again why she did not unmask?
 Was she or proud or cruel? or knew she
 It would make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
 Or did she fear one kiss might stay for me?
 Or else was she unwilling I should go?
 I think the best, and love so faithfully,
 I cannot choose but think that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her try
 How in her service I would fructify.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past
 true;
 Then he whose wit and verse grows now to lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'er, I'll wear the white and black ribband;
 White for her fortunes, black for mine, shall stand;
 I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
 If what I have was given, I've enough,
 And all's well; for had she lov'd, I had not had
 All my friends hate; for now departing sad
 I feel not that: yet as the rack the gout
 Cures, so hath this worse grief that quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
 Burdened with this, I was to depart less
 Willing than those which die and not confess.

*De Libro cum mutaretur, Impresso, Domi à pueris frustra
 lacerato, et post reddito Manuscripto.*

Doctissimo Amicissimoque Viro D. D. ANDREW.

PARTURIUNT madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
 Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
 Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus: victoris in ædes,
 Et Francosurtum, te revehente, meat.
 Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,
 Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abir,
 Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
 Involat et veterum scrinia summa patrum.
 Dicat Apollo modum; pueros infundere libro
 Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
 Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos
 Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.

Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annou
Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabit arte senem?
Hei miseris senibus nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, et Cœlorum æmulâ amicitia.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit.

TO MR. TILMAN,

After he had taken Orders.

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy
mind
Affected since the vintage? dost thou find
New thoughts and strings in thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?
Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware?
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new-crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance, so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws:
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
Dear! tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
What thy advantage is above below:
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession
Whose joys pass speech? why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For such are clothes and beauty, which, though
gay,
Are at the best but of sublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble as to be
Embassador to God and Destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep heav'n's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ; so
'Tis preachers to convey him, for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak,
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify,

How brave are those who with their engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
And so the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things
doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

UPON

MR. THO. CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

Oh! to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative? [then
Venice! vast lake thou hast seen, and wouldst seek
Some vaster thing, and foundst a courtesan.
That inland sea having discovered well
A cellar-gulf, where one might sail to hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see; and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing; it is not fruit nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man,
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatic!
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes
grows
To be far greater than the mother nose?
Go, then; and to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors, shew;
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garret-tee.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will. Conqueror and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man! lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see 't no more upon the press;
The East sends hither her deliciousness; [hence,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tons of currants and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs;
If-omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.

Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
A pandect mak'st and universal book.
The bravest heroes for their country's good,
Scatter'd in diverse lands their limbs and blood;
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces for a lord
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends pass time and keep good to company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.

Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage ;
Nor shall wit-piratos hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas ! a little wit from you,
But hardly much ; and yet I think this true.
As Sibyl's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all :
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths which my brain bears must be far less :
Thy giant-wit o'erthrows me ; I am gone ;
And rather than read all I would read none.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

EDINBURGH.

Ann 1750.

Thou shalt not eat the critic of next age
So much, as once their hunger to efface;
Nor shall we partos hope to find the
All in one bottom in one library.
Some leaves may pale things there in other books,
And to one may, which on another looks,
But, alas! a high wife from you,
That hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As Sibyl's was your book - my friend,
For every piece is as much worth as all;
I therefore mine impudently I count;
The heathen which my hand bears must be far less;
Thy kind-wid a criticism me; I am gone;
And rather than read all I would read none.

Thou shalt not eat the critic of next age
A pen and ink and universal book
The best of these for their country's good
Scattered in diverse lands their kindred blood
With malice to whom men give praise
To public good but in anatomy
So will thy book in place for a lord
Which calls for Portia's and all the board
Provide whole books least enough will be
For friends pass time and keep good to company
Can all carping up like; no, thou must be
Mentors, and fill out the hall-pipe wit
Some shall wrap pills, and take a friend's life to
Some shall stop mouths, and to kill a foe.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THE LIFE OF DANIEL
SAMUEL DANIEL.

Containing his

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS,
COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND,
MUSOPHILUS,

OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS,
EPISTLES,
SONNETS,

U. S. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If Spenser merits Roman Virgil's name,
DANIEL at least comes in for Ovid's fame;
If Spenser rather claims Apollo's wit,
Virgil's illustrious name will DANIEL fit.
No higher than Apollo we can go;
But, if a loftier title you can shew,
That greater name let Spenser's Muse command,
And DANIEL be the Phœbus of our land;
For, in my judgment, if the God of verse
In English would heroic deeds rehearse,
No language so expressive he would choose,
As that of English DANIEL's lofty Muse.

FITZ-GEOFFREY'S EPIGRAMS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

Containing his
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS,
COMPLAINT OF ROYALTY,
MUSICALS,
OCTAVIA TO MARCO ANTONIUS,
EPIGRAMS,
SONNETS,
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To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

It speaks to us of Rome, Virgil's name,
Daniel, as least copies in our Ovid's name;
It speaks to us of Rome, Apollo's wit,
Virgil's illustrious name will Daniel fit.
No higher than Apollo we can go;
But, if a soldier title you can show,
That greater name let Daniel's name command,
And Daniel be the Phoenix of our land;
For, in my judgment, if the God of verse
In English words would make his verse,
No language so expressive he would choose
As that of English Daniel's holy Muse.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S EPIGRAM.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1793.

THE LIFE OF DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master, and born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1562.

At seventeen years of age he was admitted a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he continued about three years, and by the assistance of an able tutor, made a very considerable proficiency in all the branches of academical learning.

Those, however, which were of a graver nature, not so well suiting his genius, he applied himself principally to history and poetry, which continued to be his favourite pursuits during the remainder of his life.

At the expiration of the above mentioned term, he left the university, without taking a degree, and prosecuted his studies for some time at Wilton, under the patronage and encouragement of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the accomplished and amiable sister of the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, as appears from the dedication of his *Defence of Rhyime*, to her son William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Household, and Chancellor of Oxford.

"If all rhyming is gross, vulgar, and barbarous, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times and my own genius that cast me upon so wrong a course, drawn with the current of custom, and an unexamined example: Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable *Mother*, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school; and thereof am always to hold a feeling and grateful memory: Afterward drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy *Lord*, the fosterer of me and my Muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole genius therein, perceiving it agreed so well with the complexion of the times and my own constitution."

Afterwards he became tutor to the high-spirited Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of George Clifford Earl of Cumberland, the celebrated adventurer, to whose beauty and accomplishments he pays many flattering compliments in his poems.

His merit, some time after, procured him the friendship and patronage of Charles Blount, Lord Montjoy, created Earl of Devonshire by King James, as he himself acknowledges in the introduction to his poem of the *Civil Wars*; and this acknowledgment of his is the more grateful and sincere, as it was made after the death of his benefactor.

It appears also from his *Epistles*, that he experienced the munificence of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the great patroness of the poets, particularly Donne, Jonson, and Drayton, who frequently experienced her bounty; for which, in return, they were as lavish of their incense.

He shared also with Shakspeare the munificent patronage of Henry Wriothesly Earl of Southampton, the intimate friend of the valiant and accomplished Earl of Essex; and it is much to his honour, that he addressed an Epistle to that nobleman, on his disgrace, written in a manly and dignified strain of consolation.

In 1585, he published a translation of the "Worthy Tract," as Wood calls it, of Paulus Jovius on *Rare Inventions, &c.*, to which he prefixed an ingenious preface.

In 1594, he published his *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, written after the manner of the ancients, with a chorus between each act. It is dedicated by a copy of verses to the Countess of Pembroke, and was much esteemed at that time.

The same year he published the *Complaint of Rosamond*, which was read with universal approbation, and completely established his poetical reputation. The popularity of this poem is supposed by Mr. Malone, to have occasioned the "Venus and Adonis," and "the Rape of Lucrece" of Shakspeare; and the *Various Sonnets to Delia*, which appeared not long after, are supposed by the same learned critic, to have been the model of the "Sonnets" of the great poet of Nature.

It was followed, in 1611, by *A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius*, in the same measure, and resembling it also in the subject and style, being written in the manner of Ovid, with great tenderness and variety of passion.

In 1599, he succeeded Spenser as Poet-Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; and Mr. Granger observes, that "he was then thought to have merited the laurel."

In 1603, he welcomed King James with a congratulatory poem, on his accession to the throne of England, in which he pays a grateful tribute to the memory of his renowned predecessor.

In King James's reign he was made Gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne, who took great delight in his conversation and writings.

His place at Court being of very little employment, the income of it enabled him to rent a handsome house and garden in Old-Street, near London, where Winstanley says "he would lie obscure some times two months together, the better to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to recreate himself, and converse with his friends."

In this retirement, he privately composed, for the entertainment of the Court, *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, a Masque; presented at Hampton Court, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty and her Ladies, 1604—*The Queen's Arcadia*, a Pastoral Tragi-comedy; presented to her Majesty and her Ladies, by the University of Oxford, 1605—*And Hymen's Triumph*, a Pastoral Tragi-comedy; presented at the Queen's Court, in the Strand, at her Majesty's magnificent entertainment of the King's most excellent Majesty, being at the nuptials of Lord Roxborough: It is dedicated to the Queen, and introduced by a prologue which is pretty; and in many parts of the piece, the passions are touched with great delicacy.

In 1604, he published his great work, *The History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, a poem in eight books, dedicated to Prince Charles, which raised his reputation so high as to procure him the title of the *English Lucan*.

In 1611, he published *A Defence of Rhyme*, against a pamphlet, intituled, *Observations on the Art of English Poesy*, wherein is demonstratively proved, that rhyme is the fittest harmony of words. This piece is in prose, and it is addressed to his patron, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

The same year he published *Philotas*, a Tragedy. It is dedicated by a copy of verses to the Prince, afterwards Charles I. In this play, as well as in his *Cleopatra*, he has shewn great judgment by treading in the steps of the ancients. It met with some opposition, not on account of any deficiency in the poetry, or in the conduct of the design, but from a suspicion that the character of *Philotas* was drawn for the unfortunate Earl of Essex, from which he vindicated himself in an apology printed at the end of it.

In 1613 and 1618, he published the first and second parts of his *History of England*, from the conquest, to the year 1376, which is written with such brevity and perspicuity, that Langbaine "takes it to be the crown of all his works."

Towards the end of his life he retired to a farm he had at Beckington, near Philips-Norton in Somersetshire, where, after some time spent in learned leisure and religious contemplation, he died in October 1619, in the 57th year of his age.

He was buried in the church of Beckington, where, in gratitude to him, a monument was erected to his memory by Lady Anne Clifford, a long time after, when she was Countess-dowager of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery.

The same great lady had a portrait of him inserted in a full length picture of herself, at Appleby Castle in Westmoreland.

He left no issue by his wife Justina, sister of John Florio, author of the Italian dictionary, to whom he was married several years.

Daniel enjoyed the friendship and praises of the most eminent men of his age; particularly of Sir Fulk Greville, Sir John Harrington, Sir Henry Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Dr. Cowell, Camden, Spenser, Jonson, Drayton, and Browne.

Edmund Bolton and Gabriel Harvey, the former a professed critic, and the latter the friend of Spenser, and a promoter of the literature of his country, both mention him with respect, as a polisher and purifier of the English language. Spenser has given his character in "*Colin Clout's come home again*." Browne calls him "well-linguaged Daniel;" and Drummond esteems him "for sweetness in rhyming, second to none."

He complains, however, in his dedication of *Philotas*, that, notwithstanding the sunshine of Court favour, and the joint applauses of almost all the great writers of his time, he had

————— out-liv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight—
————— but years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.

His poems were collected and printed with his plays, in 4to, 1623, by his brother John Daniel, who appears to have been a musician belonging to the Court. They have been several times reprinted. The last edition was in 2 vols. 8vo, 1718. They are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The style of Daniel is distinguished from that of his contemporaries, by a peculiar neatness and simplicity. The original rectitude of his judgment seems to have served him in place of examples. He uses no antiquated words, and has no fantastic incongruities. He has rejected, with equal propriety, the coarse and obsolete idioms of Spenser, and the metaphysical conceits of Donne. His expression is clear and concise, and his versification correct and harmonious. He is not deficient in tenderness, and sometimes shews sublimity; but want of fire and enthusiasm is his characteristic fault.

He was unhappy in the choice of the *Civil Wars*, as the subject of his principal poem, as it obliged him to descend to minute descriptions; and nothing merely narrative is susceptible of the higher ornaments of poetry. It has, however, considerable merit in the execution. The descriptions are often beautifully expressive, and some of the pathetic passages, with which it abounds, are equal to any that are to be found in the whole compass of English poetry. In his *Complaint of Rosamond*, he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, and has often the softness of Rowe without his effeminacy. His *Musophilus* has a right to the merit of still higher excellence. It displays a correctness and manliness of thought, and a beauty and harmony of versification that leave little to wish. His *Sonnets* are entitled to the peculiar praise of having no obscurities either of style or language. In all his pieces are to be found marks of good sense and manly sensibility; free from pedantry and affectation, which have concurred to banish from use the productions of many of his contemporaries. He has undeservedly shared the neglect they have met with, as he is innocent of their faults, and highly worthy of the attention and esteem of the present age.

His merit as an historian has been judiciously estimated by Dr. Kennet.

"It is said he had a good vein in poetry; and it is certain he has shewn great judgment in keeping it, as he did, from infecting his prose, and destroying that simplicity which is a principal beauty in the style of an historian. His narration is smooth and clear, and carries every where an air of good sense and just eloquence; and his English is much more modern than *Milton's*, though he lived before him. But *Milton* chose to write (if the expression may be allowed) a hundred years backwards; whereas, it is particularly to be admired how *Daniel* could, so long ago, express himself with the same purity and grace as our most sensible writers do now, though we flatter ourselves that we have considerably improved the language."

The most accurate estimate that has been formed of his poetical character, is given by the amiable and ingenious Mr. Headley, whose premature death may be justly regretted as a loss to the literature of his country.

"Though very rarely sublime, he has skill in the pathetic; and his pages are disgraced with neither

pedantry nor conceit. We find both in his poetry and prose such a legitimate rational flow of language, as approaches nearer the style of the 18th than the 16th century; and of which we may safely assert, that it will never become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It seems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Constantly contented with the sedate propriety of good sense, which he no sooner attains than he seems to rest satisfied, though his resources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much farther. In this escaping censure he is not always entitled to praise. From not endeavouring to be great, he sometimes misses of being respectable. The constitution of his mind seems often to have failed him in the sultry and exhausting regions of the Muses; for, though generally neat, easy, and perspicuous, he too frequently grows slack, languid, and enervated. In perusing his long historical poem we grow sleepy at the dead ebb of the narrative, notwithstanding being occasionally relieved with some touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his subject, he seems fearful of supplying its defects by digressional embellishment; instead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful cast, which the natural coolness of his judgment would necessarily have corrected, he has cooped himself up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; instead of casting his eye on the general history of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeasurable fields, he has confined himself to an abstract diary of Fortune; instead of presenting us with pictures of Truth from the effects of the passions, he has verified the truth of action only; he has sufficiently, therefore, shewn the historian, but by no means the poet: for, to use a sentiment of Davenant's, "Truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians, (who worship a dead thing), and truth, operative and continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason."

To the High and Most Illustrious

PRINCE CHARLES HIS EXCELLENCE.

SIR,

PRESENTS to gods were offered by the hands of Graces; and why not those of great Princes, by those of the Muses? To you, therefore, great Prince of Honour, and Honour of Princes, I jointly present Poesy and Music; in the one, the service of my defunct brother; in the other, the duty of myself living; in both the devotion of two brothers, your Highness's humble servants. Your Excellence, then, who is of such recommendable fame, with all nations for the curiosity of your rare spirit to understand, and ability of knowledge to judge of all things, I humbly invite; leaving the

songs of his muse, who living so sweetly chanted the glory of your high name: Sacred is the fame of poets; sacred the name of princes: To which

Humbly bows, and

Vows himself, ever

Your Highness's servant.

JOHN DANIEL

H ij

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS

BETWEEN THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

A POEM. IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

What times forego Richard the Second's reign;
The fatal causes of this Civil War :
His uncle's pride ; his greedy minions gain :
Glo'ster's revolt, and death, deliver'd are.
Her'ford, accus'd, exil'd, call'd back again,
Pretends t' amend what others rule did marr.
The King from Ireland hastes, but did no good ;
Whilst strange prodigious signs foretold blood.

i.

I SING the civil wars, tumultuous broils,
And bloody factions of a mighty land ;
Whose people haughty, proud with foreign spoils,
Upon themselves turn back their conqu'ring hand :
Whilst kin their kin, brother the brother foils ;
Like ensigns all, against like ensigns band ;
Bows against bows, the crown against the crown ;
Whilst all pretending right, all right's thrown

ii.

What fury, O what madness held thee so,
Dear England, (too too prodigal of blood),
To waste so much, and war without a foe ;
Whilst France, to see thy spoils, at pleasure stood !
How much might'st thou have purchas'd with
less woe,
T' have done thee honour, and thy people good ?
Thine might have been whatever lies between
The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhine.

iii.

Yet now what reason have we to complain,
Since hereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliss of thee, Eliza ! happy gain
For all our losses ; when as no other way
The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
The fatal sever'd families, that they [grow
Might bring forth thee : That in thy peace might
That glory, which few times could ever shew.

iv.

Come sacred Virtue ; I no muse, but thee,
Invoke in this great labour I intend.
Do thou inspire my thoughts : Infuse in me
A power to bring the same to happy end.
Raise up a work for later times to see,
That may thy glory and my pains commend :
Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse ;
And give peace to my life, life to my verse.

v.

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who did'st once
afford
Rest for my fortunes on thy quiet shore,
And cheer'd'st me on these measures to record
In graver tones than I had us'd before :
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
Engag'd to thee, altho' thou be no more ;
That I, who heretofore have liv'd by thee,
Do give thee now a room to live with me.

vi.

And Mem'ry, preserv'ers of things done, [waste ;
Come thou, unfold the wounds, the wrack, the
Reveal to me how all the strife begun
'Twixt Lancaster and York, in ages past :
How causes, counsels, and events run,
So long as these unhappy times did last ;
Unintermixt with fictions, fantasies ;
I verify the truth, not poetise.

VII.

And to the end we may with better ease
Discern the true discourse, vouchsafe to shew
What were the times foregoing, near to these,
That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease;
And how so great distemperature did grow:
So shall we see by what degrees it came;
How things at full do soon wax out of frame.

VIII.

Ten kings had from the (a) Norman Conqueror
reign'd,
With intermix'd and variable fate,
When England to her greatest height attain'd
Of pow'r, dominion, glory, wealth, and state;
After it had with much ado sustain'd
The violence of princes, with debate
For titles, and the often mutinies
Of nobles, for their ancient liberties.

IX.

For first, the Norman (b) conqu'ring all by
might,
By might was forc'd to keep what he had got;
Mixing our customs and the form of right
With foreign constitutions he had brought;
Mast'ring the mighty, humbling the poorer
wight,
By all severest means that could be wrought;
And, making the succession doubtful, rent
This new-got state, and left it turbulent.

X.

(c) William his son tracing his father's ways,
(The great men spent in peace, or slain in fight,)
Upon depressed weakness only preys,
And makes his force maintain his doubtful right:
His elder brother's claim vexing his days,
His actions and exactions still incite;
And giving beasts what did to men pertain,
(Took for a beast) himself in th' end was slain.

XI.

His brother (d) Henry next commands the
Who, Robert's title better to reject, [state;
Seeks to repacify the people's hate;
And with fair shews, rather than in effect,
Allays those grievances that heavy sat;
Reforms the laws, which soon he did neglect;
And 'rest of sons, for whom he did prepare, [care.
Leaves crown and strife to Maud his daughter's

XII.

Whom (e) Stephen, his nephew, (falsifying his
Prevents; assails the realm, obtains the crown;

(a) Which was in the space of 260 years.

(b) 1067. William I. surnamed the Conqueror, the first son to Robert the first Duke of Normandy, reigned twenty years and eight months; and left the crown of England to William, his third son, contrary to the custom of succession.

(c) 1087. William II. had wars with his elder brother, Robert Duke of Normandy; with whom his uncle Otho, and many of the nobility of England took part. He was slain hunting in the New Forest, by Sir Walter Tyrrell, shooting at a deer, when he had reigned thirteen years.

(d) 1100. Henry I. the youngest son of William the Conqueror, reigned thirty-five years and four months; whose sons, (William and Richard), being drowned in the seas, he leaves the crown to Maud, first married to the Emperor Henry the Fourth, and after to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou.

(e) 1135. Stephen, son to the Earl of Blois, and Adela, daughter to William the Conqueror, invades the kingdom,

Such tumults raising as torment them both,
Whilst both held nothing certainly their own.
Th' afflicted state (divided in their troth,
And partial faith) most miserable grown,
Endures the while; till peace, and Stephen's death,
Gave some calm leisure to recover breath.

XIII.

[reigns,

When (f) Henry, son to Maud the empress,
And England into form and greatness brought;
Adds Ireland to this sceptre, and obtains
Large provinces in France; much treasure got,
And from exactions here at home abstains:
And had not his rebellious children sought
T' embroil his age with tumults, he had been
The happiest monarch that this state had seen.

XIV.

Him (g) Richard follows in the government:
Who much the glory of our arms increas'd,
And all his father's mighty treasure spent,
In that devoutful action of the East:
Whereto whilst he his forces wholly bent,
Despite and treason his design oppress'd;
A faithless brother, and a fatal king,
Cut off his growth of glory in the spring.

XV.

Which wicked brother, contrary to course,
False (b) John usurps his nephew Arthur's right;
Gets to the crown by craft, by wrong, by force;
Rules it with lust, oppression, rigour, might;
Murders the lawful heir without remorse:
Wherefore procuring all the world's despite,
A tyrant loath'd, a homicide convented,
Poison'd he dies, disgrac'd and unlamented.

XVI.

(i) Henry his son is chosen king, tho' young,
And Lewis of France (elected first) beguill'd;
After the mighty had debated long,
Doubtful to choose a stranger or a child;
With him the barons (in these times grown strong)
War for their ancient laws so long exil'd.
He grants the charter, that pretended ease;
Yet kept his own, and did his state appease.

XVII.

(k) Edward, his son, a martial king, succeeds;
Just, prudent, grave, religious, fortunate:
Whose happy-order'd reign most fertile breeds
Plenty of mighty spirits, to strength his state;
And worthy minds, to manage worthy deeds,
Th' experience of those times ingenerate;

contents with Maud the empress, for the succession, and reigned tumultuously eighteen years and ten months.

(f) 1154. Henry II. son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, and Maud the empress, associated his son Henry in the crown and government; which turned to his great disturbance, and set all his sons (Henry, Richard, Geoffrey and John,) against him. He reigned thirty-four years and seven months.

(g) 1189. Richard went to the Holy Wars, was king of Jerusalem; whilst his brother John, by the help of the king of France, usurped the crown of England. He was detained prisoner in Austria, redeemed, and reigned nine years and nine months.

(h) 1199. King John usurps the right of Arthur, son to Geoffrey, his elder brother; and reigns seventeen years. He had wars with his barons, who elected Lewis, son to the king of France.

(i) 1216. Henry III. at nine years of age was crowned king, and reigned fifty-six years.

(k) 1272. Edward I. had the dominion over this whole island of Britain; and reigned gloriously thirty-four years seven months.

For, ever great employment for the great,
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

xviii.

And had not his misl'd lascivious son,
(*l*) Edward the Second, intermitted so
The course of glory happily begun,
(Which brought him and his favourites to woe),
That happy current without stop had run
Unto the full of his son Edward's flow:
But who hath often seen, in such a state,
Father and son like good, like fortunate?

xix.

But now this (*m*) great succeder all repairs
And reinduc'd that discontinu'd good;
He builds up strength and greatness for his heirs,
Out of the virtues that adorn'd his blood.
He makes his subjects lords of more than their's,
And set their bounds far wider than they stood.
His pow'r and fortune had sufficient wrought,
Could but the state have kept what he had got,

xx.

And had his (*n*) heir surviv'd him in due course,
What limits, England, had'st thou found? What
bar?

What world could have resisted so great force?
O more than men! (two thunderbolts of war)
Why did not time your joined worth divorce,
T' have made your several glories greater far?
Too prodigal was Nature thus to do,
To spend in one age what should serve for two.

xxi.

But now the sceptre, in this glorious state,
Supported with strong pow'r and victory,
Was left unto a (*o*) child; ordain'd by Fate
To stay the course of what might grow too high,
Here was a stop that greatness did abate,
When pow'r upon so weak a base did lie.
For, lest great Fortune should presume too far,
Such oppositions interposed are.

xxii.

Never this island better peopl'd stood;
Never more men of might, and minds address'd;
Never more princes of the royal blood,
(If not too many for the public rest),
Nor ever was more treasure, wealth, and good,
Than when this Richard first the crown possess'd,
The second of that name; in two accurs'd;
And well we might have miss'd all but the first.

xxiii.

In this man's reign began this fatal strife,
(The bloody argument whereof we treat)
That dearly cost so many a prince his life,
And spoil'd the weak, and ev'n consum'd the
great;
That, wherein all confusion was to rise,
As Memory ev'n grieves her to repeat:
And would that time might now this knowledge
But that 'tis good to learn by other's woes. [*lole*,

(*l*) 1307. Edward II. abused by his minions, and debauched by his own weakness, was deposed from his government, when he had reigned nineteen years and six months; and was murdered in prison.

(*m*) 1326. Edward III.

(*n*) Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

(*o*) Richard II. being but eleven years of age, was crown'd king of England, 1377.

xxiv.

Edward the Third being dead, had left this (*p*)
(Son of his worthy son, deceas'd of late) [child
The crown and sceptre of this realm to wield;
Appointing the protectors of his state
Two of his sons, to be his better shield;
Supposing uncles, free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the respect and honour of their blood.

xxv.

Of these, (*q*) John Duke of Lancaster was
one;
(Too great a subject grown for such a state;
The title of a king, and glory won
In great exploits, his mind did elevate
Above proportion kingdoms stand upon;
Which made him push at what his issue gat;)
The other, (*r*) Langley; whose mild temperate-
Did tend unto a calmer quietness. [ness

xxvi.

With these did (*s*) Woodstock interpose his
A man for action violently bent, [part;
And of a spirit averse and overthwart,
Which could not suit a peaceful government:
Whose ever-swelling and tumultuous heart
Wrought his own ill, and others discontent.
And these had all the manage of affairs,
During the time the king was under years.

xxvii.

And in the first years of his government,
Things pass'd as first: The wars in France pro-
ceed,
Though not with that same fortune and event,
Being now not follow'd with such careful heed:
Our people here at home grown discontent,
Through great exaction insurrections breed:
Private respects hinder'd the common-weal;
And idle ease doth on the mighty steal.

xxviii.

Too many kings breed factions in the court;
The head too weak, the members grown too
great;
Which evermore doth happen in this sort
When children rule: the plague which God doth
threat
Unto those kingdoms, which he will transport
To other lines, or utterly defeat.
"For, the ambitious once inur'd to reign,
"Can never brook a private state again.

xxix.

"And kingdoms ever suffer this distress,
"Where one, or many guide the infant king;
"Which one, or many (tasting this excess
"Of greatness and command) can never bring
"Their thoughts again t' obey, or to be less:
"From hence these insolencies ever spring,
"Contempt of others, whom they seek to soil;
"Then follow leagues, destruction, ruin, spoil."

(*p*) Richard II. son to the Black Prince.

(*q*) The Duke of Lancaster, intitled King of Castile, in the right of his wife Constance, eldest daughter to King Peter.

(*r*) Edmund Langley, Earl of Cambridge, after created Duke of York.

(*s*) Thomas of Woodstock, after made Duke of Gloucester.

XXX.

And whether they which underwent this charge
Permit the king to take a youthful vein,
That they their private better might enlarge :
Or whether he himself would farther strain,
(Thinking his years sufficient to discharge
The government) and so assum'd the rein.
Or howsoever, now his ear he lends
To youthful counsel, and his lusts attends.

XXXI.

And courts were never barren yet of those
Which could with subtle train, and apt advice,
Work on the prince's weakness, and dispose
Of feeble frailty, easy to entice,
And such, no doubt, about this king arose,
Whose flattery (the dang'rous nurse of vice)
Got hand upon his youth, to pleasures bent,
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

XXXII.

For now his uncles grew much to dislike
These ill proceedings: Were it that they saw
That others favour'd, did aspiring seek
Their nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of a nature flexible and weak)
Because they only would keep all in awe ;
Or that indeed they found the king and state
Abus'd by such as now in office sat.

XXXIII.

Or rather else they all were in the fault ;
Th' ambitious uncles, th' indiscreet young king,
The greedy council, and the minions naught,
And all altogether did this tempest bring.
Besides the times, with all injustice fraught,
Concurr'd with such confus'd misgoverning ;
That we may truly say, this spoil'd the state,
" Youthful counsel, private gain, partial hate."

XXXIV.

And then the king, besides his jealousies
Which nourish'd were, had reason to be led
To doubt his uncles for their loyalties ;
Since John of Gaunt (as was discovered)
Had practis'd his death in secret wife ;
And Glo'ster openly becomes the head
Unto a league, who all in arms were bent
T' oppose against the present government ;

XXXV.

Pretending to remove such men as were
Accounted to abuse the king and state.
Of whom the chief they did accuse was (t)
Veere,
Made Duke of Ireland with great Grace of late ;
And (u) divers else, who for the place they bear
Obnoxious are, and subject unto hate :
And these must be sequester'd with all speed,
Or else they vow'd their swords should do the deed.

(t) Robert Veere, Duke of Ireland.

(u) Ann. Reg. 11. the Duke of Gloucester, with the Earls of Darby, Arundel, Nottingham, Warwick, and other Lords, having forced the king to put from him all his offices of court at this parliament, caused most of them to be executed ; as John Beauchamp, Lord Steward of his house, Sir Simon Burley, Lord Chamberlain, with many other. Also the Lord Chief Justice was here executed, and all the Judges condemned to death, for maintaining the king's prerogative against these Lords, and the constitutions of the last parliament, Ann. 10.

XXXVI.

The king was forc'd in that next parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no repulse, nor no excuse :
And here they did accomplish their intent ;
Where justice did her sword, not balance, use :
For even that sacred place they violate,
Arresting all the judges as they sat.

XXXVII.

And here had many worthy men their end,
Without all form, or any course of right.
" For still these broils, that public good pretend,
" Work most injustice, being done through spite.
" For those aggrieved evermore do bend
" Against such as they see of greatest might ;
" Who though they cannot help what will go ill,
" Yet since they may do wrong, are thought they
" will."

XXXVIII.

And yet herein I mean not to excuse
The justices and minions of the king,
(Who might their office and their grace abuse)
But blame the course held in the managing.
" For great men over-grac'd much rigour use ;
" Presuming favourites discontentment bring ;
" And disproportions harmony do break ;
" Minions too great, argue a king too weak."

XXXIX.

Now that so much was granted, as was sought ;
A reconciliation made, although not meant,
Appeas'd them all in shew, but not in thought,
Whilst every one seem'd outwardly content :
Though hereby king, nor peers, nor people got
More love, more strength, or easier government ;
But every day things still succeeded worse :
" For good from kings is seldom drawn by force."

XL.

And lo, it thus continued, till by chance
The queen (which was the emperor's daughter
(x) dy'd ;
When as the king, t' establish peace with France,
And better for home-quiet to provide,
Sought by contracting marriage to advance
His own affairs, against his uncle's pride ;
Took the young daughter (y) of King Charles to
wife,
Which after, in the end, rais'd greater strife.

XLI.

For now his uncle Glo'ster much repin'd
Against this French alliance, and this peace ;
As either out of a tumultuous mind,
(Which never was content the wars should cease :)
Or that he did dishonourable find
Those articles, which did our state decrease :
And therefore storm'd, because the crown had
wrong ;
Or that he fear'd the king would grow too strong.

XLII.

But whatsoever mov'd him, this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his ruin in the end ;
And was a fatal cause, that did procure
The swift approaching mischiefs that attend :

(x) Ann. Reg. 12.

(y) Ann. 20. Isabel, daughter to Charles VI.

For lo, the king no longer could endure
Thus to be cross'd in what he did intend;
And therefore watch'd but some occasion fit
T' attach the Duke, when he thought least of it.

XLIII.

And Fortune, to set forward this intent,
The Count Saint Paule (z), from France, doth
hither bring;
Whom Charles the Sixth employ'd in compliment,
To see the queen, and to salute the king:
To whom he shews his uncle's discontent,
And of his secret dangerous practising;
How he his subjects sought to fullevate,
And break the league with France concluded late.

XLIV.

To whom the Count most cunningly replies;
"Great prince, it is within your power, with ease,
To remedy such fears, such jealousies,
And rid you of such mutineers as these,
By cutting off that, which might greater rise;
And now at first preventing this disease,
And that before he shall your wrath disclose:
For who threats first, means of revenge doth lose.

XLV.

"First take his head, then tell the reason why;
Stand not to find him guilty by your laws:
You easier shall with him your quarrel try
Dead than alive, who hath the better cause.
For in the murmuring vulgar usually
This public course of yours compassion draws;
Especially in cases of the great,
Which work much pity in the undiscreeit.

XLVI.

"And this is sure, though his offence be such,
Yet doth calamity attract commorse;
And men repine at princes bloodshed much,
(How just soever) judging 'tis by force.
I know not how, their death give such a touch,
In those that reach not to a true discourse;
As so shall you, observing formal right,
Be held still as unjust, and win more spite.

XLVII.

"And oft the cause may come prevented so;
And therefore when 'tis done, let it be heard:
For thereby shall you 'scape your private woe,
And satisfy the world too afterward.
What need you weigh the rumours that shall go?
What is that breath, being with your life compar'd?
And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
In secret sort let him dispatched be.

XLVIII.

"And then arraign the chief of those you find
Were of his faction secretly compact;
Who may so well be handled in their kind,
As their confessions, which you shall exact,
May both appease the aggrieved peoples mind,
And make their death to aggravate their fact:
So shall you rid yourself of dangers quite, [right."
And shew the world, that you have done but

XLIX.

This counsel, uttered unto such an ear
As willing listens to the safest ways,

(z) Valerian, E, of S. Paule, who had married the king's half-sister.

Works on the yielding matter of his fear,
Which easily to any course obeys:
For every prince, seeing his danger near,
By any means his quiet peace assays;
"And still the greatest wrongs that ever were,
"Have then been wrought, when kings were put
[in fear."

L.

Call'd in with public pardon and release (a),
The Duke of Gloc'ster, with his 'complices;
All tumults, all contentions seem to cease,
The land rich, people pleas'd, all in happiness;
When suddenly Gloc'ster came caught with peace,
Warwick with proffer'd love and promises,
And Arundel was in with cunning brought,
Who else abroad his safety might have wrought.

LI.

Long was it not e'er Gloc'ster was convey'd
To Calais (b), and there strangled secretly:
Warwick and Arundel close prisoners laid,
Th' especial men of his confederacy;
Yet Warwick's tears and base confessions staid
The doom of death, and came confin'd thereby,
And so prolongs this not long base-begg'd breath;
But Arundel was put to public death.

LII.

Which public death (receiv'd with such a cheer,
As not a sigh, a look, a shrink bewrays
The least felt touch of a degenerate fear)
Gave life to envy, to his courage praise;
And made his stout defended cause appear
With such a face of right, as that it lays
The side of wrong t'wards him, who had long since
By parliament (c) forgiven this offence.

LIII.

And in the unconceiving vulgar sort,
Such an impression of his goodness gave,
As fainted him, and rais'd a strange report
Of miracles effected on his grave:
Although the wise (whom zeal did not transport)
Knew how each great example still must have
Something of wrong, a taste of violence,
"Wherewith the public quiet doth dispense."

LIV.

The king forthwith provides him of a guard,
A thousand archers daily to attend;
Which now upon the act he had prepar'd,
As th' argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world hereof conceiv'd so hard,
That all this nought avail'd him in the end.
In vain with terror is he fortified,
"That is not guarded with firm love beside."

LV.

Now storm his grieved uncles, though in vain,
Not able better courses to advise:
They might their grievance inwardly complain,
But outwardly they needs must temporise.
The king was great; and they should nothing gain
T' attempt revenge, or offer once to rise:

(a) At the parliament, in anno 11. LL. of the league with Gloucester, being pardoned for their opposing against the king's proceedings, were quiet till anno 21. when upon report of a new conspiracy, they were surprised.

(b) Mowbray, Earl Marshal, after made Duke of Norfolk, had the charge of dispatching the Duke of Gloucester at Calais.

(c) The king had by parliament before pardoned the duke, and those two earls; yet was the pardon revoked.

This league with France had made him now so strong,
That they must needs as yet endure this wrong.

LVI.

For like a lion that escapes his bounds,
Having been long restrain'd his use to stray,
Ranges the restless woods, stays on no ground,
Riots with bloodshed, wantons on his prey;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may:
So this unbridl'd king, (freed of his fears)
In liberty, himself thus wildly bears.

LVII.

For standing now alone, he sees his might
Out of the compass of respective awe;
And now begins to violate all right,
While no restraining fear at hand he saw.
Now he exacts of all, wastes in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law:
He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill:
"That less should list, that may do what it will."

LVIII.

Thus b'ing transported in this sensual course;
No friend to warn, no counsel to withstand,
He still proceedeth on from bad to worse,
Sooth'd in all (c) actions that he took in hand,
By such as all impiety did nurse,
Commending ever what he did command.
"Unhappy kings! that never may be taught
"To know themselves, or to discern their fault."

LIX.

And whilst this course did much the kingdom
daunt,
The (d) Duke of Her'ford being of courage bold,
As son and heir to mighty John of Gaunt,
Utters the passion which he could not hold,
Concerning those oppressions, and the want
Of government; which he to (e) Norfolk told,
To the end he (being great about the king)
Might do some good, by better counselling.

LX.

Hereof doth Norfolk presently take hold,
And to the king the whole discourse relate;
Who not conceiting it as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of hate,
Disdaining deeply to be so controul'd;
That others should his rule prejudicate,
Charg'd Her'ford therewithal: who re-accus'd
Norfolk, for words of treason he had us'd.

LXI.

Norfolk denies them peremptorily;
Her'ford re-charg'd, and supplicates the king
To have the combat of his enemy,
That by his sword he might approve the thing.
Norfolk desires the same as earnestly:
And both with equal courage menacing [free:
Revenge of wrong, that none knew which was
For times of faction times of slander be.

LXII.

The combat granted, and the day assign'd,
They both in order of the field appear,

(c) -----Nihil est quod credere de se non possit, cum
laudatur, Dis aequa potestas.

(d) Henry Bolingbroke of Hereford.

(e) Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Most richly furnish'd in all martial kind,
And at the point of intercombat were;
When lo' the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his warder, to arrest them there;
As b'ing advis'd a better way to take,
Which might for his more certain safety make.

LXIII.

For now considering (as it likely might)
The victory might hap on Her'ford's side,
(A man most valiant, and of noble Sp'rit,
Belov'd of all, and ever worthy try'd;)
How much he might be grac'd in public fight,
By such an act, as might advance his pride,
And so become more popular by this;
Which he fears too much he already is.

LXIV.

And therefore he resolves to (f) banish both,
Though th' one in chiefest favour with him stood,
A man he dearly lov'd; and might be loth
To leave him, that had done him so much good:
Yet having cause to do as now he doth,
To mitigate the envy of his blood,
Thought best to lose a friend to rid a foe,
And such a one as now he doubted so.

LXV.

And therefore to perpetual exile he
Mowbray condemns; Her'ford for but ten years:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree,
Compar'd with greater rigour, less appears)
It might of all the better liked be.
But yet such murmur'ing of the fact he hears,
That he is fain four of the ten forgive,
And judg'd him six years in exile to live.

LXVI.

At whose departure hence out of the land,
How did the open multitude reveal
The wond'rous love they bare him underhand!
Which now in this hot passion of their zeal
They plainly shew'd, that all might understand
How dear he was unto the commonweal.
They fear'd not to exclaim against the king,
As one that sought all good men's ruining.

LXVII.

Unto the shore, with tears, with sighs, with [moan,
They him conduct; cursing the bounds that stay
Their willing feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful ocean stop't their way:
"Why, Neptune, hast thou made us stand alone,
"Divided from the world, for this, say they,
"Hemm'd in to be a spoil to tyranny,
"Leaving affliction hence no way to fly?"

LXVIII.

"Are we lock'd up, poor souls, here to abide
"Within the wat'ry prison of thy waves,
"As in a fold, where subject to the pride
"And lust of rulers, we remain as slaves;
"Here in the reach of might, where none can hide
"From th' eye of wrath, but only in their graves?
"Happy confiners you of other lands,
"That list your soil, and oft 'scape tyrants hands.

LXIX.

[were fit
"And must we leave him here, whom here
"We should retain, the pillar of our state?"

(f) Mowbray was banished the very day (by the course of
of the year) whereon he murdered the Duke of Gloucester.

" Whose virtues well deserve to govern it,
 " And not this wanton young effeminate.
 " Why should not he in regal honour sit,
 " That best knows how a realm to ordinate?
 " But one day yet we hope thou shalt bring back
 " (Dear Bolingbroke) the justice that we lack.

LXX.

" Thus mutter'd (lo!) the malecontented sort,
 " That love kings best before they have them still,
 " And never can the present state comport,
 " But would as often change as they change will."
 For this good Duke had won them in this sort,
 By succ'ring them, and pitying of their ill;
 That they supposed strait it was one thing,
 To be both a good man, and a good king.

LXXI.

When as the graver sort that saw the course,
 And knew that princes may not be controul'd,
 Lik'd well to suffer this, for fear of worse;
 " Since many great one kingdom cannot hold."
 For now they saw intestine strife of force
 The apt-divided state entangle would,
 If he should stay whom they would make their
 head,
 By whom the vulgar body might be led.

LXXII.

" They saw likewise, that princes oft are fain
 " To buy their quiet with the price of wrong:
 And better 'twere that now a few complain,
 Than all should mourn, as well the weak as strong;
 Seeing still how little realms by change do gain:
 And therefore learned by observing long,
 " T' admire times past, follow the present will;
 " Wish for good princes, but t' endure the ill."

LXXIII.

For when it nought avails, what folly then
 To strive against the current of the time?
 Who will throw down himself, for other men,
 That make a ladder by his fall to climb?
 Or who would seek t' embroil his country, when
 He might have rest; suff'ring but others crime?
 " Since wise men ever have preferred far
 " Th' unjustest peace before the justest war."

LXXIV.

Thus they consider'd, that in quiet sat,
 Rich, or content, or else unfit to strive;
 Peace-lover wealth, hating a troublous state,
 Doth willing reasons for their rest contrive:
 But if that all were thus confederate,
 How should in court the great, the favour'd thrive?
 Factions must be, and these varieties;
 And some must fall, that other some may rise.

LXXV.

But long the Duke remain'd not in exile,
 Before that John of Gaunt, his father, dies:
 Upon whose state the King seiz'd now, this while
 Disposing of it as his enemy's.
 This open wrong no longer could beguile
 The world, that saw these great indignities;
 Which so exasperates the minds of all,
 That they resolv'd him home again to call.

LXXVI.

For now they saw 'twas malice in the King,
 (Transported in his ill-conceited thought)
 That made him so to prosecute the thing
 Against all law, and in a course so naught.

And this advantage to the Duke did bring
 More fit occasions, whereupon he wrought.
 " For to a man so strong, and of such might,
 " He gives him more, that takes away his right."

LXXVII.

The (b) King, in this mean time, (I know not
 how)

Was drawn into some actions forth the land,
 T' appease the Irish, that revolted now:
 And there attending what he had in hand, [grow,
 Neglects those parts from whence worse dangers
 As ignorant how his affairs did stand;
 Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
 Or that his fate did draw him on to go.

LXXVIII.

Most sure it is that he committed here
 An ignorant and idle oversight;
 Not looking to the Duke's proceedings there,
 Being in the court of France, where best he might;
 Where both the King and all assured were
 T' have stop't his course, being within their right:
 But now he was exil'd, he thought him sure;
 And, free from farther doubting, liv'd secure,

LXXIX.

So blinds the sharpest counsels of the wise
 This overshadowing Providence on high,
 And dazzleth all their clearest-sighted eyes,
 That they see not how nakedly they lie.
 There where they little think, the storm doth rise,
 And overcasts their clear security;
 When man hath stop't all ways, save only that
 Which (as least doubted) ruin enters at.

LXXX.

And now was all disorder in th' excess,
 And whatsoever doth a change portend;
 As idle luxury, and wantonness,
 Proteus-like varying pride, vain without end;
 Wrong worker riot (motive to oppress)
 Endless exactions which the idle spend,
 Consuming usury, and credits crack'd,
 Call'd on this purging war that many lack'd.

LXXXI.

Then ill-persuading want, in martial minds,
 And wronged patience, (long oppress'd with might)
 Looseness in all, (which no religion binds)
 Commanding force, (the measure made of right)
 Gave fuel to this fire; that easy finds
 The way t' enflame, the whole endanger'd quite.
 These were the public breeders of this war,
 By which still greatest states confounded are.

LXXXII.

For now this peace with France had shut in here
 The overgrowing humours wars do spend:
 For where t' evacuate no employments were,
 Wider th' unwieldy burden doth distend.
 Men wholly us'd to war, peace could not bear,
 As knowing no other course whereto to bend;
 For brought up in the broils of these two realms,
 They thought best fishing still in troubled streams.

LXXXIII.

Like to a river that is stop't his course,
 Doth violate his banks, breaks his own bed,
 Destroys his bounds, and over-runs by force,
 The neighbour fields, irregularly spread;

Ev'n so this sudden stop of war doth nurse
Home-broils within itself, from others led :
So dangerous the change hereof is try'd,
Ere minds 'come soft, or otherwise employ'd.

LXXXIV.

But all this makes for thee, O Bolingbroke !
To work a way unto thy sovereignty :
This care the heavens, Fate and Fortune took,
To bring thee to thy sceptre easily.
Upon thee falls that hap which him forsook ;
Who, crown'd a king, a king, yet must not die.
Thou wert ordain'd by Providence to raise
A quarrel, lasting longer than thy days.

LXXXV.

For now this absent lord out of his land, [then,
(Where though he shew'd great sprite and valour
Being attended with a worthy band
Of valiant peers, and most courageous men)
Gave time to them at home, that had in hand
Th' ungodly work, and knew the season when ;
Who fail not to advise the Duke with speed,
Soliciting to what he soon agreed.

LXXXVI.

Who presently, upon so good report,
Relying on his friends fidelity,
Conveys himself out of the French King's court,
Under pretence to go to Brittany ;
And with his followers that to him resort,
Landed in (i) England ; welcom'd joyfully
Of th' alt'ring vulgar, apt for changes still,
As headlong carry'd with a present will.

LXXXVII.

And com'ng to quiet shore, but not to rest,
The first night of his joyful landing here,
A fearful (k) vision doth his soul molest ;
Seeming to see in rev'rent form appear
A fair and goodly woman all distrest ;
Which, with full-weeping eyes and rent hair,
Wringing her hands, as one that griev'd and
pray'd,
With sighs commixt with words unto him said :

LXXXVIII.

" O ! whither dost thou tend, my unkind son ?
" What mischief dost thou go about to bring
" To her, whose genius thou here look'st upon,
" Thy mother-country, whence thyself didst
spring ?
" Whither thus dost thou in ambition run,
" To change due course by foul disordering ?
" What bloodshed, what turmoils dost thou com-
mence,
" To last for many woful ages hence ?

LXXXIX.

" Stay here thy foot, thy yet unguilty foot,
" That canst not stay when thou art further in :
" Retire thee yet unstain'd, whilst it doth boot ;
" The end is spoil of what thou dost begin.
" Injustice never yet took lasting root,
" Nor held that long, impiety did win :
" The babes unborn shall (O !) be born to bleed
" In this thy quarrel, if thou do proceed."

(i) The Duke being banished in September, landed in the beginning of July after, at Ravenspurre in Yorkshire; some say but with 60 men, others with 2000, and eight ships, set forth and furnished by the Duke of Bretagne, Ann. Reg. 22.

(k) The genius of England appears to Bolingbroke.

xc.

This said, she ceas'd—when he, in troubled
thought,

Griev'd at this tale, and sigh'd, and thus replies :
" Dear country, O ! I have not hither brought
" These arms to spoil, but for thy liberties :
" The sin be on their head that this have wrought,
" Who wrong'd me first, and thee do tyrannize.
" I am thy champion ; and I seek my right :
" Provok'd I am to this, by others spite.

xci.

" This, this pretence (saith she), th' ambitious
find,
" To smooth injustice, and to flatter wrong :
" Thou dost not know what then will be thy mind,
" When thou shalt see thyself advanc'd and strong.
" When thou hast shak'd off that which others
bind,
" Thou soon forgettest what thou learnest long :
" Men do not know what then themselves will be,
" When as more than themselves, themselves they
see."

xcii.

And herewithal turning about, he wakes,
Lab'ring in spirit troubl'd with this strange sight ;
And mus'd a while, waking advisement takes
Of what had pass'd in sleep, and silent night ;
Yet hereof no important reck'ning makes,
But as a dream that vanish'd with the light :
The day designs, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diverted thoughts unscann'd.

xciii.

Doubtful at first, he wary doth proceed ;
Seems not t' affect that which he did effect ;
Or else perhaps seems as he meant indeed,
Sought but his own, and did no more expect.
Then, Fortune, thou art guilty of his deed,
That didst his state above his hopes erect ;
And thou must bear some blame of his great sin,
That left'st him worse than when he did begin.

xciv.

" Thou didst conspire with pride, and with the
time,

To make so easy an ascent to wrong,
That he who had no thought so high to climb,
(With sav'ring comfort still allur'd along)
Was with occasion thrust into the crime ;
Seeing others weakness, and his part so strong.
" And who is there in such a case that will
" Do good, and fear, that may live free with ill ?

xcv.

We will not say nor think, O Lancaster !
But that thou then didst mean as thou didst swear
Upon th' evangelists at Doncaster,
In th' eye of heaven, and that assembly there
That thou but as an upright orderer,
Sought'st to reform th' abused kingdom here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before :
And this was all ; thou would'st attempt no more.

xcvi.

Though we might say and think that this pre-
tence

Was but a shadow to th' intended act ;
Because th' event doth argue the offence,
And plainly seems to manifest the fact.

For that hereby thou might'st win confidence
With those, whom else thy course might hap dis-
tract

And all suspicion of thy drift remove;
" Since easily men credit whom they love."

xcvii.

But God forbid we should so nearly pry
Into the low deep bury'd sins long past,
T' examine and confer iniquity,
Whereof faith would no memory should last;
That our times might not have t' exemplify
With aged stains; but with our own shame cast,
Might think our blot the first, not done before,
That new-made sins might make us blush the more.

xcviii.

And let unwresting charity believe,
That then thy oath with thy intent agreed,
And others faith thy faith did first deceive,
Thy after-fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle censure give,
Because th' event proves so, 'twas so decreed:
" For oft our counsels sort to other end,
" Than that which frailty did at first intend."

xcix.

Whilst those that are but outward lookers on,
(Who seldom sound these mysteries of state)
Deem things were so contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that policy, which was but fate;
Imagining all former acts did run
Unto that course they see th' effects relate;
Whilst still too short they come, or cast too far,
" And make these great men wiser than they are."

c.

But by degrees he ventures now on blood,
And sacrific'd unto the people's love
The death of those that chief in envy stood;
As th' officers, (who first these dangers prove)
The treasurer, and those whom they thought good,
(*l*) Busby and Green by death he must remove:
These were the men the people thought did cause
Those great exactions, and abus'd the laws.

ci.

This done, his cause was preach'd with learned
skill,
By (*m*) Arundel th' Archbishop; who there show'd
A pardon sent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To Richard, as a prince unfit and ill,
On whom the crown was fatally bestow'd:
And easy-yielding zeal was quickly caught,
With what the mouth of gravity had taught.

cii.

O that this pow'r from everlasting giv'n,
(The great alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' intelligence that earth should hold with
heav'n)
Sacred (*n*) religion! O that thou must thus
Be made to smoothe our ways unjust, uneven;
Brought from above, earth quarrels to discuss,
Must men beguile our souls to win our wills;
And make our zeal the furtherer of ills?

(*l*) The Duke put to death William Scroope, Earl of Wiltshire, Treasurer of England, with Sir Henry Green, and Sir John Busby, for misgoverning the King and the realm.

(*m*) Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury.

(*n*) Bis peccat, qui pretextu religionis peccat.

ciii.

But th' ambitious, to advance their might,
Dispense with heaven, and what religion would:
" The armed will find right, or else make right;"
If this means wrought not, yet another should.
And this and other now do all incite
To strength the faction that the Duke doth hold;
Who easily obtained what he fought;
His virtues and his love so greatly wrought.

civ.

The King still busied in this Irish war,
(Which by his valour there did well succeed)
Had news how here his lords revolted are,
And how the Duke of Her'ford doth proceed;
In these affairs he fears are grown too far;
Hastes his return from thence with greatest speed;
But was by tempests, winds, and seas, debarr'd,
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.

cv.

But at the length (though late) in Wales he
lands;
Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
And well advertis'd how his own case stands,
(Which to his grief he sees tends to the worse)
He leaves t' (*o*) Aumarle, at Milford, all those
bands
He brought from Ireland; taking thence his course
To (*p*) Conway (all disguis'd) with fourteen more,
To th' Earl of Salisbury, thither sent before.

cvi.

Thinking the (*q*) Earl had rais'd some army
there;
Whom there he finds forsaken, all alone:
The forces in those parts which levied were,
Were closely shrunk away, dispers'd and gone.
The king had stay'd too long; and they, in fear,
Resolv'd every man to shift for one.
At this amaz'd, such fortune he laments;
Foresees his fall, whereto each thing consents.

cvii.

In this disturb'd, tumultuous, broken state,
Whilst yet th' event stood doubtful what should
be;
Whilst nought but headlong running to debate,
And glitt'ring troops and armour men might see;
Fury and fear, compassion, wrath, and hate,
Confus'd through all the land, no corner free:
The strong, all mad, to strife, to ruin bent;
The weaker wail'd; the aged they lament,

cviii.

And blame their many years that live so long,
To see the horror of these miseries.
Why had not we (say they) dy'd with the strong
In foreign fields, in honourable wise,
In just exploits, and noble without wrong;
And by the valiant hand of enemies?
And not thus now reserved in our age,
To home confusion, and disordered rage.

cix.

Unto the temples flock the weak, devout,
Sad wailing women; there to vow, and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their sons gone out
To bloodshed; whom nor tears nor love could stay.

(*o*) Edward Duke of Aumarle, son to the Duke of York.

(*p*) Conway-castle in Wales.

(*q*) Montague Earl of Salisbury.

Here grave religious fathers (which much doubt)
The sad events these broils procure them may)
As prophets warn, exclaim, dissuade these crimes,
By the examples fresh of other times.

cx.

And O! what do you now prepare, said they;
Another conquest, by these fatal ways?
What, must your own hands make yourselves a
prey
To desolation, which these tumults raise?
What Dane, what Norman shall prepare his way,
To triumph on the spoil of your decays?
That which nor France, nor all the world could
do.

In union, shall your discord bring you to?

cxI.

Conspire against us, neighbour nations all,
That envy at the height whereto w' are grown:
Conjure the barb'rous North, and let them call
Strange fury from far distant shores unknown;
And let them all together on us fall,
So to divert the ruin of our own;
That we, forgetting what doth so incense,
May turn the hand of malice to defence.

cxII.

Calm these tempestuous spirits, O mighty
Lord;
This threatening storm, that over-hangs the land:
Make them consider e're they unsheath the
sword,
How vain is th' earth, this point whereon they
stand;
And with what sad calamities is stor'd
The best of that, for which th' ambitious band;
"Labour the end of labour, strife of strife,
"Terror in death, and horror after life."

cxIII.

Thus they in zeal, whose humbl'd thoughts
were good,
Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies,
The book of Providence disclosed stood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
Amazing comets, threatening monarchs might,
And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night:

cxIV.

Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky,
Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearful sights;
Strange ghosts and apparitions terrify:
The woeful mother her own birth affrights;
Seeing a wrong deformed infant born,
Grieves in her pains, deceiv'd, in shame doth
mourn.

cxV.

The earth, as if afraid of blood and wounds,
Trembles in terror of these falling blows:
The hollow concaves give out groaning sounds,
And sighing murmurs, to lament our woes;
The ocean all at discord with his bounds,
Reiterates his strange untimely flows.
Nature all out of course, to check our course,
Neglects her work, to work in us remorse.

cxVI.

So great a wreck unto itself doth (lo!)
Disorder'd, proud mortality prepare,
That this whole frame doth even labour so
Her ruin unto frailty to declare;
And travels to fore-signify the woe,
That weak improvidence could not beware.
"For heav'n and earth, and air and seas, and all,
"Taught men to see, but not to shun their fall."

cxVII.

Is man so dear unto the heavens, that they
Respect the ways of earth, the works of sin;
Doth this Great All, this Universal, weigh
The vain designs that weakness doth begin?
Or doth our fear, father of zeal, give way
Unto this error ignorance lives in; [pow'rs,
And deem our faults the cause that move these
That have their cause from other cause than ours?

cxVIII.

But these beginnings had this impious war,
Th' ungodly bloodshed that did so defile
The beauty of thy fields, and ev'n did mar
The flow'r of thy chief pride, thou fairest isle:
These were the causes that incens'd so far
The civil wounding hand, enrag'd with spoil,
That now the living, with afflicted eye,
Look back with grief on such calamity.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

King Richard moans his wrong, and wails his reign ;
And here betray'd, to London he is led,
Basely attir'd, attending Her'ford's train ;
Where th' one is scorn'd, the other welcomed.
His wife, mistaking him, doth much complain ;
And both together greatly sorrowed :
In hope to save his life, and ease his thrall,
He yields up state, and rule, and crown and all.

I.

IN dearth of faith, and scarcity of friends,
The late great mighty monarch, on the shore,
In th' utmost corner of his land attends,
To call back false obedience, fled before ;
Toils, and in vain his toil and labour spends ;
More hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more :
All turn'd their faces to the rising sun,
And leave his setting fortune, night begun.

II.

(a) Piercy, how soon, by thy example led,
The household train forsook their wretched Lord !
When with thy staff of charge dishonoured,
Thou brak'st thy faith, not steward of thy word,
And took'st his part, that after took thy head ;
When thine own hand had strengthened first his sword.

" For such great merit do upbraid, and call
" For great reward, or think the great too small."

III.

And kings love not to be beholden ought ;
Which makes their chieftest friends oft speed the worst :
For those, by whom their fortunes have been
Put them in mind of what they were at first ;

(a) Thomas Piercy was Earl of Worcester, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and Steward of the King's house.

Whose doubtful faith if once in question brought,
'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst ;
And taken in a fault, are never spar'd ;
" Being easier to revenge, than to reward."

IV.

And thus these mighty actors, sons of change,
These partizans of factions often try'd,
That in the smoke of innovations strange
Build huge uncertain plots of unsure pride ;
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Have ventur'd all the stock of life beside ;
" Whilst princes rais'd, disdain to have been
" rais'd
" By those whose helps deserve not to be prais'd.

V.

But thus is Richard left, and all alone,
Save with th' unarmed title of his right ;
And those brave troops, his fortune-followers,
gone,
And all that pomp, (the complements of might)
Th' amusing shadows that are cast upon
The state of princes, to beguile the sight ;
All vanish'd clean, and only frailty left,
Himself of all besides himself bereft.

VI.

Like when some great Colossus, whose strong base
Or mighty props are shrunk, or sunk away,
Foreshewing ruin, threatening all the place

That in the danger of this fall doth stay;
 All strait to better safety flock apace,
 None rest to help the ruin while they may:
 "The peril great, and doubtful the redress,
 "Men are content to leave right in distress."

VII.

And look how Thames, enrich'd with many a
 flood,
 And goodly rivers, (that have made their graves,
 And bury'd both their names, and all their good,
 Within his greatness, to augment his waves)
 Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
 Unto the ocean, (which his tribute craves)
 And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,
 Which in itself all greatness doth devour.

VIII.

So flock the (b) mighty, with their following
 train,
 Unto the all-receiving Bolingbroke;
 Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
 So many hearts as now his party took;
 And with what ease, and with how slender pain,
 His fortune gives him more than he could look:
 What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
 Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought.

IX.

So, often, things which seem at first in shew,
 Without the compass of accomplishment,
 Once ventur'd on, to that success do grow,
 That ev'n the authors do admire th' event:
 So many means which they did never know,
 Do second their designs, and do present
 Strange unexpected helps; and chiefly then,
 When th' actors are reputed worthy men.

X.

And Richard, who look'd fortune in the back,
 Sees headlong lightness running from the right,
 Amazed stands, to note how great a wreck
 Of faith his riots caus'd; what mortal spite
 They bear him, who did law and justice lack:
 Sees how concealed hate breaks out in fight,
 And fear depressed envy, (pent before)
 When fit occasion, thus unlock'd the door.

XI.

Like when some mastiff-whelp, dispos'd to
 play,
 A whole confused herd of beasts doth chase,
 Which with one vile consent run all away;
 If any hardier than the rest, in place
 But offer head that idle fear to stay,
 Back strait the daunted chaser turns his face;
 And all the rest (with bold example led)
 As fast run on him, as before they fled:

XII.

So, with this bold opposer rushes on
 This many-headed monster, multitude:
 And he, who late was fear'd, is set upon,
 And by his own (Actæon-like) pursu'd;
 His own, that had all love and awe forgone,
 Whom breath and shadows only did delude,

(b) The Duke of York, left governor of the realm in the absence of the king, having levied a great army, as if to have opposed against Bolingbroke, brought most of the nobility of the kingdom to take his part.

And newer hopes, which promises persuade,
 Though rarely men keep promises so made.

XIII.

Which when he saw, thus to himself complains:
 "O! why do you, fond, false-deceived, so
 "Run headlong to that change that nothing gains,
 "But gain of sorrow, only change of woe?
 "Which is all one; if he be like who reigns:
 "Why will you buy with blood what you forego?
 "'Tis nought but shews that ignorance esteems:
 "The thing possess'd is not the thing it seems.

XIV.

"And when the sins of Bolingbroke shall be
 "As great as mine, and you unanswered
 "In these your hopes; then may you wish for me,
 "Your lawful sov'reign, from whose faith you
 fled;

"And, grieved in your souls, the error see
 "That shining promises had shadowed:
 "As th' hum'rous sick removing, find no ease,
 "When changed chambers change not the disease.

XV.

"Then shall you find this name of liberty,
 "(The watch-word of rebellion ever us'd;
 "The idle echo of uncertainty,
 "That evermore the simple hath abus'd)
 "But new-turn'd servitude, and misery;
 "And ev'n the same, and worse, before refus'd.
 "Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
 "Cuts off those means by which himself got up.

XVI.

"And with a harder hand, and stricter rein,
 "Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
 "Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
 "His own example makes him fear the more.
 "Then, O injurious land! what dost thou gain,
 "To aggravate thine own afflictions store?
 "Since thou must needs obey kings government;
 "And no rule ever yet could all content.

XVII.

"What if my youth hath offer'd up to lust
 "Licentious fruits of indiscreet desires,
 "When idle heat of vainer years did thrust
 "That fury on? Yet now when it retires
 "To calmer state, why should you so distrust
 "To reap that good whereto mine age aspires?
 "The youth of princes have no bounds for sin,
 "Unless themselves do make them bounds with-
 in.

XVIII.

"Who sees not, that sees ought, (woe worth
 "the while)
 "The easy way, that greatness hath to fall?
 "Environ'd with deceit, hemm'd in with guile;
 "Sooth'd up in flattery, fawned on of all;
 "Within his own living as in exile;
 "Hears but with others ears, or not at all;
 "And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,
 "Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

XIX.

"And who (as let in lease) do farm the crown,
 "And joy the use of majesty and might;
 "Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,
 "Pleas'd with vain shews, and dallied with de-
 light.

" They, as huge unproportion'd mountains
grown,
" Between our land and us, shadowing our light,
" Bereave the rest of joy, and us of love,
" And keep down all, to keep themselves above.

xx.

" Which wounds, with grief, poor unrespect-
ed zeal,
" When grace holds no proportion in the parts;
" When distribution in the common-weal
" Of charge and honour, due to good deserts,
" Is stopt; when others greedy hands must deal
" The benefit that Majesty imparts;
" What good we meant, comes gleaned home but
" light; [right."
" Whilst we are robb'd of praise, they of their

xxi.

Thus he complain'd—When lo, from Lancaster,
(The new entitl'd Duke) with order sent
Arriv'd (c) Northumberland, as to confer,
And make relation of the Duke's intent:
And offer'd there, if that he would refer
The controversy unto Parliament,
And punish those that had abus'd the state,
As causers of this universal hate;

xxii.

And also see that justice might be had
On those the Duke of Glo'ster's death procur'd,
And such remov'd from council as were bad;
His cousin Henry would, he there assur'd,
On humble knees before his grace be glad
To ask him pardon, to be well secur'd,
And have his right and grace restor'd again:
The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

xxiii.

And therefore doth an enterparle exhort;
Persuades him leave that unbeseeming place,
And with a princely hardiness resort
Unto his people, that attend his grace.
They meant his public good, and not his hurt;
And would most joyful be to see his face.
He lays his soul to pledge, and takes his oath,
The host of Christ, an hostage for his troth.

xxiv.

This proffer, with such protestations, made
Unto a king that so near danger stood,
Was a sufficient motive to persuade,
When no way else could shew a face so good:
Th' unhonourable means of safety bad
Danger accept, what majesty withstood.
" When better choices are not to be had,
" We needs must take the seeming best of bad."

xxv.

Yet stands h' in doubt a while what way to take;
Conferring with that small remaining troop
Fortune had left; which never would forsake
Their poor, distressed Lord; nor ever stoop
To any hopes the stronger part could make:
Good (d) Carlisle, Ferby, and Sir Stephen Scroope,
With that most worthy (e) Montague, were all
That were content with majesty to fall.

(c) The Earl of Northumberland sent to the King, from
Perry Bolingbroke, now Duke of Lancaster.

(d) The Bishop of Carlisle.

(e) Montague Earl of Salisbury.

xxvi.

Time, spare; and make not sacrilegious theft
Upon so memorable constancy:
Let not succeeding ages be bereft
Of such examples of integrity.
Nor thou, magnan'mous (f) Leigh must not be left
In darkness, for thy rare fidelity;
To save thy faith, content to lose thy head;
That rev'rent head, of good men honoured.

xxvii.

Nor will my conscience I should injury
Thy memory, most trusty (g) Jenico,
For b'ing not ours; though with that Gascony
Claim'd not for hers the faith we rev'rence so;
That England might have this small company
Only to her alone, having no more.
But let's divide this good betwixt us both;
Take she thy birth, and we will have thy troth.

xxviii.

Grave (h) Montague, whom long experience
taught
In either fortune, thus advis'd his king:
" Dear sov'reign, know, the matter that is sought,
" Is only how your majesty to bring
" (From out of this poor safety you have got)
" Into their hands, that else hold ev'ry thing.
" For now, but only you they want of all;
" And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call."

xxix.

" Here have you craggy rocks to take your part,
" That never will betray their faith to you;
" These trusty mountains here will never start,
" But stand t' upbraid their shame that are untrue.
" Here may you fence your safety with small art,
" Against the pride of that confused crew:
" If men will not, these very cliffs will fight,
" And be sufficient to defend your right."

xxx.

" Then keep you here; and here you shall be-
hold,
" Within short space, the sliding faith of those
" That cannot long their resolution hold,
" Repent the course their idle rashness chose.
" For that same mercenary faith they sold,
" With least occasions discontented grows,
" And insolent those voluntary bands;
" Presuming how by them he chiefly stands."

xxxi.

" And how can he those mighty troops sustain
" Long time, where now he is, or any where?
" Besides, what discipline can he retain,
" Whereas he dares not keep them under fear,
" For fear to have them to revolt again?
" So that itself when greatness cannot bear
" With her own weight, must needs confus'dly fall,
" Without the help of other force at all."

xxxii.

" And hither to approach he will not dare;
" Where deserts, rocks, and hills, no succours give;
" Where desolation, and no comforts are;
" Where few can do no good, many not live."

(f) This was Sir Peter Leigh's ancestor, (of Lyme in
Cheshire) that now is.

(g) Jenico d' Artois, a Gascon.

(h) The Earl of Salisbury his speech to King Richard.

" Besides, we have the ocean, to prepare
 " Some other place, if this should not relieve :
 " So shall you tire his force, consume his strength,
 " And weary all his followers out at length.

XXXIII.

" Do but refer to time, and to small time ;
 " And infinite occasions you shall find,
 " To quell the rebel, even in the prime
 " Of all his hopes, beyond all thought of mind.
 " For many (with the conscience of the crime)
 " In colder blood will curse what they design'd ;
 " And bad success upbraiding their ill fact, [act.
 " Draws them (whom others draw) from such an

XXXIV.

" For if the least imagin'd overture
 " But of conceiv'd revolt men once espy,
 " Strait shrink the weak ; the great will not endure ;
 " Th' impatient run ; the discontented fly :
 " The friend his friend's example doth procure ;
 " And all together haste them presently,
 " Some to their home, some hide ; others that stay
 " To reconcile themselves, the rest betray.

XXXV.

" What hope have you that ever Bolingbroke
 " Will live a subject, that hath try'd his fate ?
 " Or what good reconciliation can you look,
 " Where he must always fear, and you must hate ?
 " And never think that he this quarrel took,
 " To re-obtain thereby his private state :
 " 'Twas greater hopes, that hereto him did call ;
 " And he will thrust for All, or else lose All.

XXXVI.

" Nor trust this subtle agent, nor his oath.
 " You know his faith—You try'd it beforehand.
 " His fault is death—And now to lose his troth,
 " To save his life, he will not greatly stand.
 " Nor trust your kinsman's proffer ; since you both
 " Shew, blood in princes is no steadfast band.
 " What though he hath no title ?—He hath might :
 " That makes a title, where there is no right.

XXXVII.

Thus he.—When that good (i) Bishop thus
 replies,
 Out of a mind that quiet did affect :
 " My lord, I must confess, as your case lies,
 " You have great cause your subjects to suspect,
 " And counterplot against their subtleties,
 " Who all good care and honesty neglect ;
 " And fear the worst what insolence may do,
 " Or armed fury may incense them to.

XXXVIII.

" But yet, my lord, fear may as well transport
 " Your care, beyond the truth of what is meant ;
 " As otherwise neglect may fall too short,
 " In not examining of their intent :
 " But let us weigh the thing, which they exhort ;
 " 'Tis peace, submission, and a parliament :
 " Which, how expedient 'tis for either part,
 " 'Twere good we judg'd with an impartial heart.

XXXIX.

" And first, for you, my lord, in grief we see
 " The miserable case wherein you stand ;
 " Void here of succour, help, or majesty,
 " On this poor promontory of your land :

(i) The Bishop of Carlisle.

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" And where how long a time your grace may be
 " (Expecting what may fall into your hand)
 " We know not ; since th' event of things do lie
 " Clos'd up in darkness, far from mortal eye.

XL.

" And how unfit it were you should protract
 " Long time, in this so dangerous disgrace ?
 " As though that you good sp'rit and courage
 lack'd,
 " To issue out of this opprobrious place :
 " When ev'n the face of kings do oft exact
 " Fear and remorse in faulty subjects base ;
 " And longer stay a great presumption draws,
 " That you were guilty, or did doubt your cause.

XLI.

" What subjects ever so enrag'd would dare
 " To violate a prince ; t' offend the blood
 " Of that renowned race, by which they are
 " Exalted to the height of all their good ?
 " What if some things by chance misguided were,
 " Which they have now rebelliously withstood ?
 " They never will proceed with that despite,
 " To wreck the state, and to confound the right.

XLII.

" Nor do I think that Bolingbroke can be
 " So blind ambitious to affect the crown ;
 " Having himself no title, and doth see
 " Others, if you should fail, must keep him down.
 " Besides, the realm, though mad, will never 'gree
 " To have a right succession overthrown ;
 " To raise confusion upon them and theirs,
 " By prejudicing true and lawful heirs.

XLIII.

" And now it may be, fearing the success
 " Of his attempts, or with remorse of mind,
 " Or else distrusting secret practices,
 " He would be glad his quarrel were resign'd ;
 " So that there were some orderly redress
 " In those disorders, which the realm did find :
 " And this, I think, he now sees were his best ;
 " Since further actions further but unrest.

XLIV.

" And for th' impossibility of peace,
 " And reconciliation, which my lord objects ;
 " I think, when dying injury shall cease,
 " (The cause pretended) then surcease th' effects :
 " Time, and some other actions, may increase,
 " As may divert the thought of these respects ;
 " Others (k) law of forgetting injuries,
 " May serve our turn in like calamities.

XLV.

" And for his oath, in conscience and in sense,
 " True honour would not so be found untrue,
 " Nor spot his blood with such a foul offence
 " Against his soul, against his God, and you.
 " Our Lord forbid, that ever with th' expence
 " Of heav'n, and heav'nly joys, that shall ensue,
 " Mortality should buy this little breath,
 " T' endure the horror of eternal death.

XLVI.

" And therefore, as I think, you safely may
 " Accept this proffer, that determine shall
 " All doubtful courses by a quiet way ;
 " Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.

(k) Lex Amnestiae.

A

" And here, my lov'reign, to make longer stay,
 " T' attend for what you are unsure will fall,
 " May slip th' occasion, and incense their will :
 " For fear, that's wiser than the truth, doth ill."

XLVII.

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous mind,
 Supposing men had spoken as they meant ;
 And unto this the king likewise inclin'd,
 As wholly unto peace and quiet bent ;
 And yieldshimself to th' earl :—Goes, leaves behind
 His safety, sceptre, honour, government :
 For gone, All's gone—He is no more his own :
 And they rid quite of fear, he of the crown.

XLVIII.

A place there is, where proudlyrais'd there stands
 A huge aspiring rock, neighb'ring the skies,
 Whose furly brow imperiously commands
 The sea his bounds, that at his proud feet lies ;
 And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
 Assault his empire, and against him rise.
 Under whose craggy government there was
 A niggard narrow way, for men to pass :

XLIX.

And here, in hidden cliffs, concealed lay
 A troop of armed men, to intercept
 The unsuspecting king ; that had no way
 To free his foot, that into danger stept.
 The dreadful ocean on the one side lay ;
 The hard-encroaching mountain th' other kept.
 Before him, he beheld his hateful foes ;
 Behind him, trait'rous enemies enclose.

L.

Environ'd thus, the earl begins to cheer
 His all-amazed lord, by him betray'd :
 Bids him take courage, there's no cause of fear ;
 These troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
 To whom the king : what need so many here ?
 This is against your oath, my lord, he said.
 But now he sees in what distress he stood :
 To strive was vain ; t' entreat would do no good.

LI.

And therefore on with careful heart he goes ;
 Complains (but to himself) sighs, grieves, and frets ;
 At Rutland dines, though feeds but on his woes :
 The grief of mind hinder'd the mind of meats.
 For sorrow, shame, and fear, scorn of his foes ;
 The thought of what he was, and what now threatens ;
 Then what he should, and now what he hath done ;
 Musters confused passions all in one.

LII.

To Flint from thence, unto a restless bed,
 That miserable night he comes convey'd ;
 Poorly provided, poorly followed ;
 Uncourted, unrespected, unbey'd :
 Where if uncertain sleep but hovered
 Over the drooping cares that heavy weigh'd,
 Millions of figures fantasy presents
 Unto that sorrow, waken'd grief augments.

LIII.

His new misfortune makes deluding sleep
 Say 'twas not so :—False dreams the truth deny.
 Wherewith he starts ; feels waking cares do creep
 Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie ;
 Then sleeps again :—And then again as deep
 Deceits of darkness mock his misery.

So hard believ'd was sorrow in her youth ;
 That he thinks truth was dreams, and dreams were
 truth.

LIV.

The morning light presents unto his view
 (Walking upon a turret of the place)
 The truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
 A hundred thousand men before his face
 Came marching on the shore, which thither drew.
 And more to aggravate his great disgrace,
 Those he had wrong'd, or done to them despite,
 (As if they him upbraid) came first in fight.

LV.

There might he see that false, forsworn, vile
 crew,
 Those shameless agents of unlawful lust ;
 His pandars, parasites, (people untrue
 To God and man, unworthy any trust)
 Preaching unto that fortune that was new,
 And with unblushing faces foremost thrust ;
 As those that still with prosp'rous fortune fort,
 And are as born for court, or made in court.

LVI.

There he beheld, how humbly diligent
 New adulation was to be at hand ;
 How ready falsehood stept ; how nimbly went
 Base pick-thank flatt'ry, and prevents command.
 He saw the great obey, the grave consent,
 And all with this new-raisd aspirer stand :
 But, which was worst, his own part acted there
 Not by himself ; his pow'r not his appear.

LVII.

Which whilst he view'd, the duke he might
 perceive
 Make t'wards the castle to an interview :
 Wherefore he did his contemplation leave,
 And down into some fitter place withdrew ;
 Where now he must admit, without his leave,
 Him, who before with all submission due,
 Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
 The grace of audience with respective care.

LVIII.

Who now being come in presence of his king,
 (Whether the sight of majesty did breed
 Remorse of what he was encompassing,
 Or whether but to formalize his deed)
 He kneels him down with some astonishing ;
 Rose—Kneels again (for craft will still exceed)
 When as the king approach'd, put off his hood,
 And welcom'd him ; though wish'd him little
 good.

LIX.

" To whom the duke began : my lord, I know,
 " That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
 " I have presumed in this sort to shew,
 " And seek the right which I am born unto.
 " Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
 " Of that constraint, which drives me thus to do.
 " For since I could not by a fairer course
 " Attain mine own, I must use this of force.

LX.

" Well ; so it seems, dear cousin, said the king :
 " Though you might have procur'd it otherwise :
 " And I am here content in ev'ry thing
 " To right you, as yourself shall best devise.

"And God vouchsafe, the force that here you
 "bring
 "Beget not England greater injuries."
 And so they part.—The duke made haste from
 thence;
 It was no place to end this difference.

LXI.

Strait towards London, in this heat of pride,
 They forward set, as they had fore-decreed;
 With whom the captive king, constrain'd, must
 ride,
 Most meanly mounted on a simple steed:
 Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
 Thereby neglect of all respect to breed:
 For th' overspreading pomp of prouder might
 Must darken weakness, and debase his sight.

LXII.

Approaching near the city, he was met
 With all the sumptuous shews joy could devise;
 Where new desire to please did not forget
 To pass the usual pomp of former Guise.
 Striving applause, as out of prison let,
 Runs on, beyond all bounds, to novelties;
 And voice, and hands, and knees, and all do now
 A strange deformed form of welcome shew.

LXIII.

And manifold confusion running, greets,
 Shouts, cries, clap hands, thrusts, strives, and pres-
 ses near:
 Houses improv'ish'd were t' enrich the streets,
 And streets left naked, that (unhappy) were
 Plac'd from the sight where joy with wonder
 meets;
 Where all of all degrees strive to appear;
 Where divers-speaking zeal one murmur finds,
 In undistinguish'd voice to tell their minds.

LXIV.

He that in glory of his fortune sat,
 Admiring what he thought could never be,
 Did feel his blood within salute his state,
 And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
 So many hands and hearts congratulate
 Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree;
 When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
 He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.

LXV.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
 The unregarded king; that drooping went
 Alone, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon:
 Judge, if he did more envy, or lament?
 See what a wondrous work this day is done?
 Which th' image of both fortunes doth present;
 In th' one to shew the best of glory's face,
 In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace.

LXVI.

Now Isabel, the young, afflicted queen,
 (Whose years had never shew'd her but de-
 lights,
 Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen
 Other than smiling joys, and joyful fights:
 Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever
 been
 Partaker of the world's best benefits)
 Had plac'd herself, hearing her lord should pass
 That way, where she unseen in secret was;

LXVII.

Sick of delay, and longing to behold
 Her long-miss'd love in fearful jeopardies:
 To whom although it had in sort been told
 Of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
 Yet thinking they would never be so bold.
 To lead their lord in any shameful wise;
 But rather would conduct him as their king,
 As seeking but the state's re-ordering.

LXVIII.

And forth she looks, and notes the foremost
 train;
 And grieves to view some there she wish'd not
 Seeing the chief not come, stays, looks again;
 And yet she sees not him that should appear.
 Then back she stands; and then desires, as fain
 Again to look, to see if he were near,
 At length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies;
 Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and
 cries.

LXIX.

Lo yonder! now at length he comes, faith she:
 Look, my good women, where he is in sight.
 Do you not see him? Yonder; that is he!
 Mounted on that white courser, all in white;
 There where the thronging troops of people be.
 I know him by his seat: He sits upright.
 Lo, now he bows! Dear lord, with what sweet
 grace!

LXX.

How long have I long'd to behold that face!
 O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
 I doubt me when he comes but something near,
 I shall set wide the window—What care I.
 Who doth see me, so him I may see clear?
 Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
 (Sweet lady) in the thing she held so dear:
 For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
 And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

LXXI.

Then envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
 Where sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat;
 And words of wrath, from whence complaints
 should rise,
 Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
 "Traitor, faith she; is't thou, that in this wise
 "To brave thy lord and king art made so great?
 "And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong,
 "To look on thee? For this stay'd I so long?

LXXII.

"Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?
 "Well; for their error I will weep them out,
 "And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe;
 "And loathe the mind, that gave me not to doubt.
 "What? Have I added shame unto my woe?
 "I'll look no more—Ladies, look you about;
 "And tell me if my lord be in this train;
 "Lest my betraying eyes should err again.

LXXIII.

And in this passion turns herself away.
 The rest look all, and careful note each wight;
 Whilst she, impatient of the least delay,
 Demands again: And what! not yet in sight?
 Where is my lord: What! gone some other way?
 I muse at this—O God, grant all go right:

Then to the window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

LXXIV.

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see:
And yet hope spent makes her not leave to look.
At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be
Fastens on one; whom though she never took
Could be her lord; yet that sad cheer which he
Then shew'd, his habit and his woful look,
The grace he doth in base attire retain,
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

LXXV.

"What might he be, she said, that thus alone
Rides pensive in this universal joy?
"Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
"All are not pleas'd with ev'ry thing this day.
"It may be, he laments the wrong is done
"Unto my lord, and grieves; as well he may.
"Then he is some of ours; and we of right
"Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

LXXVI.

"But stay: Is't not my lord himself I see?
"In truth, if 'twere not for his base array,
"I verily should think that it were he:
"And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray.
"Yet God forbid—Let me deceived be:
"And be it not my lord, although it may:
"Let my desire make vows against desire;
"And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

LXXVII.

"Let me not see him but himself, a king:
"For so he left me, so he did remove.
"This is not he, this feels some other thing;
"A passion of dislike, or else of love.
"O yes, 'tis he! That princely face doth bring
"The evidence of majesty to prove:
"That face I have conferr'd which now I see,
"With that within my heart, and they agree."

LXXVIII.

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in doubt;
Wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
Having belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet striving not to know 'twas he:
Her heart relenting; yet her heart so stout,
As would not yield to think what was, could be;
Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
She must confess, or else deny the light.

LXXIX.

For whether love in him did sympathise,
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt;
Ev'n just before where she thus secret prys,
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
When she—'Tis, O! too true, I know his eyes:
Alas! it is my own dear lord, cries out:
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor;
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

LXXX.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart;
Locks it within; stops up the way of breath;
Shuts senses out of door from ev'ry part;
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death:
So by a sigh it lets in sense again,
And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

LXXXI.

Then like a torrent had been stop'd before,
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
The true intelligence of grief to shew.
Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their
store;

Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
One would do all; the other more than's part;
Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

LXXXII.

At length, when past the first of sorrows worst,
When calm'd confusion better form affords;
Her heart commands, her words should pass out
first,

And then her sighs should interpoint her words;
The whiles her eyes out into tears should burst.
This order with her sorrow she accords;
Which orderless, all form of order brake;
So then began her words, and thus she spake:

LXXXIII.

"What! dost thou thus return again to me?
"Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
"Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
"From that unhappy Irish enterprise?
"And have I made so many vows to see
"Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
"Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring;
"To come a captive, that went'st out a king?"

LXXXIV.

"And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful
land
"Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part,
"I do remain the same, under thy hand;
"Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart:
"If all be lost, that government doth stand;
"And that shall never from thy rule depart.
"And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
"Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

LXXXV.

"And welcome come, how so unfortunate;
"I will applaud what others do despise.
"I love thee for thyself, not for thy state;
"More than thyself is what without thee lies;
"Let that more go, if it be in thy fate;
"And having but thyself, it will suffice.
"I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
"And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

LXXXVI.

"But what do I here lurking idly moan,
"And wail apart; and in a single part [one;
"Make several grief? which should be both in
"The touch being equal of each other's heart.
"Ah! no, sweet lord, thou must not moan alone;
"For without me thou art not all thou art;
"Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,
"For thus unjoin'd, sorrow but half appears.

LXXXVII.

"Join then our plaints, and make our grief
"full grief;
"Our state being one, let us not part our care:
"Sorrow hath only this poor bare relief,
"To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
"And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief,
"To steal a private part, and sev'ral share;

"Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due?
 "No, no, my lord; I come to help thee rue."

LXXXVIII.

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,
 (As grieving to be seen not as she was);
 Labours t' attain his presence all she may;
 Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
 For that night understanding where he lay,
 With earnest 'treating she procur'd her pass,
 To come to him. Rigour could not deny
 Those tears, (so poor a suit) or put her by.

LXXXIX.

Ent'ring the chamber, where he was alone,
 (As one whose former fortune was his shame)
 Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one
 That knew him once, and knows him not the
 same:

When having given express command that none
 Should press to him; yet hearing some that came,
 Turns angrily about his grieved eyes;
 When lo! his sweet afflicted queen he spies.

XC.

Straight clears his brow, and with a borrow'd
 smile;
 "What! my dear queen! Welcome, my dear,
 "he says."

And (striving his own passion to beguile,
 And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays)
 Could speak no more; but wrings her hands the
 while:

And then—Sweet lady! And again he stays.
 Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords
 Affliction none, or but poor niggard words.

XCI.

She that was come with a resolved heart,
 And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well
 chose;

Thinking, this comfort will I first impart
 Unto my lord, and thus my speech dispose:
 Then thus I'll say; thus look; and with this
 art,

Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes.
 When being come, all this prov'd nought but
 wind;

Tears, looks, and sighs, do only tell her mind.

XCII.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so
 Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn:
 Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,
 In labour with what was not to be born;
 This mighty burden wherewithal they go,
 Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
 Sorrow makes silence her best orator,
 Where words may make it less, not shew it more

XCIII.

But he, whom longer time had learn'd the art
 T' endure affliction, as a usual touch,
 Strains forth his words, and throws dismay a-
 part,

To raise up her, whose passions now were such
 As quite oppress'd her over-charged heart,
 (Too small a vessel to contain so much;)
 And cheers, and moans, and feigned hopes doth
 frame,

As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same.

XCIV.

And now the while these princes sorrowed,
 Forward ambition (come so near her end)
 Sleeps not, nor slips th' occasion offered,
 T' accomplish what it did before intend.
 A parliament is forthwith summoned
 In Richard's name; whereby they might pretend
 A form to grace disorder, and a shew
 Of holy right, the right to overthrow.

XCV.

Order, how much predominant art thou!
 That if but only thou pretended art,
 How soon deceiv'd mortality doth bow,
 To follow thine, as still the better part?
 'Tis thought that rev'rent form will not allow
 Iniquity, or sacred right pervert.
 Within our souls since then thou dwell'st so strong;
 How ill do they, that use thee, to do wrong?

XCVI.

So ill did they, that in this formal course
 Sought to establish a deformed right;
 Who might as well effected it by force,
 But that men hold it wrong what's wrought by
 might.

Offences urg'd in public, are made worse:
 The shew of justice aggravates despite.
 "The multitude that look not to the cause,
 "Rest satisfy'd so it seem done by laws."

XCVII.

And now they divers articles object,
 Of rigor, malice, private favourings,
 Exaction, riot, falsehood, and neglect;
 Crimes done, but seldom answered by kings;
 Which subjects do lament, but not correct.
 And all these faults which Lancaster now brings
 Against a king, must be his own, when he
 By urging others sins, a king shall be.

XCVIII.

For all that was most odious was devis'd,
 And publish'd in these articles abroad:
 All th' errors of his youth were here compris'd,
 Calamity with obloquy to load,
 And more to make him publicly despis'd,
 Libels, invectives, railing rhymes were sow'd
 Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall
 With more applause, and good consent of all.

XCIX.

Look how the day-hater, Minerva's (1) bird,
 Whilst privileg'd with darkness and the night,
 Doth live secure t' himself, of others fear'd:
 If but by chance discover'd in the light,
 How doth each little fowl (with envy stirr'd)
 Call him to justice, urge him with despite;
 Summon the feather'd flocks of all the wood,
 To come to scorn the tyrant of their blood?

C.

So fares this king, laid open to disgrace,
 Whilst ev'ry mouth (full of reproach) inveighs;
 And ev'ry base detractor, in this case,
 Upon th' advantage of misfortune plays:
 Down-falling greatness, urged on apace,
 Was follow'd hard by all disgraceful ways,
 Now in the point t' accelerate an end,
 Whilst misery had no means to defend.

(1) The owl is said to be Minerva's bird.

ci.

Upon those articles in parli'ment.
So heinous made, enforc'd, and urg'd so hard,
He was adjudg'd unfit for government,
And of all regal pow'r and rule debarr'd:
For who durst contradict the duke's intent?
Or if they durst, should patiently be heard?
Desire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, fresh
fear,
Being far the major part, the cause must bear.

cii.

Yet must we think, that some which saw the
course,
(The better few, whom passion made not blind)
Stood careful lookers on, with sad commorse,
Amaz'd to see what headlong rage design'd;
And in a more considerate discourse
Of tragical events, thereof divin'd;
And would excuse and pity those defects,
Which with such hate the adverse parts objects:

ciii.

Saying, "Better years might work a better
care;
" And time might well have cur'd what was
" amiss;
" Since all these faults fatal to greatness are,
" And worse defects have not been punish'd
" thus.
" But yet in this, the heavens (we fear) prepare
" Confusion for our sins, as well as his;
" And his calamity beginneth our:
" For he his own, and we abus'd his pow'r."

civ.

Thus murmur'd they: When to the king were
sent
Certain, who might persuade him to forsake
And leave his crown, and with his free consent
A voluntary resignation make;
Since that he could no other way prevent
These dangers, which he else must needs partake.
For not to yield to what fear would constrain,
Would bar the hope of life that did remain.

cv.

And yet this scarce could work him to con-
sent
To yield up that so soon, men hold so dear:
" Why, let him take (said he) the government;
" And let me yet the name, the title bear.
" Leave me that shew, and I will be content;
" And let them rule and govern without fear.
" What! can they not my shadow now endure;
" When they, of all the rest, do stand secure?"

cvi.

" Let me hold that, I ask no other good:
" Nay, that I will hold—Henry, do thy worst.
" For e're I yield my crown, I'll lose my blood;
" That blood, that shall make thee and thine ac-
" curs'd."
Thus resolute a-while he firmly stood;
Till love of life, and fear of being forc'd,
Vanquish'd th' innatèd valour of his mind;
And hope and friends so wrought, that he resign'd.

cvii.

Then to the Tow'r, (where he remained) went
The duke, with all the peers in company,

To take his offer with his free consent,
And this his resignation testify;
And thereof to inform the parli'ment,
That all things might be done more formally,
And men thereby rest better satisfy'd,
As of an act not forc'd or falsify'd.

cviii.

And forth he's brought unto th' accomplish-
ment,
Deck'd with the crown in princely robes that day:
Like as the dead, in other lands, are sent
Unto their graves in all their best array.
And ev'n like good did him this ornament:
For what he brought he must not bear away;
But buries there his glory and his name,
Entomb'd both in his own, and others blame.

cix.

And there unto th' assembly of these states,
His sorrow for their long-endured wrong
Through his abus'd authority relates,
Excuses with confessions mix'd among:
And glad (he says) to finish all debates,
He was to leave the rule they sought for long;
Protesting, if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly sacrifice his blood.

cx.

There he his subjects all in general
Affoils, and quits of oath and fealty;
Renounces int'rest, title, right, and all
That appertain'd to kingly dignity:
Subscribes thereto, and doth to witnesses call
Both heav'n and earth, and God, and saints on
high,

To testify his act; and doth profess
To do the same with most free willingness.

cxii.

'Tis said, with his own hands he gave the
crown
To Lancaster; and wish'd to God he might
Have better joy thereof than he had known;
And that his pow'r might make it his by right.
And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
But life, to live apart a private wight:
The vanity of greatness he had try'd,
And how unsurely stands the foot of pride.

cxiii.

This brought to pass, the lords return with
speed,
The parli'ment hereof to certify;
Where they at large publish'd the king's own
deed,
And form of his resignation verbally:
And thereupon doth Lancaster proceed,
To make his claim unto the monarchy;
And shews the right he hath, both by descent,
and by recovery to the government.

cxiiii.

Which being granted, (m) Canterbury rose,
And animates them by the sacred word
In this their course: And by this text he shews
" How well they made their choice of such a
" lord;

(m) The Archbishop of Canterbury takes his text out of
the first book of Kings, chap. ix. Vir dominabitur in po-
pulo.

" Who, as a man, was able to dispose, [sword
 " And guide the state: And how the royal
 " Ought to be at man's commandment;
 " Not at a child's or one as impotent.

CXIV.

" Since when the greatness of his charge exceeds
 " The smallness of his pow'rs, he must collate
 " The same on others—Whence, says he, pro-
 " ceeds

" This rav'nous expilation of the state:
 " Whence no man any more the public heeds,
 " Than so much as imports his private state.
 " Our health is from our head: If that be ill,
 " Distemper'd, faint and weak, all the rest will.

CXV.

" Then to the present all his speech he draws,
 " And shews what admirable parts abound

" In this brave prince; being fit to give them
 " laws:

" Fit for his valour; fit for judgment sound."
 And Lancaster, indeed. I would thy cause
 Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
 As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
 Ordain'd and born for an imperial part.

CXVI.

Then had not that confus'd succeeding age
 Our fields ingrain'd with blood, our rivers dy'd
 With purple-streaming wounds of our own rage,
 Nor seen our princes slaughter'd, peers destroy'd.
 Then had'st not thou, dear country, come to
 wage

War with thyself, nor those afflictions try'd
 Of all-consuming discord here so long;
 Too mighty now, against thyself too strong.

I iij

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

B O O K III.

The Argument.

Henry the IV. the crown established.
The lords that did to Gloc'ster's death consent,
Degraded, do rebel; are vanquished.
King Richard unto Pomfret castle sent,
Is by a cruel knight there murdered,
After the lords had had their punishment.
His corps from thence to London is convey'd;
And there, for all to view, is open laid.

I.

Now risen is that head, by which did spring
The birth of two strong heads, two crowns, two
rights;
That monstrous shape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd confusion to distracted wights.
Now is attain'd that dearly purchas'd thing,
That fill'd the world with lamentable fights;
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Means to establish, and to hold the same.

II.

First, he attends to build a strong conceit
Of his usurped pow'r in people's minds,
And arms his cause with furniture of weight;
Which easily the sword, and greatness finds.
Succession, conquest, and election straight
Suggested are, and prov'd in all their kinds.
More than enough they find, who find their
might [right.
Hath force to make all (that they will have)

III.

Though one of these might very well suffice,
His present approbation to procure:
"But who his own cause makes, doth still devise
"To make too much, to have it more than sure.
"Fear casts too deep, and ever is too wise:
"No usual plots the doubtful can secure."
And all these disagreeing claims he had,
With hope to make one good of many bad,

IV.

Like unto him that fears, and fain would stop
An inundation working on apace;
Runs to the breach, heaps mighty matter up;
Throws indigested burdens on the place;
Loads with huge weights the outside, and the
top,
But leaves the inner parts in feeble case;
Whilst th' under-searching water working on,
Bears proudly down all that was idly done:

V.

So fares it with our indirect designs,
And wrong-contrived labours, at the last;
Whilst working time, and justice, undermines
The feeble frame, held to be wrought so fast:
Then when out-breaking vengeance uncombines
The ill-join'd plots, so fairly overcast;
Turns up those huge pretended heaps of shews,
And all these weak illusions overthrows.

VI.

But after having made his title plain,
Unto his coronation he proceeds:
Which, in most sumptuous sort, (to entertain
The gazing vulgar, whom this splendour feeds)
Is stately furnish'd, with a glorious train;
Wherein the former kings he far exceeds;
And all t' amuse the world, and turn the
thought,
Of what and how 'twas done, to what is wrought.

vii.

And that he might on many props repose,
He strengthens his own, and who his part did take:
New officers, new counsellors he chose.
His eldest son, the Prince of Wales doth make:
His second, Lord High Steward. And to those
Had hazarded their fortunes for his sake,
He gives them charge as merits their desert,
And raises them by crushing th' adverse part.

viii.

So that hereby the universal face
Of court, with all the offices of state,
Are wholly chang'd, by death or by disgrace,
Upon th' advantage of the people's hate;
"Who ever envying those of chiefest place,
" (Whom neither worth nor virtue, but their fate
" Exalted hath) do, when their kings do naught,
" (Because it's in their pow'r) judge it their
fau't."

ix.

And in their stead, such as were popular,
And well deserving, were advanc'd by grace.
Grave Shirley he ordains Lord Chancellor,
Both worthy for his virtues, and his race:
And Norbury he appoints for Treasurer;
A man though mean, yet fit to use that place:
And others t' other rooms; whom people hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loathe the old.

x.

And it behoves him now to do his best
T' approve his vow, and oath made to the state:
And many great disorders he redress'd;
Which always usurpation makes the gate
To let itself into the people's breast,
And seeks the public best t' accommodate:
Wherein injustice better doth than right;
"For who reproves the lame, must go upright."

xi.

Though it be easy to accuse a state
Of imperfection, and misgovernment;
And easy to beget in people hate
Of present rule, which cannot all content:
A few attempt it, that effect it not:
Yet t' introduce a better government
Instead thereof, if we t' example look,
The undertakers have been overtook,

xii.

Then against (a) those he strictly doth proceed,
Who chief of Glos'ter's death were guilty thought:
Not so much for th' hatred of that deed;
But under this pretext, the means he sought
To ruin such whose might did much exceed
His pow'r to wrong, or else could well be wrought.
Law, justice, blood, the zeal unto the dead,
Were on his side, and his drift coloured.

xiii.

Here many of the (b) greatest of the land
Accus'd were of the act; strong proofs brought
out;
Which strongly were refell'd. The lords all stand,
To clear their cause, most resolutely stout.

(a) The nobility accused for the death of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.

(b) The Dukes of Surrey, Exeter, and Aumarle; the Earls of Salisbury and Gloucester; the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Thomas Blount, and others, were the parties accused for the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

The king perceiving what he took in hand,
Was not with safety to be brought about,
Desists to urge their death in any wise;
Respecting number, strength, friends, and allies.

xiv.

Nor was it time now, in his tender reign,
And infant young beginning government,
To strive with blood; when lenity must gain
The mighty men, and please the discontent.
"New kings do fear, when old courts farther
strain."

Establish'd states to all things will consent.
He must dispense with his will, and their crime,
And seek t' oppress and wear them out with time.

xv.

Yet not to seem but to have something done
In what he could not as he would effect,
To satisfy the people, (that begun
Revenge of wrong, and justice to expect)
He caus'd be put to execution one,
Who to perform this murder was elect;
A base companion, few or none would miss;
Who first did serve their turn, and now serves his.

xvi.

And to abase the too high state of those
That were accus'd, and lessen their degrees;
Aumarle, Surrey, and Exeter, must lose
The names of dukes, their titles, dignities,
And whatsoever profits thereby rise:
The earls, their titles, and their signories:
And all they got in th' end of Richard's reign,
Since Gloc'ster's death, they must restore again;

xvii.

By this, as if by ostracism, t' abate
That great presumptive wealth whereon they
stand.
For first, hereby improv'ring their state,
He kills the means they might have to withstand;
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who (by their spoils) are rais'd to high command;
That weak, and envy'd, if they should conspire,
They wreck themselves, and he hath his desire.

xviii.

Yet by this grace (which must be held a grace,
As both they and the world are made believe)
He thinks t' have dealt benignly in this case,
And left them state enough, to let them live:
And that the taking from them means and place,
Was nothing in respect what he did give:
But they that know how their own reck'ning goes,
Account not what they have, but what they lose.

xix.

The parliament which now is held, decreed,
Whatever pleas'd the king but to propound;
Confirm'd the crown to him, and to his seed,
And by their oath their due obedience bound;
Which was the pow'r that stood him best in stead,
And made whatever broken courses found.
For what he got by fortune, favour, might,
It was the state that now must make his right.

xx.

Here was agreed, (to make all more secure)
That Richard should remain for evermore
Close prisoner; lest the realm might chance endure
Some new revolt, or any fresh uproar:

And that if any should such broil procure,
By him, or for him, he should die therefor.
So that a talk of tumult, and a breath,
Would serve him as his passing-bell to death.

xxi.

Yet reverend Carlisle, thou didst there oppose
Thy holy voice, to save thy prince's blood,
And freely check'd'st this judgment, and his foes:
When, all were bad, yet thou dar'st to be good.
Be it enroll'd, (that time may never lose
The memory) how firm thy courage stood;
When pow'r, disgrace, nor death could ought di-
vert
Thy glorious tongue thus to reveal thy heart.

xxii.

" Grave, rev'rent lords, since that this sacred
place,

" Our Aventine retire, our holy hill,
" This place, soul of our state, the realms best grace
" Doth privilege me, speak what reason will:
" Let me but say my conscience in this case;
" Left sin of silence shew my heart was ill:
" And let these walls witness, if you will not,
" I do discharge my soul of this foul blot.

xxiii.

" Never shall this poor breath of mine consent,
" That he that two and twenty years hath reign'd
" As lawful lord, and king by just descent,
" Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd;
" By subjects too, (judges incompetent
" To judge their king, unlawfully detain'd)
" And unbrought forth to plead his guiltless
cause;

" Barring th' anointed liberty of laws.

xxiv.

" Have you not done enough with what is done?
" Must needs disorder grow from bad to worse?
" Can never mischief end as it begun;
" But being once out, must further out of force?
" Think you, that any means under the sun,
" Can assure so indirect a course?
" Or any broken cunning build so strong,
" As can hold out the hand of vengeance long?"

xxv.

Stopt there was his too veh'ment speech with
speed,

And he sent close to ward from where he stood;
His zeal untimely deem'd too much t' exceed
The measure of his wit, and did no good.
They resolute, for all this, do proceed
Unto that judgment could not be withstood.
The king had all he cray'd, or could compel;
And all was done—let others judge how well.

xxvi.

Now, Muse, relate a woful accident,
And tell the bloodshed of these mighty peers,
Who (lately reconcil'd) rest discontent,
Griev'd with disgrace, remaining in their fears:
However, seeming outwardly content,
Yet th' inward touch that wounded honour bears,
Rests closely wrankling, and can find no ease,
Till death of one side cure this great disease.

xxvii.

Means how to feel and learn each other's heart,
By the Abbot's skill of Westminster is found;

Who secretly disliking Henry's part,
Invites these lords, and those he meant to sound;
Feasts them with cost, and draws them on with art;
And dark and doubtful questions doth propound:
Then plainer speaks, and yet uncertain speaks:
Then wishes well—then off abruptly breaks.

xxviii.

" My lords, saith he, I fear we shall not find
" This long-desired king such as was thought.
" But yet he may do well—God turn his mind:
" 'Tis yet new days—but ill bodes new and
nought.

" Some yet speed well—though all men of my kind
" Have cause to doubt. His speech is not forgot,
" That princes had too little; we too much.

" God give him grace—but 'tis ill trusting such."

xxix.

This open-close, apparent-dark discourse,
Drew on much speech—and every man replies:
And ev'ry man adds heat—and words enforce,
And urge out words. For when one man espies
Another's mind like his; then ill breeds worse;
And out breaks all in th' end, what closest lies.
For when men well have fed, th' blood being
warm,

Then are they most improvident of harm.

xxx.

Bewray they did their inward boiling spite;
Each stirring others to revenge their cause.
One says, he never should endure the sight
Of that forsworn, that wrongs both land and laws,
Another vows the same; of his mind right.
A third t' a point more near the matter draws;
Swears if they would, he would attempt the
thing,

To chase th' usurper, and replace their king.

xxxi.

Thus one by one kindling each other's fire,
Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree;
All resolute to prosecute their ire,
Seeking their own, and country's cause to free;
And have his first, that their blood did conspire.
For no way else, they said, but this, could be
Their wrong-detained honour to redeem;
Which true-bred blood should more than life
esteem.

xxxii.

" And let not this our new-made faithless lord,
" Saith (c) Surrey, think that we are left so bare,
" (Though bare enough) but we will find a sword
" To kill him with, when he shall not beware."
For he that is with life and will enstor'd,
Hath (for revenge) enough, and needs not care:
For time brings means to furnish him withal;
Let him but wait th' occasions as they fall.

xxxiii.

Then of the manner how t' effect the thing,
Consulted was—and in the end agreed,
That at a masque and common revelling,
Which was ordain'd, they should perform the deed:
For that would be least doubted of the king,
And fittest for their safety to proceed.
The night, their number, and the sudden act,
Would dash all order, and protect their fact.

(c) Thomas late Duke of Surrey.

xxxiv.

Besides, they might under the fair pretence
Of tilts and tournaments, which they intend,
Provide them horse and armour for defence,
And all things else convenient for their end.
Besides, they might hold sure intelligence
Among themselves, without suspect t' offend:
The king would think, they sought but grace in
court,
With all their great preparing in this fort.

xxxv.

A solemn oath religiously they take,
By intermutual vows protesting there,
This never to reveal, nor to forsake
So good a cause for danger, hope, or fear.
The sacrament, the pledge of faith, they take:
And ev'ry man upon his sword doth swear,
By knighthood, honour, or what else should bind,
To assure the more each other's mind.

xxxvi.

And when all this was done, and thought well
done,
And every one assures him good success,
And easy seems the thing to every one, [prefers;
That nought could cross their plot, or them sup-
Yet one among the rest, (whose mind not won
With th' over-weaning thought of hot excess,
Nor headlong carry'd with the stream of will,
Nor by his own election led to ill;)

xxxvii.

Judicious (d) Blount, (whose learning, valour,
wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the course of things;
Knew dangers as they were; and th' hum'rous fit
Of 'wareless discontent, what end it brings)
Counsels their heat with calm grave words, and fit,
(Words well forethought, that from experience
springs)
And warns a warrier carriage in the thing,
Left blind presumption work their ruining.

xxxviii.

" My lords, faith he, I know your wisdom's
such,
" As that of mine advice you have no need;
" I know you know how much the thing doth
touch [sees;
" The main of all your states, your blood, your
" Yet since the same concerns my life as much
" As his, whose hand is chiefest in this deed,
" And that my foot must go as far as his;
" I think my tongue may speak what needful is.

xxxix.

" The thing we enterprise, I know, doth bear
" Great possibility of good effect;
" For that so many men of might there are,
" That venture here this action to direct;
" Which meaner wights, of trust and credit bare,
" Not so respected, could not look t' effect.
" For none, without great hopes, will follow such,
" Whose pow'r and honour doth not promise much.

xl.

" Besides this new and doubtful government,
" The wav'ring faith of people vain and light;

(d) Sir Thomas Blount.

" The secret hopes of many discontent;
" The natural affection to the right;
" Our lawful sov'reign's life, in prison pent,
" Whom men begin to pity now, not spite;
" Our well-laid plot and all, I must confess,
" With our just cause, doth promise good success.

xli.

" But this is yet the outward, fairest side
" Of our design—within rests more of fear,
" More dread of sad event yet undescri'd, [were.
" Than (my most worthy lords) I would there
" But yet I speak not this, as to divide [clear;
" Your thoughts from th' act, or to dismay your
" Only to add unto your forward will,
" A moderate fear, to cast the worst of ill.

xlii.

" Danger before, and in, and after th' act,
" You needs must grant is great, and to be weigh'd.
" Before; lest while we do the deed protract,
" It be by any of ourselves bewray'd:
" For many being privy to the fact,
" How hard is it to keep it unbetray'd?
" When the betrayer shall have life and grace,
" And rid himself of danger and disgrace.

xliii.

" For though some few continue resolute,
" Yet many shrink, which at the first would dare,
" And be the foremost men to execute,
" If th' act and motion at one instant were:
" But intermission suffers men dispute
" What dangers are, and cast with further care.
" Cold doubt cavils with honour, scorneth fame;
" And in the end, fear weighs down faith with
shame.

xliv.

" Then in the act what perils shall we find,
" If either place, or time, or other course,
" Cause us to alter th' order now assign'd;
" Or that than we expect things happen worse?
" If either error, or a fainting mind,
" An indiscreet amazement, or remorse,
" In any at that instant should be found;
" How much it might the act, and all confound?

xlv.

" After the deed, the dangers are no less;
" Lest that our forwardness not seconded
" By our own followers and accomplices,
" (Being kept back, or slow, or hindered)
" The hasty multitude rush on, t' oppress
" Confused weakness, there unfavour'd;
" Or raise another head of that same race,
" To avenge his death, and prosecute the cause.

xlvi.

" All this, my lords, must be considered,
" (The best and worst of that which may succeed)
" That valour mix'd with fear, boldness with
dread,
" May march more circumspect, with better heed.
" And to prevent these mischiefs mentioned,
" Is by our faith, our secrecy, and speed:
" For ev'n already is the work begun;
" And we rest all undone, till all be done.

xlvii.

" And though I could have wish'd another course,
" In open field t' have hazarded my blood;

" Yet some are here; whose love is of that force
 " To draw my life, whom zeal hath not with-
 stood.
 " But like you not of your design the worse :
 " If the success be good, your course is good ;
 " And ending well, our honour then begins :
 " No hand of strife is pure, but that which wins."

XLVIII.

This said, a sad still silence held their minds,
 Upon the fearful project of their woe ;
 But that not long e'er forward fury finds,
 Encouraging persuasions on to go.
 " We must, (said they) we will; our honour binds;
 " Our safety bids; our faith must have it so.
 " We know the worst can come: 'tis thought upon.
 " We cannot shift—being in, we must go on."

XLIX.

And on, indeed, they went—but O! not far;
 A fatal stop travers'd their headlong course;
 Their drift comes known, and they discover'd are :
 For some (of many) will be false of force,
 Aumarle became the man that all did mar,
 Whether through indiscretion, chance, or worse ;
 He makes his peace with off'ring others blood,
 And shews the king how all the matter stood.

L.

Then lo! dismay'd confusion all possess'd
 Th' afflicted troop, hearing their plot descry'd.
 Then runs amaz'd distress, with sad unrest,
 To this, to that; to fly, to stand, to hide :
 Distracted terror knew not what was best ;
 On what determination to abide.
 At last, despair would yet stand to the sword,
 To try what friends would do, or fate afford.

LI.

Then this, then that man's aid, they crave, im-
 plore;
 Post here for help, seek there their followers;
 Conjure their friends they had, labour for more;
 Solicit all reputed favourers,
 Who Richard's cause seem'd to affect before :
 And in his name write, pray, send messengers,
 To try what faith was left, if by this art
 Any would step to take affliction's part.

LII.

And some were found—And some again drew
 Uncertain pow'r could not itself retain. [back :
 Entreat they may; authority they lack :
 And here and there they march (but all in vain)
 With desp'rate course; like those that see their
 wreck,
 Ev'n on the rocks of death; and yet they strain,
 That death may not them idly find t' attend
 Their certain last, but work to meet their end.

LIII.

And long they stand not, e're the chief sur-
 pris'd,
 Conclude with their dear blood their tragedy :
 And all the rest dispers'd, run, some disguis'd
 To unknown coast; some to the shores do fly ;
 Some to the woods, or whither fear advis'd :
 But running from, all to destruction hie.
 The breach once made upon a batter'd state,
 Down goes distress: no shelter shrouds their
 fate.

LIV.

And now what horror in their souls doth grow!
 What sorrows, with their friends and near allies !
 What mourning in their ruin'd houses now !
 How many children's plaints, and mother's cries !
 How many woful widows left to bow
 To sad disgrac'd ! What perish'd families !
 What heirs of high rich hopes their thought must
 frame
 To base down-looking poverty and shame !

LV.

This slaughter and calamity foregoes
 Thy eminent destruction, woeful king :
 This is the bloody comet of thy woes,
 That doth foretel thy present ruining.
 Here was thy end decreed, when these men rose,
 And ev'n with their's this act thy death did bring,
 Or hasten'd at the least upon this ground ;
 Yet if not this, another had been found.

LVI.

Kings, lords of times, and of occasions, may,
 Take their advantage when, and how they list,
 For now the realm, he thought, in this dismay,
 T' avoid like mischiefs, neither would resist,
 Nor feel the wound at all : since by this way,
 All future disturbances would desist.
 The root cut off, from whence these tumults rose,
 He would have rest, the commonwealth repose.

LVII.

He knew this time : and yet he would not seem
 Too quick to wrath, as if affecting blood ;
 But yet complains so far, that men might deem
 He would 'twere done, and that he thought it
 good :

And wish'd that some would so his life esteem,
 As rid him of these fears wherein he stood.
 And therewith (e) eyes a knight that then was by,
 Who soon could learn his lesson by his eye.

LVIII.

The man he knew was one that willingly
 For one good look would hazard soul and all ;
 An instrument for any villany,
 That needed no commission more at all :
 A great ease to the king, that should hereby
 Not need in this a course of justice call,
 Nor seem to will the act. For tho' what's wrought
 Were his own deed, he grieves should so be thought.

LIX.

" So foul a thing (O!) thou Injustice art,
 " That tott'rest both the doer and distress,
 " For when a man hath done a wicked part,
 " How doth he strive t' excuse, to make the best,
 " To shift the fault, t' unburden his charg'd
 " heart ;
 " And glad to find the least surmise of rest !
 " And if he could make his seem others sin,
 " What great repose, what ease he finds therein ?"

LX.

This knight—but yet why should I call him
 To give Impiety to the rev'rent style ? [knight,
 Title of honour, worth, and virtue's right,
 Should not be given to a wretch so vile.
 But pardon me, if I do not aright ;
 It is because I will not here defile

(e) This knight was Sir Pierce of Exon.

My unstain'd verse with his opprobrious name,
And grace him so, to place him in the same.

LXI.

This caitiff goes, and with him takes eight more,
As desp'rate as himself, impiously bold,
(Such villains, as he knew would not abhor
To execute what wicked act he would)
And hastes him down to Pomfret: where before,
The restless king convey'd, was laid in hold:
There would he do the deed he thought should
bring
To him great grace and favour with his king.

LXII.

Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near genius of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

LXIII.

However, so it is; the now sad king
(Toss'd here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lifts not to eat; still muses; sleeps unbound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

LXIV.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out of a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and sees how people pass'd;
Where others liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

LXV.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see
"Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
"If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
"That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
"Other than what he is he would not be,
"Nor change his state with him that sceptre
"wields.

"Thine, thine is that true life—that is to live,
"To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve,

LXVI.

"Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
"And hear'st of others harms, but seekest none;
"And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
"Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do
"moan.

"Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
"Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
"And pitiest this my miserable fall;
"For pity must have part; envy not all.

LXVII.

"Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
"And have no venture in the wreck you see;
"No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
"Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
"How much doth your sweet rest make us the
"To see our misery, and what we be! [more

"Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
"Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

LXVIII.

"Great (f) Dioclesian, (and more great there-
"fore,
"For yielding up what whereto pride aspires)
"Reckn'ing thy gardens in Illyria more
"Than all the empire, all what th' earth ad-
"mires;
"Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor
"That little hath, but he that much desires;
"Finding more true delight in that small ground,
"Than in possessing all the earth was found.

LXIX.

"Are kings (that freedom give) themselves
"not free,
"As meaner men, to take what they may give?
"What! are they of so fatal a degree,
"That they cannot descend from that, and live?
"Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
"Nor may they their authority survive?
"Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
"Still am I fear'd?—Is there no way but death?

LXX.

Scarce this word *death* from sorrow did pro-
When in rush'd one, and tells him, such a knight
Is new arriv'd; and comes from court in speed.
"What news (said he) with him, that trait'rous
"wight?

"What more removing yet?—alas! what need?
"Are we not far enough sent out of fight?
"Or is this place here not sufficient strong,
"To guard us in? Or must we have more wrong?"

LXXI.

By this the bloody troop were at the door;
When as a sudden and a strange dismay
Enforc'd them strain who should go in before.
One offers, and in off'ring makes a stay:
Another forward sets, and doth no more:
A third the like: and none durst make the way.
So much the horror of so vile a deed,
In vilest minds, deters them to proceed.

LXXII.

At length, as to some great advent'rous fight,
This *bravo* cheers these dastards all he can;
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all against one weak, unarmed man.
A great exploit, and fit for such a knight;
Wherein so much renown his valour wan.
But see how men that very presence fear,
Which once they knew authority did bear!

LXXIII.

Then on thrusts one, and he would foremost be,
To shed another's blood; but lost his own.
For ent'ring in, as soon as he did see
The face of majesty, to him well known;
Like Marius' soldier at Minturnum, he
Stood still amaz'd, his courage overthrown.
The king seeing this, starting from where he sat,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gat.

LXXIV.

Thus ev'n his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon, that before had none;

(f) Primus Imperium communicavit, et posuit Dio-
clesianus; et in eo ponendo dixisse fertur. Recipe Jupi-
ter Imperium, quod mihi commodasti.

That yet he might not idly lose his breath,
But die reveng'd in action, not alone.
And this good chance, that thus much favoureth,
He lacks not—For he presently speeds on;
And, lion-like, upon the rest he flies:
And here falls one;—and there another lies.

LXXV.
And up and down he traverses his ground;
Now wards a felling blow, now strikes again;
Then nimbly shifts a thrust, then lends a wound;
Now back he gives, then rushes on amain.
His quick and ready hand doth so confound
These shameful beasts, that four of them lie slain:
And all had perish'd happily and well,
But for one act, that (O!) I grieve to tell.

LXXVI.
This coward knight seeing with shame and fear,
His men thus slain, and doubting his own end,
Leaps up into a chair, that (lo!) was there;
The whilst the king did all his courage bend
Against those four, which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend;
And plies his hands undaunted, unaffear'd,
And with good heart, and life for life he stirr'd.

LXXVII.
And whilst he this, and that, and each man's
blow
Doth eye, defend, and shift, being laid to fore;
Backward he bears for more advantage now,
Thinking the wall would safeguard him the more;
When lo! with impious hand, O wicked thou,
That (shameful) durst not come to strike before,
Behind him gav'st that lamentable wound,
Which laid that wretched prince flat to the ground.

LXXVIII.
Now proditorious wretch, what hast thou done,
To make this barb'rous base assassinate
Upon the person of a prince; and one
Forespent with sorrow, and all desolate?
With great advancement hast thou hereby won,
By being the instrument to perpetrate
So foul a deed? Where is thy grace in court,
For such a service, acted in this sort?

LXXIX.
First, he for whom thou dost this villany,
Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy
But let the weight of thine own infamy [fact,
Fall on thee unsupported and unback'd:
Then all men else will loathe thy treachery,
And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
“So th' wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
“Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin.”

LXXX.
But now, as this sweet prince distended lay,
And him nor life nor death their own could call;
(For life removing, rid not all away;
And death, though enter'ring, had not seiz'd on all;)
That short-tim'd motion had a little stay,
(The mover ceasing) though it were but small:
As th' organ found a time survives the stop,
Before it doth the dying note give up:

LXXXI.
When lo! there streams a spring of blood so
fast,
From those deep wounds, as all embru'd the face,

Of that accursed caitiff, as he pass'd
(After the deed effected) through the place:
And therewithal, those dying eyes did cast
Such an upbraiding look on his disgrace,
(Seeming to check so cowardly a part)
As left th' impression even in his heart.

LXXXII.
And this one king, most near in blood ally'd,
Is made th' oblation for the other's peace:
Which peace yet was not hereby ratify'd,
So as it could all future fears release.
For though the other did forthwith provide,
To have the rumour run of his decease, [was
By drawing the (g) corps to London, where it
Laid, three days to be seen, with open face.

LXXXIII.
Yet so great was this execrable deed,
As men would scarce therein believe their eyes,
Much less their ears: and many sought to feed
The easy creditors of novelties,
By voicing him (b) alive—how he was freed
By strange escape out of his miseries.
And many did conspire now to relieve
Him dead, who had forsaken him alive.

LXXXIV.
And many suffer'd for his cause, when now
He had none. Many wish'd for him again,
When they perceiv'd th' exchange did not allow
Their hopes so much as they did look to gain,
By trafficking of kings; and all saw how
Their full expectances were in the wain.
They had a king was more than him before;
But yet a king, where they were nought the more.

LXXXV.
And sure this murd'ed prince, though weak
he was,
He was not ill; nor yet so weak, but that
He shew'd much martial valour in his place,
Advent'ring oft his person for the state:
And might amongst our better princes pass;
Had not the flatt'ry, rapine, and debate
Of factious lords, and greedy officers,
Disgrac'd his actions, and abus'd his ears.

LXXXVI.
Nor is it so much princes weaknesses,
As the corruption of their ministers,
Whereby the commonwealth receives distress,
For they attending their particulars,
Make imperfections their advantages,
To be themselves both kings and counsellors,
And sure this commonwealth can never take
Hurt by weak kings, but such as we do make.

LXXXVII.
Besides, he was (which people much respect
In princes, and which pleases vulgarly)
Of goodly personage, and of sweet aspect;
Of mild access, and liberality;
And feasts, and shews, and triumphs did affect,
As the delights of youth and jollity.

(g) The corps was conveyed from Pomfret to London; where it lay with open face in Paul's three day's; and after a solemn obsequy, was had to Langley, and there meanly interred.

(b) King Richard braved to be alive, after he was thus murdered; which began a conspiracy for the which Sir Roger Clarendon (supposed to be the base son of the Black Friar) was executed, with divers friars.

But here the great (i) profusion, and expence
Of his revenues, bred him much offence :

LXXXVIII.

And gave advantage unto enmity,
This grievous accusation to prefer ;
" That he consum'd the common treasury ;
" Whereof he being the simple usager
" But for the state, (not in propriety)
" Did alien at his pleasure, and transfer
" The same t' his minions, and to whom he list ;
" By which the commonwealth was to subsist.

LXXXIX.

" Whereby, said they, the poor concussed state,
" Shall ever be exacted for supplies."
Which accusation was th' occasion that
His successor, by order, nullifies
Many his (k) parents, and did revoke
And reassume his liberalities.

(i) He had in his court 1000 persons, in ordinary allowance of diet; 300 servitors in his kitchen; above 300 ladies, chamberers, and launderers. His apparel was sumptuous; and so was it generally in his time. He had one coat of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 merks. One interview with the French king at Ardes, when his wife Isabel was delivered unto him, cost him 300,000 merks.

(k) Henry IV. revoketh all letters-patent of annuities, granted by King Edward and King Richard, anno regni 6.

And yet, for all these wastes, these gifts and
feasts,

He was not found a (l) bankrupt in his chests.

xc.

But they who took to Syndick in this fort
The actions of a monarch, knew those things
Wherein the accounts were likely to fall short,
Between the state of kingdoms and their kings;
Which president, of pestilent import,
(Had not the heav'n's bless'd thy endeavourings)
Against thee, Henry, had been likewise brought,
Th' example made of thy example wrought.

xcI.

For though this bounty, and this lib'ralness,
A glorious virtue be; it better fits
Great men than (m) kings. Who giving in excess,
Give not their own, but others benefits:
Which calls up many's hopes, but pleasures less;
Destroying far more love, than it begets.
" For justice is their virtue - That alone
" Makes them sit sure, and glorifies the throne.

(l) When he was first surpris'd in Wales, the Duke of Lancaster had in Holt Castle 100,000 merks in coin, and 200,000 merks in jewels; and at his resignation in the tower, 300,000 l. in coin, besides plate and jewels.

(m) A prince excessive in gifts, makes his subjects excessive in suits.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

King Henry his excuses publishes
For Richard's death ; and truce doth entertain
With France.—The Scots aggriev'd for wrongs, address
Themselves to war ; and are appeas'd again.
—The Welch rebel.—The Piercies practises
(To part the state) are stopp'd ; in battle slain.
Continual troubles still afflict this king ;
Till death an end doth to his travels bring.

I.

THE bounds once overgone that hold men in,
They never stay ; but on from bad to worse.
“ Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
“ But still beget new mischiefs in their course.
Now, Henry, thou hast added to thy sin
Of usurpation, and intruding force,
A greater crime ; which makes that gone before
T' appear more than it did, and noted more.

II.

For now thou art enforc'd t' apologize
With (a) foreign states, for two enormous things,
Wherein thou dost appear to scandalize
The public right, and common cause of kings :
Which, though (with all the skill thou canst devise)
Thou overlay'st with fairest colourings ;
Yet th' underwork, transparent, shews too plain.
“ Where open acts accuse, th' excuse is vain.

III.

And these defences are but compliments,
To dally with confining potentates ;
Who, busied in their proper governments,
Do seldom tend th' affairs of other states :
Their wisdom, which to present pow'r consents,
Live dogs before dead lions estimates :
“ And no man more respects these public wrongs,
“ Than so much as t' his private state belongs.

(a) Commissioners are sent to foreign princes, to excuse and justify the king's proceedings.

IV.

Yet most it seem'd the French king to import,
As sharer in his daughter's injury :
“ Though blood in princes links not in such sort,
“ As that it is of any power to tie,
Where their estates may seem t' adventure hurt ;
Or where there is not a necessity,
That doth combine them with a stronger chain,
Than all these great alliances contain.

V.

For though this king might have resentment,
And will t' avenge him of this injury ;
Yet at that time his (b) state being turbulent,
Factious, and full of partiality,
And oftentimes he himself impotent,
By means of his frenetic malady ;
It was not likely any good could rise,
By undertaking such an enterprise.

VI.

And therefore, both sides, upon intercourse,
(As fitted best their present terms) agreed,
The former (c) truce continue should in force,
According as it had been fore-decreed

(b) In this time of Charles VI. began the Civil Wars in France, between the Dukes of Orleans and Burgoign.

(c) The truce made with Richard II. renewed for 30 years; but broken the next year after, upon their part ; sending Jaques de Bourbon with forces into Wales, to the aid of Glendour.

Upon the match with Richard; and a course
For Isabel (with all convenient speed)
Provided, with an honourable train
Suiting her state, to be sent home again :

VII.

Whom willingly they would have still retain'd,
And match'd unto the (d) prince. But she (though
young;
Yet sensible of that which appertain'd
To honour and renown) scorn'd any tongue,
That offer'd such a motion; and disdain'd
To have it thought, she would but hear that wrong
Mov'd to her, of her lord and husband dead,
To have his murderers race enjoy his bed.

VIII.

Besides, the French (doubting the government,
Thus gotten, would be subject still to strife)
Not willing were to urge her to consent
T' accept a troublous and uncertain life :
And being return'd, she grew in th' end content
To be (at home) a (e) Duke of Orlean's wife ;
'Scap'd from such storms of pow'r, holding it best
To be below herself, to be at rest.

IX.

And so hath Henry assur'd that side,
And therewithal his (f) state of Gascony ;
Which, on th' intelligence was notify'd
Of Richard's death, were wrought to mutiny ;
And hardly came to be repacify'd,
And kept to hold in their fidelity.
So much to him were they affectioned,
For having been amongst them born and bred.

X.

These toils abroad, these tumults with his own,
(As if the frame of all disjointed were,
With this disorder'd shifting of the crown)
Fell in the revolution of one year.
Beside, the Scot (in discontentment grown,
For the detaining, and supporting here, [Dunbar]
The scourge of all that kingdom, (g) George
With fire and sword proclaims an open war ;

XI.

Taking their time in these disturbances,
And newness of a wav'ring government,
T' avenge them of their former grievances,
And by our spoils their fortunes to augment.
Against whose forces Henry furnishes
A pow'rful army, and in person went ;
But wars with a retiring enemy,
With much more travel than with victory.

XII.

And being (by sharp deformed winter's force)
Caus'd to retire, he finds new storms at home,
From other coasts arising ; that prov'd worse
Than those which now he was returned from.

(d) The king labours to have Queen Isabel matched to his son Henry, Prince of Wales.

(e) Queen Isabel was married to Charles, son to Louis Duke of Orleans.

(f) Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, was sent into Gascony, with 200 men at arms, and 400 archers, to assist Sir Robert Knowles, lieutenant there; where he pacified that country, being incensed by the French to revolt, upon their discontentment for the death of King Richard, whom they especially loved for being born at Bourdeaux.

(g) George Dunbar, Earl of March, flying out of Scotland, was received and cherished in England, and warred against his country.

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In (b) Wales, a cause of law, by violent course,
Was (from a variance) now a war become ;
And Owen Glendour, who with Grey of late
Contests for private lands, now seeks a state.

XIII.

Whom to repress, he early in the spring,
With all provisions fit, doth forward set ;
When strait his enemies (not purposing
To hazard battle) to the mountains get :
Where after long and weary travelling,
Without performing any great defeat,
He only their provisions wastes and burns,
And with some prey of cattle home returns.

XIV.

Wherewith the rebel rather was the more
Encourag'd than undaunted ; and begun
T' adventure farther than he did before ;
Seeing such a monarch had so little done,
Being come in person with so great a pow'r,
And suddenly again retir'd and gone.
" For in this case they help, who hurt so small ;
" And he hath nothing done, that doth not all."

XV.

But now (behold!) other new heads (i) appear,
New hydra's of rebellion, that procure
More work to do, and give more cause of fear ;
And shew'd, that nothing in his state stood sure.
And these ev'n of his chiefest followers were,
Of whom he might presume him most secure ;
Who had th' especial engines been, to rear
His fortunes up unto the state they were.

XVI.

The Piercies were the men—men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage strong ;
Who now conspire, under pretence to right
Such wrongs as to the commonwealth belong :
Urg'd either through their conscience, or despite ;
Or finding now the part they took was wrong.
Or else ambition hereto did them call,
Or others envy'd grace ; or rather all.

XVII.

And such they were, who might presume t'
have done
Much for the king, and honour of the state ;
Having the chiefest actions undergone,
Both foreign and domestical of late :
Beside that famous day of (k) Homeldon,
Where Hotspur gave that wonderful defeat
Unto the Scots, as shook that kingdom more
Than many monarchs armies had before.

XVIII.

Which might perhaps advance their minds so far,
Above the level of subjection, as

(b) Owen Glendour, an Esquire in North Wales, contesting with the Lord Grey of Ruthven, for certain lands which he claimed by inheritance; and being not powerful enough by his own means to recover them, procured force, and made war upon the Lord Grey; and after attempts for the principality of that country, Anno regni 2.

(i) Anno Regni 3.

(k) In this battle of Homeldon, the Lord Henry Percy, (surnamed Hotspur) accompanied with George Dunbar, Earl of March, overthrew the Scottish forces: Where were slain 23 knights, and 10,000 of the commons; the Earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, with five hundred other of meaner degree, taken prisoners.

K

T' assume to them the glory of that war ;
Where all things by their pow'r were brought to
pass.

They being so mighty, and so popular,
And their command so spacious as it was,
Might (in their state) forget, how all these things
That subjects do effect, must be their kings.

XIX.

And so fell after into discontent,
For that the king requir'd to have as his, [meant
Those lords were taken prisoners; whom they
To hold still as their proper purchases :
Then, that he would not at their suit consent
To work their cousin Mortimer's release
Out of the rebel Owen Glendour's hands,
Who held him prisoner in disgraceful bands.

XX.

But be what will the cause, strong was their
plot,

Their parties great, means good, the season fit ;
Their practice close, their faith suspected not ;
Their states far off, and they of wary wit :
Who with large promises so woo the Scot
To aid their cause, as he consents to it ;
And glad was to disturb that furious stream
Of war on us, that else had swallowed them.

XXI.

Then join they with the Welch; who, now
well train'd

In arms and action, daily grew more great ;
Their leader by his wiles had much attain'd,
And done much mischief on the English State :
Beside his pris'ner Mortimer he gain'd,
From being a foe, to b' his confederate ;
A man the king much fear'd—And well he (I)
might ; [right
Lest he should look whether his Crown stood

XXII.

For Richard, (for the quiet of the state)
Before he took those Irish wars in hand,
About succession doth deliberate ;
And finding how the certain right did stand,
With full consent this man did ordinate
The heir apparent to the Crown and land ;
Whose competency was of tender touch : [much.
Although his might was small, his right was

XXIII.

With these the Piercys them confederate,
And as three heads conjoin in one intent ;
And instituting a triumvirate,
Do part the land in triple government ;
Dividing thus among themselves the state :
The Piercys should rule all the North from Trent ;
And Glendour, Wales : The Earl of March should
be [grec.
Lord of the South, from Trent—And so they

(I) In the 9th year of the reign of King Richard II. was
by Parliament ordained Roger Earl of March, heir appa-
rent to the Crown.

This Roger was the son of Edmund Mortimer, who
married Philippa, the only daughter of Lionel Duke of
Clarence the third son of K. Edward III. who by her had
issue this Roger, and Elizabeth. Roger had issue four chil-
dren; all which (save only Anne) died without issue.
Anne was married to Richard Earl of Cambridge, second
son to Edmund Duke of York. This Richard (beheaded
at Southampton) had issue by Anne, Richard, (surnamed
Plantagenet) after Duke of York.

XXIV.

Then those fair baits these trouble states still
use,

(Pretence of common good, the king's ill course)
Must be cast forth, the people to abuse,
And give their cause and them the better force.
The king for tyranny they do accuse,
By whom the State was grown from bad to worse ;
A perjur'd man, who held all faith in scorn ;
Whose trusted oaths had others made forsworn.

XXV.

And (m) therewithal the execrable act
On their late murder'd king they aggravate :
" How he employ'd the doers of the fact,
" Whom afterwards he did remunerate ;
" And daily such taxations did exact,
" As were against the order of the state ;
" Presuming those great sums he did impose,
" About his private uses to dispose.

XXVI.

" And how he was environed with such
" As had possess'd him ; and in slanderous sort
" Accus'd them so, as they durst not approach
" To clear themselves of such unjust report.
" And thereupon they flatly disavouch
" To yield him more obedience, or support :
" And as t' a perjur'd Duke of Lancaster,
" Their cartel of defiance they prefer ;

XXVII.

" Protesting these objections to make good
" With sword in hand ; and to confirm and seal
" Their undertaking with their dearest blood,
" As procurators for the commonweal.
" And that upon their consciences it stood,
" And did import their duty and their zeal
" Unto the state, as peers, to see redress'd
" Those miseries wherewith it was oppress'd."

XXVIII.

Great seem'd their cause ; and greatly too did
add

The people's love thereto, these crimes impos'd ;
That many gather'd to the troops they had,
And many sent them aid, though undisclos'd :
So that the king (with all main speed) was glad,
Both by his remonstrances well compos'd,
And with his sword (his best defence) provide
To right himself, and to correct their pride.

XXIX.

" Divulging first a fair apology
" Of his clear heart, touching the foul report
" Of that assassinate ; which utterly
" He doth abjure : Protesting, in no sort
" T' agree thereto, in will or privity.
" And how he had been used to exhort,
" The state could witness best ; by whose con-
" sent
" Was granted what he had in parli'ment :

XXX.

" Which never was but only one supply,
" In four years troublous and expensive reign ;
" And that upon extreme necessity,
" The safety of the public to maintain.

(m) The Piercys article against Henry IV. Anno Reg-
ni. 4.

" And that the Piercies best could testify,
 " How most that money issued was again;
 " To whom the same was render'd, to the end
 " To war the Scot, and borders to defend.

xxxI.

" And that the rest was to the same effect,
 " For which it was obtain'd, in like sort spent.
 " And whereas they did slanderously object,
 " How that they durst not hazard to present
 " In person their defences, in respect
 " He was incens'd by some malevolent:
 " It was most false—for he knew no defence
 " They were to make, till now they made offence.

xxxII.

" And how far he had been from cruelty,
 " Both Wales and Scotland could him witness
 " Where those effects of his great clemency, [bear;
 " In sparing blood, did to his cost appear.
 " Much more his subjects find his lenity;
 " Whose love he seeks to have, and not their fear.
 " But thus, said he, they ever do pretend
 " To have receiv'd a wrong, who wrong intend."

xxxIII.

Not to give time unto th' increasing rage,
 And gath'ring fury; forth he march'd with speed,
 Left more delay, or giving longer age
 To th' evil grown, it might the cure exceed.
 All his best men at arms, and leaders sage;
 All he prepar'd he could: and all did need:
 For to a mighty work thou goest, O king,
 That equal spirits, and equal pow'rs shall bring.

xxxv.

There shall young Hotspur, with a fury led,
 Engrapple with son, as fierce as he:
 There martial Worc'ster, long experienced
 In foreign arms, shall come t' encounter thee.
 There Douglas, to thy Stafford, shall make head;
 There Vernon, for thy valiant Blount, shall be.
 There shalt thou find a doubtful bloody day,
 Though sickness keep Northumberland away.

xxxv.

Who yet reserv'd (though after quit for this)
 Another tempest on thy head to raise;
 As if still wrong-revenging Nemesis
 Meant to afflict all thy continuing days.
 And here this field he happily doth miss,
 For thy great good; and therefore well he stays.
 What might his force have done, being brought
 When that already gave so much to do? [thereto,

xxxvi.

The swift (p) approach, and unexpected speed,
 The king had made upon this new-rais'd force,
 In th' unconfirmed troops much fear did breed,
 Untimely hind'ring their intended course.
 The joining with the Welch, they had decreed,
 Was hereby dash'd; which made their cause the
 worse:

Northumberland, with forces from the North,
 Expected to be there, was not set forth.

(p) The king (hastened forward by George Dunbar) was in sight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, sooner than he was expected. For the Piercies supposed he would have staid longer than he did at Burton upon Trent, for the coming of his council with other forces, which were there to meet him. Whereupon they left to assail the town of Shrewsbury, and prepared to encounter the king's forces, anno regni 4.

xxxvii.

And yet undaunted Hotspur (seeing the king
 So near arriv'd) leaving the work in hand,
 With forward speed his forces marshalling,
 Sets forth, his father coming to withstand;
 And with a cheerful voice encouraging
 His well-experienc'd and advent'rous band,
 Brings on his army, eager unto fight,
 And plac'd the same before the king in fight.

xxxviii.

" This day, faith he, my valiant trusty friends,
 " Whatever it doth give, shall glory give:
 " This day with honour frees our state, or ends
 " Our misery with fame, that still shall live.
 " And do but think, how well the same he spends,
 " Who spends his blood, his country to relieve!
 " What! have we hands; and shall we servile be?
 " Why were swords made; but to preserve men
 " free?

xxxix.

" Besides, th' assured hope of victory,
 " Which we may ev'n fore-promise on our side
 " Against this weak constrained company;
 " Whom force and fear, not will and love, doth
 " Against a prince, whose foul impiety [guide;
 " The Heav'ns do hate; the earth cannot abide.
 " Our number being no less, our courage more;
 " No doubt we have it, if we work therefor."

xl.

This said, and thus resolv'd, ev'n bent to charge
 Upon the king who well their order view'd,
 And wary noted all the course at large
 Of their proceedings, and their multitude:
 And deeming better, if he could discharge
 The day with safety, and some peace conclude;
 Great (q) proffers sent of pardon and of grace,
 If they would yield, and quietness embrace.

xli.

Which though his fears might drive him to pro-
 To time his bus'ness for some other end; [pose;
 Yet sure he could not mean t' have peace with
 Who did in that supreme degree offend. [those
 Nor were they such as would be won with shews,
 Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend;
 So that (in honour) th' offers he doth make,
 Were not for him to give, nor them to take.

xlii.

And yet thus much his courses do approve,
 He was not bloody in his natural;
 And yield he did to more, than might behove
 His dignity to have dispens'd withal.
 And unto Worc'ster he himself did move
 A reconciliation to be made of all;
 But Worc'ster knowing 't could not be secur'd,
 His nephew's onset yet for all procur'd.

xliii.

Which seeing, the king with greater wrath in-
 cens'd,
 Rage against fury doth with speed prepare:

(q) The abbot of Shrewsbury, and one of the clerks of the Privy Seal, were sent from the king to the Piercies, to offer them pardon, if they would come to any reasonable agreement. Whereupon the Earl of Worcester coming to the king, received many kind proffers; and promising to move his nephew therein, did at his return (as is said) conceal them, and hastened to the battle; which was fought near Shrewsbury, anno regni 4.

K ij

“ And though (said he) I could have well dis-
 “ pens’d
 “ With this day’s blood, which I have fought to
 “ spare;
 “ That greater glory might have recompens’d
 “ The forward worth of these that so much dare;
 “ That we might good have had by th’ overthrow’n,
 “ And th’ wounds we make might not have been
 “ our own :

XLIV.

“ Yet since that other men’s iniquity
 “ Calls on the sword of wrath against my will;
 “ And that themselves exact this cruelty,
 “ And I constrained am this blood to spill :
 “ Then on, brave followers; on courageously,
 “ True-hearted subjects, against traitors ill :
 “ And spare not them who seek to spoil us all;
 “ Whose foul, confused end, soon see you shall.”

XLV.

Forthwith began these fury-moving sounds,
 The notes of wrath, the music brought from hell;
 The rattling drums, (which trumpet’s voice con-
 founds)
 The cries, th’ encouragements, the shouting shrill,
 That all about the beaten air rebounds
 Confused, thund’ring murmurs, horrible;
 To rob all sense, except the sense to fight.
 Well hands may work: The mind hath lost his
 fight.

XLVI.

O war! begot in pride and luxury,
 The child of malice, and revengeful hate;
 Thou impious good, and good impiety,
 Thou art the soul refiner of a state;
 Unjust-just scourge of men’s iniquity,
 Sharp-easer of corruptions desperate :
 Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
 Must be let blood with such a boist’rous hand ?

XLVII.

How well might’st thou have here been spar’d
 this day,
 Had not wrong-counsell’d Piercy been perverse?
 Whose forward hand, inur’d to wounds, makes
 way

Upon the sharpest fronts of the most fierce;
 Where now an equal fury thrusts, to slay
 And back-repel that force, and his disperse.
 Then these assail; then those re-chase again;
 Till stay’d with new made hills of bodies slain.

XLVIII.

There lo! that new appearing glorious star,
 Wonder of arms, the terror of the field,
 Young (r) Henry lab’ring where the stoutest are,
 And ev’n the stoutest forceth back to yield :
 There is that hand bolden’d to blood and war,
 That must the sword in wondrous actions
 wield :
 Though better he had learn’d with others blood;
 A less expence to us, to him more good.

XLIX.

Yet here had he not speedy succour lent
 To his endanger’d father, near oppress’d,

(r) Prince Henry, at this battle, was not seventeen
 years of age.

That day had seen the full accomplishment
 Of all his travels, and his final rest.
 For Mars-like Douglas all his forces bent
 T’ encounter, and to grapple with the best;
 As if disdaining any other thing
 To do that day, but to subdue a king.

L.

And three, with fiery courage, he assails;
 Three, all as kings adorn’d in royal wise;
 And each successive after other quails,
 Still wond’ring whence so many kings should rise.
 And doubting lest his hand or eye-sight fails,
 (In these confounded) on a fourth he flies,
 And him unhorses too: Whom had he sped,
 He then all kings in him had vanquished.

LI.

For Henry had divided (as it were)
 The person of himself into four parts;
 To be less known, and yet known ev’ry where,
 The more to animate his people’s hearts :
 Who cheered by his presence, would not spare
 To execute their best and worthiest parts.
 By which, two special things effected are;
 His safety, and his subjects better care.

LII.

And never worthy prince a day did quit
 With greater hazard, and with more renown,
 Than thou did’st, mighty Henry, in this fight;
 Which only made thee owner of thine own !
 Thou never prov’dst the tenure of thy right
 (How thou did’st hold thy easy-gotten crown)
 Till now : And now thou shew’st thyself chief lord,
 By that especial right of kings, the sword.

LIII.

And dear it cost, and much good blood is shed,
 To purchase thee a saving victory :
 Great (s) Stafford, thy High Constable, lies dead,
 With Shorley, Clifton, Gawfell, Calverly,
 And many more, whose brave deaths witnessed
 Their noble valour and fidelity :
 And many more had left their dearest blood
 Behind that day, had Hotspur longer stood.

LIV.

But he, as Douglas with his fury led,
 Rusheth into the thickest woods of spears,
 And brakes of swords, still laying at the head,
 (The life of th’ army) whilst he nothing fears,
 Or spares his own; comes all environed
 With multitude of pow’r, that over-bears
 His manly worth : Who yields not in his fall;
 But fighting dies, and dying kills withal.

LV.

What ark, what trophy, what magnificence
 Of glory, Hotspur, had’st thou purchas’d here;
 Could but thy cause as fair as thy pretence,
 Be made unto thy country to appear !
 Had it been her protection and defence,
 (Not thy ambition) made thee sell so dear
 Thyself this day ! she must have here made good
 An everlasting statue for thy blood.

LVI.

Which thus mis-spent, thy army presently
 (As if they could not stand when thou wer’st down)

(s) Edmond Earl of Stafford, Constable of England.

Dispers'd in rout, betook them all to fly;
And Douglas, faint with wounds, and over-
thrown,

Was taken; who yet won the enemy
Which took him, (by his noble valour shewn,
In that day's mighty work) and was preserv'd
With all the grace and honour he deserv'd.

LXVII.

(*t*) Worcester (who had escap'd unhappily
His death in battle) on a scaffold dies,
The next day after, in the company
Of other chiefest of that enterprise.
And so the tempest of this mutiny
Became allay'd; and those great jeopardies
Blown over in this fort, the coasts well clear'd,
But for one threat'ning cloud that yet appear'd.

LXVIII.

Northumberland recover'd, still out stands;
The principal of this great family,
And faction: Having Berwick in his hands,
With other holds: Strong by confederacy
With Scotland; mighty by his own command.
And likely now his utmost pow'r to try,
T'avenge him on the ruin of his blood,
And join with Wales, which yet undaunted stood.

LXIX.

Which mov'd the king, (who had too much
endur'd
In this days work, to hazard new again)
By all the aptest means could be procur'd,
To lay to draw him in by any train.
And write he did, and vow'd, and him assur'd
(Upon his princely word) to entertain
With former grace, if he would but submit,
And come to yield th' obedience that was fit.

LX.

The earl being now by this defeat dismay'd,
(And fearing his confederates would fail,
With fortune, and betray, rather than aid
Those who are down; being for their own avail)
Relying on his sovereign's oath, obey'd;
Which with his tender griefs did much prevail:
And in he came, and had no detriment,
But (for a shew) some short imprisonment.

LXI.

The parli'ment that afterward ensu'd,
Restor'd him t' all his dignities and lands.
And now none but the Welch seem'd to seclude
The king, from having wholly in his hands
All peace within: And then he had pursu'd,
Whilst this brave army, with these ready bands,
Were yet on foot; could he but have got pay
To hold them, and his charge of war defray.

LXII.

But that he could not gain, though all the ways
That might be wrought, he labours to procure
Means to effect the same. But those delays,
And long protraction, which he must endure
By way of parli'ment, so much betrays
The opportunity, that might secure
His undertaking; as th' occasion lost,
Drive both the state and him to greater cost.

(*t*) Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester; with Sir Richard Vernon, and the Baron of Kinderton, were taken in the battle, and beheaded.

LXI.

For now the (*u*) rebel, thus forborn, grows
strong,

Both in his reputation and success:
For having with his pow'r held out so long,
Many adventure with more forwardness
To yield him aid, and to support his wrong.
And foreign princes (in his business
Whom he solicits) now will lend their hand
To hold him up, seeing himself can stand.

LXIV.

And thus he prospers: Whilst the king here
spent

Much time to (*x*) levy treasure, to maintain
His charge abroad: Which, with that discontent,
That murmur, those denials, he doth gain;
As that he finds it ev'n as turbulent
To war for it, as with it, all his reign;
Though he had those enforcements of expence,
Both for offence, retainments, and defence.

LXV.

For here beside these troubles in the land,
His large dominions held abroad require
A plentiful, and a prepared hand,
To guard them; where so (*y*) mighty men aspire
T'assail, distract, and trouble his command,
With hopes and promises, with sword and fire.
And then as deep imports his coasts to clear,
Which by his neighbours much infested were:

LXVI.

The Flemings, Britons, with the French and
all,
Attempt incursions, and work much despite.
Orleans for Guien: And here the (*z*) Count St.
Paul

For Calais labours, and the Isle of Wight;
Wherein though neither had success at all;
Yet Cler'mont overcame, and won by fight
Important holds in Gascony the while,
And did the English much distress and spoil.

LXVII.

All which require provisions to withstand;
And all are succour'd with great providence.
A navy, to secure the seas, is mann'd;
And (*a*) forces sent to Calais, for defence.
And wherein other parts defective stand,
They are supply'd with careful diligence:
So that his subjects could not but well know,
That what they granted, he did sure bestow.

(*u*) The French king sends aid to Owen Glendour, with 140 ships, which landed at Milford Haven, An. reg. 6.

(*x*) An. Reg. 6. With much ado, the laity granted two fifteenths, upon condition that the Lord Furnival should receive all the money, and see it to be spent in the king's wars.

(*y*) The Duke of Orleans, with an army of 6000 men, entered into Guienne, and besieged Vergi the space of three months, and returned without obtaining it. Anno Reg. 5. The Count Clerimont, son to the Duke of Bourbon, with Monsieur de la Brett, won divers castles in Gascony. The same time the Count St. Paul invadeth the Isle of Wight with 1600 men.

(*z*) Anno Regni 6. The Count St. Paul besiegeth the castle of Mark, within three miles of Calais. The Britons, under the conduct of the Lord of Castils, spoiled and burnt the town of Plymouth.

(*a*) The king sends 4000 men to Calais, and 3000 to the seas, under the conduct of his second son, Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

LXVIII.

Nor did he spare himself, nor his; but (bent
All wholly unto active worthiness)
The Prince of Wales unto his province sent,
Where he was sure he should not take his ease:
His second son is with the Earl of Kent,
Employ'd as governor to keep the seas.
A (b) third, though very young, likewise sent forth
With Westmorland, attends unto the north.

LXIX.

Thus were they bred, who after were to be
Men amongst men. Here, with these grave adjoints,
(These learned masters) they were taught to see
Themselves, to read the world, and keep their
points.

Thus were they entered in the first degree
(And accident) of action; which acquaints
Them with the rules of worth and nobleness;
Which in true concord they learn'd well t' express.

LXX.

And whilst h' attends the state thus carefully,
The Earl of March's children are convey'd
Out of the Tow'r of Windsor secretly;
Being pris'ners there not for their merit laid,
But for their blood; and to the end whereby
This chain of nature might be interlaid
Between the father and his high intents,
To hold him back, to save these innocents.

LXXI.

For which attempt, (though it were frustrated
By their recovery, who were got again)
Aumarle (now Duke of York) is challenged
By his own (c) sister, to have laid that train;
Who late her lord (with others) ruined,
In secretly betraying them, t' obtain
His grace and peace—which yet contents him not:
For who hath grace and peace by treason got?

LXXII.

So much did love t' her executed lord
Predominate in this fair lady's heart,
As in that region it would not afford
Nature a place to rest in any part
Of her affections; but that she abhor'd
Her proper blood, and left to do the part
Of sisterhood, to do that of a wife;
T' avenge a husband's death, by brother's life.

LXXIII.

Upon which accusation, presently
The duke committed is, without much stir
Or vulgar noise; for that it tenderly
Did touch the secret'st wounds of Lancaster:
When strait another (d) new conspiracy
(As if it were a certain successor,
Ally'd to this) engender'd in the north,
Is by th' Archbishop Scroope with pow'r brought
forth.

(b) John, after Duke of Bedford, sent with Ralph Nevile,
Earl of Westmoreland, into the north.

(c) The Lady Spencer, sister to Edward D. of York, late
wife to Thomas Lord Spencer, (executed at Bristol, anno
reg. 1.) accused her brother to be the chief author of con-
veying away the Earl of March's sons out of the Tower of
Windsor.

(d) Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, again con-
spires against the king; with Rich. Scroope, Archbishop
of York; Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal; Thomas Lord
Burdolph, and others. They assembled the citizens
of York, with the country adjoining, to take their part,
for the commodity of the realm.

LXXIV.

And with fair zeal and piety approv'd,
To be for th' universal benefit
And succour of the people; who (soon mov'd
By such persuaders as are held upright,
And for their zeal and charity below'd)
Use not t' examine if the cause be right,
But leap into the toil, and are undone
By following them that they rely'd upon.

LXXV.

Here new aspersions, with new obloquies,
Are laid on old deserts; and future ill
On present suff'rings bruted to arise,
That farther (e) grievances engender will.
And then concussion, rapine, pillories,
Their catalogue of accusations fill:
Which to redress, they do presume to make
Religion to avow the part they take.

LXXVI.

And ev'n as Canterbury did produce
A pardon, to advance him to the crown;
The like now (f) York pronounces, to induce
His faction for the pulling of him down:
Whilst th' ignorant, deceiv'd by this abuse,
Makes others ends to be as if their own.
But what would these have done against the crimes,
Oppressions, riots, wastes of other times?

LXXVII.

Since now they had a monarch, and a man,
Rais'd by his worth, and by their own consent,
To govern them; and works the best he can,
T' advance the crown, and give the state content;
Commits not all to others care, nor ran
An idle course, or on his minions spent.
“But thus the horse at first bites at the bit,
“That after is content to play with it.”

LXXVIII.

Grown to a mighty pow'r (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared aid)
The bishop (by a parley) is, with a show
Of combination, cunningly betray'd
By (g) Westmoreland; whose wit did overthrow
(Without a sword) all these great fears, and stay'd
The mightiest danger that did ever yet
Thy crown and state, disturbed Henry, threat.

LXXIX.

For which this (h) rev'rend priest with Mow-
bray dies;
Who both drawn on with passion of despite,
To undertake this fatal enterprise,
(The one his brother's bloodshed to require;
The other for his father's injuries)
Did wrong themselves, and did not others right.
“For who through the eyes of their affections look,
“And not of judgment, thus are overtaken.”

(e) They divulge grievous articles against the king.

(f) The Archbishop of York offers pardon to all that take
their part against the king.

(g) The Earl of Westmoreland, with John D. of Lancaster,
gathered an army against the conspirators; whose power
being too great for them, the Earl made semblance to join
with the Archbishop, for redress of such grievances as he
pretended; and so circumvented, and disarmed him of
his forces, anno reg. 6.

(h) The Archbishop was brother to William Scroope,
Earl of Wiltshire, Treasurer of England, before beheaded.
Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal, son to the Duke of
Norfolk, banished about the quarrel with Henry Boling-
broke.

LXXX.

Whereof, when news came to (i) Northumberland,

(Who seldom other than of misery
Seems born to hear; being ever behind hand
With fortune, and his opportunity)

To Scotland flies: Where giv'n to understand
Of some entrapment by conspiracy,
Gets into Wales; whence he adventured
T' attempt another day, and lost his head.

LXXXI.

Whereby once more those parts are quieted:
When as the (k) king (who never had his brow
Seen free from sweat, nor heart from trouble rid)
Was, with suspicion that his son grew now
Too popular, and forward, so much fed
By wicked instruments (who well knew how
To gain by princes fears) as he thereby
Fell in his grief to great extremity.

LXXXII.

Which when that virtuous prince (who born
to be

The model of a glorious monarch) heard,
With humble protestations did so free
His father's fears, and his own honour clear'd,
As that he plainly made the world to see,
How base detraction and deceit appear'd;
And that a heart so nobly built, could not
Contain (within) a thought that wore a blot.

LXXXIII.

Wherewith the king betakes him to some peace;
Yet to a peace much like a sick man's sleep,
(Whose unrelenting pains do never cease,
But always watch upon his weakness keep)
That never any Sabbath of release
Could free his travels, and afflictions deep:
But still his cares held working all his life,
Till death concludes a final end with strife.

LXXXIV.

Whose herald, sickness, being employ'd before,
With full commission to denounce his end;
And pain and grief enforcing more and more,
Besieg'd the hold that could not long defend;
Consuming so all that resisting store
Of those provisions nature design'd to lend,
As that the walls (worn thin) permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.

LXXXV.

For now (as if those vapours vanish'd were,
Which heat of boiling blood and health did breed,
To cloud the judgment) things do plain appear
In their own colours, as they are indeed;
When as th' illighten'd soul discovers clear
Th' abusive shews of sense, and notes with heed
How poor a thing is pride; "When all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves."

LXXXVI.

And lying on his last, afflicted bed,
Pale death and conscience both before him stand;

(i) The Earl of Northumberland returning out of Wales, recovers new forces in Yorkshire; and is, with the Lord Bardolph, overcome at Brainham moor, and slain in the battle, anno regni 9.

(k) The king grows jealous of his son Henry, Prince of Wales; who, with a better mind than fashion, came to his father, and cleared himself, anno regni 13.

Th' one holding out a book, wherein he read
In bloody lines the deeds of his own hand:
The other shews a glass, which figured
An ugly form of foul corrupted sand;
Both bringing horror in the high'st degree,
With what he was, and what he soon should be.

LXXXVII.

Which seeing, (all trembling, and confus'd with
fear,)

He lay a while amaz'd with this affright:
At last commands some that attending were,
To fetch the crown, and set it in his sight:
On which, with fixed eye, and heavy cheer,
Casting a look—"O God, faith he, what right
"I had to thee, I now in grief conceive!
"Thee—which with blood I held, with horror
leave!"

LXXXVIII.

And herewithal, the soul (rapt with the thought
Of mischiefs past) did so attentive weigh
These present terrors, whilst (as if forgot)
The dull oppress'd body senseless lay;
That he as breathless quite, quite dead is thought:
When lo! the son comes in, and takes away
This fatal crown from thence; and out he goes,
As if impatient longer time to lose.

LXXXIX.

To whom (call'd back for this presumptuous
deed)

The king, return'd from out his ecstasy. [speed,
Began—"O son, what need'st thou make such
"To be before hand with thy misery?
"Thou shalt have time enough, if thou succeed,
"To feel the storms that beat on dignity.
"And if thou could'st but be (be any thing)
"In liberty, then never be a king.

xc.

"Nay, father, since your fortune did attain
"So high a stand, I mean not to descend,
"Replies the prince. As if what you did gain,
"I were of spirit unable to defend.
"Time will appease them well, who now complain,
"And ratify our int'rest in the end.
"What wrong hath not continuance quite out-
worn?

xci.

"Years make that right, which never was so born.
"If so, God work his pleasure, said the king:
"Yet thou must needs contend with all thy might,
"Such evidence of virtuous deeds to bring,
"That well may prove our wrong to be our right.
"And let the goodness of the managing
"Raise out the blot of foul attaining quite;
"That discontent may all advantage miss,
"To wish it otherwise than now it is.

xcii.

"And since my death my purpose doth prevent,
"Touching this Holy War I took in hand,
"(An action wherewithal my soul had meant
"T' appease my God, and reconcile my land)
"To thee is left to finish my intent;
"Who, to be safe, must never idly stand:
"But some great actions entertain thou still,
"To hold their minds, who else will practise ill,

K iij

xciii.

"Thou hast not that advantage by my reign,
 "To riot it, as they whom long descent
 "Hath purchas'd love by custom: But with pain
 "Thou must contend to buy the world's content.
 "What their birth gave them thou hast yet to
 "gain,
 "By thine own virtues and good government:
 "So that unless thy worth confirm the thing,
 "Thou never shalt be father to a king.

xciv.

"Nor art thou born in those calm days, where
 "rest
 "Hath brought asleep sluggish security:
 "But in tumultuous times, where minds address'd
 "To factions, are inur'd to mutiny;
 "A mischief, not by force to be suppress'd,
 "Where rigour still begets more enmity.
 "Hatred must be beguil'd with some new course,
 "Where states are stiff, and princes doubt their
 "force."

xcv.

This, and much more, affliction would have said,
 Out of th' experience of a troublous reign,
 (For which his high desires had dearly paid
 The int'rest of an ever-toiling pain)
 But that this all-subduing pow'r here stay'd (again)
 His falt'ring (l) tongue; and pain (t' enforce, t'
 Barr'd up th' oppress'd passages of breath,
 To bring him quite under the state of death.

xcvi.

In whose possession I must leave him now;
 And now into the ocean of new toils,
 Into the stormy main (where tempests grow
 Of greater ruins, and of greater spoils)
 Set forth my course (to hasten on my vow)
 O'er all the troublous deep of these turmoils.
 And if I may but live t' attain the shore
 Of my desired end, I wish no more.

(l) Anno dom 1412, the king died in the 46th year of his age, when he had reigned 13 years and 6 months; and left four sons, Henry, after him king, the Duke of Clarence, John Duke of Bedford, and Humphry Duke of Gloucester.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Henry the V. cuts off his enemy,
The Earl of Cambridge, that conspir'd his death.
Henry the VI. (marry'd unluckily)
His, and his country's glory ruineth.
Suffolk, that made the match, prefer'd too high,
Going t' exile, a pirate murdereth.
What means the Duke of York observ'd, to gain
The worlds good will, seeking the crown t' attain.

I.
CLOSE smother'd lay the low depressed fire,
Whose after-issuing flames confounded all,
The whilst victorious (a) Henry did conspire
The wreck of France, that at his feet did fall;
Whilst joys of gotten spoils, and new desire
Of greater gain, to greater deeds did call
His conqu'ring troops; that could no thoughts
retain,
Save thoughts of glory, all that active reign.

II.
Whom here, methinks, (as if he did appear
Out of the cloudy darkness of the night)
I do behold approach with martial cheer,
And with a dreadful (and yet lovely) sight:
Whose eye gives courage, and whose brow hath
fear,
Both representing terror and delight;
And stays my course, and off my purpose breaks;
And in upbraiding words thus fiercely speaks.

III.
"Ungrateful times! that impiously neglect
That worth, that never times again shall show.
"What! merits all our toil no more respect?
"Or else stands idleness ashamed to know
"Those wondrous actions, that do so object
"Blame to the wanton, sin unto the slow?

(a) Henry V. began his reign March 20, 1412.

"Can England see the best that she can boast
"Lie thus ungrac'd, undeck'd, and almost lost?

IV.
"Why do you seek for feigned palladines,
"(Out of the smoke of idle vanity)
"Who may give glory to the true designs
"Of Bouchier, Talbot, Nevile, Willoughby?
"Why should not you strive to fill up your lines,
"With wonders of your own, with verity?
"T' enflame their offspring with the love of good;
"And glorious true examples of their blood.

V.
"What everlasting matter here is found,
"Whence new immortal iliads might proceed!
"That those whose happy graces do abound
"In blessed accents, here may have to feed
"Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
"Of hungry shadows, which no profit breed;
"Whence, music like, instant delight may grow;
"Yet when men all do know, they nothing know.

VI.
"And why dost thou, in lamentable verse,
"Nothing but bloodshed, treasons, sin and shame,
"The worst of times, th' extreme of ills rehearse;
"To raise old stains, and to renew dead blame?
"As if the minds of th' evil and perverse,
"Were not far sooner trained from the same,
"By good example of fair virtuous acts,
"Than by the shew of foul ungodly facts;

VII.

"Would God our times had had some sacred
"wight,
"Whose words as happy as our swords had been,
"To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
"Of undecaying frames t' have rested in;
"Triumphant arks of perdurable might:
"O holy lines! that such advantage win
"Upon the scythe of time, in spite of years:
"How blessed they, who gain what never wears!

VIII.

"For what is it to do; if what we do
"Shall perish near as soon as it is done?
"What is that glory we attain unto
"With all our toil, if lost as soon as won?
"A small requital for so great ado,
"Is this poor present breath, a smoke soon gone;
"Or these dumb stones, erected for our sake:
"Which formless heaps few stormy changes make.

IX.

"Tell great Eliza, (since her days are grac'd
"With those bright ornaments to us deny'd)
"That she repair what darkness hath defac'd,
"And get our ruin'd deeds re-edify'd.
"She! in whose all-directing eye is plac'd
"A pow'r, the highest pow'rs of wit to guide;
"She may command the work, and oversee
"The holy frame, that might eternal be.

X.

"For would she be content that time should
"make
"A rav'nous prey upon her glorious reign;
"That darkness and the night should overtake
"So clear a brightness shining without stain?
"Ah! no. She fosters some, no doubt, that wake
"For her eternity, with pleasing pain.
"And if she for herself prepare this good,
"Let her not so neglect those of her blood."

XI.

This that great monarch Henry seem'd to crave:
When (weighing what a holy motive here
Virtue propos'd, and fit for him to have,
Whom all times ought of duty hold most dear)
I sigh'd—and wish'd that some would take t' en-
grave,
With curious hand, so proud a work to rear,
(To grace the present, and to bless times past)
That might for ever to our glory last!

XII.

So should our well-taught times have learn'd
alike,
How fair shin'd virtue, and how foul vice stood;
When now myself am driven to mislike
Those deeds of worth I dare not vow for good:
I cannot mean who lose, nor praise who seek
By mighty actions here t' advance their blood.
I must say, who wrought most, least honour had:
However good the cause, the deeds were bad.

XIII.

And only tell the worst of ev'ry reign;
And not the intermeddled good report.
I leave what glory virtue did attain
At th' ever memorable Agincourt.
I leave to tell, what wit, what pow'r did gain
Th' assieg'd Roan, Caen, Dreux; or in what fort:

How majesty with terror did advance
Her conqu'ring foot on all-subdued France.

XIV.

All this I pass; and that magnan'mous king,
Mirror of virtue, miracle of worth;
Whose mighty actions, with wise managing,
Forc'd prouder boasting climes to serve the north:
The best of all the best the earth can bring,
Scarce equals him in what his reign brought forth;
Being of a mind as forward to aspire,
As fit to govern what he did desire.

XV.

His comely body was a goodly feat,
Where virtue dwelt most fair, as lodg'd most pure:
A body strong; where use of strength did get
A stronger state to do, and to endure.
His life he makes th' example to beget
Like spirit in those he did to good inure;
And gave to worth such life and livelihood,
As if he greatness fought but to do good.

XVI.

He, as the chief and all-directing head,
Did with his subjects as his members live;
And them to goodness forced not, but led;
Winning, not much to have, but much to give,
(Deeming the pow'r of his, his pow'r did spread)
As born to bless the world, and not to grieve:
Adorn'd with others spoils, not subjects store;
No king exacting less, none winning more.

XVII.

He, after that corrupted faith had bred
An ill inur'd obedience for command,
And languishing luxuriousness had spread
Wayward unaptness over all the land;
Those long-unorder'd troops so marshalled,
Under such formal discipline to stand,
That ev'n his soul seem'd only to direct
So great a body such exploits t' effect.

XVIII.

He brings abroad distracted discontent,
Dispers'd all humours into actions high;
And to unite them all in one consent,
Plac'd the fair mark of glory in their eye;
That malice had no leisure to dissent,
Nor envy time to practise treachery.
The present actions do divert the thought
Of madness past, while minds were so well
wrought.

XIX.

Here now were pride, oppression, usury,
(The canker-eating mischiefs of the state)
Call'd forth to prey upon the enemy;
Whilst the home-burden'd better lighten'd sat.
Exactors did not with a greedy eye
Examine states, or private riches rate.
The silent (b) courts warr'd not with busy words;
Nor wrested law gave the contentious swords.

XX.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,
But stratagems, assaults, surprises, fights:
How to give laws to them that conquer'd were;
How to articulate with yielding wights.
The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,
How to retain: To give deserts their rights;

(b) The courts of justice.

Werenow the arts—And nothing else wasthought,
But how to win, and maintain what was got.

XXI.

Nor here were any privately possess'd,
Or held alone imprison'd majesty;
Proudly debarring entrance from the rest,
As if the prey were theirs by victory,
Here no detractor wounds who merits best;
Nor shameless brow cheers on impiety.
Virtue who all her toil with zeal had spent,
Not here all unrewarded sighing went.

XXII.

But here, the equally-respecting eye
Of pow'r, looking alike on like deserts,
Blessing the good, made others good thereby;
More mighty by the multitude of hearts.
The field of glory unto all doth lie
Open alike; honour to all imparts.
So that the only fashion in request,
Was, to be good, or good-like as the rest.

XXIII.

So much, O thou example, dost effect,
(Being far a better (c) master than command
That how to do, by doing dost direct,
And teachest others action by thy hand.
"Who follows not the course that kings elect?
"When princes work, who then will idle stand?
"And when that doing good is only thought
"Worthy reward; who will be bad for nought?

XXIV.

And had not (d) th' Earl of Cambridge, with
vain speed,
Untimely practis'd for another's right,
With hope t' advance those of his proper feed,
(On whom the rule seem'd destined to light)
The land had seen none of her own to bleed,
During this reign, nor no aggrieved sight:
None the least blackness interclouded had
So fair a day, nor any eye look'd sad.

XXV.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gath'ring tempest growing on from hence,
Ready to fall, threat'ning their state to marr,
They labour all means to provide defence:
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition busied with her own.

XXVI.

Finding those humours which they saw were fit
Soon to be wrought, and easy to be fed,
Swol'n full with envy, that the crown should sit
There where it did, (as if established)
And whom it touch'd in blood, to grieve at it;
They with such hopes and helps solicited,
That this great earl was drawnt' attempt the thing,
And practiseth to depose the king.

XXVII.

For being of mighty means to do the deed,
And yet of mightier hopes than means to do;

(c) -----Docet talerare labores; non jubet.

(d) Richard Earl of Cambridge, the second son to Edmund Langley, Duke of York; married Anne, the daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, descended from Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son to King Edward III. By whose right, Richard Duke of York, son to this Earl of Cambridge, afterwards claimed the crown.

And yet of spirit that did his hopes exceed;
And then of blood as great, to add thereto:
All these, with what the gold of France could
breed,

(Being pow'rs enough a climbing mind to woo)
He so employ'd, that many he had won
Ev'n of the (e) chief the king rely'd upon.

XXVIII.

The well-known right of th' Earl of Marchallur'd
A leaning love; whose cause he did pretend:
Whereby he knew that so himself procur'd
The crown for his own children in the end.
For the earl being (as he was assur'd)
Unapt for issue; it must needs descend
On those of his, being next of Clarence race,
As who by course of right should hold the place.

XXIX.

It was the time, when as the forward prince
Had all prepar'd for his great (f) enterprise;
And ready stand his troops to part from hence,
And all in stately form and order lies;
When open fame gives out intelligence,
Of these bad complots of his enemies.
Or else this time of purpose chosen is;
Though known before, yet let run on till this.

XXX.

That this might yield the more to aggravate
Upon so foul a deed untimely fought,
Now at this point t' attempt to ruinate
So glorious a design so forward brought;
Whilst careful virtue seeks t' advance the state,
And for her everlasting honour fought:
That though the cause seem'd right, and title
strong;
The time of doing it yet makes it wrong.

XXXI.

But strait an unlamented death he had.
And strait were joyfully the anchors weigh'd,
And all flock fast aboard with visage glad;
As if the sacrifice had now been paid
For their good speed, that made their stay so sad,
Loting the least occasion that delay'd.
And now new thoughts, great hopes, calm seas,
fair winds,
With present action entertain their minds.

XXXII.

No other crosses, O Henry, saw thy days
But this, that touch'd thy now possessed hold;
Not after long, till this man's (g) son assays
To get of thine the right that he controul'd;
For which contending long, his life he pays.
So that it fatal seem'd, the father should
Thy winning seek to slay; and then his son
Should be the cause to lose, when thou hadst won.

XXXIII.

Yet now in this so happy a meanwhile,
And interlighting times thy virtues wrought,
That discord had no leisure to defile
So fair attempts with a tumultuous thought:

(e) The Earl of Cambridge conspiring the death of the king, was, with Henry Scroupe, Lord Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey, executed at Southampton, anno regni. 3.

(f) At Southampton.
(g) Richard Duke of York, son to the Earl of Cambridge, by Anne daughter to the Earl of March, made his claim in the 30th year of Henry VI.

And ev'n thyself thyself didst so beguile
With such attention upon what was fought,
That time affords not now (with fear or hate)
Others to seek, thee to secure thy state.

xxxiv.

Or else how easy had it been for thee,
All the pretendent race t' have laid full low?
If thou proceeded hadst with cruelty,
Not suff'ring any fatal branch to grow.
But unsuspicious magnanimity
Shames such effects of fear and force to shew;
Busied in free and open actions, still
Being great—For being good, hates to be ill.

xxxv.

And yet such wrongs are held meet to be done,
And often for the state thought requisite;
As when the public good depends thereon,
When great injustice is esteem'd great right.
But yet, what good with doing ill is won?
Who hath of blood made such a benefit,
As hath not fear'd more after than before;
And made his peace the less, his plague the more?

xxxvi.

For otherwise dealt this undaunted king,
That cherished the offspring of his foes,
And his competitors to grace did bring;
And them his friends for arms and honours chose:
As if plain courses were the safest thing,
Where upright goodness sure and steadfast goes;
Free from that subtle mask'd impiety,
Which this depraved world calls policy.

xxxvii.

Yet how hath fate dispos'd of all this good?
What have these virtues after-times avail'd?
In what stead hath high-raised valour stood,
When this continuing cause of greatness fail'd?
Then when proud grown the irritated,
Enduring not itself, itself assail'd;
As though that prowess had but learn'd to spill
Much blood abroad, to cut her throat with skill.

xxxviii.

How doth th' Eternal, in the course of things,
Immix the causes both of good and ill?
That thus the one effects of th' other brings;
As what seems made to bliss, is born to spill?
What! from the best of virtues, glory, springs
That which the world with misery doth fill?
Is th' end of happiness but wretchedness?
Hath sin his plague, and virtue no success?

xxxix.

Either that is not good the world holds good;
Or else is so confus'd with ill, that we
(Abused with th' appearing likelihood)
Run to offend, whilst we think good to be:
Or else the heav'ns made man (in furious blood)
To torture man; allotting no course free
From mischief long. Sending fair days, that breed
But storms; to make more foul times that succeed.

xl.

Who would have thought that so great vic-
tories,
Such conquests, riches, land, and kingdom gain'd,
Could not but have establish'd in such wise
This pow'rful state, in state to have remain'd?

Who would have thought that mischief could
devise

A way, so soon, to lose what was attain'd?
As if pow'r were but shew'd to grieve, not grace,
And to reduce us into far worse case.

xli.

With what contagion, France, didst thou infect
This land, by thee made proud, to disagree?
T' enrage them so, their own swords to direct
Upon themselves, that were made sharp in thee?
Why didst thou teach them here at home t' erect
Trophies of their blood, which of thine should be?
Or was the date of thine affliction out;
And so (by course) was ours to come about?

xlii.

But that untimely death of this (b) great king,
Whose nine years reign so mighty wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to us despair did bring;
Not long to keep and govern what was got.
For those that had th' affairs in managing,
Although their country's good they greatly sought;
Yet so ill accidents unfitly fell,
That their designs could hardly prosper well.

xliii.

An (i) infant king doth in the state succeed,
Scarce one year old, left unto others guide:
Whose careful trust, though such as shew'd indeed
They weigh'd their charge more than the world
beside,
And did with duty, zeal, and love proceed;
Yet (for all what their travel could provide)
Could not woo fortune to remain with us,
When this her minion was departed thus:

xliv.

But by degrees, first this, then that regain'd,
The turning tide bears back with flowing chance
Unto the dauphin, all we had attain'd;
And fills the late low-running hopes of France.
When Bedford (who our only hold maintain'd
Death takes from us, their fortune to advance;
And then home-strife, that on itself did fall,
Neglecting foreign cure, did soon lose all.

xlv.

Near threescore years are pass'd since Boling-
broke
Did first attain (God knows how just) the crown;
And now his race, for right possessors took,
Were held of all to hold nought but their own:
When Richard Duke of York begins to look
Into their right, and makes his title known;
Wak'ning up sleeping right, that lay as dead,
To witness how his race was injured.

xlvi.

His father's end, in him no fear could move,
T' attempt the like, against the like of might;
Where long possession now of fear and love,
Seem'd to prescribe ev'n an innated right.
So that to prove his state, was to disprove
Time, law, consent, oath, and allegiance quite:
And no way but the way of blood there was,
Through which (with all confusion) he must pass.

(b) Henry V. reigned nine years and ten months, and died in the 36th year of his age.

(i) Henry VI. scarce one year old when he began his reign, was committed to the charge of the two good dukes, Bedford and Gloucester, his uncles.

XLVII.

"And how much better for him had it been,
 "T' endure a wrong with peace, than with such
 "toil
 "T' obtain a bloody right?—Since right is sin,
 "That is ill fought, and purchased with spoil."
 But this so wretched state are kingdoms in,
 Where one man's cause shall all the rest embroil:
 "And oft t' advance a tyrant to a crown,
 "Men run t' undo the state that is their own."

XLVIII.

And yet that opportunity which led
 Him to attempt, seem'd likewise him t' excuse:
 A feeble spirited king that governed,
 Who ill could guide the sceptre he did use;
 His enemies, that his worth maliced,
 Who both the land and him did much abuse:
 The peoples love; and his apparent right,
 May seem sufficient motives to incite.

XLIX.

Besides, the now ripe wrath (deferr'd till now)
 Of that sure and unfailing justicer,
 That never suffers wrong so long to grow,
 And to incorporate with right so far,
 As it might come to seem the same in shew,
 (T' encourage those that evil-minded are
 By such success) but that at last he will
 Confound the branch, whose root was planted ill.

L.

Else might the impious say, with grudging spite,
 "Doth God permit the great to riot free,
 "And bless the mighty though they do unright,
 "As if he did unto their wrongs agree?
 "And only plague the weak and wretched wight,
 "For smallest faults, ev'n in the high'st degree?
 "When he but using them for others scourge,
 "Likewise of them at length the world doth purge.

LI.

"But could not yet for bloodshed satisfy
 "The now well-ruling of th' ill-gotten crown?
 "Must ev'n the good receive the penalty
 "Of former sins, that never were their own?
 "And must a just king's blood (with misery)
 "Pay for a bad, unjustly overthrown?
 "Well!--then we see, right in his course must go:
 "And men, t' escape from blood, must keep it so."

LII.

And sure this king that now the crown possess'd,
 (Henry the Sixth) was one whose life was free
 From that command of vice, whereto the rest
 Of most these mighty sov'reigns subjects be;
 And number'd might have been among the best
 Of other men, if not of that degree.
 A right good man, but yet an evil king;
 Unfit for what he had in managing.

LIII.

Of humble spirit, of nature continent;
 No thought t' encrease he had; scarce keep his
 own;
 For pard'ning apter, than for punishment;
 He chokes his pow'r, to have his bounty known.
 Far from revenge; soon won; soon made content;
 As fitter for a cloister than a crown:
 Whose holy mind so much addicted is
 On th' world to come, that he neglecteth this.

LIV.

With such a weak-good, feeble-godly king,
 Hath Richard Duke of York his cause to try;
 Who by th' experience of long managing
 The wars of France with supreme dignity;
 And by his own great worth, with furthering
 The common good against the enemy,
 Had wrought, that zeal and love attend his might,
 And make his spirit equal to his right.

LV.

For now the Duke of Bedford being dead,
 He is ordain'd the (k) regent to succeed
 In France, for five years: where he travel'd
 With ready hand, and with as careful heed,
 To seek to turn back fortune, (that now fled)
 And hold up falling pow'r in time of need:
 And got and lost; and re-attains again,
 That which again was lost for all his pain.

LVI.

His time expir'd, he should for five years more
 Have had his charge prolong'd: but (l) Somerset,
 That still had envy'd his command before,
 That place and honour for himself did get:
 Which adds that matter to th' already store
 Of kindled hate, which such a fire doth set
 Unto the touch of a confounding flame,
 As both their bloods could never quench the same.

LVII.

And now the weakness of that feeble head
 (That doth neglect all care, but his soul's care)
 So easy means of practice ministr'd
 Unto th' ambitious members, to prepare
 Their own desires to what their humours led;
 That all good actions coldly followed are,
 And sev'ral tending hopes do wholly bend
 To other now than to the public end.

LVIII.

And to draw on more speedy misery,
 The king unto a fatal match is led,
 With (m) Rayner's daughter, King of Sicily;
 Whom, with unlucky stars, he married.
 For by the means of this affinity,
 Was lost all that his father conquered;
 Ev'n as if France had some Erynnis sent,
 T' avenge their wrongs done by the insolent.

LIX.

This marriage was the (n) Earl of Suffolk's
 deed,
 With great rewards won to effect the same;
 Which made him that he took so little heed
 Unto his country's good, or his own shame:
 It being a match could stand us in no stead,
 For strength, for wealth, for reputation, fame;
 But cunningly contriv'd for others gain;
 And cost us more than Anjou, Mons, and Main.

(k) The Duke of York made regent in France, after the death of the Duke of Bedford.

(l) Edmund Duke of Somerset, a great enemy of the Duke of York.

(m) This Rayner was Duke of Anjou, and only enjoyed the title of King of Sicily.

(n) William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, after created Duke of Suffolk, the chief instrument in this marriage; which was solemnized, anno regni 23. between the king and the Lady Margaret, daughter to Rayner Duke of Anjou; to whom was delivered up the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Main, upon the conclusion of the match.

LX.

And yet (as if he had accomplished
Some mighty benefit unto the land)
He got his travels to be registered
In parliament, for evermore to stand
A witness to approve all what he did;
To th' end that if hereafter it were scann'd,
Authority might yet be on his side,
As doing nought but what was ratify'd.

LXI.

Imagining th' allowance of that place
Would make that good, the which he knew was
And so would his negociation grace, [naught;
As none might think it was his private fault.
Wherein though wit dealt wary in this case,
Yet in the end itself it overwrought:
Striving to hide, he open'd it the more;
His after-care shew'd craft had gone before.

LXII.

Dear didst thou buy, O king, so fair a wife,
So rare a spirit, so high a mind the while;
Whose portion was destruction, dowry strife;
Whose bed was sorrow, whose embracing spoil;
Whose maintenance cost thee and thine their life;
And whose best comfort never was but toil.
What Paris brought this booty of desire,
To set our mighty Ilium here on fire?

LXIII.

I grieve I should be forc'd to say thus much,
To blame her, whom I yet must wonder at;
Whose so sweet beauty, wit, and worth were
such,
As (though she fortune lost) she glory gat.
Yet doth my country's zeal so nearly touch,
That here my muse it doth exasperate;
Although unwilling that my pen should give
Stain to that sex by whom her fame doth live.

LXIV.

For sure those virtues well deserv'd a crown:
And had it not been ours, no doubt she might
Have been among the worthies of renown,
And now sat fair with fame, with glory bright.
But coming in the way where sin has grown
So foul and thick, it was her chance to light
Amidst the gross infection of those times;
And so came stain'd with black disgraceful crimes.

LXV.

For some the world must have, on whom to lay,
The heavy burden of reproach and blame;
Against whose deeds th' afflicted may inveigh,
As th' only authors whence destruction came:
When yet, perhaps, 'twas nor in them to stay
The current of that stream, nor help the same;
But living in the eye of action so,
Not hind'ring it, are thought to draw on woe.

LXVI.

So much unhappy do the mighty stand,
Who stand on other than their own defence,
When as destruction is so near at hand;
That if by weakness, folly, negligence,
They do not coming misery withstand,
They shall be deem'd the authors of th' offence,
And to call in that which they kept not out;
And curs'd, as they who brought those plagues
about;

LXVII.

And so remain for ever registered
In that eternal book of infamy:
When yet how many other causes led
As well to that as their iniquity?
The worst plots oft lie close smothered:
And well-meant deeds fall out unluckily;
Whilst the aggriev'd stand not to weigh th' intent,
But ever judge according to th' event.

LXVIII.

I say not this t' excuse thy sin, O queen,
Nor clear their faults who mighty actors are;
I cannot but affirm thy (o) pride hath been
A special means this commonwealth to mar;
And that thy wayward will was plainly seen
In vain ambition, to presume too far:
And that by thee the only way was wrought,
The Duke of Glouc'ster to his death was brought:

LXIX.

A man, though seeming in thy thought to fit
Between the light of thy desires and thee,
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to look to that they could not see
During his life, nor would adventure it:
When his remove quite made that passage free;
That by his fall thinking to stand alone,
Thou scarce couldst stand at all when he was gone.

LXX.

For this duke (as protector) many years
Had rul'd the land, during the king's young age;
And now the self same charge and title bears.
As if he still were in his pupilage:
Which such disgrace unto the queen appears,
That (all incens'd with an ambitious rage)
She doth conspire to have him made away,
As one that stay'd the current of her sway.

LXXI.

Thrust therein not only with her pride,
But by her father's counsel and consent;
Who griev'd likewise that any one beside,
Should have the honour of the government:
And therefore he such deep advice apply'd,
As foreign craft and cunning could invent,
To circumvent an unsuspecting wight,
Before he could discern of their despite.

LXXII.

And many ready hands she strait doth find
To aid her deed, of such as could not brook
The length of one man's office in this kind;
Who all th' especial charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself, and never had the mind
T' impart a part with others, who would look
To have likewise some honour in their hands,
And griev'd at such engrossing of commands.

LXXIII.

For had he not had such a greedy (p) love
To entertain his offices too long,
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted life, unless she did him wrong.
But having liv'd so many years above,
He grieves now to descend, to be less strong;

(o) The pride and haughtiness of this Queen Margaret, gave the first original to the mischiefs that followed, by the death of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, protector.

(p) Nil tam utile, quam brevem potestatem esse quae magna sit.

And kills that fame which virtue did beget,
Chose to be held less good, than seem less great.

LXXIV.

"For could the mighty but give bounds to pride,
"And weigh back Fortune e're she pull them
"down;

"Contented with enough, with honour satisfy'd;
"Not striving how to make so much their own,
"As to leave nothing for the rest beside;
"Who seem by their high-spreading overgrown,
"Whilst they themselves remain in all mens sight,
"The odious mark of hatred and despite:

LXXV.

"Then never should so many tragedies
"Burden our knowledge with their bloody end;
"Nor their disgrac'd, confounded families,
"From so high pride to so low shame descend;
"But planted on that ground where safety lies,
"Their branches should t' eternity extend.
"But ever they who overlook so much,
"Will oversee themselves, their state is such."

LXXVI.

Severe (g) he was, and strictly did observe
Due form of justice towards every wight;
Unmoveable, and never won to swerve
For any cause, in what he thought was right:
Wherein although he did so well deserve,
In the licentious yet it bred despite;
"So that ev'n virtue seems an actor too,
"To ruin those fortune prepares t' undo."

LXXVII.

Now such being forward, who (the queen well
Hated his might, and glad to innovate; [knew
Unto so great and strong a party grew,
As it was easy to subvert his state;
And only hope of alteration drew
Many to yield, that had no cause to hate.
"For ev'n with goodness men grow discontent,
"Where states are ripe to fall, and virtue spent."

LXXVIII.

And taking all the rule into her hand,
(Under the shadow of that feeble king)
Thee duke sh' excludes from office and command;
And in the reach of enmity doth bring,
From that respected height where he did stand,
(When malice scarce durst mutter any thing),
And now the worst of him comes all reveal'd,
Which former fear, or rigour kept conceal'd.

LXXIX.

Now is he taxed that he rather sought
His private profit than the public good;
And many things presumptuously had wrought,
Other than with our laws and customs stood:
As one that into the land have brought
The civil form, in cases touching blood [found;
And such poor crimes—that shew'd their spite was
But yet bewray'd, their matter wanted ground.

LXXX.

Yet serv'd they well the turn, and did effect
That which is easy wrought in such a case;
Where what suborned justice shall object,
Is to the purpose, and must pass with grace;

(g) The virtues of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

And what the wretched bring, of no effect;
Whose heinous faults his matter must deface.
"For where pow'r hath decreed to find the of-
"fence,

"The cause is better still than the defence."

LXXXI.

A parliament at Berry summoned,
Dispatch'd the deed more speedily than well.
For thither came the (r) duke without all dread;
Or ought imagining of what befel:
Where now the matter is so followed,
That he convented is, e're he could tell
He was in danger, or had done offence;
And presently to prison sent from thence.

LXXXII.

Which quick and sudden action gave no time
For men to weigh the justice of the deed;
Whilst looking only on the urged crime,
Unto the farther drift they take no heed.
For these occasions taken in the prime
Of courses new, that old dislikes succeed,
Leave not behind that feeling touch of wrong.
"Satiety makes passions still less strong."

LXXXIII.

And yet they seem'd some mutiny to doubt,
For thus proceeding with a man of might;
Confid'ring he was popular and stout,
And resolute would stand upon his right:
And therefore did they cast this way about,
To have him closely murder'd out of sight;
That so his trouble, and his death hereby,
Might come together, and together die.

LXXXIV.

Reck'ning it better, since his end is meant,
And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
And put it to the fortune of th' event,
Than by long doing to be long in fear:
When in so such courses of high punishment,
The deed and the attempt like danger bear.
And oft things done (perhaps) do less annoy,
Than may the doing handled with delay.

LXXXV.

And so they had it strait accomplished.
For next day after his commitment, he
Is dead brought forth, being found so in his bed;
Which was by sudden sickness said to be,
That had upon his sorrows newly bred,
As by apparent tokens men might see.
"And thus O sickness, thou art oft bely'd,
"When death hath many ways to come beside."

LXXXVI.

Are these the deeds high foreign wits invent?
Is this that wisdom whereof they so boast?
Well;—then I would it never had been spent
Here amongst us, nor brought from out their coast.
Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
Remain among themselves that it like most:

(r) The Duke of Gloucester coming to this parliament from his castle of the Vies in Wiltshire, was arrested by John Lord Beaumont, high constable, the Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset, with others; who appointed certain of the King's household to attend upon him: but he died before he was brought to his answer; some say of sorrow, others of a palsy, or an imposthume, anno regni 25. The Duke of Suffolk was a principal instrument in this business.

And let the north (they count of colder blood)
Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

LXXXVII.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier soils,
And sweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
So long as they have these ungodly wiles,
Such detestable, vile impiety.
And let us want their vines, their fruits the whiles,
So that we want not faith and honesty.
We care not for those pleasures; so we may
Have better hearts, and stronger hands than they.

LXXXVIII.

Neptune, keep out from thy embraced isle
This foul contagion of iniquity;
Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
Our fair proceedings order'd formally.
Keep us mere English: let not craft beguile
Honour and justice, with strange subtilty:
Let us not think how that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the authors of the same.

LXXXIX.

But by this impious means, that worthy man
Is brought unto this lamentable end:
And now that current with main fury ran
(The stop remov'd that did the course defend)
Unto the full of mischief, that began
T' an universal ruin to extend;
That Isthmus falling, which the land did keep
From the entire possession of the deep.

xc.

And now the king alone, all open lay,
No under prop of blood to stay him by:
None but himself stands weakly in the way,
'T'wixt York and the affected sov'reignty.
Gone is that bar, that would have been the stay,
T' have kept him back from mounting up so high.

"But see, (ah!) see: what state stand these men
"in,

"That cannot live *without*, nor *with* their kin?"

xci.

The queen hath yet by this her full desire;
And now she with her minion Suffolk reigns:
Now she hath all authority entire,
And all affairs unto herself retains.
And only (s) Suffolk is advanced higher;
He is the man rewarded for his pains;
He, that did in her stead most chiefly stand,
And more advanc'd her than he did the land.

xcii.

Which when they saw, who better did expect,
Then they began their error to descry,
And well perceive that only the defect
Was in their judgment, passion-drawn awry;
Found formal rigour fitter to direct,
Than pride and insolent inconstancy.
"Better severity that's right and just,
"Than impotent affections led by lust."

xciii.

And thereupon in sorrow thus complain:
"What wond'rous inconvenience do they feel,
"Where as such imbecility doth reign,
"As so neglects the commonweal?"

(s) De la Pole is created Duke of Suffolk, anno regni, 26. and is banished, and murdered the next year after.

"Wherever one or other doth obtain,
"So high a grace thus absolute to deal;
"The whilst th' aggriev'd subject suffers still
"The pride of some predominating will.

xciv.

"And ever one remov'd, a worse succeeds:
"So that the best that we can hope, is war,
"Tumults and stirs, that this disliking breeds;
"The sword must mend; what insolence doth
"mar.

"For what rebellions, and what bloody deeds
"Have ever follow'd, where such courses are?
"What oft removes? what death of counsellors?
"What murder? what exile of officers?

xcv.

"Witness the Spencers, Gavestone, and Vere;
"The mighty minions of our feeblest kings;
"Who ever subjects to their subjects were,
"And only the procurers of these things.
"When worthy monarchs, that hold honour dear,
"Master themselves and theirs; which ever brings
"That universal rev'rence and respect.
"For who weighs him, that doth himself neglect?

xcvi.

"And yet our case is like to be far worse;
"Having a king, though not so bent to ill,
"Yet so neglecting good; that giving force,
"By giving leave, doth all good order kill;
"Suff'ring a violent woman take her course,
"To manage all according to her will:
"Which how she doth begin, her deeds express;
"And what will be the end, ourselves may guess.

xcvii.

Which after follow'd ev'n as they did dread:
When now the shameful loss of (t) France muth
Which unto Suffolk is attributed, [grieves
As who in all men's sight most hateful lives;
And is accus'd, that (u) he (with lucre led)
Betrays the state, and secret knowledge gives
Of our designs: and all that we did hold,
By his corruption is or lost or sold.

xcviii.

And as he deals abroad, so likewise here
He robs at home the treasury no less;
Here, where all authorities doth bear,
And makes a *monopoly* of offices.
He is enrich'd; he's rais'd, and placed near:
And only he gives counsel to oppress.
Thus men object; whilst many, up in arms,
Offer to be revenged of these harms.

xcix.

The queen perceiving in what case she stood,
To lose her minion, or engage her state;
(After with long contention in her blood,
Love and ambition did the cause debate)
She yields to pride; and rather thought it good
To sacrifice her love unto their (x) hate.

4

(t) The duchy of Normandy was lost in the year 1449, after it had been held thirty years, conquered by Henry V. anno regni 27.

(u) Articles objected against De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk.

(x) At the parliament at Leicester, the lower house besought the king, that such persons as assented to the rendering of Anjou and Main, might be duly punished: Of which fact, they accused as principals the Duke of Suffolk, the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, with others.

Than to adventure else the loss of all;
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

c.

Yet seeking at the first to temporise,
She tries if that some short imprisonment
Would calm their heat. When that would not
suffice,

Then to exile him she must needs consent;
Hoping that time would salve it in such wise,
As yet at length they might become content,
And she again might have him home at last,
When this first fury of their rage was past.

ci.

But as he to his judged (y) exile went,
Hard on the shore he comes encountered
By some, that so far off his honour sent,
As put his back-return quite out of dread:
For there he had his rightful punishment,
Though wrongly done; and there he lost his
head.

Part of his blood hath Neptune, part the sand;
As who had mischief wrought by sea and land.

cii.

Whose death when swift-wing'd Fame at full
convey'd
To this disturbed Queen, misdoubting nought;
Despite and sorrow such affliction laid
Upon her soul, as wond'rous passions wrought.
"And art thou Suffolk, thus (said she) betray'd?
"And have my favours thy destruction brought?
"Is this their gain whom highness favoureth;
"Who chief preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to death?

ciii.

"O fatal grace! without which men complain,
"And with it perish—what prevails, that we
"Must wear the crown, and other men must reign;
"And cannot stand to be, that which we be?
"Must our own subjects limit and constrain
"Our favours, whereas they themselves decree?
"Must we our love at their appointment place?
"Do we command, and they direct our grace?

civ.

"Must they our pow'r thus from our will di-
vide?
"And have we might, but must not use our might?
"Poor majesty, which other men must guide;
"Whose discontent can never look aright.
"Forevermore we see, those who abide
"Gracious in our's are odious in their sight,
"Who would all-mast'ring majesty defeat
"Of her best grace; that is, to make men great.

cv.

"But well;—we see, although the king be
head,
"The state will be the heart. This sov'reignty
"Is but in place, not pow'r; and governed
"By th' equal sceptre of necessity.
"And we have seen more princes ruined
"By their immoderate fav'ring privately,

Whereupon the King, to appease the commons, sequester-
ed them from their offices and rooms; and after banished
the Duke for five years.

(y) As the Duke was sailing into France, he was encoun-
tered with a ship of war appertaining to the Duke of Exe-
ter; who took him, and brought him back to Dover;
where his head was stricken off, and his body left on the
sands, anno regni 27

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"Than by severity in general:
"For best he's lik'd, that is alike to all."

cvi.

Thus storms this lady, all disquieted;
When as far greater (z) tumults now burst out;
Which close and cunningly were practised,
By such as sought great hopes to bring about.
For up in arms in Kent were gathered
A mighty, insolent, rebellious rout,
Under a dang'rous head; who to deter
The state the more, himself nam'd Mortimer.

cvii.

The Duke of York, that did not idle stand,
(But seeks to work on all advantages),
Had likewise in this course a secret hand,
And hearten'd on their chiefest 'complices;
To try how here the people of the land
Would (if occasion serv'd) b' in readiness
To aid that line, if one should come indeed
To move his right, and in due course proceed:

cviii.

Knowing himself to be the only one
That must attempt the thing, if any should;
And therefore lets the rebel now run on,
With that false name, t' effect the best he could;
To make a way for him to work upon,
Who but on certain ground adventure would.
For if the traitor sped, the gain were his;
If not, yet he stands safe, and blameless is,

cix.

T' attempt with others dangers, not his own,
He counts it wisdom if it could be wrought;
And t' have the humour of the people known,
Was now that which was chiefly to be sought.
For with the best he knew himself was grown
In such account, as made him take no thought;
Having observ'd in those he meant to prove,
Their wit, their wealth, their carriage, and their
love.

cx.

With whom, and with his own alliances,
He first begins to open (in some wise)
The right he had; yet with such doubtfulness,
As rather sorrow than his drift describes:
Complaining of his country's wretchedness,
In what a miserable case it lies:
And how much it imports them to provide,
For their defence, against this woman's pride.

cx.

Then with the discontented he doth deal,
In sounding theirs, not utt'ring his intent;
As b'ing advis'd not so much to reveal,
Whereby they might be made again content:
But when they grieved for the commonweal,
He doth persuade them to be patient,
And to endure—there was no other course:
Yet so persuades, as makes their malice worse.

cxii.

And then with such as with the time did run,
In most upright opinion he doth stand;
As one that never cross'd what they begun,
But seem'd to like that which they took in hand:

(z) The commons of Kent assembled themselves in great
number; and had to their Captain Jack Cade, who na-
med himself Mortimer, cousin to the Duke of York; with
purpose to redress the abuses of the government.

L

Seeking all causes of offence to shun,
Praises the rule, and blames th' unruly land;
Works so with gifts and kindly offices,
That ev'n of them he serves his turn no less.

cxiii.

Then as for those who were his followers,
(Being all choice men for virtues, or deserts),
He so with grace and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their hearts.
He gets the learned for his counsellors,
And cherishes all men of rarest parts:
"To whom good done doth an impression strike
"Of joy and love, in all that are alike."

cxiv.

And now by means of th' intermitted war,
Many most valiant men improv'rish'd,
Only by him fed and relieved are;
Only respected, grac'd, and honoured.
Which let him in unto their hearts so far,
As they by him were wholly to be led.

"He only treads the sure and perfect path
"To greatness, who love and opinion hath."

cxv.

And to have one some certain province his,
As the main body that must work the feat;
Yorkshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, livings, and possessions great.
No country he prefers so much as this;
Here hath his bounty her abiding seat;
Here is his justice and relieving hand,
Ready to all that in distress do stand.

cxvi.

What with histenants, servants, followers, friends,
And their alliances and amities;
All that shire universally attends
His hand, held up to any enterprise.
And thus far Virtue with her pow'r extends;
The rest, touching th' event, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplishments so mighty grown,
Forward he tends with hope t' attain a crown,

cxvii.

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cxviii.

What with histenants, servants, followers, friends,
And their alliances and amities;
All that shire universally attends
His hand, held up to any enterprise.
And thus far Virtue with her pow'r extends;
The rest, touching th' event, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplishments so mighty grown,
Forward he tends with hope t' attain a crown,

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cxxii.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

The bad success of Cade's rebellion,
York's open practice, and conspiracy;
His coming in; and his submission.
Th' effect of printing, and artillery.
Bourdeaux revolts; craves our protection.
Talbot, defending ours, dies gloriously.
The French wars end—and York begins again:
And at St. Alban's Somerset is slain.

I.
THE furious train of that (a) tumultuous rout
Whom close subaiding pow'r, and good success,
Had made unwisely proud, and fondly stout,
Thrust headlong on, oppression to oppress;
And now to fulness grown, boldly give out
That they the public wrongs meant to redress.
"Formless themselves, reforming do pretend;
"As if confusion could disorder mend."

II.
And on they march with their false-named head,
Of base and vulgar birth, though noble feign'd;
Who puff'd with vain desires, to London led
His rash, abused troops, with shadows train'd.
When as the king thereof ascertained,
Supposing some small pow'r would have restrain'd
Disorder'd rage; sends with a simple crew,
S. Humphrey Stafford, whom they overthrew.

(a) The commons of Kent, with their leader, Jack Cade, divulge their many grievances: amongst which, that the king was driven to live only on his commons, and other men to enjoy the revenues of the crown; which caused poverty in his Majesty, and the great payments of the people, now late granted to the king in parliament. Also they desire, that the king would remove all the false progeny and affinity of the late Duke of Suffolk, which be openly known; and them to punish: and to take about his person the true lords of his royal blood; to wit, the mighty prince, the Duke of York, late exiled by the traitorous motion of the false Duke of Suffolk, and his affinity, &c. Also they crave, that they who contrived the death of the high and mighty prince, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, might have punishment.

III.
Which so increas'd th' opinion of their might,
That much it gave to do, and much it wrought;
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Call'd forth th' tim'rous, fresh partakers brought.
For many, though most glad their wrongs to right,
Yet durst not venture their estates for nought:
But see'ng the cause had such advantage got,
Occasion makes them stir, that else would not.

IV.
So much he errs that scorns, or else neglects
The small beginnings of arising broils;
And censures others, not his own defects,
And with a self-conceit himself beguiles;
Thinking small force will compass great effects,
And spares at first to buy more costly toils:
"When true observing Providence, in war,
"Still makes her foes far stronger than they are."

V.
Yet this good fortune all their fortune marr'd;
"Which fools by helping, ever doth suppress:"
For wareless insolence (whilst undebarr'd
Of bounding awe) runs on to such excess,
That following lust, and spoil, and blood so hard,
Sees not how they procure their own distress
The better loathing courses so impure,
Rather will like their wounds than such a cure.

VI.
For whilst this wild, unreined multitude
(Led with an unforeseeing, greedy mind,

Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
 Their ignorance, in their desires made blind)
 Ranſack the city, and (with hands embru'd)
 Run to all outrage in th' extreſt kind;
 Heaping up wrath and horror more and more,
 They add freſh guilt to miſchiefs done before.

VII.

And yet ſee'ng all this ſorting to no end,
 But to their own; no promis'd aid t' appear;
 No ſuch partakers as they did attend,
 Nor ſuch ſucceſſes as imagin'd were;
 Good men reſolv'd the preſent to defend:
 Juſtice againſt them, with a brow ſevere.
 Themſelves fear'd of themſelves; tir'd with exceſs,
 "Found miſchief was no fit way to redreſs."

VIII.

And as they ſtand in deſp'rate comberment,
 Environ'd round with horror, blood and ſhame;
 Croſs'd of their courſe, deſpairing of th' event,
 A pardon (that ſmooth bait for baſeneſs) came;
 Which as a ſnare to catch the impotent,
 Being once pronounc'd, they ſtrait embrace the
 ſame:

And as huge ſnowy mountains melt with heat,
 So they diſſolv'd with hope, and home they get;

IX.

Leaving their (b) Captain to diſcharge alone
 The ſhot of blood, conſumed in their heat;
 Too ſmall a ſacrifice for miſchiefs done,
 Was one man's breath, which thouſands did defeat.
 "Unrighteous death, why art thou but alone
 "Unto the ſmall offender and the great?
 "Why art thou not more than thou art, to thoſe
 "Thouſands ſpoil, and thouſands lives do loſe?"

X.

This fury paſſing with ſo quick an end,
 Diſclos'd not thoſe that on th' advantage lay;
 Who ſee'ng the courſe to ſuch diſorder tend,
 Withdrew their foot, aſham'd to take that way;
 Or elſe prevented whiſt they did attend
 Some mightier force, or for occaſion ſtay:
 But what they meant, ill fortune muſt not tell;
 Miſchief b'ing oft made good by ſpeeding well.

XI.

Put by from this, the (c) Duke of York deſigns
 Another courſe to bring his hopes about;
 And with thoſe friends affinity combines
 In ſureſt bonds, his thoughts he poureth out;
 And cloſely feels, and cloſely undermines
 The faith of whom he had both hope and doubt;
 Meaning in more apparent, open courſe,
 To try his right, his fortune, and his force.

(b) Anno regni 29.

(c) The Duke of York, who at this time was in Ireland, (ſent thither to appeaſe a rebellion; which he effected in ſuch ſort, as got him and his lineage exceeding love and liking with that people ever after) returning home, and pretending great injuries to be offered him, both whiſt he was in the king's ſervice, and likewise upon his landing in North Wales; combines himſelf with Richard Neville, Earl of Salſbury, ſecond ſon to Ralph, Earl of Weſtmoreland, (whoſe daughter he had married), and with Richard Neville (the ſon) Earl of Warwick, with other his eſpecial friends; with whom he conſults for the reformation of the government, after he had complained of the great diſorder therein; laying the blame, for the loſs of Normandy, upon the Duke of Somerſet; whom, upon his returning thence, he cauſed to be arreſted, and committed.

XII.

Love and alliance had moſt firmly join'd
 Unto his part that mighty family,
 The far diſtended ſtock of Nevil's kind;
 Great by their many-iſſu'd progeny;
 But greater by their worth that clearly ſhin'd,
 And gave fair light to their nobility;
 So that each corner of the land became
 Enrich'd with ſome great worthy of that name.

XIII.

But greateſt in renown doth Warwick fit;
 That brave king-maker, Warwick, ſo far grown
 In grace with Fortune, that he governs it,
 And monarchs makes; and made, again puts down;
 What revolutions his firſt-moving wit
 Here brought about, are more than too well known;
 The fatal kindle-fire of thoſe hot days;
 Whoſe worth I may, whoſe work I cannot praiſe.

XIV.

With him, with Richard Earl of Salſbury,
 Courtney and Brooke, and other his dear friends,
 He intimates his mind; and openly
 The preſent bad proceedings diſcommends;
 Laments the ſtate, the people's miſery,
 And (that which ſuch a pitier ſeldom mends)
 Oppreſſion, that ſharp two-edged ſword,
 That others wounds, and wounds likewise his lord.

XV.

"My lords," ſaith he, "how things are car-
 ry'd here,

"In this corrupted ſtate, you plainly ſee;
 "What burden our abuſed ſhoulders bear,
 "Charg'd with the weight of imbecility:
 "And in what baſe account all we appear,
 "That ſtand without her grace that all muſt be;
 "And who they be, and how their courſe ſucceeds,
 "Our ſhame reports, and time bewrays their
 [deeds.

XVI.

"Anjou and Main, (the maim that ſoul appears;
 "Th' eternal ſcar of our diſmember'd land)
 "Guien, all loſt; that did three hundred years
 "Remain ſubjected under our command.
 "From whence, methinks, there ſounds unto our
 "ears [hand
 "The voice of thoſe dear ghoſts, whoſe living
 "Got it with ſweat, and kept it with their blood,
 "To do us (thankleſs us) their offſpring good:

XVII.

"And ſeem to cry, What! can you thus be-
 "hold
 "Their hateful feet upon our graves ſhould tread?
 "Your fathers' graves; who gloriouſly did hold
 "That which your ſhame hath left recovered?
 "Redeem our tombs, O ſpirits too too cold;
 "Pull back theſe tow'rs our arms have honoured:
 "Theſe tow'rs are your's: theſe forts we built
 "for you: [due.
 "Theſe walls do bear our names, and are your

XVIII.

"Thus well they may upbraid our wretchedneſs,
 "Whiſt we (as if at league with infamy)
 "Riot away for nought whole provinces;
 "Give up as nothing worth all Normandy;
 "Traffic important holds, ſell fortrefſes
 "So long, that nought is left but miſery,

" Poor Calais, and these water-walls about,
 " That basely pound us in from breaking out.

XIX.

" And (which is worse) I fear we shall in th'
 " end

" (Thrown from the glory of invading war)
 " Be forc'd our proper limits to defend;
 " Wherever men are not the same they are;
 " The hope of conquest doth their spirits extend
 " Beyond the usual pow'rs of valour far.
 " For more is he that ventureth for more,
 " Than who fights but for what he had before.

XX.

" Put to your hands, therefore, to rescue now
 " Th' endanger'd state (dear lords) from this dis-
 " And let us in our honour labour now [grace;
 " To bring this scorned land in better case.
 " No doubt but God our action will allow,
 " That knows my right, and how they rule the
 " place,
 " Whose weakness calls up our unwillingness,
 " As op'ning ev'n the door to our redress.

XXI.

" Though I protest, it is not for a crown
 " My soul is mov'd; (yet if it be my right,
 " I have no reason to refuse mine own)
 " But only these indignities to right.
 " And what if God (whose judgments are un-
 " known)
 " Hath me ordain'd the man; that by my might
 " My country shall be blest? If so it be;
 " By helping me, you raise yourselves with me."

XXII.

Those in whom zeal and amity had bred
 A fore-impression of the right he had;
 These stirring words so much encouraged,
 That (with desire of innovation mad)
 They seem'd to run afore, not to be led,
 And to his fire do quicker fuel add:
 For where such humours are prepar'd before,
 The op'ning them makes them abound the more.

XXIII.

Then counsel take they, fitting their desire:
 (For nought that fits not their desire is weigh'd)
 The (d) duke is strait advis'd to retire
 Into the bounds of Wales, to levy aid:
 Which, under smooth pretence, he doth require;
 To remove such persons as the state betray'd,
 And to redress th' oppression of the land:
 The charm which weakness seldom doth withstand.

XXIV.

Ten thousand strait caught with this bait of
 Are towards greater look'd-for forces led; [breath,
 Whose pow'r the king by all means travaileth,
 In their arising to have ruined:

(d) The Duke of York raiseth an army in the Marches of Wales, under pretext to remove divers counsellors about the king; and to revenge the manifest injuries done to the commonwealth: and withal he publisheth a declaration of his loyalty, and the wrongs done him by his adversaries; offering to take his oath upon the blessed sacrament, to have been ever true liege-man to the king, and so ever to continue. Which declaration was written from his castle of Ludlow, January 9. anno regni 30. February 16. the king, with the Duke of Somerset, and other lords, set forward towards the Marches; but the Duke of York took other ways, and made up towards London.

But their preventing head so compasseth,
 That all ambushments warily are fled;
 Refusing ought to hazard by the way,
 Keeping his greatness for a greater day.

XXV.

And to the city strait directs his course;
 The city, seat of kings, and king's chief grace!
 Where having found his entertainment worse
 By far than he expected in that place;
 Much disappointed, draws from thence his force,
 And towards better trust marcheth apace;
 And down in Kent, (fatal for discontents)
 Near to thy banks, fair Thames doth pitch his tents.

XXVI.

And there, intrench'd, plants his artillery;
 Artillery, th' infernal (e) instrument
 New brought from hell, to scourge mortality
 With hideous roaring and astonishment.
 Engine of horror! fram'd to terrify
 And tear the earth, and strongest tow'rs to rent:
 Torment of thunder! made to mock the skies,
 As more of pow'r in our calamities.

XXVII.

If that first fire subtle Prometheus brought,
 Stol'n out of heav'n did so afflict mankind,
 That ever since plagu'd with a curious thought
 Of stirring search, could never quiet find;
 What hath he done, who now by stealth hath got
 Lightning and thunder both, in wond'rous kind?
 What plague deserves so proud an enterprise?
 Tell, muse; and how it came; and in what wise.

XXVIII.

It was the time when fair (f) Europa sat
 With many goodly diadems address'd,
 And all her parts (in flourishing estate)
 Lay beautiful, in order, at their rest.
 No swelling member, unproportionate,
 Grown out of form, sought to disturb the rest:
 The less subsisting by the greater's might;
 The greater by the lesser kept upright.

XXIX.

No noise of tumult ever wak'd them all;
 Only perhaps some private jar within,
 For titles, or for confines, might befall;
 Which ended, soon made better love begin;
 But no eruption did in general
 Break down their rest with universal sin:
 No public shock disjointed this fair frame,
 Till Nemesis from out the Orient came;

XXX.

Fierce Nemesis, mother of Fate and change!
 Sword-bearer of th' eternal Providence!
 (That had so long with such afflictions strange
 Confounded Asia's proud magnificence,

(e) The use of guns, and great ordnance, began about this time, or not long before.

(f) This principal part of Europe, which contained the most flourishing state of Christendom, was at this time in the hands of many several princes and commonwealths, which quietly governed the same: For being so many, and none over great, they were less attemptive to disturb others, and more careful to keep their own, with a mutual correspondence of amity. As Italy had then many more principalities and commonwealths than it hath. Spain was divided into many kingdoms: France consisted of divers free princes. Both the Germanies, of many more governments.

And brought foul impious barbarism to range
On all the glory of her excellence)
Turns her stern look at last unto the West,
As griev'd to see on earth such happy rest.

XXXI.

And for Pandora calleth presently;
Pandora, Jove's fair gift, that first deceiv'd
Poor Epimetheus imbecility,
That thought he had a wond'rous boon receiv'd;
By means whereof curious mortality
Was of all former quiet quite bereav'd:
To whom b'ing come, deck'd with all qualities,
The wrathful goddess breaks out in this wise:

XXXII.

"Dost thou not see in what secure estate
Those flourishing fair Western parts remain?
As if they had made covenant with fate,
To be exempted free from others pain;
At one with their desires, friends with debate;
In peace with pride, content with their own gain;
Their bounds contain their minds, their minds
"apply'd
To have their bounds with plenty beautify'd.

XXXIII.

"Devotion (mother of obedience)
Bears such a hand on their credulity,
That it abates the spirit of eminence,
And busies them with humble piety.
For see what works, what infinite expence,
What monuments of zeal they edify!
As if they would (so that no stop were found)
Fill all with temples, make all holy ground.

XXXIV.

"But we must cool this all-believing zeal,
That hath enjoy'd so fair a turn so long;
And other revolutions must reveal,
Other desires, other designs among:
D like of this first by degrees shall steal
Upon the souls of men, persuaded wrong;
And that abused (g) pow'r which thus hath
"wrought,
Shall give herself the sword to cut her throat.

XXXV.

"Go therefore thou, with all thy stirring train
Of swelling sciences, the gifts of grief;
Go loose the links of that soul-binding chain,
Enlarge this uninquisitive belief:
Call up men's spirits, that simpleness retain;
Enter their hearts, and knowledge make the
To open all the doors, to let in light; [thief,
That all may all things see, but what is right.

XXXVI.

"Opinion arm against opinion grown;
Make new-born contradiction still to rise,
As if Thebes founder (Cadmus) tongues had
"sown
Instead of teeth, for greater mutinies.
Bring new-defended faith against faith known;
Weary the soul with contrarieties;
Till all religion become retrograde,
And that fair 'tire the mask of sin be made.

XXXVII.

"And better to effect a speedy end,
Let there be found two fatal instruments;

(g) The Church,

"The one to publish, th' other to defend
"Impious contention, and proud discontents;
"Make, that instamped characters may send
"Abroad to thousands, thousand men's intent;
"And in a moment may dispatch much more,
"Than could a world of pens perform before.

XXXVIII.

"Whereby all quarrels, titles, secrecies,
"May unto all be presently made known;
"Factions prepar'd, parties allur'd to rise;
"Sedition under fair pretensions sown
"Whereby the vulgar may become so wise,
"That (with a self-presumption over-grown)
"They may of deepest mysteries debate,
"Control their betters, censure acts of state.

XXXIX.

"And then when this dispersed mischief shall
"Have brought confusion in each mystery,
"Call'd up contempt of states in general,
"Ripen'd the humour of impiety;
"Then have they th' other engine, wherewithal
"They may torment their self-wrought misery,
"And scourge each other in so strange a wise,
"As time or tyrants never could devise.

XL.

"For by this stratagem they shall confound
"All th' ancient form and discipline of war;
"Alter their camps, alter their fights, their ground;
"Daunt mighty spirits, prowess and manhood mar;
"For basest cowards from a-far shall wound
"The most courageous, forc'd to fight a-far;
"Valour wrapt up in smoke, (as in the night)
"Shall perish without witness, without fight.

XLI.

"But first, before this general disease
"Break forth into so great extremity,
"Prepare it by degrees: First kill this ease.
"Spoil this proportion; mar this harmony:
"Make (b) greater states upon the lesser seize;
"Join many kingdoms to one sov'reignty:
"Raise a few great, that may (with greater
"pow'r)

"Slaughter each other, and mankind devour.

XLII.

"And first begin with factions to divide
"The fairest land; that from her thrusts the rest,
"As if she car'd not for the world beside:
"A world within herself, with wonders blest!
"Raise such a strife as time shall not decide,
"Till the dear blood of most of all her best
"Be poured forth; and all her people toss'd
"With unkind tumults, and almost all lost.

XLIII.

"Let her be made the sable stage, whereon
"Shall first be acted bloody tragedies;
"That all the neighbour states gazing thereon,
"May make their profit by her miseries:
"And those whom she before had march'd upon,
"(Having by this both time and mean to rise)
"Made martial by her arms, shall grow so great,
"As (save their own) no force shall them defeat.

XLIV.

"Then when their pow'r, unable to sustain
"And bear itself, upon itself shall fall,

(b) The many States of Christendom reduced to a few,

" She may (recover'd of her wounds again)
 " Sit and behold their parts as tragical.
 " For there must come a time, that shall obtain
 " Truce for distress; when make-peace Hymen
 " shall

" Bring the conjoined adverse pow'rs to bed,
 " And set the crown (made one) upon one head.

XLV.

" Out of which blessed union shall arise
 " A sacred branch, (with grace and glory blest)
 " Whose virtue shall her land so patronise,
 " As all our pow'r, shall not her days molest:
 " For she (fair she) the minion of the skies,
 " Shall purchase (of the high't) to her's such rest,
 " (Standing between the wrath of heav'n and
 " them)

" As no distress shall touch her diadem:

XLVI.

" And from the rocks of safety shall descry
 " The wondrous wrecks that wrath lays ruined:
 " All round about her blood and misery;
 " Powers betray'd, princes slain, kings massacred;
 " States all confus'd, brought to calamity,
 " And all the face of kingdoms altered:
 " Yet she the same inviolable stands,
 " Dear to her own, wonder to other lands.

XLVII.

" But let not her defence discourage thee,
 " For never one but she shall have this grace,
 " From all disturbs to be so long kept free,
 " And with such glory to discharge that place.
 " And therefore, if by such a pow'r thou be
 " Stopt of thy course; reckon it no disgrace;
 " Sith she alone (b'ing privileg'd from high)
 " Hath this large patent of her dignity."

XLVIII.

This charge the goddess gave—When ready
 strait

The subtle messenger, accompany'd
 With all her crew of arts that on her wait,
 Hastes to effect what she was counselled:
 And out she pours of her immense conceit,
 Upon such searching spirits as travailed
 In penetrating hidden secrecies;
 Who soon these means of misery devise.

XLIX.

And boldly breaking with rebellious mind
 Into their mother's close-lock'd treasury,
 They minerals combustible do find,
 Which (in stopt concaves placed cunningly)
 They fire: And fire imprison'd against kind,
 Tears out a way, thrusts out his enemy;
 Barking with such a horror, as if wroth
 With man, that wrongs himself and nature both.

L.

And this beginning had this cursed frame,
 Which (i) York now planted hath against his
 king;
 Presuming by his pow'r, and by the same,
 His purpose unto good effect to bring;

(i) The Duke of York being not admitted into the city,
 passed over Kingston-bridge, and so into Kent; and on
 Brent-heath, near Dartford, pitch'd his field. The King
 makes after, and embattel'd upon Blackheath: From
 whence he sends the Bishops of Winchester and Ely, with
 the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, to mediate a peace.

When divers of the gravest council came,
 Sent from the king, to understand what thing
 Had thrust him into these proceedings bad;
 And what he fought, and what intent he had.

LI.

Who with words mildly-sharp, gently-severe,
 Wrought on those wounds that must be touch'd
 with heed;

Applying rather salves of hope than fear,
 Left corrosives should desp'rate mischiefs breed.

" And what, my Lord, (said they) should move
 " you here,

" In this unseemly manner to proceed?

" Whose worth b'ing such as all the land admires;
 " Hath fairer ways than these to your desires.

LII.

" Will you whose means, whose many friends;
 " whose grace

" Can work the world in peace unto your will,

" Take such a course as shall your blood deface,

" And make (by handling bad) a good cause ill?

" How many hearts hazard you in this case,

" That in all quiet plots would aid you still?

" Having in court a party far more strong

" Than you conceive, press'd to redress your
 " wrong.

LIII.

" Fie! fie! forsake this hateful course, my Lord;

" Down with these arms, that will but wound

" your cause.

" What peace may do, hazard not with the sword:

" Lay down the force that from your force with-

" draws;

" And yield: And we will mediate such accord,

" As shall dispense with rigor and the laws;

" And interpose this solemn faith of our

" Betwixt your fault and the offended pow'r.

LIV.

Which engines of protests, and proffers kind,

Urg'd out of seeming grief and shews of love,

So shook the whole (k) foundation of his mind;

As they did all his resolution move;

And present seem'd unto their course inclin'd,

So that the king would (l) Somerset remove;

The man, whose most intolerable pride

Trod down his worth, and all good men's beside:

LV.

Which they there vow'd should presently be
 done.

For what will not peace-lovers willing grant,

Where dang'rous events depend thereon,

And men unfurnish'd, and the state in want?

And if with words the conquest will be won,

The cost is small: And who holds breath so

scant,

As then to spare, though with indignity?

" Better descend, than end in majesty."

LVI.

And hereupon the duke dissolves his force;

Submits him to the king on public vow;

(k) And finding the Kentish men not to answer his ex-
 pectation, and the King's forces far more than his; he
 willingly condescends to conditions of peace.

(l) Edmund Duke of Somerset, of the House of Lancas-
 ter, descended from John of Gaunt, was the especial man
 against whom he pretended his quarrel.

The rather too presuming on this course,
For that his son, the earl of March, was now
With mightier pow'rs abroad ; which would en-
force

His peace : which else the king would not allow.
For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His death would but give life to greater wrath.

LVII.

Yet coming to the king, in former place
(His foe) the duke of Somerset he finds ;
Whom openly reproaching to his face,
He charg'd with treason in the highest kinds.
The duke returns like speeches of disgrace ;
And fiery words bewray'd their flaming minds :
But yet the trial was for them deferr'd,
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

LVIII.

At Westminster a council summoned,
Deliberates what course the cause should end
Of th' apprehended Duke of York ; whose head
Doth now on others doubtful breath depend.
Law fiercely urg'd his act, and found him dead ;
Friends fail'd to speak, where they could not de-
Only the king himself for mercy stood ; [fend :
As prodigal of life, niggard of blood.

LIX.

And as if angry with the laws of death,
" Ah ! why should you, said he, urge things so
" far ?

" You, that inur'd with mercenary breath,
" And hired tongue, so peremptory are ;
" Braving on him whom sorrow prostrateth :
" As if you did with poor affliction war,
" And prey on frailty folly hath betray'd ;
" Bringing the laws to wound, never to aid.

LX.

" Dispense sometimes with stern severity ;
" Make not the laws still traps to apprehend :
" Win grace upon the bad with clemency ;
" Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.
" Death gives no thanks, but checks authority ;
" And life doth only majesty commend.
" Revenge dies not ; rigor begets new wrath :
" And blood hath never glory ; mercy hath.

LXI.

" And for my part, (and my part should be
" chief)

" I am most willing to restore his state ;
" And rather had I win him with relief,
" Than lose him with despite, and get more
" hate.
" Pity draws love : Bloodshed is nature's grief :
" Compassion follows the unfortunate ;
" And losing him, in him I lose my pow'r.
" We rule who live—The dead are none of our.

LXII.

" And should our rigour lessen then the same,
" Which we with greater glory should retain ?
" No ; let him live—His life must give us fame ;
" The child of mercy newly born again.
" As often burials are physicians shame ;
" So many deaths argue a king's hard reign.
" Why should we say, The law must have her
" vigour ?
" The law kills him ; but quits not us of rigour ?

LXIII.

" You, to get more preferment by your wit,
" Others to gain the spoils of misery,
" Labour with all your pow'r to follow it ;
" Shewing us fears, to draw on cruelty.
" You urge th' offence, not tell us what is fit ;
" Abusing wrong-informed majesty ;
" As if our pow'r were only but to slay ;
" And that to save were a most dang'rous way."

LXIV.

Thus out of pity spake that holy king ;
Whom mild affections led to hope the best :
When Somerset began to urge the thing
With words of hotter temper, thus exprest :
" Dear sov'reign lord, the cause in managing
" Is more than yours ; 't imports the public rest.
" We all have part ; it toucheth all our good :
" And life's ill spar'd, that's spar'd to cost more
" blood.

LXV.

" Compassion here is cruelty, my lord :
" Pity will cut our throats, for saving so.
" What benefit enjoy we by the sword,
" If mischief shall escape to draw on mo ?
" Why should we give what law cannot afford ;
" To b' accessaries to our proper woe ?
" Wisdom must judge 'twixt men apt to amend,
" And minds incurable, born to offend.

LXVI.

" It is no private cause, I do protest,
" That moves me thus to prosecute this deed :
" Would God his blood and mine had well releas'd
" The dangers that his pride is like to breed.
" Although at me he seems to have address'd
" His spite ; 'tis not the end he hath decreed.
" I am not he alone he doth pursue :
" But thorough me, he means to shoot at you.

LXVII.

" For thus these great reformers of a state,
" Aspiring to attain the government,
" Still take advantage of the people's hate,
" Who ever hate such as are eminent.
" (For who can great affairs negotiate,
" And all a wayward multitude content ?)
" And then these people-minions, they must fall
" To work out us, to work themselves int' all.

LXVIII.

" But note, my lord, first who is in your hand ;
" Then how he hath offended ; what's his end,
" It is the man, whose race would seem to stand
" Before your right, and doth a right pretend :
" Who (traitor-like) hath rais'd a mighty band,
" With colour, your proceedings to amend :
" Which if it should have happen'd to succeed,
" You had not now sat to adjudge his deed.

LXIX.

" If oftentimes the person, not th' offence,
" Have been sufficient cause of death to some,
" Where public safety puts in evidence
" Of mischief, likely by their life to come ;
" Shall he, whose fortune and his insolence,
" Have both deserv'd to die, escape that doom ;
" When you shall save your land, your crown
" thereby ;
" And since you cannot live, unless he die ?"

LXX.

Thus spake th' aggrieved duke, that gravely
saw

Th' incompatible pow'rs of princes minds;
And what affliction his escape might draw
Unto the state, and people of all kinds:
And yet the humble yielding, and the awe
Which (m) York there shew'd, so good opinion
finds,
That (with the rumour of his son's great strength,
And French affairs) he there came quit at length,

LXXI.

For ev'n the fear t' exasperate the heat
Of th' Earl of March, whose forward youth and
might
Well follow'd seem'd a proud revenge to threat,
If any shame should on his father light;
And then desire in Gascoign to re-get
The glory lost, which home-broils hinder might,
Advantaged the duke, and sav'd his head,
Which questionless had else been hazarded.

LXXII.

For now had (n) Bourdeaux offer'd (upon aid)
Present revolt, if we would send with speed:
Which fair advantage to have then delay'd
Upon such hopes, had been a shameful deed.
And therefore this all other courses stay'd,
And outwardly these inward hates agreed,
Giving an interpause to pride and spite;
Which breath'd but to break out with greater
might.

LXXIII.

Whilst dreadful Talbot, terror late of France,
Against the genius of our fortune strove,
The down-thrown glory of our state t' advance;
Where France far more than France he now doth
prove:
For friends, opinion, and succeeding chance,
(Which wrought the weak to yield, the strong to
love)

Were not the same that he had found before
In happier times, when less would have done more.

LXXIV.

For both the (o) Britain and Burgonian now
Came alter'd with our luck, and won with theirs.
Those bridges, and the gates that did allow
So easy passage unto our affairs;
Judging it safer to endeavour how
To link with strength, than lean unto despairs.
"And who wants friends to back what he begins,
"In lands far off gets not, although he wins."

LXXV.

Which too well prov'd this fatal enterprize,
The last that lost us all we had to lose;
Where, though advantag'd by some mutinies,
And petty lords that in our cause arose;
Yet those great fail'd, whose ready, quick supplies,
Ever at hand, cheer'd us, and quell'd our foes.

(m) The Duke was suffer'd to go to his castle at Wigmore.

(n) The city of Bourdeaux sent their ambassadors, offering to revolt from the French part, if aid might be sent unto them: Whereupon John Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was employed with a power of 3000 men, and surpris'd the city of Bourdeaux.

(o) The Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy were great means, in times past, for the conquering of France.

Succours from far come seldom to our mind:
"For who holds league with Neptune and the
wind?"

LXXVI.

Yet worthy (p) Talbot, thou did'st so employ
The broken remnants of dis-scatter'd pow'r,
That they might see it was our destiny,
Not want of spirit, that lost us what was our:
Thy dying hand fold them the victory
With so dear wounds, as made the conquest sour;
So much it cost to spoil who were undone,
And such ado to win when they had won.

LXXVII.

For as a fierce, courageous mastiff fares,
That having once sure fasten'd on his foe,
Lies tugging on that hold; never forbears,
What force soever force him to forego:
The more he feels his wounds, the more he dares;
As if his death were sweet, in dying so:
So held his hold this lord, whilst he held breath;
And scarce, but with much blood, lets go in death.

LXXVIII.

For though he saw prepar'd against his side,
Both unlike fortune, and unequal force,
Born with the swelling current of their pride
Down the main stream of a most happy course;
Yet stands he stiff, undash'd, untterrify'd;
His mind the same, although his fortune worse:
Virtue in greatest dangers b'ing best shown;
And though oppress'd, yet never overthrown.

LXXIX.

For rescuing of besieg'd Chatillion,
(Where having first constrain'd the French to fly,
And following hard on their confusion)
Comes (lo!) encounter'd with a strong supply
Of fresh-arriving pow'rs, that back thrust on
Those flying troops, another chance to try;
Who double arm'd, (with shame and fury) strain
To wreak their foil, and win their fame again.

LXXX.

Which seeing, th' undaunted Talbot (with more
might

Of spir't to will, than hands of pow'r to do)
Preparing t' entertain a glorious fight,
Cheers up his weary'd soldiers thereunto.
"Courage, faith he—those braving troops in fight,
"Are but the same that now you did undo.
"And what if there be come some more than they?
"They come to bring more glory to the day.

LXXXI.

"Which day must either thrust us out of all,
"Or all with greater glory back restore.
"This day your valiant worth adventure shall,
"For what our land shall never fight for more:
"If now we fail, with us is like to fall
"All that renown which we have got before.
"This is the last—if we discharge the same,
"The same shall last to our eternal fame.

LXXXII.

"Never had worthy men for any fact
"A more fair, glorious theatre than we;

(p) The Earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied with his son, Sir John Talbot, Lord Lisle, by the right of his wife, with the Lords Molins, Harrington, and Camels, Sir John Howard, Sir John Vernon, and others, recovered divers towns in Gascony; amongst others, the town and castle of Chatillion in Perigord, which the French soon after besieged.

"Whereon true magnanimity might act
 "Brave deeds, which better witnessed could be.
 "For lo! from yonder turrets yet unsack'd,
 "Your valiant fellows stand, your worth to see;
 "T' avouch your valour, if you live to gain;
 "And if we die, that we dy'd not in vain.

LXXXIII.

"And ev'n our foes (whose proud and pow'r-
 ful might
 "Would seem to swallow up our dignity)
 "Shall not keep back the glory of our right;
 "Which their confounded blood shall testify:
 "For in their wounds our gory swords shall write
 "The monuments of our eternity.
 "For vile is honour, and a title vain,
 "The which true worth and danger do not gain.

LXXXIV.

"For they shall see, when we (in careless sort)
 "Shall throw ourselves on their despised spears;
 "'Tis not despair that doth us so transport,
 "But ev'n true fortitude that nothing fears;
 "Sith we may well retire us in some sort:
 "But shame on him that such a foul thought bears.
 "For be they more, let fortune take their part;
 "We'll tug her too, and scratch her e'er we part."

LXXXV.

This said, a fresh-infus'd desire of fame
 Enters their warmed blood, with such a will,
 That they deem'd long they were not at the game;
 And though they march'd apace, thought they
 stood still,

And that their ling'ring foes too slowly came
 To join with them, spending much time but ill.
 "Such force had words fierce humours up to call,
 "Sent from the mouth of such a general."

LXXXVI.

Who yet his forces weighing, (with their fire)
 Turns him about in private to his (g) son,
 (A worthy son, and worthy such a fire)
 And telleth him what ground he stood upon,
 Advising him in secret to retire;
 Confid'ring how his youth, but now begun,
 Would make it unto him at all no stain;
 His death small fame, his flight no shame could
 gain.

LXXXVII.

To whom th' aggrieved son, (as if disgrac'd)
 "Ah! father, have you then selected me
 "To be the man, whom you would have displac'd
 "Out of the roll of immortality?
 "What have I done this day, that hath defac'd
 "My worth; that my hands work despis'd should
 be?
 "God shield I should bear home a coward's name:
 "He long enough hath liv'd, who dies with fame."

LXXXVIII.

At which the father, touch'd with sorrowing joy,
 Turn'd him about, (shaking his head) and says,
 "O my dear son, worthy a better day,
 "To enter thy first youth in hard assays!"
 And now had wrath, impatient of delay,
 Begun the fight, and farther speeches slays.
 Fury thrusts on; striving whose sword should be
 First warmed in the wounds of th' enemy.

(g) The Lord Lisle was advised by his father to retire him
 out of the battle.

LXXXIX.

Hotly these small (but mighty minded) bands
 (As if ambitious now of death) do strain
 Against innumerable armed hands,
 And gloriously a wondrous fight maintain;
 Rushing on all whatever strength withstands,
 Whetting their wrath on blood, and on disdain;
 And so far thrust, that hard 'twere to descry,
 Whether they more desire to kill, or die.

xc.

Frank of their own, greedy of others blood,
 No stroke they give but wounds, no wound but
 kills:

Near to their hate, close to their work they stood;
 Hit where they would, their hand obeys their
 will;

Scorning the blow from far that doth no good,
 Loathing the crack, unless some blood it spills:
 No wounds could let out life that wrath held in,
 Till others wounds reveng'd did first begin.

xci.

So much true resolution wrought in those
 Who had made covenant with death before,
 That their small number (scorning so great foes)
 Made France most happy, that there were no more;
 And fortune doubt to whom she might dispose
 That weary day; or unto whom restore
 The glory of a conquest dearly bought,
 Which scarce the conqueror could think well got.

xcii.

For as with equal rage, and equal might,
 Two adverse winds combat, with billows proud,
 And neither yield: (seas, skies maintain like fight,
 Wave against wave oppos'd, and cloud to cloud:)
 So war both sides with obstinate despite,
 With like revenge; and neither party bow'd:
 Fronting each other with confounding blows,
 No wound one sword unto the other owes.

xciii.

Whilst Talbot (whose fresh ardour having got
 A marvellous advantage of his years)
 Carries his unfelt age as if forgot,
 Whirling about where any need appears.
 His hand, his eye, his wits all present, wrought
 The function of the glorious part he bears:
 Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies;
 Unlocks the thickest troops, where most force lies.

xciv.

In midst of wrath, of wounds, of blood and
 death,
 There is he most, where as he may do best;
 And there the closest ranks he severeth,
 Drives back the stoutest pow'rs that forward press'd:
 There makes his sword his way—there laboureth
 Th' in'fatigable hand that never ceas'd;
 Scorning unto his mortal wounds to yield,
 Till death became best master of the field.

xcv.

Then like a sturdy oak, that having long
 Against the wars of fiercest winds made head,
 When (with some forc'd tempestuous rage more
 strong)

His down-born top comes over-mastered,
 All the near bord'ring trees (he stood among)
 Crush'd with his weighty fall, lie ruined;

So lay his spoils, all round about (r) him slain,
T' adorn his death, that could not die in vain.

xcvi.

On th' other part, his most all-daring (s) son
(Although the inexperience of his years
Made him less skill'd in what was to be done;
And yet did carry him beyond all fears)
Into the main batallion, thrusting on
Near to the king, amidst the chiefest peers,
With thousand wounds became at length oppress'd;
As if he scorn'd to die, but with the best.

xcvii.

Who thus both having gain'd a glorious end,
Soon ended that great day; that set so red,
As all the purple plains that wide extend,
A sad tempestuous season witnessed.
So much ado had toiling France to rend
From us the right so long inherited;
And so hard went we from what we possess'd,
As with it went the blood we loved best.

xcviii.

Which blood not lost, but fast laid up with
In everlasting fame, is there held dear,
To seal the memory of this day's deed;
Th' eternal evidence of what we were:
To which our fathers, we, and who succeed,
Do owe a sigh, for that it (t) touch'd us near.
Nor must we sin so much, as to neglect
The holy thought of such a dear respect.

xcix.

Yet happy hapless day, blest ill-lost breath,
Both for our better fortune, and your own!
For what foul wounds, what spoil, what shameful
death,
Had by this forward resolution grown;
If at St. Albans, Wakefield, Barnet-heath,
It should unto your infamy been shown?
Blest you, that did not teach how great a fault
Ev'n Virtue is in actions that are naught.

c.

Yet would this sad day's loss had not been all
That this day lost: Then should we not much
plain,
If hereby we had com'n but there to fall,
And that day ended, ended had our pain.
Then small the loss of France, of Guien small:
Nothing the shame to be turn'd home again,
Compar'd with other shames—but now France lost,
Sheds us more blood than all her winning cost.

ci.

For losing war abroad, at home lost peace;
B'ing with our unsupporting selves close pent;
And no designs for pride, (that did increase)
But our own throats, and our own punishment:
The working spirit ceas'd not, though work did
cease,
Having fit time to practise discontent,

(r) The death of John Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who had served in the wars of France most valiantly, for the space of 30 years.

(s) The death of the Lord Lisle, son to this worthy Earl of Shrewsbury.

(t) 1453, anno regni 32. Thus was the duchy of Aquitaine lost; which had remained in the possession of the crown of England by the space almost of 300 years. The right whereof came by the marriage of King Henry II. with Eleanor, daughter to William Duke of Aquitaine. In this duchy are 4 archbishops, 24 bishops, 50 earldoms, 202 baronies, and above 1000 captainships and bailiwicks.

And stir up such as could not long lie still;
"Who not employ'd to good, must needs do ill."

cii.

And now this grief of our received shame,
Gave fit occasion for ambitious care,
To draw the chief reproach of all the same
Of such as obvious unto hatred are,
Th' especial men of state: Who all the blame
Of whatsoever fortune doth must bear.
For still in vulgar ears delight it breeds,
To have the hated authors of misdeeds.

ciii.

And therefore easily great (u) Somerset
(Whom envy long had singled out before)
With all the volley of disgraces met,
As th' only mark that fortune plac'd therefore:
On whose ill-wrought opinion spite did whet
The edge of wrath, to make it pierce the more:
And grief was glad t' have gotten now on whom
To lay the fault of what must light on some.

civ.

Whereon th' again out-breaking York begins
To build new models of his old desire:
And see'ng the booty fortune for him wins,
Upon the ground of this enkindled ire,
He takes th' advantage of others sins
To aid his own, and help him to aspire.
For doubting peace should better scan deeds past,
He thinks not safe to have his sword out last.

cv.

Especially since ev'ry man (now press'd
To innovation) do with rancour swell;
A stirring humour gen'rally possess'd
Those peace-spilt times, weary of being well:
The weak with wrongs, the happy tir'd with rest;
And many mad, for what they could not tell.
The world, ev'n great with change, thought it
went wrong,
To stay beyond the bearing time so long.

cvi.

And therefore now these lords confedered
(Being much increas'd in number and in spite)
So shap'd their course, that gath'ring to a head,
They grew to be of formidable might:
Th' abused world so hastily is led, [light)
(Some for revenge, some for wealth, some for de-
That York (from small-beginning troops) soon
draws

A world of men to venture in his cause.

cvii.

Like as proud Severn from a private head,
With humble streams at first doth gently glide,
Till other rivers have contributed
The springing riches of their store beside;
Wherewith at length (high-swelling) she doth
spread
Her broad-distended waters laid so wide,

(u) York procures the hatred of the people against the Duke of Somerset; and so wrought, (in a time of the king's sickness) that he caused him to be arrested in the queen's great chamber, and sent to the Tower of London; accusing him to have been the occasion of the loss of France: But the king being recovered, he was again set at liberty, anno regni 32. The Duke of York perceiving his accusations not to prevail against the Duke of Somerset, resolves to obtain his purpose by open war: And to being in Wales, accompanied with his special friends, assembled an army, and marched towards London.

That coming to the sea, she seems from far,
Not to have tribute brought, but rather war :

CVIII.

Ev'n so is York now grown ; and now is bent
T' encounter with the best, and for the best :
Whose near approach the (x) king hastes to prevent
With hope (far off) to have his pow'r suppress'd ;
Fearing the city, lest some insolent
And mutinous, should hearten on the rest
To take his part. But he so forward set,
That at St. Albans both the armies met.

CIX.

Whereto their haste far fewer hands did bring,
Than else their better leisure would have done ;
And yet too many for so foul a thing ;
Sith who did best, hath but dishonour won.
For whilst some offer peace, sent from the king,
Warwick's too forward hand hath war begun ;
A war, that doth the face of war deform ;
Which still is foul, but foulest wanting form.

CX.

And never valiant leaders (so well known
For brave performed actions done before)
Did blemish their discretion and renown
In any weak-effected service more ;

(x) King Henry sets forward from London with 20,000 men of war, to encounter with the Duke of York : attended with Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his son, Earl of Stafford, Edmund Duke of Somerset, Henry Percy Earl of Northumberland, James Butler, Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, the son of Owen Tudor, half brother to the king, Thomas Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, John Lord Clifford, the Lords Sudley, Barnes, Rofs, and others.

The Duke of York, with the lords, pitched their battel without the town, in a place called Keyfield : And the king's power (to their great disadvantage) took up the town ; where being assailed, and wanting room to use their power, were miserably overthrown and slaughtered. On the king's side were slain, Edmund Duke of Somerset ; who left behind him three sons, Edmund, Henry, and John. Here was also slain, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford, the Lord Clifford, Sir Robert Vere, with divers others, to the number of 5000 ; and on the lords part, but 600. And this was the first battel at St. Albans, May 23. anno regni 33. The Duke of York, with other lords, came to the king where he was, and craved grace and forgiveness on their knees, of that that they had done in his presence ; intending nothing but for the good of him and his kingdom : With whom they removed to London ; concluding there to hold a parliament the 9th of July following.

Bringing such pow'rs into so straight a town,
As to some city-tumult or uproar :
Which slaughter (and no battle) might be thought,
Sith that side us'd their swords, and this their throat.

CXI.

But this on th' error of the king is laid,
And upon Somerset's desire t' obtain
The day with peace ; for which they longer stay'd
Than wisdom would, advent'ring for the main :
Whose force in narrow streets once overlaid,
Never recover'd head ; but ev'n there slain
The duke and all the greatest leaders are,
The king himself b'ing taken prisoner.

CXII.

Yet not a pris'ner to the outward eye,
For that he must seem grac'd with his lost day ;
All things b'ing done for his commodity,
Against such men as did the state betray.
For with such apt-deceiving clemency,
And seeming order, York did so allay
That touch of wrong, as made him make great stealth

In weaker minds, with shew of commonwealth.

CXIII.

Long-look'd-for pow'r thus got into his hand,
The former face of court doth new appear ;
And all th' (y) especial charges of command
To his partakers distributed were.
Himself is made protector of the land ;
A title found, which covertly did bear
All-working pow'r under another style ;
And yet the sov'reign part doth act the while.

CXIV.

The king held only but an empty name,
Left with his life ; whereof the proof was such,
As sharpest pride could not transpierce the same,
Nor all-desiring greediness durst touch :
Impiety had not enlarg'd their shame
And yet so wide, as to attempt so much.
Mischief was not full ripe for such foul deeds ;
Left for th' unbounded malice that succeeds.

(y) Richard Earl of Salisbury made Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of Warwick Governor of Calais.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

B O O K VII.

The Argument.

The King's repriz'd—York and his side retires;
And making head again, is put to flight :
Returns into the land, his right requires :
Having regain'd the King, confirms his right ;
And whilst his rash improvidence aspires,
Is slain at Wakefield by Queen Marg'ret's might ;
Who (at St. Albans) back her lord regains:
Is forc'd from thence—And March the Crown attains.

I.
DISORDINATE (a) authority, thus gain'd,
Knew not at first, or durst not to proceed
With an outbreacking course; but stood restrain'd
Within the compass of respective heed:
Distrust of friends, and pow'r of foes, detain'd
That mounting will from making too much speed.
For though he held the pow'r he long'd to win,
Yet had not all the keys to let him in.

II.
The queen abroad, with a revenging hand
(Arm'd with her own disgrace, and others spite,
Gath'ring th' oppressed party of the land)
Held over him the threat'ning sword of might;
That forc'd him in the terms of awe to stand,
(Who else had burst up right, to come t' his right)
And kept him so confus'd, that he knew not
To make use of the means which he had got.

III.
For either by his fearing to restrain
The person of the king; or by neglect
Of guarding him with a sufficient train;
The watchful queen with cunning doth effect

(a) The Duke of York, in respect that King Henry, for his holiness of life, and clemency, was highly esteemed of the commons, durst not attempt any violent course against his person; but only labours to strengthen his own party; which he could not do, but by the oppression and displacing of many worthy men, with committing other violences, wherunto necessity enforced him, for the preferment of his friends, which raised a greater party against him than that he had made.

A practice, that recovers him again,
(As one that with best care could him protect :)
And he's convey'd to Coventry, to those
Who well knew how of majesty dispose.

IV.
Though this weak king had blunted thus before
The edge of pow'r with so dull clemency,
And left him nothing else was gracious, more
Than ev'n the title of his sov'reignty;
Yet is that title of so precious store,
As it makes golden leaden majesty:
And where, or howsoever it doth fit,
Is sure t' have the world attend on it.

V.
Whether it be, that form and eminence,
Adorn'd with pomp and state, begets this awe;
Or whether an inbred obedience
To right and pow'r, doth our affections draw:
Or whether sacred kings work reverence,
And make that nature now, which was first law;
We know not—But the head will draw the
parts;
And good kings, with our bodies, have our hearts.

VI.
For lo! no sooner was his person join'd
With this distracted body of his friends,
But strait the duke, and all that faction, find
They lost the only engine for their ends:

Authority (*b*) with majesty combin'd,
Stands bent upon them now, and pow'rful sends
Them summons to appear; who lately held
That pow'r themselves, and could not be compell'd.

VII.

Wherewith confus'd, as either not prepar'd
For all events; or see'ng the times not fit;
Or men's affections failing in regard;
Or their own forces, not of pow'r as yet:
They all retire them home; and neither dar'd
T' appear, or to stand out to answer it.
This unfore-thought-on accident confounds
All their designs, and frustrates all their grounds.

VIII.

As usually it fares with those that plot
These machines of ambition, and high pride;
Who (in their chiefeft counsels overshot)
For all things, save what serve the turn, provide;
Whilst that which most imports, rests most forgot,
Or weigh'd not, or condemn'd, or undescry'd;
That something may be ever over-gone,
Where courses shall be cross'd, and men undone.

IX.

York into Wales, Warwick to Calais hies;
Some to the north, others to other parts;
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And also from themselves, and their own hearts:
" (The mind decay'd, in public jeopardies,
" To th' ill at hand only itself converts)"
That none would think York's hopes, b'ing so
near dry,
Could ever flow again, and swell so high.

X.

And yet, for all this ebbing chance, remains
The spring that feeds that hope, (which leaves
men last):
Whom no affliction so entire restrains,
But that it may remount as in times past.
Though he had lost his place, his pow'r, his pains;
Yet held his love, his friends, his title fast:
The whole frame of that fortune could not fail;
As that which hung by more than by one nail.

XI.

Else might we think, what error had it been,
These parts thus sever'd not t' have quite destroy'd?
But that they saw it not the way to win.
Some more dependences there were beside;
Which age and fate keeps us from looking in,
That their true counsels come not right descry'd:
Which our presumptuous wits must not condemn;
They b'ing not ignorant, but we of them.

XII.

For here we look upon another crown,
Another image of nobility,
(Which civil discord had not yet brought down
Unto a lower range of dignity);

(*b*) The queen, with her party, having recovered the king, and withdrawing him far from London, (where they found the Duke of York was too much favoured by the citizens) grew to be very strong, by means that so many lords, and much people, oppressed and discontented with these proceedings of their enemies, resorted daily unto them. Whereupon the king summoned the duke and his adherents, to appear before him at Coventry: but they (finding their present strength not sufficient to make good their answer) retired themselves into several parts. The Duke of York withdrew him to Wigmore, in Wales; the Earl of Salisbury into the North, the Earl of Warwick to Calais.

Upon a pow'r as yet not overflown
With th' ocean of all-drowning sov'reignty,
These lords who thus against their king draws
swords,

Taught kings to come how to be more than lords,
XIII.

Which well this queen observ'd; and therefore
fought
To draw them in, and ruin them with (*c*) peace,
Whom force (she saw) more dangerous had wrought,
And did their pow'r and malice but increase.
And therefore to the city having got,
A council was convok'd, all jars to cease:
Where come these lords at length; but yet so
strong,
As if to do, rather than suffer wrong.

XIV.

Here Scottish-border broils, and fears of France,
Urg'd with the present time's necessity,
Brought forth a subtle-shadow'd countenance
Of quiet peace, resembling amity;
Wrapt in a strong and curious ordinance
Of many articles, bound solemnly:
As if those gordian knots could be so ty'd,
As no impatient sword could them divide:

XV.

Especially, whereas the self-same ends
Concur not in a point of like respect;
For that each party covertly intends
Thereby their own designments to effect:
Which peace with more endang'ring wounds offends,
Than war can do; that stands upon suspect,
And never can be ty'd with other chain,
Than intermutual benefit and gain.

XVI.

As well by this concluded act is seen;
Which had no pow'r to hold in minds outbent,
But quickly was dissolv'd and cancell'd clean,
Either by Warwick's fortune or intent.
However urg'd, the (*d*) servants of the queen
Assaulted his, as he from council went;
Where his own person eagerly pursu'd,
Hardly (by boat) escap'd the multitude.

XVII.

Which deed, most heinous made, and urg'd as his,
The queen (who soon th' advantage apprehends)
Thought forthwith t' have committed him on this:
But he prevents, flies northward to his friends:
Shews them his danger, and what hope there is
In her; that all their overthrows intends:
" And that these drifts th' effects of this peace are;
" Which gives more deadly-wounding blows than
" war."

(*c*) Divers grave persons were sent to the Duke of York, to mediate a reconciliation; and a great council was called at London, An. Reg. 36. to agree all differences. Whither came the Earl of Salisbury, with 500 men; the Duke of York, with 400; and was lodged at his house at Baynard's Castle. The Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, with 800 men, lodged without Temple-Bar. The Earl of Northumberland, the Lords Egremont and Clifford, with 1500, and lodged without the city. The Earl of Warwick, from Calais, with 600 men all in his livery. The Lord Mayor kept continual watch with 2000 men in armour, during the treaty. Wherein, by the great travel and exhortation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other grave prelates, a reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a solemn procession.

(*d*) The Earl of Warwick is set upon by the queen's servants.

XVIII.

Struck with his heat, began th' other's fire;
(Kindled with danger and disdain) t' enflame;
Which having well prepar'd to his desire,
He leaves the farther growing of the fame,
And unto Calais (to his strong retire)
With speed betakes him, to prevent the fame
Of his impos'd offence; left, in disgrace,
He might be dispossessed of that place.

XIX.

York strait advis'd the Earl of Sal'sbury
T' address him to the king: And thereupon,
With other grievances, to signify
Th' injurious act committed on his son;
And there to urge the breach of th' amity,
By these sinister plots to be begun:
But he so strongly goes, as men might guess,
He purpos'd not to crave, but make redress.

XX.

Whom the (e) Lord Audley hasting to re-
strain,
(Sent with ten thousand men well furnished)
Encounter'd on Blore-Heath; where he is slain,
And all his pow'r and force discomfited:
Which chance so open'd, and let out again,
The hopes of York, whom peace had fettered
That he resolves whatever should befall,
To set up's rest, to venture now for all.

XXI.

Fury unty'd, and broken out of bands,
Runs desp'rate presently to either head:
Faction and war (that never wanted hands
For blood and mischief) soon were furnished,
Affection finds a side; and out it stands;
Not by the cause, but by her int'rest led:
And many urging war, most forward are;
"Not that 'tis just, but only that 'tis war."

XXII.

Whereby the duke is grown t' a mighty head
In Shropshire, with his Welch and northern aid:
To whom came Warwick, having ordered
His charge at Calais; and with him convey'd
Many brave leaders, that adventured
Their fortunes on the side that he had laid:
Whereof, as chief, Trollop and Blunt excell'd;
But (f) Trollop fail'd his friends; Blount faithful
held.

XXIII.

The king (provok'd these mischiefs to prevent,
Follow'd with Somerset and Exeter)
Strongly appointed, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct, or to deter:
And drawing near, a (g) rev'rend prelate sent
To proffer pardon, if they would refer
Their cause to peace; as b'ing a cleaner course
Unto their ends, than this foul barb'rous force.

XXIV.

"For what a war (said he) is here begun,
Where ev'n the victory is held accurst?"

(e) James Tucher, Lord Audley, slain at Blore-Heath, and his army discomfited by the Earl of Salisbury, with the loss of 200 men, anno regni, 33.

(f) Sir Andrew Trollop afterwards fled to the king. John Blount remained with the lords.

(g) The king being at Worcester, sends the Bishop of Salisbury to the lords, to induce them to peace, and to offer pardon.

"And who so wins, it will be so ill won,
That though he have the best, he speeds the worst.
For here your making is to be undone;
Seeking t' obtain the state, you lose it first.
Both sides b'ing one, the blood consum'd all one;
To make it yours, you work to have it none."

XXV.

"Leave then with this, though this be yet a
"stain
"T' attempt this sin, to be so near a fall.
"The doubtful die of war cast at the main,
"Is such, as one bad chance may lose you all.
"A certain sin seeks an uncertain gain;
"Which got, yourselves ev'n wail and pity shall.
"No way but peace leads out from blood and fears,
"To free yourselves, the land, and us from tears."

XXVI.

Whereto the discontented part replies,
"That they hereto by others wrongs enforc'd,
"Had no way else but these extremities,
"And worst means of redress, t' avoid the worst.
"For since that peace did but their spoils devise,
"And held them out from grace, (as men divorce'd
"From th' honours that their fortunes did afford)
"Better die with the sword, than by the sword."

XXVII.

"For if pacts, vows or oaths, could have done
"ought,
"There had enough been done; but to no end,
"Save to their ruin, who had ever sought
"T' avoid these broils, as grieving to contend:
"Smoth'ring disgraces, draw'ng to parts remote,
"As exil'd men; where now they were t' attend
"His grace, with all respect and reverence;
"Not with the sword of malice, but defence."

XXVIII.

Whereby they shew'd, that words were not to
win:
But yet the (b) pardon works so feelingly,
That to the king that very night came in
Sir Andrew Trollop, with some company;
Contented to redeem his sin with sin,
Disloyalty with infidelity;
And by this means became discover'd quite
All th' orders of th' intended next day's fight.

XXIX.

Which so much wrought upon their weaken'd
fears,
That presently their camp brake up, ere day;
And ev'ry man with all his speed prepares,
According to their course to shift their way. [bears;
(i) York, with his youngest son, t'wards Ireland
Warwick to Calais, where his safety lay;
To that sure harbour of conspiracy,
Envy's retreat, rebellion's nursery.

XXX.

Which (k) fatal place seems that with either
hand [one;
Is made t' offend. For France sh' afflicts with th'
And with the other did infect this land;
As if ordained to do good to none:

(b) The Bishop of Salisbury offered pardon to all such as would submit themselves.

(i) The Duke of York, with his youngest son, the Earl of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland, where he was exceedingly beloved.

(k) The inconvenience of Calais at that time.

But as a gate to both our ills did stand,
To let out plagues on us, and int' her own.
A part without us, that small good hath been,
But to keep less entire the whole within.

xxxI.

And there, as in their all and best support,
Is Warwick got, with March and Sal'sbury;
When all the gates of England, ev'ry port
And shore close shut, debars their re-entry;
Lock'd out from all, and all left in that sort,
As no means seems can aid their misery. [more
This wound giv'n without blow, weakens them
Than all their loss of blood had done before.

xxxII.

For now again upon them frowningly
Stands pow'r with fortune, trampling on their
states,

And brands them with the marks of infamy,
Rebellions, treasons, and assassins;
Attaints their blood in all posterity;
Ranfacks their lands, spoils their confederates;
And lays so hideous colours on their crimes,
As would have terrify'd more tim'rous times;

xxxIII.

But here could do no good—For why, this age
B'ing in a course of motion, could not rest
Until the revolution of their rage
Came to that point whereto it was address'd.
Misfortune, crosses, ruin could not 'suage
That heat of hope, or of revenge at least.
"The world once set a-work, cannot soon cease;
"Nor ever is the same it is in peace."

xxxIV.

For other motions, other int'rests here,
The acting spirits up and awake do keep:
"Faith, friendship, honour, is more sure, more
"dear,
"And more itself than when it is asleep."
Worth will stand out, and doth no shadows fear:
Disgraces make impressions far more deep;
When ease, ere it will stir, or break her rest,
Lies still, bears all, content to be oppress'd.

xxxV.

York, and his side, could not while life remain'd,
Though thus dispers'd, but work and interdeal;
Nor any sword at home could keep restrain'd
Th' outbreacking pow'rs of this innated zeal.
This humour had so large a passage gain'd
On th' inward body of the commonweal,
That 'twas impossible to stop by force
This current of affection's violent course.

xxxVI.

Yet they at home (disorder to keep forth)
Did all what pow'r could do, or wit invent:
Plac'd in th' avoided rooms men of great worth;
Young (l) Somerset with strength to Calais sent;
Northumberland and Clifford to the north,
Whereof they only had the government:
Defend all landings, bar all passages,
Strive to redress the public grievances.

(l) Henry the young Duke of Somerset was, anno regni 37. made captain of Calais; and a Privy Seal sent to the Earl of Warwick, to discharge him of that place; who, in respect he was made captain there by parliament, would not obey the Privy Seal.

(m) The parliament at Coventry.

xxxVII.

And to this end summon a (n) parli'ment:
Wherein when as the godly king would not
Unto th' attainder of the lords consent,
The queen in grief (and in her passions hot)
Breaks out in speech lovingly violent.
"And what (saith she) my lord, have you forgot?
"To rule, and be a king? Why will you thus
"Be mild to them, and cruel unto us?"

xxxVIII.

"What good have you procur'd by clemency,
"But giv'n to wild presumption much more head?
"And now what cure, what other remedy
"Can to our desp'rate wounds be ministered?
"Men are not good, but for necessity;
"Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
"Sad want and poverty makes men industrious;
"But law must make them good, and fear ob-
"sequious.

xxxIX.

"My lord, he governs well, that's well obey'd;
"And temp'rate rigour ever safely fits.
"For as to him who (n) Cotis did upbraid,
"And call'd his rigour madness, raging fits:
"Content thee, thou unskilful man, he said;
"My madness keeps my subjects in their wits.
"So to like course, my lord, y'are forc'd to fall;
"Or else you must in th' end undo us all.

XL.

"Look but, I pray, on this dear part of you!
"This branch sprung from your blood, your own
"aspect!
"Look on this child; and think what shall ensue
"To this fair hope of ours, by your neglect!
"Though you respect not us, wrong not his due;
"That must his right, left you, from you expect;
"The right of the renowned Lancasters,
"His father's father's, and great grandfather's."

XLI.

Then turns t' her son: "O son! dost thou
"not see? [tears!
"He is not mov'd, nor touch'd, nor weighs our
"What shall I do? what hope is left for me;
"When he wants will to help, and thou want'st
"years?
"Could yet these hands of thine but part'ners be
"In these my labours to keep out our fears,
"How well were I? that now alone must toil,
"And turn, and toils; and yet undone the while.

XLII.

"I know if thou could'st help, thy mother thus
"Should not beyond her strength endure so much
"Nor these proud rebels, that would ruin us,
"'Scape with their heinous treasons without touch:
"I know thou would'st conceive how dangerous
"Mercy were unto those, whose hopes were such;
"And not preserve whom law hath overthrown,
"Saving their livelihood, to lose our own.

XLIII.

"But sith thou canst not, nor I able am,
"Thou must no more expect of me, dear son;
"Nor yet in time to come thy mother blame,
"If thou by others weakness be undone.

(n) Cotis a tyrant of Thrace.

The world, with me, must testify the same,
 "That I have done my best, what could be done;
 "And have not fail'd, with hazard of my life,
 "The duty of a mother and a wife.

XLIV.

"But well—I see which way the world will go:
 "And let it go"—And so turns her about,
 Full with stout grief, and with disdainful woe;
 Which now her words shut up, her looks outlet
 The cast of her side-bended eye, did shew
 Both sorrow and reproof; see'ng so great doubt,
 And no pow'r to redress, but stand and vex,
 Imprison'd in the fetters of her sex.

XLV.

Yet so much wrought these moving arguments,
 (Drawn from that blood where nature urg'd her
 right)

As his all-upward tending zeal relents,
 And downward to his state declines his fight;
 And so to their attainers he consents,
 Provided he, on their submission, might
 Out of his princely pow'r, in his own name,
 Without a (e) parli'ment, revoke the same.

XLVI.

Whilst (p) Somerset with main endeavour lay
 To get his giv'n (but ungot) government,
 The stout Calisians (bent another way)
 Fiercely repel him, frustrate his intent:
 Yet takes he Guines, landing at Whitland Bay.
 Whereas the fwords he brought would not consent
 To wound his foes—The fight no rancour hath:
 Malice was friends; and war was without wrath.

XLVII.

Though he their hands, yet Warwick had their
 hearts;
 To whom both men and shipping they betray'd;
 Whilst England's (though debarred) shore imparts
 To him her other-where intended aid.
 For the Lord (q) Rivers passing to those parts,
 T' have fresh supplies unto the Duke convey'd;
 At Sandwich, with his son accompany'd,
 Staying for wind, was taken in his bed.

XLVIII.

Whose shipping and provisions (r) Warwick
 takes
 For Ireland, with his chieftain to confer;
 And within thirty days this voyage makes,
 And back returns e'er known to have been there:
 So that the heav'ns, the sea, the wind partakes
 With him, as if they of his faction were;
 Or that his spir't and valour were combin'd
 With destiny, t' effect what he design'd.

(e) At this parliament at Coventry, in the year 1459, in the 38th year of King Henry VI. is Richard Duke of York, with his son Edward, and all his posterity, and partakers, attainted, to the ninth degree; their goods and possession escheated; their tenants spoiled of their goods; the town of Ludlow, pertaining to the Duke of York, ransacked; and the Duchess of York spoiled of her goods.

(p) Henry Duke of Somerset, with the Lords Audley and Ross, attempted the town of Calais, but were repulsed; his people yielding themselves to the Earl of Warwick, and himself hardly escaped.

(q) The Lord Rivers, and his son, Sir Anthony Woodvil, were taken by John Dinham at Sandwich; whither they were sent to guard the town, and supply the Duke of Somerset.

(r) The Earl of Warwick sailed into Ireland, to confer with the Duke of York.

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XLIX.

Which working, though without, and on the
 shore,

Reach'd yet unto the centre of the land;
 Search'd all those humours that were bred before;
 Shakes the whole frame whereon the state did
 stand:

"Affection, pity, fortune, fear, b'ing more
 "Far off and absent, than they are at hand.
 "Pity becomes a traitor with th' oppress'd;
 "And many have been rais'd, by b'ing suppress'd."

L.

For they had left, although themselves were
 gone,

Opinion and their memory behind;
 Which so prevails, that nought could here be done,
 But straight was known as soon as once design'd.
 Court, council-chamber, closet, all were won,
 To be revealers of the prince's mind:
 So false is faction, and so smooth a liar,
 As that it never had a side entire.

LI.

Whereby th' exil'd had leisure to prevent,
 And circumvent whatever was devis'd; [bent,
 Which made that (s) Falconbridge to Sandwich
 That fortrefs and the governor surpris'd;
 Who presently from thence to Calais sent,
 Had his unguilty blood there sacrific'd:
 And Falconbridge returning back, relates
 Th' affection here, and zeal of all estates.

LII.

Drawn with which news, and with a spir't that
 dar'd

T' attempt on any likelihood of support;
 They take th' advantage of so great regard:
 Their landing here secur'd them in such sort
 By Falconbridge: The fatal bridge prepar'd
 To be the way of blood, and to transport
 Returning fury to make greater wounds,
 Than ever England saw within her bounds.

LIII.

And but with fifteen hundred men do land,
 Upon a land with many millions stor'd;
 So much did high-presuming courage stand
 On th' aid home-disobedience would afford.
 Nor were their hopes deceived—for such a hand
 Had innovation ready for the sword,
 As e'er they near unto the city drew,
 Their pow'r beyond all former greatness grew.

LIV.

Muse, what may we imagine was the cause
 That fury works thus universally?
 What humour, what affection is it, draws
 Sides of such pow'r to this nobility?
 Was it their conscience, to redress the laws;
 Or malice to a wrong-plac'd sov'reignty,
 That caus'd them (more than wealth or life) desire
 Destruction, ruin, bloodshed, sword and fire?

LV.

Or was the pow'r of lords (thus inter-plac'd
 Betwixt the height of princes, and the state)
 Th' occasion that the people so embrac'd
 Their actions, and attend on this debate?

(s) The Lord Falconbridge sent to Sandwich, took the town, and Sir Simon Montfort, governor thereof.

M

Or had their greatness, with their worth, embas'd
The touch of royalty to so low rate,
As their opinion could such tumults move?
Then pow'r and virtue, you contagious prove.

LVI.

And Periander's levell'd ears of corn
Shew what is fittest for the public rest;
And that the highest minions which adorn
A commonweal, (and do become it best)
Are zeal and justice, law, and customs, born
Of high descent; that never do infest
The land with false suggestions, claims, affrights,
To make men lose their own for others rights.

LVII.

But now against this disproportion bends
The feeble (t) king all his best industry:
And from abroad, Skales, Lovel, Kendal, sends,
To hold the city in fidelity;
The city, which before (for other ends)
Was wrought to leave the part of royalty:
Where, though the king's command was of no
pow'r,
Yet work these lords so, that they took the Tow'r.

LVIII.

And from thence labour to bring in again
The outlet will of disobedience;
Send terror, threats, entreaties, but in vain.
(u) Warwick and March are with all jollity
And grace receiv'd. The (x) city's love did gain
The best part of a crown: For whose defence,
And entertaining still, stays (y) Sal'sbury,
Whilst March and Warwick other fortunes try;

LIX.

Conducting their fresh troops against their
king,
(Who leaves a woman to supply his stead:)
And near (z) Northampton both embattelling,
Made now the very heart of England bleed:
Where what strange resolutions both sides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed,
Witness the blood there shed, and foully shed;
That cannot but with sighs be registered.

LX.

There (a) Buckingham, Talbot, and Egremont,
Beaumont and Lucy; parts of Lancaster,
(Parts most important, and of chief account)
In this unhappy day extinguish'd are.
There the (b) Lord Grey (whose faith did not
amount
Unto the trust committed to his care)
Betrays his king, born to be strangely toss'd;
And late again attain'd, again is lost.

(t) The king (from Coventry) sends the Lord Skales, the Lord Lovel, the Earl of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the city in obedience.

(u) The Earls of March, Warwick, and Salisbury, landing at Sandwich, were met by the Archbishop of Canterbury; who, with his cross borne before him, accompanied them to London, anno regni 38.

(x) The affection which the city of London bore to the Duke of York, was an especial mean for the raising of that line to the crown.

(y) The Earl of Salisbury left to keep the city.

(z) The battel of Northampton.

(a) The Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Lord Egremont, John Viscount Beaumont, Sir William Lucy, slain.

(b) The Lord Edmund Grey of Ruthen, who led the van guard of King Henry, withdrew himself, and took part with the lord's.

LXI.

Again is lost this outside of a (c) king,
Ordain'd for others uses, not his own;
Who to the part that had him could but bring
A feeble body only, and a crown;
But yet was held to be the dearest thing
Both sides did labour for so much, to crown
Their cause with the apparency of might;
From whom, and by whom they must make their
right:

LXII.

When he himself (as if he nought esteem'd
The highest crown on earth) continues one;
Weak to the world: Which his religion deem'd
Like to the breath of man; vain, and soon gone!
Whilst the stout queen, by speedy flight, redeem'd
The safety of herself, and of her son:
And with her (d) Somerset to Durham fled;
Her pow'r suppress'd, her heart unvanquished.

LXIII.

So much for absent York is acted here,
Attending English hopes on th' Irish coast:
Which when, unlook'd for, they related were,
Ambition (still on horseback) comes in post,
And seems with greater glory to appear;
As made the more by b'ing so long time lost:
And to the parli'ment with state is led,
Which his associates had fore-summ'd.

LXIV.

And com'n into the chamber of the peers,
He sets himself down in the chair of state;
Where such an unexpected face appears
Of an amazed court, that gazing sat
With a dumb silence, (seeming, that it fears
The thing it went about t' effectuate)
As if the place, the cause, the conscience gave
Bars to the words their forced course should have.

LXV.

'Tis strange those times which brought such
hands for blood,
Had not bred tongues to make good any side;
And that no prostituted conscience stood,
And injustice to have justify'd;
(As men of the forlorn hope, only good
In desperate acts to be employ'd)
And that none in th' assembly there was found,
That would t' ambitious descant give a ground:

LXVI.

That ev'n himself (forc'd of necessity)
Must be the orator of his own cause.
For having view'd them all, and could espy
None proff'ring once to speak; (all in a pause)
On this friend looks with an inviting eye,
And then on that, (as if he woo'd applause)
Holding the cloth of state in his hand;
The sign which he would have them understand.

LXVII.

But see'ng none move; with an imperial port
Gath'ring his spir'its, he rises from his seat;
Doth with such pow'r of words his cause support,
As seems all others causes to defeat.

(c) The king is convey'd to London; the Tower yielded up to the lords; and the Lord Skales (who kept it) murdered.

(d) The Duke of Somerset.

" And sure, who works his greatness in that sort,
 " Must have more pow'rs than those that are
 born great.
 " Such revolutions are not wrought, but when
 " Those spir'its do work, which must be more
 than men."

LXVIII.

He argues first his right, so long withheld
 By th' usurpation of the Lancasters;
 " The right of a direct line, always held
 " The sacred course of blood; our ancestors,
 " Our laws, our rev'rent customs have upheld
 " With holy hands. Whence when disorder errs,
 " What horrors, what confusion do we see;
 " Until it be reduc'd where it should be?"

LXIX.

" And how it prospers with this wretched land,
 " Witness the universal misery,
 " Wherein (as if accurs'd) the realm doth stand;
 " Depriv'd of state, wealth, honour, dignity:
 " The church, and commons, underneath the hand
 " Of violence, extortion, robbery.
 " No face of order, no respect of laws:
 " And thus complains of what himself is cause;

LXX.

" Accusing others insolence, that they
 " Exhausted the revenues of the crown;
 " So that the king was forc'd only to prey
 " Upon his subjects, poor and wretched grown:
 " And that they now sought Ireland to betray,
 " And Calais to the French; which he had
 known

" By th' intercepted notes of their own hand,
 " Who were the only traitors of the land;

LXXI.

" And yet procur'd th' attainders most unjust
 " Of others guiltless and unspotted blood,
 " Who evermore had labour'd in their trust,
 " And faithful service for their country's good;
 " And who with extreme violence were thrust
 " Quite out of all, spoil'd of their livelihood,
 " Expos'd to all the miseries of life;
 " Which they endur'd, to put off blood and strife.

LXXII.

" But since (saith he) their malice hath no end,
 " But t' end us all, and to undo the land;
 " (For which the hateful French gladly attend,
 " And at this instant have their swords in hand)
 " And that the God of heav'n doth seem to bend
 " Unto our cause, whereto the best men stand;
 " And that this blood of mine so long time sought,
 " Reserved seems for something to be wrought.

LXXIII.

" It rests within your judgments to upright
 " Or else to ruin utterly the land:
 " For this be sure, I must pursue my right
 " Whilst I have breath, or I and mine can stand.
 " Think whether this poor state, b'ing in this
 plight,
 " Stands not in need of some upraising hand;
 " Or whether 'tis not time we should have rest,
 " And this confusion and our wounds redrest."

LXXIV.

This said, he turns aside, and out he goes;
 Leaves them to counsel what was to be done:

Where, though the most part gather'd were of
 those

Who with no opposition sure would run,
 Yet some, more temp'rate, offer'd to propose
 That which was fit to be consider'd on:
 Who, though they knew his claim was fair in fight,
 Yet thought it now lack'd the right face of right:

LXXV.

Since for the space of threescore years, the
 crown

Had been in act possess'd, in three descents;
 Confirm'd by all the (e) nobles of renown,
 The peoples suffrages, oaths, parli'ments;
 So many acts of state, both of our own,
 And of all other foreign governments:
 " That wrong, by order, may grow right by this;
 " Sith right th' observer but of order is.

LXXVI.

" And then consid'ring first how Bolingbroke,
 " Landing in Yorkshire but with threescore men,
 " By the consent of all that kingdom, took
 " The crown upon him, held for lawful then:
 " His uncle York, and all the peers betook
 " Themselves to him, as to their sov'reign; when
 " King Richard's wrongs, and his propinquity,
 " Did seem to make no distance in their eye.

LXXVII.

" Nor was without example in those days;
 " Wherein (as in all ages) states do take
 " The side of public peace, to counterprize
 " The weight of wrong, which time may rightful
 make.

" No elderhood (f) Rufus and Henry stays
 " Th' imperial crown of England t' undertake:
 " And John before his nephew Arthur speeds;
 " Whom, though depriv'd, Henry his son suc-
 ceeds.

LXXVIII.

" Edward the third made sov'reign of the state
 " Upon his father's deprivation was.
 " All which, though seeming wrongs, yet fairly sat
 " In their successors, and for right did pass."
 And if they could so work, t' accommodate
 And calm the peers, and please the populace;
 They wish'd the crown might where it stood re-
 main,
 Succeeding inconvenience to restrain.

LXXIX.

Thus th' ancient fathers of the law advise,
 Grave Baron Thorpe, and learned Fortescue;
 Who, though they could not fashion otherwise
 Those strong-bent humours, which aversive grew,
 Yet seem'd to qualify th' extremities,
 And some respect more to their sov'reign drew;
 That, during life, it was by all agreed
 He should be king, and York should him succeed.

LXXX.

Which presently enacted, was (beside)
 Proclaim'd throughout with all solemnities,
 And intermutually there ratify'd
 With protestations, vows, and oaths likewise;

(e) Non confirmatur tractu temporis, quod de jure ab initio non subsistit.

(f) William Rufus and Henry I. preferred before their elder brother.

Built up with all the strength of form, t' abide
Whatever oppositions could arise;
And might have seem'd sure and authentical,
Had all this body of the state been all.

LXXXI.

But Trent, thou kept'st a part; Thames had
not all:

The north divided honour with the south;
And like pow'r held like greatness several:
Where other right spake with another mouth;
Another heir another prince they call,
Whom natural succession follow doth;
The branch of kings, the true son of the crown;
To whom no father can but leave his own.

LXXXII.

The king, as husband to the crown, doth by
The wife's inestimable hold; and only here
Enjoys the same for life by courtesy;
Without pow'r to dispose it other where,
After his death, but as th' authority,
Order and custom of succession bear:
And therefore Henry's act cannot undo
The right of him whom it belongs unto.

LXXXIII.

And this unnatural intrusion here
Of that attainted blood, out of all course,
Effected with confusion and with fear,
Must be reduc'd to other terms of force.
These insolencies justice cannot bear:
The sword (whereto they only had recourse)
Must cut this knot so intricately ty'd,
Whose vain contrived ends are plain descry'd.

LXXXIV.

Thus they give out—and out the sword in hand
Is drawn for blood, to justify the same;
And by a side with many a worthy mann'd:
Great Somerset, Exeter, Buckingham,
With Clifford, Courtney, and Northumberland,
(Lords of as mighty courage, as of name)
Which all against York's forced courses bend;
Who having done, yet had not made an end:

LXXXV.

But to another work is forc'd to go,
The last turmoil lab'ring ambition had;
Where pride and overweening led him so,
(For fortunes past) as made the issue sad.
For whether safer counsel would or no,
His yet unfurnish'd troops he desp'rate led
From Sandall castle unto Wakefield green,
Against far mightier forces of the queen.

LXXXVI.

Where round enclos'd by (g) ambushments fore-
Hard working for his life, (but all in vain)
With number and confusion overlaid,
Himself and valiant Sal'sbury are slain;
With whom the most, and dearest blood decay'd
Of his courageous and advent'rous train:
So short a life had those long hopes of his,
Born not to wear the crown he wrought for thus;

LXXXVII.

But in the rise of his out-springing lust,
Now in the last of hope receiv'd this fall;

(g) The battle of Wakefield, where the Duke of York is slain; the Earl of Salisbury taken, and beheaded at York; Edmund Earl of Rutland, youngest son to the Duke of York, murdered after the battle, by the Lord Clifford

Now that his working pow'rs so far had thrust,
That his desires had but this step to all.
When, so near home, he seem'd past all distrust,
This unexpected wreck doth him befall:
This successor th' inheritor foregoes;
The play-game made of fortune, and his foes.

LXXXVIII.

Whose young son, Rutland, (made the sacrifice
For others sins, e'er he knew how to sin)
Brought only but to see this exercise
Of blood and wounds, ends e'er he did begin:
Whose tears, whose moan, whose lamentable
cries,

Could neither mercy nor compassion win.
The branch of such a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit should any longer grow.

LXXXIX.

Which turning chance t' a long ungraced side,
Brings back their almost quelled hopes again;
And thrust them on to use the present tide
And flow of this occasion, to regain
Th' intralled monarch, and to undecide
The late concluded act they held for vain:
And moves their armies, new refresh'd with
spoil,
For more confusion, and for more turmoil:

xc.

Victoriously proceeding unwithstood,
Till at (b) St. Albans Warwick's forc'd t' a stand.
Whereas (to make his own undoing good)
The king is brought against himself to band:
His pow'r and crown is set against his blood;
Forc'd on the side not of himself to stand.
Divided king! in what a case thou art,
To have thy hand thus bent against thy heart!

xci.

And here this famous fatal place again
Is made the stage of blood—again these streets,
Embru'd with slaughter, cover'd with the slain,
Witness what desp'rate wrath with rancour meets.
But fortune now is in another vein,
Another side her turning favour greets;
The (i) king here lately lost, is now here won;
Still sure t' undo the side that he was on.

xcii.

(k) Warwick, with other genius than his own,
Had here to do: Which made him see the face
Of sad misfortune in the self same town,
Where prosperous winning lately gave him grace:
And Marg'ret here, this martial amazon,
Was with the spir't of herself in place;
Whose labours fortune ev'n to pity stir,
And b'ing a woman, could but give it her.

xciii.

The reputation and encouragement
Of Wakefield glory waken'd them to this:
And this seems now the full accomplishment
Of all their travel, all their combances.
For what can more disturb this government,
When York extinct, and Warwick conquer'd is?
Directing Sal'sb'ry left without a head,
What rests there now that all's not finished?

(b) The second battle at St. Albans.

(i) The king is again recovered by the queen.

(k) The Earl of Warwick, with the Duke of Norfolk, put to flight; and Sir John Grey slain on the king's side.

xciv.

Thus for the sick preserving nature strives
Against corruption and the loathsome grave,
When out of death's cold hands she back reprieves
Th' almost confounded spir'its she fain would save;
And them cheers up, illightens and revives,
Making faint sickness words of health to have,
With looks of life as if the worst were past;
When straight comes dissolution, and his last.

xcv.

So fares it with this late revived queen;
Whose victories thus fortunately won,
Have but as only light'ning motions been
Before the ruin that ensu'd thereon.
For now another springing pow'r is seen,
Whereto (as to the new-arising sun)
All turn their faces, leaving those low rays
Of setting fortune, which no climber weighs.

xcvi.

Now is young March more than a Duke of York:
For youth, love, grace, and courage, make him
more;

All which for fortune's favour now do work,
Who graceth freshest actors evermore;
Making the first attempt the chiefest work
Of any man's designs that strives therefore.

"The after seasons are not so well blest;
"For those first spir'its make their first actions best."

xcvii.

Now as the Lybian lion, when with pain
The weary hunter hath pursu'd his prey
From rocks to brakes, from thickets to the plain,
And at the point thereon his hands to lay
Hard by his hopes, his eye upon his gain,
Outrushing from his den, rapt all away;
So comes young March their ends to disappoint,
Who now were grown so near unto the point.

xcviii.

The love of these important southern parts,
Of Essex, Surrey, Middlesex, and Kent,
The queen had wholly lost; as they whose hearts
Grew ill affected to her government,
Upon th' uncivil and presumptuous parts,
Play'd by the northern troops grown insolent;
Whom, though she could not govern otherwise,
Yet th' ill that's wrought for her, upon her lies.

xcix.

"So wretched is this execrable war,
"This civil sword—wherein, though all we see
"Be foul, and all things miserable are,
"Yet most distressful is the victory;
"Which is not only th' extreme ruiner
"Of others, but her own calamity:
"Where who obtains, what he would cannot do;
"Their pow'r hath part, who help him thereunto."

c.

The (i) city, whose good will they most desire,
(Yet thereunto durst not commit their state)
Sends them not those provisions they require;
Which seem'd restrained by the people's hate:

(i) The queen, after the battle of St. Albans, sent to the Mayor of London for certain provisions, who, willing to furnish her therewithal, the commons of the city stayed the same, and would not permit the carts to pass: whereupon the Lord Mayor sent to excuse himself, and to appease the displeasure of the queen.

Yet March's help far off, and near this fire
(To win them time) forc'd them to meditate
A reconciliation: Which well entertain'd,
Was fairly now grown on, and nearly gain'd:

ci.

When with a thousand tongues swift-wing'd
fame comes,
And tells of March's gallant victories;
Who what withstands subdues; all overcomes;
Making his way through fiercest enemies:
As having now to cast in greater sums
The reck'ning of his hopes, that mainly rise.
His father's death gives more life unto wrath;
And vexed valour greater courage hath.

cii.

And now, as for his last, his lab'ring worth
Works on the coast which on fair Severn lies;
Whereto his father (passing to the north)
Sent him to levy other fresh supplies:
But hearing now what Wakefield had brought
forth,
Imp'oring aid against these injuries,
Obtains from Gloc'ster, Worc'ster, Shrewsbury,
Important pow'rs to work his remedy.

ciii.

Which he against (m) Pembroke and Ormond
bends;

Whom Marg'ret (now upon her victory)
With all speed possible from Wakefield sends,
With hope to have surpris'd him suddenly.
Wherein, though she all means, all wit extends,
To th' utmost reach of wary policy,
Yet nothing her avails—no plots succeed,
T' avert those mischiefs which the heav'ns decreed.

civ.

For near the (n) cross ally'd unto his name,
He cross'd those mighty forces of his foes,
And with a spir't ordain'd for deeds of fame
Their eager fighting army overthrows;
Making all clear behind from whence he came,
Bearing down wholly what before him rose,
Like to an all-confounding torrent seems;
And was made more by Warwick's mighty streams.

cv.

With th' inundation of which greatness, (o) he
(Having no bounds of pow'r to keep him back)
March'd to the city: At whose entrance free,
No signs of joy, nor no applauding lack.
Whose near approach when this sad queen did see,
(I' avoid these rocks of her near threat'ning
wreck) [parts,
With her griev'd troops northward she hence de-
And leaves to youth and fortune these south parts.

(m) Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire.

(n) The battle of Mortimer's Cross, where Owen Tudor, father to the Earl of Pembroke, who had married King Henry's mother, was taken and beheaded.

(o) The Earl of Warwick, after his overthrow at St. Albans, retires with all the forces he could make, and joins with the young Duke of York; who, coming to London, and received with all joy, a great council was presently called of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal; where King Henry was adjudged insufficient for the government of the realm, and to be deprived of all regal authority; and the Duke of York elected for king, and afterward proclaimed by the name of Edward the IVth, March 4. 1460, at the age of 18. And so Henry VI., after he had reigned 38 years 6 months, was deposed.

CVI.

Glory with admiration entering now,
Open'd that easy door to his intent,
As that there needs not long time to allow
The right he had unto the government;
Nor Henry's injuries to disavow,
Against his oath, and th' act of parli'ment.
"For here the speedi'st way he takes t' accord
"Diff'rence in law, that pleads it with the sword."

CVII.

Gather'd to see his muster'd companies,
Stood all the flocking troops of London streets,
When Falconbridge (with gentle feeling) tries
How strong the pulse of their affection beats;
And reck'ning up the grievous miseries,
And desolation which the country threatens, [king;
Ask'd them, whom they would have to be their
To lead those troops, and state in form to bring?

CVIII.

Whereto, with such an universal shout,
"The Earl of March," the multitude replies,
As the rebounding echo straight throughout
(From tow'r to tow'r reverberated) flies
To th' ears of those great lords, who sat about
The consultation for this enterprise,
Whose care is fav'd, which most they stood upon;
For what they counsel how to do, is done.

CIX.

And nothing now, but to confirm him king,
Remains (which must not long remain) to do:
The present heat doth straight dispatch the thing,
With all those solemn rites that 'long thereto:
So that what York, with all his traveling,
Force and intrusion, could not get unto;
Is now thus freely laid upon his son,
Who must make fair what foully was begun.

CX.

Whose end attain'd, had it here made an end
Of foul destruction, and had stay'd the blood
Which Towton, Exham, Tewksbury did spend
With desp'rate hands, and deeper wound withstood;
And that none other crown brought to contend
With that of his, had made his seem less good;
How had this long afflicted land been blest!
Our sighs had ended, and my muse had rest.

CXI.

Which now (but little past half her long way)
Stands trembling at the horrors that succeed;
Weary with these embroilments, fain would stay
Her farther course, unwilling to proceed:
And fain to see that glorious holiday
Of union which this discord re-agreed,
Knows not as yet what to resolve upon,
Whether to leave off here, or else go on.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK VIII.

The Argument.

King Edward pow'r against King Henry led,
And hath at Towton Field the victory :
From whence King Henry into Scotland fled,
Where he attempts his state's recovery :
Steals into England; is discovered:
Brought pris'ner to the Tow'r disgracefully.
And Edward, whilst Great Warwick doth assay
A match in France, marries the Lady Grey.

On, yet, sad verse—Though those bright stars
from whence

Thou had'st thy light, are set for evermore;
And that these times do not like grace dispense
To our endeavours, as those did before :
Yet on—Since she, whose beams do re-incense
This sacred fire, seems as reserv'd in store
To raise this work, and here to have my last,
Who had the first of all my labours past.

ii.

On, with her blessed favour, and relate
With what new bloodshed this new chosen lord
Made his first entry to th' afflicted state;
Pass'd his first act of public with the sword;
Engor'd his new-worn crown; and how he gat
Possession of affliction, and restor'd
His right unto a royal misery,
Maintained with as bloody dignity.

iii.

Shew how our great Pharsalian field was fought
At (a) Towton in the north; the greatest day

(a) Edward, being proclaimed and acknowledged for king, presently sets forward towards the north, to encounter with King Henry VI., who in Yorkshire had assembled a puissant army of near 60,000 men; and at a place called Towton, about 4 miles from York, both their powers met, where was fought the greatest battle our stories mention in all these Civil Wars, where both the armies consisted of above 100,000 men, and all of our own nation,

Of ruin that dissension ever brought
Unto this kingdom. Where two crowns did
sway

The work of slaughter—Two kings causes wrought
Destruction to one people, by the way
Of their affections, and their loyalties;
As if one for these ills could not suffice.

iv.

Where Lancaster, and that courageous side,
(That noble constant part) came furnished
With such a pow'r, as might have terrify'd
And over-run the earth; had they been led
The way of glory, where they might have try'd
For th' empire of all Europe, as those did
The Macedonian led into the east;
Their number being double at the least.

v.

And where brave York comes as completely
mann'd

With courage, valour, and with equal might;
Prepar'd to try with a resolved hand
The metal of his crown, and of his right :
Attended with his fatal firebrand
Of war, Warwick, that blazing star of fight !
The comet of destruction that portends
Confusion and distress, what way he tends.

vi.

What rage, what madness, England, do we see
That this brave people, in such multitude

Run to confound themselves! And all to be
Thus mad for lords, and for mere servitude!
What might have been, if (Roman like, and free)
These gallant spir'its had nobler ends pursu'd,
And strain'd to points of glory and renown,
For good of the republic, and their own?

vii.

But here no Cato with a senate stood
For Commonwealth—Nor here were any fought
T' emancipate the state for public good,
But only headlong for their faction wrought.
Here ev'ry man runs on to spend his blood,
To get but what he had already got.
For whether Pompey, or a Cæsar won,
Their state was ever sure to be all one.

viii.

And first, before these fatal armies met,
Had forward Warwick laid the passage free,
At Ferry-Briggs; where the Lord (b) Clifford
(set
With an advent'rous gallant company,
To guard that strait, York's further march to let)
Began the scene to this great tragedy;
Made the first entrance on the stage of blood;
Which now set wide for wounds, all open flood.

ix.

When Edward to exhort his men began,
With words, whereto both spir'it and majesty
His pers'nage: For that he was a man
(Besides a king) whose crown sat gracefully.
"Com'n is the day, said he, wherein who can
Obtain the best, is best. This day must try
Who hath the wrong; and whence our ills have
"been:
"And 'tis our swords must make us honest men.

x.

"For though our cause (by God and men al-
"low'd)
"Hath in it honour, right, and honesty;
"Yet all as nothing is to be avow'd,
"Unless withal we have the victory.
"For justice is (we see) a virtue proud,
"And cleaves to pow'r, and leaves weak mi-
"fery:
"And therefore seeing the case we now stand in,
"We must resolve either to die or win.

xi.

"So that if any here doth find his heart
"To fail him for this noble work, or stands
"Irresolute this day; let him depart,
"And leave his arms behind, for worthier hands.
"I know enow will stay to do their part;
"Here to redeem themselves, wives, children,
"lands,
"And have the glory that thereby shall rise,
"To free their country from these miseries."

xii.

But here what needed words to blow the fire,
In flame already, and enkindl'd so,
As when it was proclaim'd they might retire,
Who found unwillingness to undergo
That vent'rous work; they all did so conspire
To stand out fortune, that not one would go,

(b) The Lord Clifford slain at Ferry-Briggs.

To bear away a hand from blood; not one
Defraud the field of th' evil might be done?

xiii.

Where (c) Warwick too (producing in their
flight

An argument, whereby he did conclude
There was no hope of safety, but by fight)
Doth sacrifice his horse to fortitude;
And thereby did the least conceit of flight,
Or any succour by escape exclude;
"See'ng in the streight of a necessity,
"The means to win, is t' have no means to fly."

xiv.

It was upon the twilight of that day,
That peaceful day when the religious bear
The olive branches as they go to pray,
(And we, in lieu, the blooming palm use here)
When both the armies, ready in array
For th' early sacrifice of blood, appear
Prepar'd for mischief, e're they had full light
To see to do it, and to do it right.

xv.

Th' advantage of the time, and of the wind,
(Which both with York seem as retain'd in pay)
Brave (d) Falconbridge takes hold on and assign'd
The archers their flight-shafts to shoot away:
Which th' adverse side (with fleet and dimness
blind,
Mistaken in the distance of the way)
Answer with their sheaf arrows, that came short
Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.

xvi.

But gather'd by th' on marching enemy,
Returned were like clouds of steel; which pour
Destruction down, and did new-night the sky,
As if the day had fail'd to keep his hour.
Whereat the ranged horse break out, deny
Obedience to the riders, scorn their pow'r;
Disfrank the troops, set all in disarray,
To make th' assailant owner of the day.

xvii.

Thus thou peculiar engine of our land!
(Weapon of conquest! Master of the field!)
Renowned bow! (that mad't this crown com-
mand
The tow'rs of France, and all their pow'rs to
yield)

Art made at home to have th' especial hand
In our dissensions, by thy work upheld:
Thou first did'st conquer us; then rais'd our skill
To vanquish others; here ourselves to spill.

xviii.

And now how com'st thou to be out of date,
And all-neglected leav'st us, and art gone;
And with thee th' ancient strength, the manly
state

Of valour and of worth, that glory won?
Or else stay'st thou till new priz'd shot abate?
(That never shall affect what thou hast done)
And only but attend'st some blessed reign,
When thou and virtue shall be grac'd again.

(c) The Earl of Warwick, before the battle began, with
his own hands killed his horse.

(d) William Nevil, Lord Falconbridge, after created
Earl of Kent.

XIX.

But this short tempest drave Northumberland
(Who led the van-guard of king Henry's side)
With eager heat join battle out of hand,
And this disorder with their swords to hide.
Where twice five hours these furious armies
stand,
And fortune's balance weigh'd on neither side:
Nor either did but equal bloodshed gain
Till Henry's (e) chiefest leaders all were slain.

XX.

Then to those spir'its, which from these heads
derive
Their motions, gave off working; and in haste
Turn all their backs to death, and mainly strive
Who from themselves shall run away most fast.
The after-fliers on the former drive;
And they again by the pursuers chas'd,
Make bridges of their fellows backs, to pass
The brooks and rivers whereas danger was.

XXI.

Witness, O clear-stream'd Cock! within whose
banks
So many thousand crawling helpless lay,
With wounds and weariness; who in their ranks
Had valiantly behav'd themselves that day;
And might have had more honour and more
thanks,
By standing to their work, and by their stay.
"But men at once life seem to love and loath
"Running to lose it, and to save it both."

XXII.

Unhappy Henry, from a little hill,
Plac'd not far off, (whence he might view the
fight)
Had all th' entire full prospect of this ill,
With all the scatter'd slaughter, in his sight:
Saw how the victor rag'd, and spoil'd at will,
And left not off when all was in his might:
Saw with how great ado himself was won;
And with what store of blood kings are undone.

XXIII.

"We are not worth so much, nor I nor he,
"As hath been spent for us by you this day,
"Dear people; said he—Therefore O! agree;
"And leave off mischief, and your malice stay!
"Stay, Edward, stay! They must a people be,
"When we shall not be kings—And it is they,
"Who make us with their miseries—Spare them,
"For whom thou thus dost seek a diadem.

XXIV.

"For me, I could be pleas'd t' have nought to
do
"With fortune; and content myself were ill,
"So England might be well: And that t' undo
"Me might suffice the sword, without more ill.
"And yet perhaps these men, that cleave unto
"The parts of princes with such eager will,

(e) In this battle of Towton, on King Henry's side were slain, Henry Percy Earl of Northumberland; the Earls of Shrewsbury and Devonshire; John Lord Clifford; the Lords Beaumont, Nevil, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-Hugh, Molineux, Buckingham; knights, the two base sons of Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter; Richard Percy, Gervase Clifton, Andrew Trollop, &c.

The whole number slain were accounted by some 33,000, by others 35,091.

"Have likewise their own ends of gain or hate
"In these our strifes, and nourish this debate."

XXV.

Thus stood he (drawing lines of his discourse)
In contemplation; when, more needfully,
It did import him to devise a course,
How he might shift for his recovery:
And had been taken, had not some by force
Rescu'd and drawn him off more speedily,
And brought him unto (f) York in all main post;
Where he first told his queen the day was lost.

XXVI.

Who, as compos'd of that firm temp'ature,
Which could not bend to base complaints, nor
wail
As weakness doth, (fore-knowing how t' endure)
Fail'd not herself, though fortune did her fail;
But rather casts about how to procure
Means to reserve her part, and to prevail
Of that poor time left her to save her own;
As one though overcome, not overthrown.

XXVII.

Now when she had of fatal Lancaster
Seen all the pillars crush'd and ruined,
That under-set it; all that follow'd her
Of those heroic personages dead,
Save only Somerset and Exeter,
(Who from this last destruction hardly fled)
And saw all lost, and nothing in her might,
But only that which must be sav'd by flight:

XXVIII.

Now when there was no north left of their own,
To draw unto; no side to gather head;
No people to be rais'd t' an empty crown,
Nor yet the ground their own whereon they
tread;
When yet your faith, (worthy of all renown)
Constant Northumbrians, firm continued!
And though you could not render succours fit
Unto your sov'reign, you would save him yet;

XXIX.

And be (as few men in this world are) true
Unto affliction, and to misery;
And would not basely purchase and renew
Your peace and safety by disloyalty;
But wrought, that though the victor did pursue
With greedy care, and eager industry,
To have surpris'd him; yet was all in vain,
Till he recover'd Berwick with his train.

XXX.

Where now he was at some more vacancy
To understand, and see himself undone;
Which in this sudden coming misery,
He had no leisure to consider on.
And now surveys he that poor company,
Attending on himself, his wife, and son;
Sees how that all the state which serv'd his crown,
Was shut within the walls of one small town:

XXXI.

Beholds there what a poor distressed thing,
A king without a people was!—And whence
The glory of that mightiness doth spring,
That overspreads (with such a reverence)

(f) Queen Margaret, with her son, were in the city of York, expecting the event of this battle.

This under world! Whence comes this furnish-
ing,
And all this splendor of magnificence!
He sees, what chair soever monarch sat
Upon on earth, the people was the state.

XXXII.

And yet although he did contain no more
Than what he saw; yet saw a piece so small
Could not contain him. What he was before,
Made him incapable of any wall,
To yield him succour now.—He must have more
Than only this small hold, or none at all.
And therefore this, (see'ng it avail'd him not,
Nor could he keep) he renders to the (g) Scot;

XXXIII.

As th' earnest to confirm and ratify
The league between them two, newly begun.
Whereof to make more sure, and faster tie,
He promis'd too th' alliance of his son;
And all that might secure their amity,
With willingness on either side was done.
And here they practise all they can devise,
To turn revenge upon enemies.

XXXIV.

Thus, England, did'st thou see the mighti'st
king
Thou ever had'st, (in pow'r and majesty
Of state, and of dominions; governing
A most magnificent nobility;
With an advent'rous people, flourishing
In all the glories of felicity)
Chas'd from his kingdom; forc'd to seek redress
In parts remote, distress'd and succourless.

XXXV.

Now Bolingbroke, these miseries here shown,
Do much unload thy sin; make thy ill good:
For if thou did'st by wrong attain the crown,
'Twas without cries; it cost but little blood.
But York by his attempt hath overthrown
All the best glory wherein England stood;
And did his state by her undoing win;
And was, though white without, yet red within.

XXXVI.

And thus he hath it—And is now to deal
For th' entertaining and continuance
Of men's affections; and to seek to heal
Those foul corruptions, which the maintenance
Of so long wars bred in the commonweal.
He must remunerate, prefer, advance
His chiefest friends; and prosecute with might
The adverse part; do wrong, to do men right.

XXXVII.

Whilst martial Marg'ret, with her hopeful
son,
Is travelling in France, to purchase aid;
And plots, and toils, and nothing leaves undone;
Though all in vain. For b'ing thus overlaid
By fortune, and the time; all that is done,
Is out of season. For she must have stay'd
Till that first heat of men's affections (which
They bear new kings) were laid, and not so
much.

(g) Henry VI. delivers the town of Berwick to the King
of Scots.

XXXVIII.

When they should find that they had gain'd no
more,
Than th' as by changing of his masters did;
(Who still must labour as he us'd before)
And those expectancies came frustrated,
Which they had set upon th' imagin'd score
Of their accounts: And had considered,
How that it did but little benefit
The doves, to change the falcon for the kite.

XXXIX.

And yet, brave (b) queen, for three years of
his reign,
Thou gav'st him little breathing time of rest;
But still his miseries did'st entertain
With new attempts, and new assaults address.
And at thy now return from France again,
(Supply'd with forces) once more gathered'st
An army for the field, and brought'st to war
The scatter'd parts of broken Lancaster.

XL.

And once again at Exham led'st them on,
With Scots and French, t' another bloody day;
And there beheld'st thyself again undone,
With all that rest, whereon thy fortunes lay.
Where Somerset (late to king Edward gone,
And got his pardon) having 'scap'd away,
With noble Piercy came, to bring their blood
Unto thy side, whereon they first had stood.

XLI.

Where the lords Molines, Ross, and Hungerford,
With many else of noble families,
Extinguish'd were—And many that day's sword
Cut off their names in their posterities.
Where fled again their luckless, follow'd Lord;
And is so near pursu'd by th' enemies,
As th' ensign of his crown was seiz'd upon,
For him who had before his kingdom won;

XLII.

And shortly after too his person gat.
For he now weary'd with his long exile,
And miseries abroad, grew passionate
With longing to return t' his native soil.
And see'ng he could not do the same in state,
He seeks, disguis'd in fashion, to beguile
The world a time, and steal the liberty
And sight of his dear country privately.

XLIII.

As if there were for a pursued king
A covert left on earth, wherein to hide;
When pow'r and jealousy are travelling,
And lay to catch affliction on each side.
"Misfortune serves, we see, for ev'ry thing.
And soon (i) he comes, God knows, to be descry'd;

(b) Queen Margaret, furnished with a greater power of
Scots and French, to the number of 20,000, with her hus-
band, entered into Northumberland, took the castle of
Bamborough, and after came forward to the bishoprick of
Durham, where Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who
had lately been reconciled to King Edward the IVth, joined
with them; and also brought thither with him Sir Ralph
Piercy, a man of great courage and worth, who were taken
in the battle of Exham, and executed, anno 3. Ed. IV. 1464.

(i) King Henry was taken in Lancashire, and brought to
London, with his legs bound to the stirrups; having in his
company only Dr. Manning, Dean of Windsor, with ano-
ther divine; who were taken with him, and committed to
the Tower.

And Edward hath the booty he desir'd;
For whose establishment all things conspir'd.

XLIV.

Yet long it was not e'r a fire began
To take in th' inward'st closet, where he laid
The treasure of his chiefest trust; and ran
From thence through all his state, before it stay'd.
For b'ing a king, who his whole fortunes wan
With other hands, must many leave unpaid;
And could not fill up that vast greediness
Of expectation, which is bottomless.

XLV.

Though he did all the best that in him lay,
(As a most active prince) to satisfy
The int'rest of their travels, and defray
The bands contracted 'twixt his sov'reignty
And the republic: Seeking to (k) allay
All grievances; recorder equity,
Reform the bars, that justice did abuse;
Lay easy on the state, as new kings use.

XLVI.

As he, who having found great treasury,
The first year offers with most grateful cheer
A sheep of gold to Juno's deity;
And next of silver, for the second year;
The third of brass: And then neglectively,
Nothing at all—So those respects, which were
Born of a present feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their times and motives lost.

XLVII.

And what his bounty could not recompense,
He pays with honours, and with dignities.
And (more to angle the benevolence,
And catch the love of men with courtesies)
He oft would make his dignity dispense
With his too low familiarities;
Descending from his sphere of majesty
Beneath himself very submissively.

XLVIII.

And when he had disposed in some good train
His home-affairs; he counsels how t'advance
His foreign correspondence, with the chain
Of some alliance that might countenance
His greatness, and his quiet entertain.
Which was thought fittest with some match of
France,
To hold that kingdom from sub-aiding such,
Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

XLIX.

Nor was it now a time to have contrast
With any foreign, mighty potentate;
But keep the outer doors of each side fast,
Having so much to do within his state.
And thereupon was (l) Warwick (by whose cast
All must be wrought, employ'd to mediate

(k) King Edward IV. sat on the King's Bench, in open court, three days together, in Michaelmas term, anno 2. of his reign; to understand how his laws were executed.

(l) The Earl of Warwick was sent into France, to treat of a marriage between King Edward and the Lady Bona, daughter to Louis Duke of Savoy, and sister to the Lady Charlotte queen of France, which was there agreed upon; and Monsieur Damp, Martin, with others, appointed to be sent into England, for the full accomplishing thereof. But in the mean time, May 1. the king married the Lady Elizabeth Grey, daughter to the Duchess of Bedford, late wife to Sir John Grey, slain at St. Albans on King Henry's part.

A present marriage, to be had between
Him and the sister of the young French queen.

L.

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to pass;
Where like respects met in a point alike.
So that the same as ev'n concluded was,
And all as done—Lady and friends all like: {pass
When Love, the lord of kings, (by whom must
This act of our affections) took dislike
That he was not made privy thereunto,
And therefore in his wrath would all undo.

LI.

For whilst this youthful prince, at his disport
In Grafton woods, retir'd from public care,
Attending how his suit in France did sort,
(Whereon his cogitations only were)
He comes at home surpris'd in other sort:
A nearer fire inflam'd his passions here;
An English beauty, with more worth endu'd
Than France could yield, his royal heart subdu'd.

LII.

A woful widow, whom his quarrel had
(As it had many mo) made desolate,
Came to his court in mournful habit clad,
To sue for justice to relieve her state.
And ent'ring as a suppliant all sad,
With graceful sorrow, and a comely gate,
She pass'd the presence; where all eyes were cast
On her more stately presence as she pass'd.

LIII.

Her looks not let abroad, (but carefully
Kept in, restrain'd) held their reservedness;
Observing none but her own dignity,
And his, to whom she did herself address.
And drawing near his royal majesty,
A blush of reverence, not bashfulness,
Lighten'd her lovely cheeks, and down she kneels;
Gives her petition for the wrongs she feels.

LIV.

And in deliv'ring it, lifts up her eyes,
(The moving'st mediators she could bring)
And strait withdraws them in submissive wise;
Not fixing them directly on the king:
Who mov'd with her sweet fashion, bade her rise,
With gentle language full of comforting;
Read her request—But thought not what he read.
The lines he view'd her eyes had figured.

LIV.

Then paus'd awhile, and mus'd; as if he weigh'd
The substance of her suit. The which (God wot)
Was not the thing he mus'd. And having stay'd,
Seem'd to read on again; but yet reads not.
And still a stealing side-cast look convey'd
On her sweet face: as if he had forgot
To be elsewhere than where he did behold;
And thought not what he did, but what he would.

LVI.

But lest his sudden passion might have there
More witnesses than he could wish to have;
He took up his desires, which posting were
Beyond their stages; and this answer gave:
"Madam, we will ourself take time to hear
Your cause at large. Wherein we will you have
No other ref'rence, but repair to us;
Who will accommodate this business."

LVIII.

She that expected present remedy,
(Hearing this dilatory answer) thought
The king found scruple in the equity
Of her request; and thereupon he sought
To put her to delays of court; whereby
She might be tir'd, and in the end get nought.
And that which her opinion made more strong,
Was that he studied and was mute so long.

LVIII.

Which forc'd from her these words: "My lord,
"Let not my being a Lancastrian bred,
"Without mine own election, disafford
"Me right, or make my cause disfigured;
"Since I am now the subject of your sword;
"Which God hath (with your right) established,
"To do us right. And let not what we were,
"Be now the cause to hurt us as we are.

LIX.

"Lady, mistake me not—Never did I
"Make war with women, nor us'd women's war,
"Revenge; but prosecuted honestly
"My right, not men. My quarrels ended are
"With my obtaining of the victory.
"And (lady) know, your cause moves me thus far,
"As you shall find, said he, I do desire
"To do you greater right than you require."

LX.

With this they part; both with their thoughts
full charg'd;
She of her suit in hand, and he of her:
Wherein he spends that night; and quite dis-
charg'd
All other cogitations to confer
First, how he might have her estate enlarg'd:
Then in what sort her service to prefer
Unto his new-expected wife and queen:
Then how to mask his love from being seen.

LXI.

"For yet lust was not grown to that degree,
"To have no limits; but that shame kept in
"The greatest greatness, from this being free
"To hold their wantonness to be no sin.
"For though kings cannot overmaster'd be,
"They will be overlook'd, and seen within:
"And though they could their weaknesses make
"sure,
"Yet crimes (though safe) can never be secure.

LXII.

Sometimes he thinks it better to provide
A place retir'd, and have her from the court;
And then with what pretensions he might hide
His private coming, and his old resort:
Then by his queen if it should be espy'd,
How he might clear with her, and stop report.
And thus consumes the night—And if he slept,
He slept those thoughts that with these passions
kept.

LXIII.

The morning being com'n (and glad he was
That it was com'n) after so long a night,
He thought would have no morning, (time did pass
So slow, and his desires ran on so light)
A messenger with speed dispatched was,
Of special trust, his lady to invite

To come t' his presence; though before the time
That ladies rise; who rarely rise betime.

LXIV.

[long,

Yet soon she hastes; and yet that soon seem'd
To him whose longing went so swift a pace;
And frets that such attiring should belong
To that which yields itself sufficient grace:
Confid'ring how these ornaments may wrong
The set of beauty; which we see doth grace
Th' attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
As b'ing that only which doth take the eye.

LXV.

But now b'ing com'n, that quarrel of delay
Strait ended was—Her presence satisfies
All, what expectance had laid out for stay:
And he beheld more sweetness in her eyes,
And saw her more than she was yesterday.
A cheerfulness did with her hopes arise,
That lamped clearer than it did before,
And made her spir't and his affections more.

LXVI.

When those who were about him presently
Voided the room, and left him to confer
Alone with his fair suitor privately,
(As they who to his courses conscious were:)
And he began—"Madam, the remedy
"Which you in your petition sue for here,
"Shall be allow'd to th' utmost that you crave,
"With th' expedition you would wish to have.

LXVII.

"And here I have another suit to you;
"Which if you please to grant, we both shall now
"Rest equally content"—Wherewith there grew
That sudden alteration in her brow,
As all were overcast; and so withdrew
That freedom from her looks, (lest they should 'low
More than her heart might mean) as they reflect
A narrow'r and a carefuller aspect.

LXVIII.

That when he saw this barrier of dislike
Thus inter-set, to keep his forwardness
Back from presumptive pressing; it did strike
That rev'rence, as it stay'd him to express
His farther will. And she replies: "'Tis like
"When kings to subjects sue, they mean no less
"Than to command: nor must they be withstood,
"For that good kings will seek but what is good.

LXIX.

"And in that fair respect, your majesty,
"According to your will, both must and may
"Command my service; who most rev'rently
"Your royal pleasure ever shall obey."
With which word *pleasure*, (though it doubtfully
In that hard fastness of condition lay,
Under the lock of goodness) he was cast
In hope, he might obtain the same at last.

LXX.

And thus rejoins—"My pleasure only shall
"Be, madam, for your good. Please it but you
"To make it so. And here to tell you all,
"I love you; and therein I tell you true.
"What honour may by kings affections fall,
"Must light upon your fortunes, as your due.
"And though France shall a wife for fashion bring;
"You must be th' only mistress of the king.

LXXI.

Straight might you see, how scorn, and fear,
and shame,
(All intermix'd in one aspect) return
The message of her thoughts, before words came.
And first within her brow in state sat scorn;
Shame in her cheeks: where also fear became
An innate too; and both appear by turn.
Blushes did paleness, paleness blushes chase;
As scorning, fearing, shaming such disgrace.

LXXII.

She scorns to be addeem'd so worthless base,
As to be mov'd to such an infamy,
She shames to think that ought within her face
Should breed th' opinion of immodesty.
She fears the fatal danger of the place;
Her loneliness, and the pow'r of majesty:
And so confus'd in fear, in shame, in scorn,
This answer to his motion doth return:

LXXIII.

"My sov'reign lord, it grieves me that you
"deem,
"Because I in this sort for justice sue,
"I would the same with mine own wrong redeem,
"And by dishonour re-obtain my due.
"No—I would hate that right which should but
"seem
"To be beholden to a wanton view,
"Or motive of my person, not my cause;
"That craves but right from justice and your laws.

LXXIV.

"And know, great monarch, that I more do
weigh
"My distaff with mine honour, than I do
"The mightiest sceptre king did ever sway
"Upon the earth, or nations bow'd unto.
"I owe subjection; which I humbly pay
"With all the outward service I can do:
"But, sov'reign, in the region of my heart
"I reign sole queen—No king can force a part."

LXXV.

Here fear a little interpos'd a touch,
To warn her violence to temporize
With pow'r and state. And she concludes her speech
With craving pardon in more humble wise;
Yet in proud humble wise, which shew'd how
much
She did her honour above greatness prize.
And so being full of what she did conceive,
Desires to be dismiss'd, and takes her leave.

LXXVI.

Here, Mary Pembroke, (by whose gen'rous
brow,
And noble graces, I delineate
These shapes of others virtues) could I shew
In what a desp'rate and confus'd estate
She left this disappointed king: and how
Love and ambition in their glory sat,
And tyranniz'd on his divided heart,
Warring each other with a pow'rful part:

LXXVII.

How first love underneath his colours brought
The strength of all her graceful worthiness;
And sets them in th' advantage of his thought,
Upon the side of youth and wantonness;

Then how ambition, that for glory wrought,
Comes with his state, his crown and pow'rfulness,
And plants her on the side of providence,
To beat unfit affections off from thence;

LXXVIII.

But I must overgo these passages,
And hasten on my way to overtake
Mine ends, in sad and graver bus'nesses;
Whereof I shall to you relation make.
And yet my zeal here forc'd me thus t' express:
Elizabeth, for our Eliza's sake;
Who grac'd the muses, (which her times became):
"For they who give them comfort, must have fame."

LXXIX.

And I must tell you now, when this great fight
Of counter-passions had been throughly try'd,
How in the end the victory did light
Upon love's forces, as the stronger side;
And beat down those respects of benefit,
Of honour, greatness, strength, and all beside:
And never granted rest unto his strife,
Till marriage rites had her confirm'd his wife.

LXXX.

Which that place where he saw her first, saw
done,
E'er he remov'd his foot—"For love is still
"In haste, and (as a lord that rules alone)
"Admits no counsellor in good nor ill.
"For he and kings gladly give ear to none, [will.
"But such as smooth their ways, and sooth their
"And who will not desire to give his voice,
"(Be what it will) to praise a prince's choice?

LXXXI.

"Which was (indeed) in virtue, beauty, grace,
"And (all but fortune,) worthy of his bed;
"And in that too, had he but liv'd the space,
"T' have seen her plenteous issue fully bred;
"That they might have collated strength and
"grace
"On her weak side: which (scorn'd and maliced)
"Lay open undefenc'd, apt to be undone
"By proud usurping pow'r, when he was gone."

LXXXII.

But now when fame of this home-chosen match
Arriv'd in France, (for there it did arrive,
Ere they could here attend to make dispatch
T' impart the same to Warwick, or contrive
Some colour that in any sort might fetch
Him fairly off, and no dishonour give)
It so much stirr'd the humours in those parts,
As marr'd the whole complexion of their hearts.

LXXXIII.

The French king scorns such an indignity:
Warwick disdains employment in this case.
The queen enrag'd, with extreme veh'mency
Scorns at her sister's and her own disgrace.
The Lady Bona takes most tenderly,
To be so mock'd with hope of such a place.
And all blame Warwick, and his fraud condemn;
Whilst he himself deceiv'd, suffers with them:

LXXXIV.

And could not by all means might be devis'd,
Untaste them of this violent disgust;
But that they still held, something lay disguis'd
Under this treaty. So that now he must

Bring home his reputation cauteris'd
With th' idle mark of serving others lust
In frivolous employments; or be sent
Out of the way, to colour some intent.

LXXXV.

[veigh

"Which, to himself, made him with grief in-
"Against distemper'd kings; who often are
"Ill warrants for their own affairs; and weigh
"Their lusts more than their dignity by far:
"And what a misery they have, that sway
"Their great designs; what danger, and what care;
"And often must be forc'd (b'ing at their becks)
"To crack their reputation, or their necks.

LXXXVI.

"How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
"That grow upon the sides of rocks; where they
"Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
"As t' hazard their deep downfall and decay.
"Their grace not fix'd; but as a blazing star,
"Burns out the present matter, and away:
"And how the world could too well witness bear,
"That both their loves and hates like dang'rous

LXXXVII.

[were."

Thus he complains, and makes his home retire;
All disappointed of his purposes.
For hoping by this match to hold entire
That lady, with her great alliances;
And have the king more firm to his desire,
By managing of both their bus'nesses:
He by this match (thus made without his mean)
Comes barr'd from all those tying int'rests clean.

LXXXVIII.

For well he knew that all his service past,
Was past; and would not be a future tie
To hold him in, unless that he could cast
To introduce some mere necessity
Of his employment, that were like to last,
And shut out all other concurrency:
Without which nor his greatness, nor his wits,
Could ward him from the king's unconstant fits.

LXXXIX.

Which more perplex'd him, and in nearer sort,
Than what France might by his embassy guess,
Or England deem. But b'ing arriv'd at court,
He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances:
Looks like the time—His eye made not report
Of what he felt within. Nor was he less
Than us'ally he was in ev'ry part;
Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart:

XC.

Congratulates the queen—Commends the king
For his rare choice. Protesting her to be
Far beyond all the world beside could bring,
To fit his liking: and that he did see
The Lady Bona was a peevish thing,
Sullen and proud; and would in no degree
Have pleas'd his humour, or in any sort
Have satisfy'd the ladies of this court.

XCI.

And after having finish'd all the rite
Of compliment and intervisiting,
He humbly craves dismissal, that he might
Retire a while, t' attend the managing
And setting of his country bus'ness right,
Whereby the better to attend the king.

From whom he parts: and never seem'd more dear,
More grac'd, nor yet himself of free'r cheer.

XCII.

First Warwick Castle (that had seldom known
The master there) he visits; and from thence
Goes t' other goodly manors of his own:
Where seen with joy, with love, with reverence;
(King of himself) he finds that there is shewn
The use of life, the true magnificence,
T' enjoy his greatness: which at court in vain
Men toil for, and yet never do attain.

XCIII.

Which his religious confessor (who best
Could cast, with what a violent access
This fever of ambition did molest
His still-sick mind) takes hold on, to address
(Upon th' advantage of this little rest)
Some lenitives, t' allay the si'riness
Of this disease; which (as a malady,
Seiz'd in the spir'its) hath seldom remedy.

XCIV.

And thus sets on him—"See, my lord, how here
"Th' eternal providence of God hath brought
"You to the shore of safety, (out of fear)
"From all the waves of misery, that wrought
"To overwhelm you; and hath set you clear,
"Where you would be; with having (which you
"sought
"Through all these hazards of distress) a king
"Of your own making and establishing.

XCV.

"And now, my lord, I trust you will sit down,
"And rest you after all this passed thrall,
"And be yourself, a prince within your own,
"Without advent'ring any more at all
"Your state in others bottoms; having known
"The dangers that on mighty actors fall;
"Since in the foot of your accounts, your gains
"Come short to make ev'n a reck'ning with your
"pains.

XCVI.

"Enjoy now what you wrought for in this sort,
"(If great men's ends be to enjoy their ends)
"And know, the happi'st pow'r, the greatest port,
"Is only that which on itself depends.
"Here have you state enough, to be a court
"Unto yourself! here! where the world attends
"On you, (not you on it) observed sole:
"You elsewhere but a part, are here the whole.

XCVII.

"Th' advantages of princes are, we see,
"But things conceiv'd imaginarily:
"For ev'ry state of fortune, in degree,
"Some image hath of principality;
"Which they enjoy more natural and free,
"Than can great pow'rs, chain'd with observancy,
"And with the fetters of respect still ty'd;
"B'ing easier far to follow, than to guide.

XCVIII.

"And what are courts, but camps of misery?
"That do besiege men's states, and still are press'd
"T' assail, prevent, complot and fortify;
"In hope t' attain, in fear to be suppress'd.
"Where all with shews and with apparency,
"Men seem as if for stratagems address'd:

"Where fortune, as the wolf, doth still prefer
"The foulest of the train that follows her.

xcix.

"And where fair hopes are laid, as ambushments,
"To intercept your life, and to betray
"Your liberty to such entanglements,
"As you shall nevermore get clear away :
"Where both th' engagement of your own intents,
"And other reck'nings and accounts, shall lay
"Such weights upon you, as you shall not part,
"Unless you break your credit, or your heart.

c.

"Besides, as exiles ever from your homes,
"You live perpetual in disturbance ;
"Contending, thrusting, shuffling for your rooms
"Of ease or honour, with impatience ;
"Building your fortunes upon other tombs,
"For other than your own posterity.
"You see, courts few advance ; many undo :
"And those they do advance, they ruin too.

ci.

[here,

"And therefore now, my lord, since you are
"Where you may have your rest with dignity ;
"Work that you may continue so : and clear
"Yourself from out these straits of misery.
"Hold your estate and life as things more dear,
"Than to be thrown at an uncertainty,
"'Tis time that you and England have a calm ;
"And time the olive stood above the palm."

cii.

Thus the good father, with an humble thought,
(Bred in a cellulary low retire)
According to his quiet humour, sought
T' avert him from his turbulent desire ;
When the great earl began—"Father, I note
"What you with zeal advise, with love require ;
"And I must thank you for this care you have,
"And for those good advertisements you gave.

ciii.

"And truly, father, could I but get free,
"(Without b'ing rent) and hold my dignity ;
"That sheep-cot, which in yonder vale you see, [by
"(Beset with groves, and those sweet springs hard
"I rather would my palace wish to be,
"Than any roof of proudest majesty.
"But that I cannot do—I have my part :
"And I must live in one house with my heart.

civ.

"I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere,
"That is ordain'd to move—It is the place
"My fate appoints me ; and the region where
"I must, whatever happens, there embrace.
"Disturbance, travel, labour, hope and fear,
"Are of that clime, engender'd in that place,
"And action best (I see) becomes the best :
"The stars that have most glory, have no rest.

cv.

"Besides, it were a coward's part to fly
"Now from my hold, that have held out so well,
"It b'ing the station of my life, where I
"Am sure to serve, and stand as sentinel :
"And must of force make good the place, or die,
"When Fate and Fortune (those great states) com-
"And when we lords in such case ever are, [pel,
"As peace can cut our throats as well as war :

cvi.

"And hath her griefs, and her incumbrances :
"And doth with idle rest deform us more
"Than any Macha can, or sorcerers,
"With basely wasting all the martial store
"Of heat and spirit, (which graceth manliness),
"And makes us still false images adore :
"Besides profusion of our faculties,
"In gross dull glutt'ny, vap'rous gormandise.

cvi.

"And therefore since I am the man I am,
"I must not give a foot, lest I give all.
"Nor is the bird within my breast so tame,
"As to be fed at hand, and mock'd withal :
"I rather would my state were out of frame,
"Than my renown should come to get a fall.
"No ! no ! th' ungrateful boy shall never think,
"That I, who him enlarg'd to pow'r will shrink.

cvi.

"What is our life without our dignity :
"Which oft we see comes less by living long.
"Who ever was there worth the memory,
"And eminent inded, but still dy'd young ?
"As if worth had agreed with destiny,
"That time, which rights them, should not do
"them wrong.
"Besides, old age doth give (by too long space)
"Our souls as many wrinkles as our face.

cix.

"As for my inheritance and state,
"(Whatever happen) I will so provide
"That law shall, with what strength it hath, col-
"late
"The same on mine, and those to mine ally'd :
"Although I know she serves the present state,
"And can undo again what she hath ty'd.
"But that we leave to him, who points out heirs ;
"And howsoever yet the world is theirs.

cx.

"Where they must work it out ; as born to run
"Those fortunes, which as mighty families
"(As ever they could be) before have done :
"Nor shall they gain by mine indignities,
"Who may, without my courses be undone.
"And who so makes his state and life his ties
"To do unworthily, is born a slave ;
"And let him with that brand go to his grave."

cx.

Here would the rev'rend father have reply'd,
"That it were far more magnanimity,
"T' endure, than to resist—That we are ty'd
"As well to bear the inconveniency
"And strains of kings and states ; as to abide
"Untimely rains, tempests, sterility,
"And other ills of nature that befall ;
"Which we of force must be content withal :

cxii.

But that a speedy messenger was sent,
To shew the Duke of Clarence was hard by.
And thereupon Warwick breaks off, and went
(With all his train attending formally)
To entertain him with fit compliment ;
As glad of such an opportunity
To work upon, for those high purposes
He had conceiv'd in discontentedness.

P O E M S.

A FUNERAL POEM,

UPON THE

DEATH OF THE LATE NOBLE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now that the hand of death hath laid thee there,
Where neither greatness, pomp, nor grace we see,
Nor any differences of earth; and where
No veil is drawn betwixt thyself and thee.
Now, Devonshire, that thou art but a name,
And all the rest of thee besides is gone;
When men conceive thee not but by the fame
Of what thy virtue and thy worth have done;
Now shall my verse, which thou in life did'st grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
Not leave thee in the grave, that ugly place,
That few regard, or have respect unto:
Where all attendance and observance ends;
Where all the sunshine of our favour sets;
Where what was ill no countenance defends,
And what was good th' unthankful world forgets.
Here shalt thou have the service of my pen;
(The tongue of my best thoughts) and in that case
I cannot be suppos'd to flatter, when
I speak behind thy back, not to thy face.
Men never soothe the dead, but where they do
Find living ties to hold them thereunto.
And I stand clear from any other chain
Than of my love; which freeborn, draws free
breath:

The benefit thou gav'st me, to sustain
My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As t' enforce m' observance beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue:
"For I have learnt, it is the property
"For free men to speak truth, for slaves to lie."
And therefore I sincerely will report,
First how thy parts were fair convey'd within;
How that brave mind was built, and in what
fort

All thy contexture of thy heart hath been:

Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
As virtue never had a fairer seat,
Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
Than in that goodly frame; where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, hold a peaceful rest;
Where passion did no sudden tumults raise,
That might disturb her—nor was ever breast
Contain'd so much, or made so little noise:
That by thy silent modesty is found
The empti'st vessels make the greatest sound.
For thou so well discern'd'st thyself, had'st read
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The less to speak; as b'ing ordain'd to spread
Thyself in action, rather than discourse. 50
Though thou had'st made a general survey
Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
And knew as much as ever learning knew;
Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
And less presume—And yet when being mov'd
In private talk to speak; thou did'st bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd,
That thou did'st know whatever wit could say.
Which shew'd, thou had'st not books, as many
For ostentation, but for use: and that [have,
Thy bount'ous memory was such as gave
A large revenue of the good it gat. 62
Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand, (how
And mark'd them with that print, as will shew
The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand:
That none would think, if all thy life had been
Turn'd into leisure, thou could'st have attain'd
So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
So many volumes that so much contain'd. 70
Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare;
Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy solitary (a) Wasted; where thy care

(a) The library at Wasted.

Had gather'd all what heart or eyes delight.
 And whereas many others have, we see
 All things within their houses worth the fight;
 Except themselves, that furniture of thee,
 And of thy presence, gave the best delight.
 With such a season, such a temperature,
 30 Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetness one;
 And held the tenor of thy life still sure,
 In consort with thyself, in perfect tone.
 And never man had heart more truly serv'd
 Under the regiment of his own care,
 And was more at command, and more observ'd
 The colours of that modesty he bare,
 Than that of thine; in whom men never found
 That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
 Of any vein thou had'st that was unsound,
 40 Or motion of thy pow'rs that turn'd not well.
 And this was thy provision laid within:
 Thus wert thou to thyself, and now remains;
 What to the world thou outwardly hast been,
 What the dimension of that side contains;
 Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
 As shews that thou wert born t' adorn the days
 Wherein thou liv'st; and also to discharge [raise.
 These parts which England's and thy fame should
 Although in peace thou seems to be all peace,
 50 Yet b'ing in war, thou wert all war: and there
 As in thy sphere, thy spir'ts did never cease
 To move with indefatigable care;
 And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart,
 Nor more enlarge thee into jollity,
 Than when thou saw'st thyself in amour girt,
 Or any act of arms like to be nigh.
 The Belgic war first try'd thy martial spir't,
 And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be
 found;
 And mark'd thee there according to thy mer't,
 60 With honour's stamp, a deep and noble wound.
 And that same place that rent from mortal men,
 Immortal Sydney, glory of the field!
 And glory of the muses! and their pen
 (Who equal bear the caduce and the shield)
 Had likewise been thy last; had not the fate
 Of England then reserv'd thy worthy blood,
 Unto the preservation of a state
 That much concern'd her honour and her good;
 And thence return'd thee to enjoy the bliss,
 70 Of grace and favour in Eliza's sight,
 (That miracle of women!) who by this
 Made thee beheld according to thy right;
 Which fair and happy blessing thou might'st well
 Have far more rais'd, had not thine enemy
 (Retired privacy) made thee to sell
 Thy greatness for thy quiet, and deny
 To meet fair fortune when she came to thee.
 For never man did his preferment fly,
 And had it in that eminent degree,
 80 As thou; as if it fought thy modesty.
 For that which many (whom ambition toils
 And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain
 With all their thrusts, and should'ring plots, and
 Was easily made thine without thy pain. [wiles,
 And without any private malicing,
 Or public grievance, ev'ry good man joy'd
 That virtue could come clear to any thing,
 And fair deserts to be so fairly paid.

VOL. IV.

Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
 Were not like fortune's favours: They could see 190
 Eliza's clear-ey'd judgment is renown'd
 For making choice of thy ability.
 But it will everlastingly rebound
 Unto the glory and benignity
 Of Britain's mighty monarch, that thou wert
 By him advanced for thy great desert:
 It b'ing the fairer work of majesty,
 With favour to reward, than to employ.
 Although thy services were such as they
 Might ask their grace themselves; yet do we see 65
 That to success desert hath not a way,
 But under princes that most gracious be:
 For without thy great valour we had lost
 The dearest purchase ever England made;
 And made with such profuse, exceeding cost
 Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade;
 As commutation paid a dearer price
 For such a piece of earth: And yet well paid 70
 And well adventur'd for with great advice,
 And happily to our dominions laid: 160
 Without which, out-let England, thou had'st been
 From all the rest of th' earth shut out, and pent
 Unto thyself, and forc'd to keep within
 Environ'd round with others government.
 Where now by this, thy large imperial crown
 Stands boundless on the west, and hath a way
 For noble times, left to make all thine own
 That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.
 And this important piece like t' have been rent
 From off thy state, did then so tickle stand, 170
 As that no jointure of the government
 But shook: No ligament, no band
 Of order and obedience, but were then
 Loose and in tott'ring, when the charge
 Thereof was laid on Montjoy; and that other men
 Chok'd by example, sought to put it off.
 And he, out of his native modesty,
 (As b'ing no undertaker) labours too
 To have avoided that which his ability
 And England's genius would have him to do: 180
 Alleging how it was a charge unfit
 For him to undergo; see'ng such a one
 As had more pow'r and means t' accomplish it,
 Than he could have, had there so little done.
 Whose ill success (confid'ring his great worth
 Was such, as could that mischief be withstood,
 It had been wrought) did in itself bring forth
 Discouragement, that he should do less good.
 The state reply'd it was not look'd he should
 Restore it wholly to itself again; 190
 But only now, (if possible) he could
 In any fashion but the same retain,
 So that it did not fall asunder quite,
 B'ing thus dishiver'd in a desp'rate plight
 With courage on he goes; doth execute
 With counsel; and returns with victory,
 But in what noble fash'on did he suit
 This action! with what wit and industry!
 Is not to be disgrac'd in small card:
 It asks a spacious map of more regard. 200
 Here is no room to tell, with what strange speed
 And secrecy he used, to prevent
 The enemies designs; nor with what heed [meant,
 He march'd before report: Where what he

N

Fame never knew herself, till it was done;
His drifts and rumour seldom b'ing all one,
Nor will this place conveniency afford,
To shew how he (when dismal winter storms)
Keeps peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword.

24 Toils him abroad, and noble acts performs.
Nor how by mast'ring difficulties so,
In times unusual, and by passage hard,
He bravely came to disappoint the foe;
And many times surpris'd him unprepar'd.

Yet let me touch one point of this great act,
That famous siege, the master-work of all;
Where no distress nor difficulties lack'd
T' afflict his weary, tired camp withal:
That when enclos'd by pow'ful enemies
25 On either side, with feeble troops he lay
Intrench'd in mire, in cold, in miseries;
Kept walking with alarms night and day.
There were who did advise him to withdraw
His army, to some place of safe defence,
From the apparent peril; which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

For now the Spaniard hath possess'd three ports,
The most important of this isle, say they;
And sooner fresh suppliment Spain transports
30 To them, than England can to us convey:
The rebel is in heart; and now is join'd
With some of them already, and doth stand
Here over us, with chiefest strength combin'd
Of all the desp'rate forces of the land:
And how upon these disadvantages,
Your doubtful troops will fight, your honour guess.
Th' undaunted Montjoy hereto answers this:

" My worthy friends, the charge of this great
" And kingdom to my faith committed is, [state

35 " And I must all I can ingeniate
" To answer for the same, and render it
" Upon as fair a reck'ning as I may:
" But if from hence I shall once stir my feet,
" The kingdom is undone, and lost this day.
" All will fly thither, where they find is heart;
" And fear shall have none stand to take his part.

" And how shall we answer our country then,
" At our return; nay, answer our own fame?
" Which howsoever we have done like men,
35 " Will be imbranded with the mark of blame.

" And since we here are come unto the point,
" For which we toil'd so much, and staid so long;
" Let us not now our travels disappoint
" Of th' honour which doth thereunto belong.
" We cannot spend our blood more worthily,
" Than in so fair a cause—And if we fall,
" We fall with glory: and our worth thereby
" Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.

" And for my part, I count the field to be
40 " The honourablest bed to die upon;
" And here your eyes this day shall either see
" My body laid, or else this action done.
" The Lord, the chief and sov'reign general
" Of hosts, makes weak to stand, the strong to fall."

With which brave resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble work; which they perform'd
As gallantly as ever men have done:

Of which 'tis better nothing now to say,
45 Than say too little. For there rests behind

A trophy t' be erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keep in mind
That glorious act, which did a kingdom save,
Kept the crown whole, and made the peace we
have.

And now I will omit to shew, therefore,
His management of public bus'nesses;
Which oft are under fortune's conduct, more
Than our's: And tell his private carriages,
Which on his own discretion did rely,
Wherewith his spir't was furnish'd happily. 280

Mild, affable, and easy of access
He was; but with a due reservedness:
So that the passage to his favour lay
Not common to all comers; nor yet was
So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
Nor sold he smoke; nor took he up to-day
Commodities of men's attendances,
And of their hopes; to pay them with delay,
And entertain them with fair promises. 290

But as a man that lov'd no great commerce
With bus'ness and with noise, he ever flies
That maze of many ways, which might disperse
Him into other men's uncertainties:
And with a quiet calm sincerity
H' effects his undertakings really.

His tongue and heart did not turn backs; but went
One way, and kept one course with what he meant.
He us'd no mask at all, but ever ware
His honest inclination open-fac'd: 300

The friendships that he vow'd most constant were,
And with great judgment and discretion plac'd.

And Devonshire, thy faith hath her reward;
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death; but bear a kind regard
Unto thine honour in the grave; and shew
That worthiness which merits to remain
Among th' examples of integrity;
Whereby themselves, no doubt, shall also gain
A like regard unto their memory. 310

Now mutt'ring Envy, what canst thou produce,
To darken the bright lustre of such parts?
Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse.
Say, what defects could weigh down these de-
fects: 320

Summon detraction, to object the worst
That it may be told, and utter all it can:
It cannot find a blemish to b' enforc'd
Against him, other than he was a man;
And built of flesh and blood, and did live here
Within the region of infirmity; 320

Where all perfections never did appear
To meet in any one so really,

But that his frailty ever did bewray
Unto the world that he was set in clay.
And gratitude and charity, I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have
Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now,
Which still will live; the rest lies in his grave.

See'ng only such stand ever base and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter underhand: 330

And as dogs bark at those they do not know,
So they at such they do not understand.

The worthier sort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be f' unkind;

They will the right to the deceased give,
 Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind
 Those that will censure them. And they know
 The lion being dead, ev'n hares insult : [how
 And will not urge an imperfection now,
 170 When as he hath no party to consult,
 Nor tongue nor advocate to shew his mind :
 They rather will lament the loss they find,
 By such a noble member of that worth, [forth.
 And know how rare the world such men brings
 But let it now sufficient be, that I
 The last scene of his act of life bewray,
 Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
 The work—For 'tis the ev'ning crowns the day.
 This action of our death especially
 36 Shews all a man. Here only is he found.
 With what munition did he fortify
 His heart ; how good his furniture hath been.
 And this did he perform in gallant wise :
 In this did he confirm his worthiness.
 For on the morrow after the surprise
 That sickness made on him with fierce access,
 He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
 (And whose great worth was worthy so to be),
 " How that he knew those hot diseases were
 40 " Of that contagious force, as he did see
 " That men were overtumbled suddenly ;
 " As might be, e're his sickness should grow worse.
 " And therefore did defer to set a course
 " And order t' his affairs as speedily,
 " And as for death, said he, I do not wey ;
 " I am resolv'd and ready in this case.
 " It cannot come t' affright me any way,
 " Let it look never with so grim a face :
 " And I will meet it smiling ; for I know
 36 " How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
 And herein did he keep his word—did shew
 Indeed, as he had promised in this.
 For sickness never heard him groan at all,
 Nor with a sigh consent to shew his pain ;
 Which, howsoever, b'ing tyrannical,
 He sweetly made it look ; and did retain
 A lovely count'nance of his being well,
 And so would ever make his tongue to tell.

Although the fervour of extremity,
 Which often doth throw these defences down, 380
 Which in our health wall in infirmity,
 Might open lay more than we would have known ;
 Yet did no idle word in him bewray
 Any one piece of nature ill set in ;
 Those lightnesses that any thing will say,
 Could say no ill of what they knew within.
 Such a sure lock of silent modesty
 Was set in life upon that noble heart,
 As if no anguish nor extremity
 Could open it, t' impair that worthy part. 390
 For having dedicated still the same
 Unto devotion, and to sacred skill ;
 That furnish perfect held ; that blessed flame
 Continu'd to the last in fervour still.
 And when his spir't and tongue no longer could
 Do any certain services beside,
 Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
 With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
 Upon the merits of the precious death
 Of his Redeemer ; and with rapt desires 400
 Th' appeal to grace, his soul delivereth
 Unto the hand of mercy, and expires.
 Thus did that worthy, who most virtuously
 And mildly liv'd, most sweet and mildly die.
 And thus, great patron of my muse, have I
 Paid thee my vows, and fairly clear'd accounts ;
 Which in my love I owe thy memory.
 And let me say, that herein there amounts
 Something unto thy fortune, that thou hast
 This monument of thee perhaps may last,
 Which doth not t' ev'ry mighty man befall :
 For lo ! how many when they die, die all.
 And this doth argue too thy great deserts :
 For honour never brought unworthiness
 Further than to the grave : and there it parts,
 And leaves men's greatness to forgetfulness.
 And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes,
 (The poorest works of nature) tread upon
 The proudest frames that man's invention makes,
 To hold his memory when he is gone.
 But Devonshire, thou hast another tomb,
 Made by thy virtues in a safer room.

N ij

A PANEGYRIC CONGRATULATORY,

DELIVERED TO

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, AT BURLEIGH-HARRINGTON,

IN RUTLANDSHIRE.

I.

Lo here the glory of a greater day,
'Than England ever heretofore could see
In all her days! when she did most display
The ensigns of her pow'r; or when as she
Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad; yet could she never be
'Thus blest'd at home, nor ever come to grow
'To be entire in her full orb till now.

II.

And now she is, and now in peace; therefore
Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state!
Now thou art all Great Britain, and no more;
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No borders, but the ocean and the shore;
No wall of Adrian serves to separate
Our mutual love, nor our obedience;
B'ing subjects all to one imperial prince.

III.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
By ruin and destruction; here's brought to pass
With peace, with love, with joy, desire:
Our former blessed union hath begot
A greater union that is more entire,
And makes us more ourselves; sets us at one
With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

IV.

Glory of men! this hast thou brought to us,
And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
Judgment and justice; which more glorious are
Than all thy kingdoms: and art more by this
Than lord and sov'reign; more than emperor
Over the hearts of men, that let thee in
To more than all the pow'rs on earth can win.

V.

God makes thee king of our states; but we
Do make thee king of our affection,
King of our love; a passion born more free,
And most unsubject to dominion.

And know, that England, which in that degree
Can love with such a true devotion
Those that are less than kings; to thee must bring
More love, who art so much more than a king.

VI.

And king of this great nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow'rful both by sea and land;
Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
Which joyfully embraces thy command:
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any form of honour, t' any way
Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

VII.

A people so inur'd to peace; so wrought
To a successive course of quietness,
As they've forgot (and O b' it still forgot)
The nature of their ancient stubbornness:
Time alter'd hath the form, the means, and brought
The state to that proportion'd evenness,
As 'tis not like again 'twill ever come
(Being us'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

VIII.

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
Thy sceptre now; and now turn all to thee,
Touch'd with as pow'rful zeal, and if not more:
(And yet O more how could there ever be,
Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore
Amidst our joy!) and give us leave, if we
Rejoice and mourn; that cannot, without wrong,
So soon forget her we enjoy'd so long.

IX.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we
hold
True after death; and bring not this respect
To a new prince, for hating of the old;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect:
Whereby, O mighty sov'reign, thou art told,
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
Before their time to an arising sun.

I

x.

And let my humble muse, whom she did grace,
 Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead;
 That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
 Nor that her fame become disfigured:
 O let rest her in peace, that rul'd in peace!
 Let not her honour be disquieted
 Now after death; but let the grave enclose
 All but her good, and that it cannot close.

xi.

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
 That this continued current of our love
 Runs thus to thee all with so swift a pace;
 And that from peace to peace we do remove,
 Not as in motion, but from out our place,
 But in one course; and do not seem to move,
 But in more joy than ever heretofore;
 And well we may, since thou wilt make us more.

xii.

Our love, we see, concurs with God's great
 love,
 Who only made thy way, thy passage plain;
 Levell'd the world for thee; did all remove
 That might the shew but of a let retain:
 Unbarr'd the north; humbl'd the south; did move
 The hearts of all, the right to entertain;
 Held other states embroil'd, whose envy might
 Have foster'd factions to impugn thy right:

xiii.

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
 The glory of his pow'r, and rev'rence thine;
 Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our days,
 And make this empire of the north to shine,
 Against all th' impious workings, all th' essays
 Of vile disnatur'd vipers; whose design
 Was to embroil the state, t' obscure the light,
 And that clear brightness of thy sacred right.

xiv.

To whose reproach, since th' issue and success
 Doth a sufficient mark of shame return,
 Let no pen else blazon their ugliness:
 Be it enough, that God and men do scorn
 Their projects, censures, vain pretences.
 Let not our children, that are yet unborn,
 Find there were any offer'd to contest,
 Or make a doubt to have our kingdom blest.

xv.

Bury that question in th' eternal grave
 Of darkness, never to be seen again.
 Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
 And t' whom all good men knew did appertain
 Th' inheritance thy sacred birth-right gave;
 That needed n' other suffrages t' ordain
 What only was thy due, nor no decree
 To be made known, since none was known but
 thee.

xvi.

Witness the joy, the universal cheer,
 The speed, the ease, the will, the forwardness,
 Of all this great and spacious state; how dear
 It held thy title and thy worthiness.
 Haste could not post so speedy any where,
 But fame seem'd there before in readiness,
 To tell our hopes, and to proclaim thy name;
 O greater than our hopes more than thy fame!

xvii.

What a return of comfort dost thou bring,
 Now at this fresh returning of our blood;
 Thus meeting with the op'ning of the spring,
 To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
 What a new season of encouraging
 Begins t' enlength the days dispos'd to good!
 What apprehension of recovery
 Of greater strength, of more ability!

xviii.

The pulse of England never more did beat
 So strong as now—nor ever were our hearts
 Let out to hopes so spacious and so great,
 As now they are—nor ever in all parts
 Did we thus feel so comfortable heat,
 As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
 The whole complexion of the commonwealth,
 So weak before, hop'd never more for health.

xix.

Could'st thou but see from Dover to the Mount,
 From Totnes to the Orcades; what joy,
 What cheer, what triumphs, and what dear account
 Is held of thy renown this blessed day!
 A day, which we and ours must ever count
 Our solemn festival, as well we may.
 And though men thus court kings still which are
 new;
 Yet do they more, when they find more is due.

xx.

They fear the humours of a future prince,
 Who either lost a good, or felt a bad:
 But thou hast cheer'd us of this fear long since;
 We know thee more than by report we had.
 We have an everlasting evidence
 Under thy hand; that now we need not dread
 Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designs,
 Than there thou art in those judicial lines.

xxi.

It is the greatest glory upon earth
 To be a king; but yet much more to give
 The institution with the happy birth
 Unto a king, and teach him how to live.
 We have by thee far more than thine own worth,
 That doth encourage, strengthen, and relieve
 Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
 That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

xxii.

We have an earnest, that doth even tie
 Thy sceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
 (That else no hand can bind) to ratify
 What thy religious hand hath there set down;
 Wherein thy all-commanding sov'reignty
 Stands subject to thy pen and thy renown.
 There we behold thee king of thine own heart;
 And see what we must be, and what thou art.

xxiii.

There, great exemplar! prototype of kings!
 We find the good shall dwell within thy court:
 Plain zeal and truth, free from base flatterings,
 Shall there be entertain'd, and have resort:
 Honest discretion, that no cunning brings;
 But counsels that lie right, and that import,
 Is there receiv'd with those whose care attends
 Thee and the state more than their private ends.

N iij

XXIV.

There grace and favour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty mountains interpos'd
Between thy beams and us, t' imbar thy light.
There majesty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a prey t' a private benefit.
The hand of pow'r deals there her own reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of men's regard.

XXV.

There is no way to get up to respect,
But only by the way of worthiness;
All passages that may seem indirect,
Are stoppt up now; and there is no access
By gross corruption: Bribes cannot effect
For th' undeserving any offices.
Th' ascent is clean; and and he that doth ascend,
Must have his means as clean as is his end.

XXVI.

The deeds of worth, and laudable deserts,
Shall not now pass thorough the strait report
Of an embasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport.
The prince himself now hears, sees, knows what
Honour and virtue acts, and in what fort; [parts
And thereto gives his grace accordingly,
And cheers up other to the like thereby.

XXVII.

Nor shall we now have use of flattery;
For he knows falsehood far more subtle is
Than truth, baseness than liberty,
Fear than love, t' invent these flourishes:
And adulation now is spent so nigh,
As that it hath no colours to express
That which it would, that now we must be fain
T' unlearn that art, and labour to be plain.

XXVIII.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t' inform a wrong:
The insolent depraver stands confus'd;
The impious Athiest seems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the fashion that is us'd,
All strive t' appear like those they live among:
And all will seem compos'd by that same square,
By which they see the best and greatest are.

XXIX.

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise, (or feeling, in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, form, accommodate,
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the state;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seem a change, but only of our ill.

XXX.

We shall continue and remain all one,
In law, in justice, and in magistrate:
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy ancestors have laid of this estate,
Nor grieve thy land with innovation,
Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate;
Knowing that course is best to be observ'd,
Whereby a state hath longest been preserv'd.

XXXI.

A King of England now most graciously
Suits the injuries that have been done

T' a king of Scots, and makes his clemency
To check them more than his correction:
Th' anointed blood that stain'd most shamefully
This ill-seduced state, he looks thereon
With eye of grief, not wrath, t' avenge the same,
Since th' authors are extinct that caus'd the shame.

XXXII.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty workings; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much
less.

Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth
With a far more imperious stateliness, [guide
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

XXXIII.

Then, England, thou reason thus to cheer;
Reason to joy and triumph in this wise;
When thou shalt gain so much, and have no fear,
To lose ought else but thy deformities;
When thus thou shalt have health, and be set clear
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knows how to cure,
And where most lie those griefs thou dost endure.

XXXIV.

When thou shalt see there is another grace,
Than to be rich; another dignity,
Than money; other means for place,
Than gold—wealth shall not now make honesty.
When thou shalt see the estimation base,
Of that which most afflicts our misery;
Without the which else could'st thou never see
Our ways laid right, nor men themselves to be.

XXXV.

By which improvement we shall gain much more
Than by Peru, or all discoveries;
For this way to embase, is to enstore
The treasure of the land, and make it rise.
This is the only key t' unlock the door,
To let out plenty, that it may suffice:
For more than all this isle, for more increase
Of subjects than by thee, there can increase.

XXXVI.

This shall make room and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few;
And by proportion geometrical,
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawl,
Intrusion, wresting, and by means undue;
Desert shall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to discharge.

XXXVII.

Whereby the all-incheering majesty
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beams of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deserts.
For thus to check, embase, and vilify
Th' esteem of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

XXXVIII.

This will make peace with law; restore the bar,
T' her ancient silence; where contention now
Makes so confus'd a noise— This will debar
The fust'ring of debate; and overthrow

That ugly monster, that foul ravener,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey upon our misery,
And wasting it again as wickedly.

xxxix.

The strange examples of improv'ishments,
Of sacrilege, exaction, and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
For times to come; but end with th' ages past.
When as the state shall yield more supplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than kingscan well exhaust;
This golden meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

xl.

Favour, like pity, in the hearts of men
Have the first touches ever violent;
But soon again it comes to languish, when
The motive of that humour shall be spent;
But b'ing still fed with that which first hath been
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by form, by kind;
And time begets more ties, that still more bind.

xli.

The broken frame of this disjointed state
B'ing by the bliss of thy great-grandfather
(Henry the Seventh) restor'd to an estate
More sound than ever, and more stedfaster,
Owes all it hath to him; and in that rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his successor:
For without him it had not been begun;
And without thee we had been now undone.

xlii.

He of a private man became a King:
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny,
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew
That good men wish for in their misery [the thing
Under ill kings; saw what it was to bring
Order and form, to the recovery
Of an unruly state; conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

xliii.

Thou, born a king, hast in thy state endur'd
The four affronts of private discontent,
With subjects broils; and ever been inur'd
To this great mystery of government;
Whereby thy princely wisdom hath allur'd
A state to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought us an addition to the frame
Of this great work, squar'd fitly to the same,

xliv.

And both you (by th' all-working Providence,
That fashions out of dangers, toils, debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
The first and great establishments of states)
Came when your aid, your pow'rs experience
(Which out of judgment best accommodates
These joints of rule) was more than most desir'd,
And when the times of need the most requir'd.

xlv.

And as he laid the model of this frame,
By which was built so strong a work of state,
As all the pow'rs of changes in the same,
All that excess of a disordinate
And lustful prince, nor all that after came;
Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet women's fate,

Could once disjoint the compliments, whereby
It held together in just symmetry.

xlvi.

So thou likewise art come, as fore-ordain'd
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath been but entertain'd
By th' only style and name of majesty;
And by no other counsels oft attain'd
Those ends of her enjoy'd tranquillity,
Than by this form, and by th' incumbrances
Of neighbour states, that gave it a success.

xlvii.

That had'st thou had no title, (as thou hast
The only right; and none hath else a right),
We yet must now have been enforc'd t' have cast
Ourselves into thy arms, to set all right;
And to avert confusion, bloodshed, waste,
That otherwise upon us needs must light.
None but a king, and no king else beside,
Could now have sav'd this state from b'ing de-
stroy'd.

xlviii.

Thus hath the hundred years brought back
The sacred blood lent to adorn the north, [again
And here return'd it with a greater gain,
And greater glory than we lent it forth.
Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain,
And keep for great effects the seed of worth,
And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
In periods of uncertain certainty.

xlix.

Marg'ret of Richmond, (glorious grandmother
Unto that other precious Margaret,
From whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a root well set)
Thou mother, author, plotter, counsellor
Of union! that did'st both conceive, beget,
And bring forth happiness to this great state,
To make it thus entirely fortunate:

l.

O could'st thou now but view this fair success,
This great effect of thy religious work,
And see therein how God hath pleas'd to bless
Thy charitable counsels; and to work
Still greater good out of the blessedness
Of this conjoined Lancaster and York:
Which all conjoin'd within; and those shut out,
Whom nature and their birth had set without!

li.

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great work to reverence thy name!
And with thee that religious, faithful, wife,
And learned Morton! who contriv'd the same,
And first advis'd, and did so well advise,
As that the good success that thereof came,
Shew'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, clear
hearts,
Are only fit to act such glorious parts.

lii.

But, Muse, these dear remembrances must be
In their convenient places regist'ed,
When thou shalt bring stern discord to agree,
And bloody war into a quiet bed.
Which work must now be finished by thee,
That long hath lain undone; as destined

N iiij

Unto the glory of these days : For which
Thy vows and verse have laboured so much.

LIII.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, fury, pride, and wrong ;
Persuading still to hold the course of right ;
And peace hath been the burden of thy song.
And now thyself shalt have the benefit
Of quietness, which thou hast wanted long ;
And now shalt have calm peace, and union
With thine own wars ; and now thou must go on.

LIV.

Only the joy of this so dear a thing
Made me look back unto the cause, whence came
This so great good, this blessing of a king ;
When our estate so much requir'd the same :
When we had need of pow'r for th' well-ord'ring
Of our affairs ; need of a spir't to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthiness,
Out of this humour of luxuriousness :

LV.

And bring us back unto ourselves again,
Unto our ancient native modesty,
From out these foreign sins we entertain,
These loathsome surfeits, ugly gluttony ;
From this unmanly, and this idle vein
Of wanton and superfluous bravery ;
The wreck of gentry, spoil of nobleness ;
And square us by thy temp'rate soberness.

LVI.

When abstinence is fashion'd by the time,
It is no rare thing to be abstinent : [crime]
But then it is, when th' age (full fraught with
Lies prostrate upon all misgovernment.
And who is not licentious in the prime
And heat of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he never will ;
No pow'r can tempt him to that taste of ill.

LVII.

Then what are we t' expect from such a hand,
That doth this stern of fair example guide ?
Who will not now shame to have no command
Over his lusts ? who would be seen t' abide
Unfaithful to his vows ; t' infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath ty'd ?
Who would now seem to be dishonoured
With th' unclean touch of an unlawful bed ?

LVIII.

What a great check will this chaste court be now
To wanton courts debauch'd with luxury ;
Where we no other mistresses shall know,
But her to whom we owe our loyalty ?
Chaste mother of our princes, whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
And comfort many nations with their worth,
To her perpetual grace that brought them forth.

LIX.

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that b'ing unrein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life ; but knows whereto he tends ;
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

LX.

And that this mighty work of union, now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the joints may grow
Together firm in due proportion :
A work of pow'r and judgment, that must shew
All parts of wisdom and discretion,
That man can shew ; that no cloud may impair
This day of hope, whose morning shews so fair.

LXI.

He hath a mighty burden to sustain
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious prince ;
Or where men's expectations entertain
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence :
But yet he undergoes a greater pain,
A more laborious work ; who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of order and content.

LXII.

Especially where men's desires do run
A greedy course of eminency, gain,
And private hopes ; weighing not what is done
For the republic, so themselves may gain
Their ends ; and where few care who be un-
done,
So they be made : whilst all do entertain
The present motions that this passage brings,
With th' infancy of change, under new kings.

LXIII.

So that the weight of all seems to rely
Wholly upon thine own discretion ;
Thy judgment now must only rectify
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands upon :
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this union.
For whilst all work for their own benefit,
Thy only work must keep us all upright.

LXIV.

For did not now thy full maturity
Of years and wisdom, that discern what shows,
What art and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that clear judgment knows
Upon what grounds depend thy majesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatness grows ;
We might distrust, lest that a side might part
Thee from thyself, and so surprise thy heart.

LXV.

Since thou'rt but one, and that against thy
breast
Are laid all th' engines both of skill and wit ;
And all th' assaults of cunning are addrest,
With stratagems of art, to enter it ;
To make a prey of grace, and to invest
Their pow'rs within thy love ; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own ends.

LXVI.

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule ; and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interplac'd respondencies
Of combinations, set to keep the hand
And eye of pow'r from out the provinces,
That avarice may draw to her command ;
Which, to keep hers, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might use like care.

LXVII.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this part,
Hath giv'n thee all those pow'rs of worthiness,
Fit for so great a work; and fram'd thy heart
Discernable of all apparencies;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great art
Of ord'ring man; knowledge of knowledges!
That from thee men might reckon how this state
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

LXVIII.

That thou the first with us in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion us anew;
Wherein the times hath offer'd that to thee,
Which seldom t' other princes could accrue.
Thou hadst th' advantage only to be free,
T' employ thy favours where they shall be due;
And to dispose thy grace in general,
And like to Jove, to be alike to all.

LXIX.

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t' all thy people universally;
And not to them, but for their love alone,
Which they account is placed worthily.
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest; nor they fail in their loyalty:
Since no prince comes deceived in his trust,
But he that first deceives, and proves unjust.

LXX.

Then since we are in this so fair a way
Of restoration, greatness, and command;
Curst be he that causes the least stay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand;

And curst he that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodness to withstand;
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

LXXI.

And he that shall by wicked offices
Be th' author of the least disturbancy,
Or seek t' avert thy godly purposes,
Be ever held the scorn of infamy.
And let men but consider their success,
Who princes loves abus'd presumptuously;
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loves them not, whom men do
hate.

LXXII.

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of princes favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes; and repay
The spoils of misery with greater gain:
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still
More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

LXXIII.

But both thy judgment and estate doth free
Thee from these pow'rs of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings; by whom, we see,
Are wrought the acts of all impiety.
Thou art so set, as thou'st no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful of disloyalty:
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

E P I S T L E S.

TO SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT;

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

WELL hath the pow'rful hand of majesty,
Thy worthiness, and England's hap beside,
Set thee in th' aidfull'st room of dignity;
As th' isthmus these two oceans to divide,
Of rigour and confus'd uncertainty,
To keep out th' intercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulf not up unsuccour'd right,
By th' extreme current of licentious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fast'ning of society,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remain concussed with uncertainty;
And seem to foster, rather than withstand
Contention; and embrace obscurity,
Only t' afflict, and not to fashion us,
Making her cure far worse than the disease:

As if she had made covenant with wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses;
And suffer'd falsehood to be arm'd as strong
Unto the combat, as is righteousness;
Or suited her, as if she did belong
Unto our passions; and did ev'n profess
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restrains not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same she's now, in ages past?
Or was she less, when she was used less;
And grows as malice grows; and so comes cast
Just to the form of our unquietness?
Or made more flow, the more that strife runs fast;
Staying t' undo us, e'er she will redress?
That th' ill she checks, seems suffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater gain that goodness will.

Must there be still some discord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention, tun'd t' a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace must make war with
words,
And b' arm'd unto destruction ev'n as strong,
As were in ages past our civil swords:
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds,

If it be wisdom, and not cunning, this
Which so embroils the state of truth with
brawls,
And wraps it up in strange confus'dness
As if it liv'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barb'rousness
And foreign customs, the memorials
Of our subjection; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,
Uncurious, gentle, easy of access:
Certain unto itself; of equal vein;
One face, one colour, one assuredness.
Its falsehood that is intricate and vain,
And needs these labyrinths of subtilness:
For where the cunning'st cov'rings most appear,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy clear-ey'd experience well descries,
Great keeper of the state of equity!
Refuge of mercy! upon whom relies
The succour of oppressed misery:
Altar of safeguard! whereto affliction flies,
From th' eager pursuit of severity.
Heaven of peace! that labour'st to withdraw
Justice from out the tempests of the law;

And set her in a calm and even way,
Plain, and directly leading to redress;
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting, dilatory processes.
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, effoigns, and traverses;
The heads of Hydra, springing out of death,
That gives this monster malice still new breath.

That what was made for the utility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t' his hurt,
To make him worser by his remedy, [port.
And cast him down with what should him sup-
Nor that the state of law might lose thereby
The due respect and rev'rence of her port;
And seem a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to entangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
Unto a like infinity arise;
As b'ing a science that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities.
For altercation controversy feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of cavil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave Castilian king devise
A prohibition, that no advocate
Should be convey'd to th' Indian colonies;
Lest their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firm estate.
"For having not this skill how to contend,
"Th' unnourish'd strife would quickly make an
end."

So likewise did th' Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear;
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw,
With this infestious skill, some otherwhere;
Whose learning rather let men farther out,
And open'd wider passages of doubt.

See'ng ev'n injustice may be regulate;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fixt:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lives immixt
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did those glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty,
For being good; and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty)
Ordain this sanctuary, whereunto
Th' oppress'd might fly; this seat of equity,
Whereon thy virtues sit with fair renown,
The greatest grace and glory of the gown.

Which equity, being the soul of law,
The life of justice, and the spir't of right;
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe
Of books deaf pow'rs, that have nor ears nor sight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgment requisite;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the work, nor forc'th the work to it.

Maintaining still an equal parallel
Just with th' occasions of humanity,
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but itself to satisfy;
And often innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But equity, that bears an even rein
Upon the present courses, holds in awe

By giving hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle relaxation of the law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the welfare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first b'ing by necessity compos'd,
Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate;
Where when as justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the state.
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That wrong may enter at the self same gate
Which serves for right, clad in a coat of law;
What violent distempers may it draw?

And therefore dost thou stand to keep the way,
And stop the course that malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident injunctions stay
This never-ending altercation;
Sending contention home, to th' end men may
There make their peace, whereas their strife begun;
And free these pester'd streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the state and theirs do need elsewhere.

Lest th' humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto itself all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t' exceed th' affairs it undertakes:
As if the only science of the state,
That took up all our wits, for gain it makes;
Not for the good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as ill causes shall
Enrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than good; as far more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? who will be hir'd
To entertain a right, whose gain is small?
Unless the advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a wrong, be likewise made to run
His client's chance, and with him be undone.

So did the wisest nations ever strive
To bind the hands of justice up so hard;
That lest she falling to prove lucrative,
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to live,
Out of the public; as a public guard,
That all preserves, and all doth entertain;
Whose end is only glory, and not gain.

That ev'n the sceptre, which might all com-
mand,
See'ng her self impartial, equal, regular;
Was pleas'd to put itself into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the prince and people use one bar;
The prince, whose cause (as not be withstood)
Is never bad, but where himself is good.

This is that balance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great minister of justice! who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land.

This is that seal of pow'r, which doth impress
Thy acts of right, which shall for ever stand !
This is that strain of state, that pompously
Attends upon thy rev'rent dignity !

All glory else besides ends with our breath ;
And men's respects scarce brings us to our grave :
But this of doing good, must outlive death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
'Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts ;
Pow'r may have knees, but justice hath our hearts.

TO THE LORD HENRY HOWARD,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

PRAISE, if it be not choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no lustre where it is bestow'd ;
Nor any way can grace the giver's art,
(Though 't be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be shew'd,
Will bear it well, but virtue and desert.

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy utterance ; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your clear judgment best deserveth it,
Which in your course hath carried you upright,
And made you to discern the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the love of men ;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which ever in the end we see succeed ;
'Though oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the times, and men's iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairly run
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most clean and safest to their end ;
And pass the best without confusion,
Either in those that act, or else dispose ;
Having the scope made clear, whereto they tend.

When this bye-path of cunning doth i' embroil,
And intricate the passage of affairs,
As that they seldom fairly can get out ;
But cost, with less success, more care and toil ;
Whilst doubt and the distrustful cause impairs
Their courage, who would else appear more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Have divers doors whereby they may let out
'Their wills abroad without disturbancy,
Int' any course, and into ev'ry way
Of humour, that affection turns about ;
Yet have the best but one t' have passage by ;

And that so surely warded with the guard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Have course that way, but with the certain pass
Of a persuasive right ; which b'ing compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answer just,
And so with due examination pass.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are mere religious, constant and upright ;
And bring the ablest hands for any 'flect ;
And best bear up the reputation, fame,

And good opinion that the action's right,
When th' undertakers are without suspect.

But when the body of an enterprize
Shall go one way, the face another way ;
As if it did but mock a weaker trust ;

The motion being monstrous, cannot rise
To any good ; but falls down to bewray,
That all pretences serve for things unjust :

Especially where th' action will allow
Apparency ; or that it hath a course
Concentric, with the universal frame
Of men combin'd : whom it concerneth how
These motions run, and entertain their force ;
Having their being resting on the same.

And be it that the vulgar are but gross ;
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes guess the right ; and do conceive
The nature of that text that needs a gloss,
And wholly never can deluded be :
All may a few ; few cannot all deceive.

And these strange disproportions in the train
And course of things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-set disposition of their minds ;
Who in their actions cannot but retain
Th' encumber'd forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot shew but in their kinds.

Whereas the ways and counsels of the light
So sort with valour and with manliness,
As that they carry things assuredly,
Undazzling of their own or others sight :
There b'ing a blessing that doth give success
To worthiness, and unto constancy.

And though sometimes th' event may fall amiss,
Yet shall it still have honour for th' attempt ;
When craft begins with fear, and ends with shame,
And in the whole design perplexed is :
Virtue, though luckless, yet shall 'scape contempt ;
And though it hath not hap, it shall have fame.

TO THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved pow'rs ; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same :
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and weilds of man survey ?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil ?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood : where honour, pow'r, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs wars
But only as on stately robberies ;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding wars

The fairest and the best fac'd enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants threats, or with the surly brow
Of pow'r, that proudly sits on others crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sin than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecillity:

Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so fondly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that had carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shews her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by b'ing con-
temn'd,
Than b'ing pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,

To whom it appertains. Wherein you shew,
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base Malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, above the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, b'ing pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from
thence;

That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the
best

They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his shew,
The best of all whose days consumed are
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that ill-working hand
Of heav'n, that though the world hath done his
worst

To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note (madam) of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
Yon that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

TO THE LADY LUCY,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THOUGH virtue be the same when low she stands
In the humble shadows of obscurity,
As when she either sweats in martial bands,
Or sits in court clad with authority;
Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room
Greatly detract from her ability.
For as in-wall'd within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open fight

An eminent and spacious dwelling got ;
 Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
 There is she more herself, and more her own ;
 There in the fair attire of honour dight,
 She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.
 Applause attends her hands ; her deeds have grace ;
 Her worth, new-born, is strait as if full grown.
 With such a godly and respected face
 Doth virtue look, that's set to look from high ;
 And such a fair advantage by her place
 Hath state and greatness to do worthily.
 And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
 With her, that gracing you comes grac'd thereby :
 And well was let into a house so sweet,
 So good, so fair : so fair, so good a guest !
 Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
 As you are with her residency blest.
 And this fair course of knowledge, whereunto
 Your studies (learned lady) are addrest,
 Is th' only certain way that you can go
 Unto true glory, to true happiness :
 All passages on earth besides, are so
 Encumber'd with such vain disturbances,
 As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
 B'ing but deluded with appearances.
 And no key had you else that was so fit
 T' unlock that prison of your sex as this,
 To let you out of weakness and admit
 Your pow'rs into the freedom of that bliss,
 That sets you there where you may over-see
 This rolling world, and view it as it is ;
 And apprehend how th' outsides do agree
 With th' inward ; being of the things we deem
 And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
 Of highest value, and of best esteem ;
 Since all the goods we have rests in the mind,
 By whose proportions only we redeem
 Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
 The measure of ourselves, and of our pow'rs :
 And that all happiness remains confin'd
 Within the kingdom of this breast of ours ;
 Without whose bounds, all that we look on lies
 In others jurisdictions, others pow'rs,
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.
 All glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
 Are not belonging to our royalties,
 But t' others wills, wherein they're only grown :
 And that unless we find us all within,
 We never can without us be our own ;
 Nor call it right our life that we live in ;
 But a possession held for others use,
 That seem to have most interest therein ;
 Which we do so dissever, part, traduce,
 Let out to custom, fashion ; and to shew
 As we enjoy but only the abuse,
 And have no other deed at all to shew.
 How oft are we constrained to appear
 With other countenance than that we owe ;
 And be ourselves far off, when we are near !
 How oft are we forc'd on a cloudy heart
 To set a shining face, and make it clear ;
 Seeming content to put yourselves apart,
 To bear a part of others weaknesses !
 As if we only were compos'd by art,
 Not nature ; and did all our deeds address

T' opinion, not t' a conscience, what is right ;
 As fram'd b' example, not advisedness,
 Into those forms that entertain our sight.
 And though books, madam, cannot make this
 mind,
 Which we must bring apt to be set aright ;
 Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
 And touch it so, as that it turns that way
 Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
 The certain place of truth ; yet do they stay,
 And entertain us near about the same ;
 And give the soul the best delight, that may
 Encheat it most, and most our spir'ts enflame
 To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
 And therefore, in a course that best became
 The clearness of your heart, and best commends
 Your worthy pow'rs ; you run the rightest way
 That is on earth, that can true glory give ;
 By which, when all consumes, your fame shall
 live.

TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

UNTO the tender youth of those fair eyes
 The light of judgment can arise but new, [ceit,
 And young ; the world appears t' a young con-
 Whilst thorough the unacquainted faculties :
 The late invested soul doth rawly view
 Those objects which on that discretion wait.
 Yet you that such a fair advantage have,
 Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t' outgo,
 And be before your years, can fairly guess
 What hue of life holds surest without stain ;
 Having your well-wrought heart full furnish'd so
 With all the images of worthiness,
 As there is left no room at all t' invest
 Figures of other form, but sanctity.
 Whilst yet those clean created thoughts within
 The garden of your innocencies rest ;
 Where are no motions of deformity,
 Nor any door at all to let them in,
 With so great care doth she that hath brought
 forth
 That comely body, labour to adorn
 That better part, the mansion of your mind,
 With all the richest furniture of worth,
 To make y' as highly good as highly born,
 And set your virtues equal to your kind.
 She tells you, how that honour only is
 A goodly garment put on fair deserts ;
 Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,
 And that it cannot grace unworthiness ;
 But more apparent shews defective parts,
 How gay soever they are deck'd therein,
 She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
 And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
 As that it cannot stray and break abroad
 Into the private ways of carelessness ;
 Nor ever may descend to vulgarize,
 Or be below the sphere of her abode,

But like to those supernal bodies set
Within their orbs, must keep the certain course
Of order; destin'd to their proper place,
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th' irregular appearances enforce
A short respect, and perish without grace:
B'ing meteors seeming high, but yet low
plac'd,

Blazing but while their dying matters last.

Nor can we take the just height of the mind,
But by that order which her course doth shew,
And which such splendor to her actions gives;
And thereby men her eminency find,
And thereby only do attain to know
The region, and the orb wherein she lives.

For low in th' air of gross uncertainty,
Confusion only rolls, order sits high.

And therefore since the dearest things on
earth,

This honour, Madam, hath his stately frame
From th' heav'nly order, which begets respect;
And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,
Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not run the least course of neglect.

For where not to observe, is to profane
Your dignity; how careful must you be,
To be yourself? And though you may to all
Shine fair aspects; yet must the virtuous gain
The best effects of your benignity.

Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your esteem t' a lower rate,
Than doth besit the pitch of your estate.

Nor may you build on your sufficiency,
For in our strongest parts we are but weak;
Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
Lest that you come to check it so thereby,
As silence may become worse than to speak:
Though silence women never ill became.

And none we see were overthrown

By others flatt'ry, more than by their own.
For though we live amongst the tongues of
praise,

And troops of smoothing people, that collaud
All that we do; yet 'tis within our hearts
Th' ambushment lies, that evermore betrays
Our judgments, when ourselves be come t' ap-
plaud

Our own ability, and our own parts.

So that we must not only fence this fort
Of ours against all others fraud, but most
Against our own; whose danger is the most,
Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,
And soon't deceive ourselves; and soon't are
lost

By our best pow'rs, that do us most transport.

Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
(If God so please) the honourable blood
Of Clifford, and of Ruffel; led aright
To many worthy stems, whose offspring may
Look back with comfort, to have had that good
To spring from such a branch that grew f' up-
right;

Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness
more

Than th' ancestors fair glory gone before.

TO HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fert ullum ictum illasa felicitas.

He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness,
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, had'st thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy best fortunes could have
done:

For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal;
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Imprisonment and poison did reveal
The worth of Socrates. Fabritius
Poverty did grace that commonweal,
More than all Sylla's riches got with strife;
And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to b' unhappy is unhappiness,
And mis'ry not to have known misery:
For the best way unto discretion, is
The way that leads us by adversity.
And men are better shew'd what is amiss,
By th' expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shews them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have
endur'd,
With a repos'd cheer, wrong and disgrace;
And with a heart and countenance assur'd,
Have look'd stern death and horror in the face!
How should we know thy soul had been secur'd,
In honest counsels, and in way unbase;
Had'st thou not stood to shew us what thou
wer't,

By thy affliction that descry'd thy heart!
It is not but the tempest that doth show
The seamen's cunning; but the field that tries
The captain's courage—And we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.
For lo! how many have we seen to grow
To high renown from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of death? And many a one
T' have been undone, had they not been undone?

He that endures for what his conscience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his misery:
The more he endures, the more his glory grows;
Which never grows from imbecillity:
Only the best compos'd and worthiest hearts,
God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.

THE
PASSION OF A DISTRESSED MAN;

Who being in a Tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boat two Women,
(of whom he loved the one, that disdained him; and scorned the other,
who affected him), was, by Commandment from Neptune, to cast out one
of them to appease the Rage of the Tempest; but which was referred to his
own Choice.

My unkind love, or she that loves me dear,
Neptune will have cast forth, to calm the seas:
One of these two, or all, must perish here;
And therefore now which shall I save of these?
Ah! do I make a question which to save,
When my desires share but one only part!
Whom should it be but she, to whom I have
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my heart?
She! she must live!—The tempests of whose brow
Confound me more than all these storms can do:
And but for whom I live—And therefore how
Can any life be life, 'less she live too?
For by that means I both may pacify
The rigor of these waves, and her hard heart;
Who must save him, who would not let her die:
Nor can she but reward so great desert.

She cannot, but in mercy needs must give
Comfort to him, by whom herself doth live.

Pars Altera.

BUT shall the blood of her that loves me then
Be sacrific'd to her disdainfulness
That scorns my love? And shall I hope to win
Mercy from her, by being mercilefs?
Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
Raise her proud heart t' a higher set of scorn,
When she shall see my passions are disdain'd
With blood; although it were to serve her turn?
Since th' act of ill, though it fall good to us,
Makes us yet hate the doer of the same. [thus;
And though my hand should have preserv'd her
Yet b'ing by cruel means, it is my shame,

Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
And th' imperfections of my passions; which
She knows the influence of her eyes effects,
And therein joys t' have vanquish'd me so
much
And when desert shall seem t' exact reward,
It breeds a loathing in the heart of grace,
That must work free out of her own regard,
And have no dues t' upbraid her to her face.
So shall I then have bent against my soul,
Both her disdain, and th' horror of that deed,
Which ever must my cruelty controul,
And check the wrong that never can succeed.
And though it be requir'd that one must go,
By message sent me from the pow'rs divine,
Yet will I not redeem my safety so;
Though life be in their hand, death is in mine;
And therefore since compassion cannot be
Cruel to either; Neptune, take all three.

Resumptio.

BUT that were to be cruel to all three;
Rebel to nature, and the gods arrest,
Whose ordinances must observed be:
Nor may our frailty with the heav'ns contest.
Why then that must be done that's least unjust;
And my affections may not bear a part
With cruelty and wrong. But here I must
Be of a side, to go against my heart;
And her disdain her due reward must have
She must be cast away, that would not save.

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

To the Right Worlhy and Judicious Favourer of Virtue,

MR. FULKE GREVILL.

I do not here upon this hum'rous stage
Bring my transformed verse apparelled
With others passions, or with others rage;
With loves, with wounds, with factions furnished:
But here present thee, only modelled
In this poor frame, the form of mine own heart:
Where, to revive myself, my muse is led
With motions of her own, t' act her own part;
Striving to make her own contemned art
As fair t' herself as possibly she can;
Lest seeming of no force, of no desert,
She might repent the course that she began;
And, with these times of dissolution, fall
From goodness, virtue, glory, fame, and all.

PHILOCOSMUS.

FOND man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend
In an ungainful art thy dearest days,
Tiring thy wits, and toiling to no end,
But to attain that idle smoke of praise!
Now when this busy world cannot attend
Th' untimely music of neglected lays;
Other delights than these, other desires,
This wiser profit seeking age requires.

MUSOPHILUS.

Friend Philocosmus, I confess indeed
I love this sacred art thou sett'st so light;
And though it never stand my life in stead,
It is enough it gives myself delight,
The whilst my unafflicted mind doth feed
On no unholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my unseasonable song
Come out of time, that fault is in the time;

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And I must not do virtue so much wrong,
As love her ought the worse for others crime:
And yet I find some blessed spir'its among
That cherish me, and like and grace my rhyme.
Again, that I do more in soul esteem,
Than all the gain of dust the world doth crave:
And if I may attain but to redeem
My name from dissolution and the grave;
I shall have done enough; and better deem
T' have liv'd to be, than to have dy'd to have.

Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate; seek to beguile her end.
Of some few ling'ring days of after-stay;
That all this little all might not descend
Into the dark an universal prey;
And give our labours yet this poor delight,
That when our days do end, they are not done;

Q

And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives where others have but one.

PHILCOSMUS.

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
Striving to gain th' inheritance of air,
That having done the uttermost he can,
Leaves yet perhaps but beggary t' his heir:
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.

And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A multitude of words to small effect;
Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect?
Besides some vip'rous critic may bereave
Th' opinion of thy worth for some defect;

And get more reputation of his wit,
By but controlling of some word or sense,
Than thou shalt honour for contriving it
With all thy travel, care, and diligence;
Bring learning now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence.

Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
Whose diverse discords have the music marr'd,
And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
And the receiv'd opinion of the thing,
For some unhallow'd string that vilely jarr'd,
Hath so unseason'd now the ears of men,
That who doth touch the tenor of that vein,
Is held but vain; and his unreckon'd pen
The title but of levity doth gain.

A poor light gain, to recompence their toil,
That thought to get eternity the while!

And therefore leave the left and out-worn
course

Of unregarded ways, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new:
Strive not to run an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours men allow.

For not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off ourselves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society,
Whereby we come to bury our defects
In th' obscure grave of singularity.

MUSOPHILUS.

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that can't not look so high
From out that mist of earth, as thou can't tell
The ways of right which virtue doth descry;
That overlooks the base contemptibly,
And low laid follies of mortality.

Nor mete out truth and right deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.

Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best: But ignorance will live
By others square, as by example lost.
And man to man must th' hand of error give,
That none can fall alone at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.

For what poor bounds have they, whom but
th' earth bounds?

What is their end whereto their care attains;
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds;
Having but travel to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?

Gath'ring, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, alt'ring, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil, and body's travelling:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.

And his fair house rais'd high in envy's eye,
Whose pillars rear'd (perhaps) on blood and
wrong,

The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profanest piles of sin keep strong?

How many proud, aspiring palaces,
Have we known made the prey of wrath and
pride;

Levell'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order; pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise, to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.

Which I must confess; although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can give.
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which (dead alive)
Shews a quick body, but a bury'd will.

Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let
fly;

And fruitless riches, barrier than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty:
Which when disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her state from poverty.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since Chaucer liv'd; who yet lives, and yet
shall,

Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last.

Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays?
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatening rage,
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not strain his travels to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares?

But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the sun before him of respect;
We, set in th' autumn, in the withering
And fullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those four distastes the times do bring
Upon the fulness of a cloy'd neglect,

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recov'ring of another springing of praise;
Clear'd from th' oppressing humours wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.

When as (perhaps) the words thou scornest
now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind;
The extract of the soul, that labour'd how
To leave the image of herself behind;
Wherein posterity, that love to know,
The just proportion of our spir'its may find.

For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, spir'it and nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathise,
As nourish'd with their pow'rs, enjoy their parts.

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all.
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call:
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

Soul of the world, knowledge, without thee,
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
Born of one womb with us, but to our shame;
(That never read t' observe, but to disgrace)
Raise all the tempest of their pow'r, to blame;
That puff of folly never can deface
The work a happy genius took to frame.

Yet why should civil learning seek to wound,
And mangle her own members with despite?
Prodigious wits! that study to confound
The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight;
Whence overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is not to work, but to reprove:

But how came they plac'd in so high degree,
Above the reach and compass of the rest?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free denizens of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could never see
The warrant of their wit soundly exprest.

T' acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit, which only they possess;
That we might have things exquisitely done,
Measur'd with all their strict observances:
Such would (I know) scorn a translation,
Or bring but others labours to the press;
Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will
Bring forth small mice of great expected skill.

Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
Fails in the doing to perform her part;
And I have known proud words, and poor effects,
Of such indeed as do condemn this art:
But let them rest; it ever hath been known,
They others virtues scorn that doubt their own.

And for the divers disagreeing cords
Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will:
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly fords,
And scorns to be a niggard of his skill.

And that the rather since this short-liv'd race
B'ing fatally the sons but of one day,
That now with all their pow'r ply't apace
To hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against confusion that hath all in chase,
To make of all an universal prey.

For now great nature hath laid down at last
That mighty birth wherewith so long she went,
And over-went the times of ages past,
Here to lie in upon our soft content;
Where fruitful she hath multipli'd so fast,
That all she hath on these times seem'd t' have
spent.

All that which might have many ages grac'd,
Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
Where plenty hath impress'd a deep distaste
Of best and worst, and all in general;
That goodness seems goodness to have defac'd,
And virtue hath to virtue giv'n the fall.

For emulation, that proud curse of wit,
Scorning to stay below, or come behind,
Labours upon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection in the highest kind.
Envy and wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewise on the self-same blifs to find:

And so long striving till they can no more,
Do stuff the place, or others hopes shut out;
Who doubting to o'ertake those gone before,
Give up their care, and cast no more about;
And so in scorn leave all as fore-possess'd,
And will be none, where they may not be best.

Ev'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the river by,
Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring
vein,

Finding some little way that close did lie,
Steal in at first; then other streams again
Second the first, then more than all supply;

Till all the mighty main hath born at last
The glory of his chiefest pow'r that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast,
Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
And then about, and back again doth cast,
Leaving that full to fall another way:

So fares this hum'rous world, that evermore
Rapt with the current of a present course,
Runs into that which lay condemn'd before;
Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse.
Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore;
Then cold in spir'it, and faith is of no force.

Strait all that holy was unhallow'd lies,
The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows;

Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes;
Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows:
That evermore to foolish or to wise,
It fatal is to be seduc'd with shows,

Sacred religion! Mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd?
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear
What stately piles we prodigal erect?

How sweet perfum'd thou art: how shining
clear?

How solemnly observ'd; with what respect?

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light, disrob'd: No care
Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout;
Pow'rless, unfollow'd: Scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
The self-same which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will;
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.

L You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course: bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgraced knowledge from the ground;
Keep virtue in request; give worth her due:
Let not neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night anew:
Be not, O be not accessory found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe
laid

In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your father's bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing time will proudly send
A warrant unto wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mock'ries of vain glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose
hands,

Nor for whose glory—it was set to shew,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whercon, when as the gazing passenger
Had greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long ago:
Inquires and asks his fellow traveller
What he had heard, and his opinion:

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:

Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders wonder to express.

Then ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair art and cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Britanny, by magic course,
From giants hands redeem'd by Merlin's flight:

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
See'ng after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That reverence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are;
And though she avouch the right, she scarce hath
right.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;
Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazingstock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though time with all his pow'r of years hath
laid

Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the heav'n's prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Behold how ev'ry man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seem only right,
Doth his own rest, and his own thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,

With flatt'ring glasses that must shew him fair;
And others foul: His skill and wit the best,
Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong in their;
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest;

Not see'ng how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely exprest,
And that the glimm'ring of these errors shown
Are but a light to let him see his own.

Alas, poor fame! in what a narrow room,
As an incaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?

Is this the walk of all your wide renown!
This little point, this scarce discerned isle!
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech un-
known,

Made never any traffic of our style.
And in this all, where all this care is shown,
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while:
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barb'rous language such?

Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet if here too all your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo! how many reads not, or disdains
The labour of the chief and excellent?

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spencer; or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;
And seem to bear down all the world with looks:
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose endeavours few or none scarce looks?

Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhimes,
These strange confused tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Your virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion join'd.

Schools, arts, professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where b'ing as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms them to accommodate;
It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attain
Th' expected good which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain
Of far inferior virtues in their sight;
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they, [way.
They scorn their faith should deign to look that

Hence discontented sects and schisms arise;
Hence interwounding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reck'ning each others fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties time admits
All comers, all complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place; who can expect but ill?

For b'ing unapt for what they took in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall b' address,
They ev'n become th' incumbrance of the land,
As out of rank, disord'ring all the rest:
This grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Mars all their grace, to do without their rest.

Men find that action is another thing,
Than what they in discoursing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.

For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout [clean

This sweet-enchanted knowledge turns you
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open concourse of a public sight:
This skill wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unfinews all your pow'rs, unmans you quite.

Public soci'ety, and commerce of men,
Require another grace, another port:
This eloquence, these rhimes, these phrases then,
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort;
The unmaterial swelling of your pen,
Touch not the spir't that action doth import.

A manly style fitted to manly ears,
Best 'grees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway;
And waits on th' humour of his pulse, that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key.
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.

Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the great heroical deserts
Of brave renowned spir'its; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others hearts,
And serve a model for posterities,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spir'its may tend hereto,
To make it not our grace to say, but do

MUSOPHILUS.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with love
Of what I do; but that I rather bear
An ear to learn, than a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carry'd in their sphere,
According to their proper motions move.
And that course likes them best, which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.

I do confess our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vast earth beside;
All which again rated to that Great All,
Is likewise as a point, scarcely descry'd:
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of overlooking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread upon;
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.

Where if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
What shall we imagine it is pen'd,

That hath so great a world to walk about;
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That farther than her own scorn to extend?

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Where b'ing so large a room both to do well,
And eke to hear th' applause of things well done;
That farther if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laud'ble,
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.

And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.

This is the heart doth feel, and only know
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;

And serves as others members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.

Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungrac'd, and die but in neglect.

And for my part, if only one allow
The care my lab'ring spirits take in this;

He is to me a the'tre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is:

All my respect is bent but to his brow:
That is my All, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy spir'its be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? it cannot yet undo
The love I bear into this holy skill.

This is the thing that I was born to do:
This is my scene; this part must I fulfil.

Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set t' a vulgar air their servile song;
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others fits belong;
As virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if fame had ne'er a tongue:

Hath that all-knowing pow'r, that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an alms of fame?

Must she, like to a wanton courtesan,
Open her breasts for shew, to win her praise;
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man,
As if she were enamour'd of his ways;
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obeys?

She that can tell how proud ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere devotion:
For which, how much it sweats! how much its
thrall!

What toil it takes! And yet when all is done,
Th' ends in expectation never fall.

Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth; and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit?
Having reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her own to furnish it.

Herself a recompence sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content.

Its not enough that she hath rais'd so high
Those that be her's; that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Under their view? taking the true degree
Of the just height of swol'n mortality
Right as it is, not as it seems to be.

And undeceived with the paralax
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks;
Meas'ring man by himself, not by his shew:
Wond'ring not at their rich and golden backs,
That have poor minds, and little else to shew.

Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load:

The lies of fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad;
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth have cap
and knee,

Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd;

And think (like Ili's' ass) all honours are
Giv'n unto them alone; the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazed on.

For take away their pack, and shew them bare,
And see what beast this honour rides upon.

Hath knowledge lent to her's the privy key,
To let them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their
rage;

That build, destroy, praise, hate, say, and gainfay;
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?

And shall we trust goodness, as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth; which with one
breath

Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
The present humour that it savoureth?
Shall we esteem, and reckon how it heeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloweth?

Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd errors which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we ourselves stay'd in a servile kind.

That virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spir'it, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain:
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance,
But through the colours of their proper stain.

Though I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sort's neglect)
Might move the weak irresolute to grieve;
But stronger see how justly this defect
Hath overtook the times wherein we live.

That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight
Comporting not herself in her estate,
Under this burden of a self-conceit:
Our own dissentious hands op'ning the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,

Discover'd have our inward government;
And led in hard opinion to disgrace
The general, for some weak impotent,
That bear out their disease with a stol'n face;
Who (filly souls!) the more wit they have spent,
The less they shew'd, not bett'ring their bad case.

And see how soon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution!
Fain to get loose from this withholding stake
Of civil science and discretion;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
One formless form of one confusion!

Like tyrant Ottomans blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obey:
For this seeks greedy ignorance t' abate
Our number, order, living, form and sway:
For this it practises to dissipate
Th' unshelter'd troops, till all be made away.

For since our father's sins pull'd first to ground
The pale of this dislever'd dignity,
And overthrew that holy rev'rend bound,
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common; to confound
The honour and respect of piety:

It did so much invile the estimate
Of th' open'd and invulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the basest rate,
Must wait upon the Norman subtleties;
Who being mounted up into their state,
Do best with wrangling rudeness sympathize.

And yet, though now set quite behind the train
Of vulgar sway, (and light of pow'r weigh'd
light)

Yet would this giddy innovation sail
Down with it lower, to abase it quite:
And those poor remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled marks of their divided right.

They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend distinction and degree;
As if they weigh'd no difference in this case,
Betwixt religion's age and infancy: [grace,
Where th' one must creep, th' other stand with
Left turn'd t' a child, it overturned be.

Though to pull back th' on-running state of
things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers days)
Unto the form of their first orderings,
Is the best means that dissolution stays;
And to go forward, backward right men brings,
I observe the line from whence they took their
ways.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the times condition;
To alter course may bring men more astray:
And leaving what was known, to light on none:
Since ev'ry change, the rev'rence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close kept palladium,
Which once remov'd, brings ruin evermore:
This stirr'd, makes men fore-settled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before:
Whilst faith disputes, that used to be dumb;
And more men strive to talk, than to adore.

For never headstrong reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,

And overrun the mean distrust'd still;
As b'ing too near of kin to that men shun:
For good and bad, and all must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.

So hard it is an even hand to bear,
In temp'ring with such maladies as these;
Lest that our forward passions launch too near,
And make the cure prove worse than the disease:
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displease.

And faults are easier look'd in, than redrest:
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errors fresh in quest;
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence.

And therefore do make not your own sides bleed,
To prick at others: you that would amend
By pulling down, and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther end:
Let stand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your succours and respects depend;

And bring not down the prizes of the mind,
With under-rating of yourselves so base:
You that the mighties doors do crouching find,
To sell yourselves to buy a little grace;
Or wait whole months to outbid Simony,
For that which being got, is not your place.

For if it were, what needed you to buy [shift,
What was your due? your thirsting shews your
And little worth, that seeks injuriously
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot say, that you were then prefer'd;
But that your money was, or some worse gift.

O scatt'ring gath'ers! that without regard
Of times to come, will (to be made) undo;
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graves all other too.
Dare you profane that holy portion,
Which never sacrilegious hand durst do?

Did form-establishing devotion,
To maintain a respective reverence,
Extend her bountiful provision
With such a charitable providence,
For your deforming hands to dissipate,
And make God's due your impious expence?

No marvel then, though th' over-pester'd state
Want room for goodness; if our little hold
Be lessen'd unto such a narrow rate,
That rev'rence cannot sit; fit as it should.
And yet what need we thus for rooms complain?
That shall not want void rooms, if this course hold:
And more than will be fill'd—For who will
strain,

To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes; and travel for an honour vain,
And gain a port, without support or stay?
What need hath envy to malign their state,
That will themselves (so kind!) give it away?

This makes indeed our number pass the rate
Of our provisions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield sufficient room t' accommodate,
More than we have in places requisite.
The ill-disposing only doth us set
In disarray, and out of order quite.

Whilst others gifts then of the mind shall get,
Under our colours, that which is our dues.
And to our travels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrues:
The sickness of the state's soul (learning) then
The body's great distemp'ature ensues.

For if that learning's rooms to learned men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disorder'd thrust would cease. For when
The fit were call'd; th' unworthy frustrated:
These would be 'sham'd to seek; those to b' un-
fought;

And stay'ng their turn, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping academies, brought
Again in heart, regain that rev'rend hand
Of lost opinion; and no more be thought
Th' unnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor (discouraged with their small esteem)
Confus'd, irresolute and wav'ring stand:

Caring not to become profound; but seem
Contented with a superficial skill,
Which for a slight reward enough they deem,
When th' one succeeds as well as th' other will:
See'ng shorter ways lead sooner to their end,
And others longer travels thrive so ill.

Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unsearching spir't beyond these bounds
Of others pow'rs, wherein they must be pen'd;
As if there were besides no other grounds:
And set their bold *plus ultra* far without
The pillars of those axioms age propounds.

Discov'ring daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless ocean
Of nature's riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course,
That other unindustrious ages ran;

That these more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our disable and unactive force;
To shew true knowledge can both speak and do:
Arm'd for the sharp which in these days they find,
With all provisions that belong thereto:

That their experience may not come behind
The times conceit; but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are states best strengths, and kingdoms chiefest
grace;

And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and
praise,

Makes majesty appear with her full face;

Shining with all her beams, with all her rays;
Unscanted of her parts, unshadowed
In any darken'd point: which still bewrays
The wain of pow'r, when pow'r's unfurnished,
And hath not all those entire compliments,
Wherewith the state should for her state be sped.

And though the fortune of some age consents
Unto a thousand errors grossly wrought,
Which flourish'd over with their fair events,
Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought;
The least whereof, in other times, again
Most dang'rous inconveniences have brought;

Whilst to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good successes of ill-manag'd deeds:

Though th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
Miss of the causes whence this luck proceeds.
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well succeeds.

I grant, that some unletter'd practic may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect
To God and man) with impious cunning sway
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintain the turning on,
And have his errors deem'd without defect?

But when some pow'rful opposition
Shall, with a sound encount'ring shock, disjoint
The fore-contriv'd frame; and thereupon
Th' experience of the present disappoint;
And other stirring spir'its, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point;

Shall drive the world to summon all their arts,
And all too little for so real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out shallow counsels from the light;
And this sense-op'ning action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) shall look to have her right.

Who then holds up the glory of the state;
(Which letter'd arms, and armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemn'd Justinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone:
But sound designs, that judgment shall decree
Out of a true discern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with safe-going equity;
Embroid'ring not their own, and others days.

Extending forth their providence beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n th' ignorant may understand,
How that deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itself can never stand,
But still must with her own conclusions war.

Can truth and honesty, wherein consists
The right repose on earth, the surest ground
Of trust; come weaker arm'd into the lists,
Than fraud or vice, that doth itself confound?
Or shall presumption, that doth what it lists,
(Not what it ought) carry her courses sound?

Then what safe place out of confusion,
Hath plain proceeding honesty to dwell?

What suit of grace hath virtue to put on,
If vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If wrong, if craft, if indiscretion,
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, th' universal map of deeds,
Strongly controuls; and proves from all descents,
That the directest courses best succeeds,
When craft (wrapt still in many cumberments)
With all her cunning thrives not, though it speeds.

For should not grave and learn'd experience,
That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go safer than deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
Crossing the ways of right, still runs more wide.

Who will not grant, and therefore this ob-
serve,
No state stand sure, but on the grounds of right,

Of virtue, knowledge ; judgment to preserve ?
And all the pow'rs of learning requisite ?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.

And do not thou contemn this swelling tide,
And stream of words, that now doth rise so high
Above the usual banks, and spreads so wide
Over the borders of antiquity :

Which, I confess, comes ever amplify'd
With th' abounding humours that do multiply ;

And is with that same hand of happiness
Enlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands :
Yet so as if let out but to redress,
And calm and sway th' affections it commands ;
Which as it stirs, it doth again repress,
And brings in th' out-gone malice that withstands.

Pow'r above pow'rs ! O heav'nly eloquence !
That with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords !
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richest treasure that our wit affords ?

Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen,
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect ;
And draw, divert, dispose and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct !
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect ?

Or should we careless come behind the rest
In pow'r of words, that go before in worth ;
When as our accent's equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth ?
When all that ever hotter spir'its express,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue ? To what strange
shores,
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores ?

What worlds in th' yet unformed occident,
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordain'd ?
What pow'rs it shall bring in, what spir'its com-
mand ?

What thoughts let out ; what humours keep re-
strain'd ?

What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand ;
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd ?

And as for po'ty, (mother of this force !)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this
might ;

Teaching it in a loose, yet measur'd course,
With comely motions how to go upright ;
And soft'ning it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.

What should I say — Since it is well approv'd
The speech of heav'n, with whom they have com-
merce ;

That only seem out of themselves remov'd,
And do with more than human skills converse :
Those numbers wherewith heav'n and earth are
mov'd,

Shew weakness speaks in prose, but pow'r in verse.

Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That th' acts of worthy men should be preserv'd,
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow

Upon their glory that have well deserv'd ;
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show,
Than what most barb'rous countries have observ'd :
When all the happiest nations hitherto,
Did with no lesser glory speak, than do

Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools, and arts, and their necessity ;
When from my lord, whose judgment must direct,
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength ; thou shalt expect,
Out of my better leisure, my reply.

SONNETS.

TO DELIA.

I.

Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty, [zeal,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints re-
veal.

Here I unclasp the book of my charg'd soul,
Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care :
Here have I summ'd my sighs; here I enrol
How they were spent for thee; look what they
are.

Look on the dear expences of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes :
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And cross my cares, e'er greater sums arise.
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
Who can shew all his love, doth love but lightly.

II.

Go, wailing verse, the infants of my love;
Minerva-like, brought forth without a mother!
Present the image of the cares I prove;
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair;
A monument that whosoever reads,
May justly praise, and blame my loveless fair.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starved you, in succours still denying :
Press to her eyes, importune me some good;
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying :
Knock at her hard heart; beg till y' have mov'd
her;
And tell th' unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

III.

If it so hap, this off'spring of my care,
These fatal anthems, lamentable songs,
Come to their view who like afflicted are :
Let them sigh for their own, and moan my
wrongs.
But untouch'd hearts, with unaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my heaviness :
Clear-sighted you, soon note what is awry;
Whilst blinded souls mine errors never guess:

You blinded souls, whom youth and error lead !
You out-cast eagles, dazzled with your sun !
Do you, and none but you, my sorrows read ;
You best can judge the wrongs that she hath
done.

That she hath done !—the motive of my pain :
Who, whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

IV.

THESE plaintive verse, the posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slow regard,
Bear not report of any slender fire;
Forging a grief, to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my passions limn'd for outward hue,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrows :
Delia herself, and all the world may view
Best in my face, where cares have till'd deep
furrows.

No bays I seek to deck my mourning brow,
O clear-ey'd rector of the holy hill !
My humble accents bear the olive bough
Of intercession, but to move her will.
These lines I use, t' unburden mine own heart ;
My love affects no fame, nor steams of art.

V.

WHILST youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
(Diana-like) to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eyes bewray'd,
But with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid,
Cast water-cold disdain upon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a heart's despair,
Which still is chac'd while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair :
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my
death.

Those that I foster'd of mine own accord,
And made by her to murder thus their lord.

VI.

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she's fair ; [sunny;
Her brow-shades frowns, although her eyes are

Her smiles are lightning, though her pride de-
spair;
And her disdain is gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour;
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and
love!
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth; design'd a saint above!
Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

/ VII.

For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightness;
The world had never known what I do find,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her bright-
ness.
Then had no censor's eye these lines survey'd,
Nor graver brows have judg'd my muse so vain:
No sun my blush and error had bewray'd,
Nor yet the world have heard of such disdain.
Then had I walk'd with bold erected face;
No down-cast look had signify'd my mis-
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace,
Did force me groan out griefs, and utter this.
For being full, should I not then have spoken.
My sense oppress'd had fail'd, and heart had broken.

VIII.

Thou poor heart, sacrific'd unto the fairest,
Had sent the incense of thy sighs to heav'n;
And still against her frowns fresh vows re-
pairest.
And made thy passions with her beauty even.
And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb message of my hidden grief;
And oft with careful turns, with silent art,
Did treat the cruel fair to yield relief.
And you, my verse, the advocates of love,
Have follow'd hard the process of my case;
And urg'd that title which doth plainly prove,
My faith should win, if justice might have
place.
Yet though I see that nought we do can move;
'Tis not: disdain must make me cease to love.

IX.

If this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore cry to th' air;
With downward looks, still reading on the earth,
These sad memorials of my love's despair;
If this be love to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve;
The never-resting stone of care to roll;
Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve.
If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
My pleasure's horror, music tragic notes;
Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
If this be love, to live a living death;
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

X.

Then do I love, and draw this weary breath
For her the cruel fair; within whose brow,
I written find the sentence of my death
In unkind letters, wrote she cares not how.
Thou pow'r that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter-lov'ng goddess, worldly pleasure's
queen,
Intenerate that heart that sets so light;
The truest love that ever yet was seen!
And cause her leave to triumph in this wise,
Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart,
That serves a trophy to her conqu'ring eyes;
And must their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know sh' hath done enough to prove
me;
And let her pity, if she cannot love me.

/ XI.

Tears, vows, and prayers, win the hardest heart:
Tears, vows, and prayers, have I spent in
vain?
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears, where I have lost my love;
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vain, a merciless to move:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my pray'rs be to so deaf ears,
No favour though the cruel fair allows;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray, to cruel she:
Flint, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields we see.

XII.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame;
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest
flame.
My ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can give:
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort, unless she relieve.
For she that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is;
My fortune's wheels the circle of her eyes,
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
So much I love the most unloving one.

/ XIII.

Behold what hap Pigmalion had to frame,
And carve his proper grief upon a stone!
My heavy fortune is much like the same;
I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan:
For hapless, lo! ev'n with mine own desires,
I figur'd on the table of mine heart,
The fairest form that all the world admires;
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toil, to change the marble breast
Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore;
Yet cannot find her breathe unto my rest:
Hard is her heart; and woe is me therefor!

But happy he, that joy'd his stone and art :

Unhappy I, to love a stony heart,

XIV.

Those snary locks, are those same nets (my dear)

Wherewith my liberty thou did'st surprize;

Love was the flame, that fired me so near,

The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes :

Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame;

Deep is the wound, my sighs can well report :

Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,

That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this
fort :

And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal

The bond, the flame, the wound that fest' reth so;

By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deal :

So much I please to perish in my woe.

Yet lest long travels be above my strength,

Good Delia lose, quench, heal me now at length.

XV.

If that a loyal heart and faith unfeign'd,

If a sweet languish, with a chaste desire;

If hunger-starven thoughts, so long retain'd,

Fed but with smoke, and cherish'd but with fire :

And if a brow with care's characters painted,

Bewrays my love with broken words half spo-

ken,

To her that sits in my thoughts temple fainted,

And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open :

If I have done due homage to her eyes,

And had my sighs still tending on her name;

If on her love my life and honour lies,

And she (th' unkindest maid) still scorns the
fame :

Let this suffice, that all the world may see

The fault is her's, though mine the hurt must be.

XVI.

Happy in sleep, waking content to languish;

Embracing clouds by night, in day-time mourn;

My joys but shadows, touch of truth my an-
guish :

Griefs ever springing, comforts never born.

And still expecting when she will relent;

Grown hoarse with crying mercy, mercy give :

So many vows and prayers having spent,

That weary of my life, I loath to live.

And yet the Hydra of my cares renews

Still new-born sorrows of her fresh disdain;

And still my hope the summer winds pursues,

Finding no end or period of my pain.

This is my state my griefs do touch so nearly;

And thus I live, because I love her dearly.

XVII.

Why should I sing in verse; why should I frame

These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?

Why should I offer up unto her name,

The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?

Why should I strive to make her live for ever,

That never deigns to give me joy to live?

Why should m' afflicted Muse so much endea-
vour

Such honour unto cruelty to give :

If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,

What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?

If this her worst, how should her best inflame?

What passions would her milder favours move?

Favours (I think) would sense quite overcome?

And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

XVIII.

SINCE the first look that led me to this error,

To this thoughts maze, to my confusion tending;

Still have I liv'd in grief, in hope, in terror,

The circle of my sorrows never ending.

Yet cannot leave her love, that holds me hateful;

Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me:

See what reward he hath that serves th' un-
grateful :

So true and loyal love no favour gains me.

Still must I whet my young desires abated,

Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling;

And all in vain, her pride is so innated,

She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.

Oft have I told her that my soul did love her, [her]

(And that with tears) yet all this will not move

XIX.

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore;

Yield Citherea's son, those arks of love :

Bequeath the heav'ns the stars that I adore;

And to th' orient do thy pearls remove.

Yield thy hands pride unto the ivory white;

Th' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet :

Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;

To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.

Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd;

And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres:

But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind

To Hyrcan tygers, and to ruthless bears,

Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;

So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

XX.

WHAT it is to breathe and live without life;

How to be pale with anguish, red with fear;

T' have peace abroad, and nought within but

Wish to be present, and yet shunt' appear: [strife;

How to be bold far off, and bashful near;

How to think much, and have no words to speak;

To crave redress, yet hold affliction dear:

To have affection strong, a body weak.

Never to find, and evermore to seek :

And seek that which I dare not hope to find.

T' affect this life, and yet this life dislike;

Grateful t' another, to myself unkind.

This cruel knowledge of these contraries,

Delia, my heart hath learn'd out of those eyes.

XXI.

If beauty thus be clouded with a frown,

That pity shines no comfort to my bliss,

And vapours of disdain so overgrown,

That my life's light wholly endarkened is :

Why should I more molest the world with cries;

The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?

Sith I live hateful to those ruthless eyes,

Vexing with untun'd moan her dainty ears.

If I have lov'd her dearer than my breath,
My breath that calls the heav'ns to witness it;
And still must hold her dear till after death;
And that all this moves not her thoughts a whit:
Yet sure she cannot but must think a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieve so true a heart.

XXII.

Come, time, the anchor-hold of my desire,
My last resort, whereto my hopes appeal;
Cause once the date of her disdain t' expire;
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeal.
Rob her fair brow; break in on beauty; steal
Pow'r from those eyes, which pity cannot spare:
Deal with those dainty cheeks, as she doth deal
With this poor heart consumed with despair.
This heart: made now the prospective of care,
By loving her, the cruellest fair that lives;
The cruellest fair, that sees I pine for her;
And never mercy to thy merit gives.
Let her not still triumph over the prize
Of mine affections, taken by her eyes.

XXIII.

TIME, cruel time, come and subdue that brow,
Which conquers all but thee; and thee too stays,
As if she were exempt from scythe or bow,
From love or years, unsubject to decays.
Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,
That they may help thee to consume our days,
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties;
Being merciless, like thee, that no man weighs?
And yet thou see'st thy pow'r she disobey;
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vain;
And prodigal of hours and years, betrays
Beauty and youth t' opinion and disdain.
Yet spare her, time; let her exempted be:
She may become more kind to thee, or me.

XXIV.

THESE sorrow'ng sighs, the smoke of mine annoy;
These tears which heat of sacred flame distils;
Are those due tributes, that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant, whose unkindness kills.
I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet, and she respects not it;
My flow'r untimely's wither'd with my tears;
And winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompense my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long-look'd
case:
As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare;
Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever;
Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

XXV.

FALSE hope prolongs my ever certain grief;
Traitor to me, and faithful to my love!
A thousand times it promis'd me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft when I find in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her treachery;
Yet soon again I must her back recal,
As one that dies without her company.

Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straightway she hastes her unto Delia's eyes;
Fed with some pleasing look there shall she be,
And so sent back, and thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my hope; hope fosters me in vain.
Hopes are unsure, when certain is my pain.

XXVI.

Look on my griefs, and blame me not to mourn,
From care to care that leads a life so bad;
Th' orphan of fortune, born to be her scorn,
Whose clouded brow doth make my days so sad.
Long are their nights, whose cares do never sleep;
Lothsome their days, whom no sun ever joy'd:
Th' impression of her eyes do pierce so deep,
That thus I live both day and night annoy'd.
But since the sweetest root yields fruit so sour,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part:
I love th' effect the cause bring of this pow'r;
I'll praise her face, and blame her flinty heart:
Whilst we both make the world admire at us;
Her for disdain, and me for loving thus.

XXVII.

REIGN in my thoughts, fair hand, sweet eye, rare
voice:
Possess me whole, my heart's triumverate:
Yet heavy heart to make so hard a choice,
Of such as spoil thy poor afflicted state.
For whilst they strive which shall be lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down;
They all erect their trophies on my fall,
And yield me nought that gives them their re-
When back I look, I sigh my freedom past, [nown,
And wail the state wherein I present stand;
And see my fortune ever like to last,
Finding me rein'd with such a heavy hand.
What can I do but yield—And yield I do,
And serve all three; and yet they spoil me too.

XXVIII.

*Alluding to the Sparrow, pursued by a Hawk, that flew
into the Bosom of Zenocrates.*

WHILST by thy eyes pursu'd, my poor heart flew
Into the sacred refuge of thy breast;
Thy rigour in that sanctuary flew [blest,
That, which thy succ'ring mercy should have
No privilege of faith could it protect, [sign'd,
Faith bring with blood, and five years witness
Wherein no shew gave cause of least suspect;
For well thou saw'st my love, and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reveal,
No lightning looks which falling hopes erect;
What boots to laws of succour to appeal?
Ladies and tyrants never laws respect.
Then there I die, from whence my life should come;
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

XXIX.

STILL in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceaseless cares continually run on;
Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
One in my love, and her hard heart still one.

I who did never joy in other fan,
 And have no stars but those that must fulfil
 The work of rigour, fatally begun
 Upon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
 Injurious Delia, yet I love thee still;
 And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine:
 I'll tell the world, that I deserv'd but ill,
 And blame myself t' excuse that heart of thine.
 See then who sins the greater of us twain;
 I in my love, or thou in thy disdain?

XXX.

OFT do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
 Are eyes; or else two radiant stars that shine!
 For how could nature ever thus devise
 Of earth (on earth) a substance so divine?
 Stars sure they are, whose motions rule desires:
 And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
 Their sweet appearing still such pow'r inspires,
 That makes the world admire so strange effects.
 Yet whether fix'd or wand'ring stars are they,
 Whose influ'nce rule the orb of my poor heart?
 Fix'd sure they are; but wand'ring make me stray
 In endless errors, whence I cannot part.
 Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
 Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

XXXI.

THE star of my mishap impos'd this pain,
 To spend the April of my years in grief;
 Finding my fortune ever in the wane,
 With still fresh cares, supply'd with no relief.
 Yet thee I blame not, though for thee 'tis done:
 But these weak wings presuming to aspire,
 Which now are melted by thine eyes bright
 sun,
 That makes me fall from off my high desire.
 And in my fall I cry for help with speed,
 No pitying eye looks back upon my fears:
 No succour find I now, when I most need,
 My heats must down in th' ocean of my tears:
 Which still must bear the title of my wrong,
 Caus'd by those cruel beams that were so strong.

XXXII.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
 Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar;
 The mounting venture for a high delight,
 Did make the honour of the fall the more.
 For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore?
 Danger hath honour; great designs their fame:
 Glory doth follow; courage goes before.
 And though th' event oft answers not the same,
 Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
 The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
 Lives without honour, dies without a name,
 And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
 And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot,
 To have attempted, though attain'd thee not.

XXXIII.

RAISING my hopes on hills of high desire,
 Thinking to scale the heaven of her heart;
 My slender means presum'd too high a part;
 Her thunder of disdain forc'd me t' retire,

And threw me down to pain in all this fire;
 Where lo I languish in so heavy smart,
 Because th' attempt was far above my art:
 Her pride brook'd not poor souls should so aspire.
 Yet I protest, my high-desiring will
 Was not to dispossess her of her right;
 Her sov'reignty should have remained still;
 I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
 Her sight contented thus to see me spill;
 Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

XXXIV.

WHY dost thou, Delia, credit so thy glass,
 Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the skies:
 And dost not rather look on him, (alas!) [eyes?
 Whose state best shews the force of murd'ring
 The broken tops of lofty trees declare -
 The fury of a mercy-wanting storm:
 And of what force thy wounding graces are,
 Upon myself thou best may'st find the form:
 Then leave thy glass, and gaze thyself on me;
 That mirror shews what pow'r is in thy face:
 To view your form too much, may danger be;
 Narcissus chang'd t' a flower in such a case.
 And you are chang'd, but not t' a hyacinth:
 I fear your eye hath turn'd your heart to flint.

XXXV.

I ONCE may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
 When golden hairs shall change to silver wire?
 And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong:
 Then beauty (now the burthen of my song),
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yield up all to tyrant time's desire; [long.
 Then fade those flow'rs that deck'd her pride so
 When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
 Which then presents her winter wither'd hue;
 Go you, my verse; go tell her what she was;
 For what she was, she best shall find in you.
 Your fi'ry heat lets not her glory pass,
 But (Phoenix-like) shall make live anew.

XXXVI.

LOOK, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
 The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
 Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
 That full of beauty, time bestows upon her.
 No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
 But strait her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
 She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair:
 So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
 No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
 Whose springing grace adorns the glory now:
 Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
 Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
 But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

XXXVII.

BUT love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
 Now whilst that May hath fill'd thy lap with
 flow'rs;
 Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
 Now use the summer smiles, e're winter low'rs.

And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flow'r that ever saw the light,
Now joy the time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;
And that thy brightness sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou
shew'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for what it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory pass.

XXXVIII.

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat re-
maining:
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax when thou art in thy wain-
ing.

The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

XXXIX.

When winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties near;
When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear:
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee;
Here read thyself, and what I suffer'd for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colours with thy fading are not spent:
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou can'st not die.

XI.

Thou can'st not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these lines;
Though thou a Laura, hast no Petrarch found,
In base attire yet clearly beauty shines.
And I (though born within a colder clime)
Do feel mine inward heat as great, (I know it:)
He never had more faith, although more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal stile.
For though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

XLI.

Be not displeas'd, that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;

Or that my wits have shew'd the best they could.
(The chastest flame that ever warmed heart!)
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My muse should sound thy praise with mournful
warble;
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble?
Thou may'st in after ages live esteem'd,
Unbury'd in these lines, reserv'd in pureness;
These shall entomb those eyes, that have re-
deem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness.
Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I have lov'd thee.

XLII.

DELIA, these eyes that so admire thine,
Have seen those walls which proud ambition
rear'd [lien
To check the world; how they entomb'd have
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have
ear'd.
Yet never found that barb'rous hand attain'd
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men;
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th' eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die;
Though time do spoil thee of the fairest veil,
That ever yet cover'd mortality;
And must enstar the needle and the rail.
That grace which doth more than enwoman thee,
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be.

XLIII.

MOST fair and lovely maid! Look from the shore,
See thy Leander striving in these waves!
Poor soul quite spent, whose force can do no more!
Now send forth hope; for now calm pity saves.
And waite him to thee with those lovely eyes,
A happy convoy to a holy land: [lies;
Now shew thy pow'r, and where thy virtue
To save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand.
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts so right, and never misses.
I shall forget old wrongs; my griefs shall cease:
And that which gave my wounds, I'll give it
kisses.

Once let the ocean of my cares find shore;
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

XLIV.

READ in my face a volume of despairs,
The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe; [cares,
Drawn with my blood, and painted with my
Wrought by her hand that I have honour'd so,
Who whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride;
There my soul's tyrant joys her, in the sack
Of her own seat, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smokes that from affliction rise,
Serve as an incense to a cruel dame;
A sacrifice thrice grateful to her eyes,
Because their power serves to exact the same.
Thus ruins she (to satisfy her will)
The temple where her name was honour'd still.

XLV.

My Delia hath the waters of mine eyes,
 The ready handmaids on her grace t' attend;
 That never fall to ebb, but ever dries;
 For to their flow she never grants an end.
 The ocean never did attend more dully
 Upon his sov'reign's course, the night's pale
 queen,
 Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
 Than mine unto her cruelty hath been.
 Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
 Where beat their tears with zeal, and fury
 drives;
 And yet I rather languish for her love,
 Than I would joy the fairest she that lives.
 And if I find such pleasure to complain,
 What should I do then, if I should obtain?

XLVI.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourn?
 A burden to myself, distressed in mind!
 When shall my interdicted hopes return
 From out despair, wherein they live confin'd?
 When shall her troubled brow, charg'd with dis-
 dain,
 Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
 When shall my faith the happiness attain,
 To break the ice that hath congeal'd her heart?
 Unto herself, her self my love doth summon,
 (If love in her hath any pow'r to move)
 And let her tell me as she is a woman,
 Whether my faith hath not deserv'd her love?
 I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
 Although her eyes my adversaries be.

XLVII.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
 Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew;
 And strait 'tis gone, as it had never been.
 Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to
 lose.
 When thou, furcharg'd with burden of thy years,
 Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
 And that in beauty's lease expir'd, appears
 The date of age, the calends of our death.
 But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
 For women grieve to think they must be old.

XLVIII.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might
 smile;
 Flowers have time before they come to feed,
 And she is young, and now must sport the
 while.
 And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
 And learn to gather flow'rs before they wither;
 And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

XLIX.

AND whither, poor forsaken, wilt thou go,
 To go from sorrow, and thine own distress?
 When ev'ry place presents like face of woe,
 And no remove can make thy sorrows less?
 Yet go, forsaken; leave these woods, these plains:
 Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
 Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains;
 And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
 Seek out some place; and see if any place
 Can give the least release unto thy grief:
 Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace;
 Steal from thyself, and be thy cares own thief.
 But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain?
 Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

L.

DRAWN with th' attractive virtue of her eyes,
 My touch'd heart turns it to that happy coast;
 My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,
 The level of my hopes desired most:
 There were my Delia fairer than the sun, [smile;
 Deck'd with her youth whereon the world doth
 Joys in that honour which her eyes have won,
 Th' eternal wonder of our happy isle!
 Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North;
 Neptune's best darling, held between his arms:
 Divided from the world, as better worth;
 Kept for himself, defended from all harms.
 Still let disarmed peace deck her and thee;
 And muse-foe Mars abroad far foster'd be.

LI.

CARE-CHARMER sleep, son of the fable night;
 Brother to death, in silent darkness born;
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

LII.

LET others sing of knights and palladines,
 In aged accents, and untimely words;
 Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
 Which well the reach of their high wits records:
 But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes;
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
 When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, where she
 lies! [dumb.
 Whose beauty made him speak, that else was

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect,
Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice they shew I liv'd and lov'd thee dear.

/ LIII.

As to the Roman that would free his land,
His error was his honour and renown;
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Than if he had the tyrant overthrown.
So, Delia, hath mine error made me known,
And my deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame,
Than if I had the victory mine own,
And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
And so likewise renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory. O strange case,
That errors should be grac'd, that merit shame;
And sin of frowns bring honour to the face!
Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind;
Though happier far, if thou would'st change thy mind.

LIV.

Like as the lute delights, or else dislikes,
As is his art that plays upon the same;
So sounds my muse, according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high-tun'd unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yield in lamentable wise;
A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
Else harsh my style, untunable my muse; [name:
Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her
If any pleasing relish here I use,
Then judge the world her beauty gives the same.
For no ground else could make the music such,
Nor other hand could give so true a touch.

/ LV.

NONE other fame mine unambitious muse
Affected ever, but t' eternize thee:
All other honours do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen;
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no; my verse respects not Thames, nor
theatres,
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great:
But Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
Shall have my song: where Delia hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song;
No other prouder brooks shall hear my wrong.

LVI.

UNHAPPY pen, and ill-accepted lines,
That intimate in vain my chaste desire;
My chaste desire, which from dark sorrow shines,
Enkindl'd by her eyes celestial fire.
Celestial fire, and unrespecting pow'rs!
Which pity not the wounds made by their
might;

Vol. IV,

Shew'd in these lines the work of careful hours,
The sacrifice here offer'd to her sight.
But since she weighs them not, this rests for me;
I'll moan myself, and hide the wrong I have;
And so content me that her frowns should be
To m' infant style, the cradle and the grave.
What though my muse no honour get thereby?
Each bird sings to herself, and so will I.

LVII.

Lo here the impost of a faith entire,
Which love doth pay, and her disdain extorts!
Behold the message of a chaste desire,
Which tells the world how much my grief im-
ports!
These tributary passions, beauty's due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of love;
That cruelty herself might grieve to view.
Th' affliction her unkind disdain doth move.
And how I live cast down from off all mirth,
Pensive alone, only but with despair:
My joys abortive perish in their birth;
My griefs long-liv'd, and care succeeding care.
This is my state; and Delia's heart is such:
I say no more—I fear I said too much.

A N O D E.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver show'rs;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flow'rs.
Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap;
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.
Eccho, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills,)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.
Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
Doth me and my love despise;
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes;
But her will must be obey'd;
And well he ends, for love who dies.

A PASTORAL.

O HAPPY, golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropt from
trees:
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman

P

Her voluntary fruits, free without fees,
 Not for no cold did freeze,
 Nor any cloud beguile
 Th' eternal flow'ring spring,
 Wherein liv'd ev'ry thing;
 And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile:
 Not for no ship had brought
 From foreign shores, or wars or wares ill fought.
 But only for that name,
 That idle name of wind;
 That idol of deceit, that empty sound
 Call'd Honour; which became
 The tyrant of the mind,
 And so torments our nature without ground,
 Was not yet vainly found:
 Nor yet sad griefs imparts,
 Amidst the sweet delights
 Of joyful, am'rous wights. [hearts;
 Nor were his hard laws known to free-born
 But golden laws, like these [please.
 Which nature wrote—That's lawful, which doth
 Then amongst flow'rs and springs,
 Making delightful sport,
 Sat lovers without conflict, without flame;
 And nymphs and shepherds sings
 Mixing in wanton sort [same,
 Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the
 Which from affection came.
 The naked virgin then
 Her roses fresh reveals,
 Which now her veil conceals,
 The tender apples in her bosom seen;

And oft in rivers clear,
 The lovers with their loves conforing were,
 Honour, thou first didst close
 The spring of all delight;
 Denying water to the am'rous thirst,
 Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
 The glory of their light:
 Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reverst.
 Thou in a lawn didst first
 Those golden hairs encase,
 Late spread unto the wind:
 Thou mad'st loose grace unkind;
 Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
 O Honour, it is thou
 That mak'st that stealth, which love doth free
 allow.

It is thy work that brings
 Our griefs and torments thus:
 But thou fierce lord of Nature and of Love,
 The qualifier of kings;
 What dost thou here with us,
 That are below thy pow'r, shut from above?
 Go, and from us remove;
 Trouble the mighties sleep;
 Let us neglected base
 Live still without thy grace,
 And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
 Lets love—This life of ours
 Can make no truce with time that all devours.
 Let's love—The sun doth set, and rise again;
 But when as our short light
 Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

A DESCRIPTION OF BEAUTY;

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARINO.

O BEAUTY, (beams, nay, flame
Of that great lamp of light)
That shines a while with fame,
But presently makes night!
Like winter's short-liv'd bright,
Or summer's sudden gleams; [beams.
How much more dear, so much loss-lasting

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
And with it time doth bear;
And both take suddenly
The sweet, the fain, the dear.
A shining day and clear
Succeeds an obscene night;
And sorrow is the hue of sweet delight.

With what then dost thou swell,
O youth of new-born day!
Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
O Beauty made of clay!
Not with so swift a way
The headlong current flies,
As do the sparkling rays of two fair eyes.

Do not thyself betray
With wantonising years;
O beauty, traitors gay!
Thy melting life that wears,
Appearing, disappears;
And with thy flying days,
Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

Trust not, vain creditor,
Thy apt deceived view,
In thy false counsellor,
That never tells thee true.
Thy form and flatter'd hue,
Which shall so soon transpass,
Is far more fair than is thy looking-glass.

Enjoy thy April now,
Whilst it doth freely shine;
This lightning flash and shew,
With that clear spir't of thine,
Will suddenly decline:

And thou fair murd'ring eyes
Shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle
lies.

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkl'd cheeks and stains,
With motion troublesome;
With skin and bloodless weaves,
That lively visage reaven,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates sight of glass it lov'd so to behold.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
Pale silver-colour be;
Thy row of pearls shall fall
Like wither'd leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All plough'd with furrows, over-swoln with
snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing,
Depriv'd of honour quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
The rose; of flow'rs the eye!
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die;
And so at length shall lie
Depriv'd of former grace,
The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

What then will it avail,
O youth advised ill!
In lap of beauty frail
To nurse a wayward will,
Like snake in sun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
That springs, and parcheth in one short
hour.

EPISTLES.

To the Angel Spirit of the most excellent

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, pure spir't, to thee alone addrest
Is this joint work, by double int'rest thine:
Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
Inspir'd by thee, thy secret pow'r imprest.
My muse with thine itself dar'd to combine,
As mortal staff with that which is divine:
Let thy fair beams give lustre to the rest.

That Israel's king may deign his own transform'd
In substance no, but superficial tire;
And English guis'd in some sort may aspire,
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd.
His sacred tunes age after age admire;
Nations grow great in pride and pure desire,
So to excel in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soul, which honour brought to rest
Too soon, not left, and rest the world of all
What man could shew, which we perfection call!
'This precious piece had sorted with the best.
But ah! wide fester'd wounds (that never shall,
Nor must be clos'd) unto fresh bleeding fall.
Ah memory! what needs this new artist?

Yet blessed grief, that sweetness can impart,
Since thou art blest—Wrongly do I complain;
Whatever weights my heavy thoughts sustain,
Dear feels my soul for thee—I know my part.
Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain;
Rites to aright, life, blood would not refrain.
Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what time had yet sup-
prest,
In whom thy loss hath laid to utter waste
The wreck of time, untimely all defac'd,
Remaining as the tomb of life deceast:
Where in my heart the highest room thou hast;
There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac'd:
'Triumph of death!—In earth how more than blest
Behold (O that thou were now to behold!)
'This finish'd long perfection's part begun;
The rest but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
Pardon, blest soul, presumption over bold:

If love and zeal hath to this error run,
'Tis zealous love; love that hath never done,
Nor can enough, though justly here controul'd.
But since it hath no other scope to go,
Nor other purpose but to honour thee;
That thine may shine, where all the Graces be:
And that my thoughts (like smallest streams that
flow,
Pay to their sea their tributary fee)
Do strive, yet have no means to quit nor free
That mighty debt of infinites I owe.

To thy great worth, which time to times enrol,
Wonder of men! sole born! soul of thy kind!
Complete in all—But heav'nly was thy mind,
For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairest soul!
Too good to wish; too fair for earth; refin'd
For heav'n, where all true glory rests confin'd:
And where but there no life without controul?

O when from this account, this cast-up sum,
This reck'ning made the audit of my woe:
Some time of race my swelling passions know;
How work my thoughts! My sense is stricken
dumb,
That would thee more than words could ever
shew;

[know,
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best to
There lives no wit that may thy prayer become:

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach in thought,
What on that goodly piece time would have
wrought:

Had divers so spar'd that life (but life) to frame
The rest: alas such loss! the world hath nought
Can equal it—Nor (O) more grievance brought!
Yet what remains, must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hints; these obsequies receive;
(If any mark of thy secret spirit thou bear)
Made only thine, and no name else must wear.
I can no more, dear soul; I take my leave:
My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere.

To the Right Reverend Father in God,

JAMES MONTAGUE,

Lord Bishop of Winchester, Dean of the Chapel, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

ALTHOUGH you have, out of your proper store,
The best munition that may fortify
A noble heart; as no man may have more,
Against the batt'ries of mortality:
Yet, rev'rend lord, vouchsafe me leave to bring
One weapon more unto your furnishment,
That you th' assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sickness may prevent:
For that myself have struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do.
And let me tell you this, you never could
Have found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more fair proceeding would.
Encounter you without extremity;
Nor give more time to make resistances,
And to repair your breaches, than will this.

For whereas other sicknesses surprise
Our spir'its at unawares, disweep'ning suddenly
All sense of understanding in such wise,
As that they lay us dead before we die,
Or fire us out of our enflamed fort,
With raving frensies in a fearful fort:

This comes and steals us by degrees away;
And yet not that without our privy,
They rap us hence, as vultures do their prey,
Confounding us with tortures instantly.
This fairly kills, they foully murder us,
Trip up our heels before we can discern.
This gives us time of treaty, to discuss
Our suff'ring, and the cause thereof to learn.

Besides, therewith we oftentimes have truce
For many months; sometimes for many years;
And are permitted to enjoy the use
Of study: And although our body wears,
Our wit remains; our speech, our memory
Fail not, or come before ourselves to die.
We part together, and we take our leave
Of friends, of kindred: we dispose our state,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our bus'nesses accommodate.

So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet sort;
The foe with whom we have the battle fought,
Hath not subdued us, but got our fort.
And this disease is held most incident
To the best natures, and most innocent.

And therefore, rev'rend lord, there cannot be
A gentler passage, than there is hereby
Unto that port, wherein we shall be free
From all the storms of worldly misery.
And though it shew us daily in our glasse,
Our fading leaf turn'd to a yellow hue;
And how it withers as the sap doth pass,
And what we may expect is to ensue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,
Who knows the brittle metal of mankind;
And have all comforts virtue can beget,
And most the conscience of well acted days:
Which all those monuments which you have set
On holy ground, to your perpetual praise,
(As things best set) must ever testify
And shew the worth of noble Montague:
And so long as the walls of piety
Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you.
And Bath and Wells, and Winchester shall shew
Their fair repairs to all posterity;
And how much blest and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious hand did plant you there.
Besides, you have not only built up walls,
But also (worthier edifices) men;
By whom you shall have the memorials,
And everlasting honour of the pen.
That whensoever you shall come to make
Your exit from this scene, wherein you have
Perform'd so noble parts; you then shall take
Your leave with honour, have a glorious grave

"For when can men go better to their rest,
Than when they are esteem'd and loved
best?"

P iij

DEDICATIONS.

OF PHILOTAS;

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE PRINCE.

To you most hopeful prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, do I give these lines:
That when your judgment shall arrive so far,
As t' overlook th' intricate designs
Of discontented man; you may behold
With what encounters greatest fortunes close,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Incumbrances ambition undergoes,
How hardly men digest felicity;
How to th' intemperate, to the prodigal,
To wantonness, and unto luxury,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall find the greatest enemy
That man can have, is his prosperity.

Here shall you see how men disguise their ends.
And plant bad courses under pleasing shews,
How well presumptions broken ways defends,
Which clear-eyed judgment gravely doth disclose.
Here shall you see how th' easy multitude
Transported, take the party of distress;
And only out of passions do conclude,
Not out of judgment, of mens practices;
How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs
debar,

And kings not held in danger, though they are.
These ancient representments of times past
Tell us that men have, do, and always run
The self same line of action, and do cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done,
Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought upon the self same frame.

This benefit, most noble prince, doth yield
The sure records of books, in which we find
The tenure of our state, how it was held
By all our ancestors, and in what kind
We hold the same, and likewise how in the end

This frail possession of felicity,
Shall to our late posterity descend
By the same patent of like destiny.
In them we find that nothing can accrue
To man, and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wise
I leave unto your more mature survey,
Amongst the vows that others sacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
Will give this grace to this kind of harmony.
For know, great prince, when you shall come to
know

How that it is the fairest ornament
Of worthy times, to have those which may shew
The deeds of power, and lively represent
The actions of a glorious government.

And is no lesser honour to a crown,
T' have writers then have actors of renown.

And though you have a swannet of your own,
Within the banks of Douen meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown
The glory of his music dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deep reports of sullen tragedies:
Yet may this last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vows that others sacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected harmony,
Which set unto your glorious actions, may
Record the same to all posterity.

Though I the remnant of another time
Am never like to see that happiness,
Yet for the zeal that I have borne to rhyme
And to the muses, wish that good success
To others travel, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheer'd

Who shall deserve, and who shall have the grace
To have a muse held worthy to be heard.
And know, sweet prince, when you shall come to
know,

That 'tis not in the pow'r of kings to raise
A spirit for verse that is not born thereto,
Nor are they born in every princes days :
For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
Then all the kings of England did before.

And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd ;
For since that time our songs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn ; though in the prime
Of this new raising season, we did strive
To bring the best we could unto the time.

And I although among the latter train,
And least of those that sung unto this land,
Have borne my part, though in an humble strain,
And pleas'd the gentler that did understand :
And never had my harmless pen at all
Distain'd with any loose immodesty,
Nor ever noted to be touch'd with gall,
To aggravate the worst man's infamy.
But still have done the fairest offices

To virtue and the time, yet nought prevails,
And all our labours are without success,
For either favour or our virtue fails.
And therefore since I have out-liv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,
I would my lines late-born beyond the fate
Of her spent line, had never come to light
So had I not been tax'd for wishing well,
Nor now mistaken by the censuring stage,
Nor in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I esteem more than what all the age
Or th' earth can give. But years hath done this
wrong,

To make me write too much, and live too long.

And yet I grieve for that unfinish'd frame,
Which thou dear muse didst vow to sacrifice,
Unto the bed of peace, and in the same
Design our happiness to memorise,
Must, as it is, remain, though as it is :
It shall to after-times relate my zeal
To kings and unto right, to quietness,
And to the union of the commonweal.
But this may now seem a superfluous vow,
We have this peace ; and thou hast sung enow,
And more then will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not to be understood.

OF CLEOPATRA,

A TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady Mary,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Lo ! here the labour which she did impose,
Whose influence did predominate my muse :
The star of wonder my desires first chose
To guide their travels in the course I use :
She, whose clear brightness had the power t' infuse
Strength to my thoughts, from whence these mo-
tions came,
Call'd up my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragic notes to frame.

I, who (contending with an humble song)
Made music to myself that pleas'd me best,
And only told of Delia, and her wrong, [rest :
And prais'd her eyes, and 'plain'd mine own un-

(A text from whence my muse had not digress)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd Antony ;
(Who all alone, having remained long)
Requir'd his Cleopatra's company.

Who if she here do so appear in act,
That he can scarce discern her for his queen,
Finding how much she of herself hath lackt,
And miss'd that grace wherein she should be
seen,

Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embas'd clean,
Yet lightning thou by thy sweet cheerfulness,
My dark defects, which from her powers de-
tract,

He may her guess by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kind,
More suiting to the nature of my vain,
May peradventure raise my humble mind
To other music in this higher strain;
Since I perceive the world and thou dost deign
To countenance my song, and cherish me,
I must so work posterity may find,
My love to verse, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many pens (like spears) are charg'd,
To chase away this tyrant of the north;
Gross barbarism, whose power grown far enlarg'd
Was lately by the valiant brothers worth
First found, encountred, and provoked forth:
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise have so well discharg'd
Upon that hideous beast encroaching thus,

And now must I with that poor strength I have,
Resist so foul a foe in what I may:
And arm against oblivion and the grave,
That else in darkness carries all away,
And makes of all an universal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I shall
But to defend me, and my name to save,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But still the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy reverend name,
Although thyself dost far more glory give
Unto thyself, than I can by the same.
Who dost with thine own hand a bulwark frame
Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy fame,
As time, or they, shall never prey upon her.

Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to
heaven,
Which Israel's finger to his God did frame:
Unto thy voyage eternity hath given, [came,
And makes thee dear to him from whence they
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeal bereaven,
And murdered faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou must then be known,
When Wilton lies low levell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious time cannot confound;

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Here thou surviv'st thyself, here thou art found
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
This monument cannot be overthrown,
Where, in eternal brass remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our style
Within these strict and narrow limits so;
But that the melody of our sweet isle,
Might now be heard to Tiber, Arne, and Po:
That they may know how far Thames doth
outgo

The music of declined Italy;
And list'ning to our songs another while,
Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not some after coming hand
Unlock these limits, open our confines,
And break asunder this imprisoning band,
T' enlarge our spirits, and publish our designs;
Planting our roses on the Apennines?
And to teach Rhyne, to Loire, and Rhodanus.
Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby great Sidney and our Spenser might,
With those Po singers being equalled,
Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternal songs (for ever read)
May shew what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
What music in the kingdom of her peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame shall never cease.

But if that fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune, lock up with th' ocean's key
This treasure to ourselves, and let them miss
Of so sweet riches: as unworthy they
To taste the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony so pleasing grown,
Content ourselves, whose error ever is
Strange notes to like, and disesteem our own.

But, whither do my vows transport me now,
Without the compass of my course enjoind?
Alas! what honour can a voice so low
As this of mine, expect hereby to find?
But (madam) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And though I do not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, though not the best,

OF THE QUEEN'S ARCADIA;

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THAT which their zeal, whose only zeal was bent

To shew the best they could that might delight
Your royal mind, did lately represent
Renown'd empress to your princely sight :
Is now the off'ring of their humbleness,
Here consecrated to your glorious name ;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to bless
So poor presentments, and to grace the same :

And though it be in th' humblest rank of words,
And in the lowest region of our speech,
Yet is it in that kind, as best accords
With rural passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the groves, and woods where they were
bred :

And best become a cloist'ral exercise,
Where men shut out retir'd, and sequest' red
From public fashion, seem to sympathise
With innocent and plain simplicity :
And living here under the awful hand
Of discipline, and strict observancy,
Learn but our weaknesses to understand,
And therefore dare not enterprise to shew
In louder style the hidden mysteries,
And arts of thrones, which none that are below
Though sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power can truly shew : though men may strain
Conceit above the pitch where it should stand,
And form more monstrous figures then contain
A possibility, and go beyond.

The nature of those managements so far,
As oft their common decency they mar :

Whereby the populace (in whom such skill
Is needless) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turn all to a taste of ill
Whatever power shall do, or might intend :
And think all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done :
Yet the eye of practice, looking down from high
Upon such over-reaching vanity,
Sees how from error t' error it doth float,
As from an unknown ocean into a gulf : [goat,
And how though th' wolf, would counterfeit the
Yet every chink bewrayes him for a wolf.

And therefore in the view of state t' have shew'd
A counterfeit of state had been to light
A candle to the sun, and so bestow'd
Our pains to bring our dimness unto light.
For majesty, and power, can nothing see
Without itself, that can fight worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble argument hath birth,
Erect our scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth, [bring ;
From whence we pluck'd the flowers that here we
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serve but for a spring,
The first sent is the best in things as these :
A music of this nature on the ground,
Is ever wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royal goodness may raise new
Grace, but the muses they will honour you.

Cbi non fa, non falla.

OF HYMEN'S TRIUMPH;

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

HERE, was your sacred influence begat
 (Most lov'd, and most respected majesty)
 With humble heart, and hand, I consecrate
 Unto the glory of your memory :
 As being a piece of that solemnity,
 Which your magnificence did celebrate
 In hallowing of those roofs (you rear'd of late)
 With fires and cheerful hospitality,
 Whereby, and by your splendid worthiness,
 Your name shall longer live then shall your
 walls :
 For, that fair structure goodness finishes,
 Bears off all change of times, and never falls.
 And that is it hath let you in so far
 Into the heart of England as you are.
 And worthily, for never yet was queen
 That more a people's love have merited
 By all good graces, and by having been
 The means our state stands fast established
 And blest by your blest womb, who are this day
 The highest born queen of Europe, and alone

Have brought this land more blessings every way,
 Than all the daughters of strange kings have
 done.
 For, we by you no claims, no quarrels have
 No factions, no betraying of affairs :
 You do not spend our blood, nor states, but save :
 You strength us by alliance, and your heirs.
 Not like those fatal marriages of France,
 For whom this kingdom hath so dearly paid,
 Which only our afflictions did advance :
 And brought us far more miseries, then aid.
 Renowned Denmark, that hast furnished
 The world with princes, how much do we owe
 To thee for this great good thou didst bestow,
 Whereby we are both blest, and honoured ?
 Thou didst not so much hurt us heretofore.
 But now thou hast rewarded us far more.
 But what do I on this high subject fall
 Here, in the front of this low pastoral ?
 This a more grave, and spacious room requires
 To shew your glory, and my deep desires.

PROLOGUE.

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH;

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

HYMEN opposed by AVARICE, ENVY, and JEALOUSY, the disturbers of quiet marriage—First Enters.

HYMEN.

In this disguise and pastoral attire,
Without my saffron robe, without my torch,
Or other ensigns of my duty:

I, Hymen, am come hither secretly,
To make Arcadia see a work of glory,
That shall deserve an everlasting story.

Here shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant lovers that were ever seen,
From out the greatest suff'rings of annoy
That fortune could inflict, to their full joy,
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antic sport,
But tender passions, motions soft, and grave,
The still spectators must expect to have.

For these are only Cynthia's recreatives
Made unto Phœbus, and are feminine;
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections wildly move and stir.

And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of love:
And with the power thereof, affections move
In these fair nymphs, and shepherds round about.

ENVY.

Stay, Hymen, stay; you shall not have the day
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were ever wont,
Oppose you in the matches you address,
And undermine them with disturbances.

HYMEN.

Now, do thy worst, base Envy, thou canst do;
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.

AVARICE.

Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make parents cross desires of love,

With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolve
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulness.

HYMEN.

Hence greedy Avarice, I know thou art
A hag, that dost bewitch the minds of men:
Yet shall thou have no at all herein.

JEALOUSY.

Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canst;
I will steal closely into linked hearts;
And shake their veins with cold distrustfulness;
And ever keep them waking in their fears,
With spirits, which their imagination rears.

HYMEN.

Disquiet Jealousy, vile fury, thou,
Thou art the ugly monster of the mind,
Avant, be gone, thou shalt have nought to do
In this fair work of ours, nor evermore
Canst enter there, where honour keeps the door.

And therefore, hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is sacred to integrity,
And clean desires: your sight most lothsome is
Unto so well dispos'd a company.

Therefore be gone, I charge you by my power,
We must have nothing in Arcadia four.

ENVY.

Hymen, thou canst not chase us so away;
For, look how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.
And we will in the same disguise, as thou,
Mix us among the shepherds, that we may
Effect our work the better, being unknown;
For ill shew other faces than their own.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

SIREN.

COME worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.

Here may we sit and view their toil
That travel in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these.

But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth.

SIREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name,
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others fame.

Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil.

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport;

For toil doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

SIREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease;

And with the thought of actions past,
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

SIREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.

No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest:
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best.

To purge the mischiefs that encrease,
And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

SIREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see,
I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.

I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created been
T' undo, or be undone.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

Out from the horror of infernal deeps,
My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
The spot wherewith my kind and youth did
 stain it,
My body found a grave where to contain it:
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For fame finds never tomb t' enclose it in.

And which is worse, my soul is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
The joyful blifs for ghosts repurified,
The ever-springing gardens of the blest:
Charon denies me waitage with the rest.
And says my soul can never pass the river,
Till lovers sighs on earth shall it deliver.

So shall I never pass; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worn out the memory
Both of my life, and lives unjust depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the
 same.

No muse suggests the pity of my case,
Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
Whilst others are prefer'd, though far more base;
Shore's wife is grac'd, and passes for a saint;
Her legend justifies her foul attain't.
Her well told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which seen with grief, my miserable ghost,
(Whilom invested in so fair a vail,
Which, whilst it lov'd, was honoured of the most,
And being dead, gives matter to bewail)
Comes to solicit thee, (whilst others fail)
To take this task, and in thy woful song
To form my case and register my wrong.

Although I know thy just lamenting muse,
Toil'd in th' affection of thine own distress,
In others cares hath little time to use,
And therefore may'st esteem of mine the less:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress,
Their joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind a woful woman's case.

Delia may hap to deign to read our story,
And offer up her sighs among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd, and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living, and to bless the dead.

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'st wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death:
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life above on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can bless us with one happy breath,
Give comfort to thy muse to do her best,
That thereby thou may'st joy, and I might rest.

Thus said: forthwith mov'd with a tender care,
And pity (which myself could never find,)
What she desir'd, my muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) took this charge assign'd,
Because her griefs were worthy to be known.
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

Then write (quoth she) the ruin of my youth,
Report the downfall of my flipp'ry state,
Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And e'er they come to know them 'tis for-
 bidden.

For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
I joy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That ever yet imperious beauty tasted.
I had what glory ever flesh could get:
But this fair morning had a shameful set.
Disgrace dark'd honour, sin did cloud my brow,
As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

The blood I stain'd, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and fortune join'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t' have known to use the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy first,
That so great hope might make me more ac-
 curs'd.

13) Happy liv'd I whilst parents eye did guide
 The indiscretion of my feeble ways,
 And country-home kept me from being eide,
 Where, best unknown, I spent my sweetest days;
 Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
 To higher place, which greater credit yields,
 Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields.

From country then to court I was prefer'd
 From calm to storms, from shore into the deeps:
 There, where I perish'd, where my youth first
 err'd,
 There, where I lost the flower, which honour keeps,
 There, where the worser thrives, the better weeps;
 Ah me! (poor wench) on this unhappy shelf,
 I grounded me and cast away myself.

There, where as frail and tender beauty stands,
 With all assaulting powers environed;
 Having but prayers and weak feeble hands
 To hold their honour's fort unvanquished;
 There, where to stand, and be unconquered,
 Is to b' above the nature of our kind,
 That cannot long for pity be unkind.

For thither com'd, when years had arm'd my
 youth,
 With rarest proof of beauty ever seen:
 When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
 That it had pow'r to make the winter green,
 And flow'r affections whereas none had been;
 Soon could I teach my brow to tyrannise,
 And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though years with cold conceit,
 Congeal'd their thoughts against a warm desire,)
 Yet sigh their want, and look at such a bait;
 I saw how youth was wax before the fire;
 I saw by stealth, I fram'd my look a lyre.
 Yet well perceiv'd, how fortune made me then
 The envy of my sex, and wonder unto men.

Look how a comet at the first appearing,
 Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
 Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,
 Makes silent list'ning unto him that told it,
 So did my speech when rubies did unfold it;
 So did the blazing of my blush appear, [dear.
 T' amaze the world, that holds such sights so

Ah beauty, fire, fair enchanting good!
 Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes:
 Dumb eloquence, whose pow'r doth move the blood
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise;
 Still harmony, whose diapason lies
 Within a brow, the key which passions move,
 To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

What might I not then do whose pow'r was such?
 What cannot women do that know their pow'r?
 What women knows it not (I fear too much)
 How blifs or bale lies in their laugh or low'r,
 Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flow'r,
 Whilst nature decks them in their best attires
 Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beauty was mine own,
 No borrow'd blush which bank-rot beauties seek:
 That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown,
 Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek:
 Vile stain to honour, and to women eke,
 Seeing that time our fading must detect,
 Thus with defect to cover our defect.

XXII

Impiety of times, chastity's abettor,
 Falsehood, wherein thyself thyself deniest:
 Treason to counterfeit the scale of nature,
 The stamp of Heav'n, impressed by the Highest.
 Disgrace unto the world, to whom thou liest.
 Idol unto thyself, shame to the wife,
 And all that honour thee idolatrise.

Far was that sin from us whose age was pure,
 When simple beauty was accounted best,
 The time when women had no other lure
 But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast;
 This was the pomp wherewith my youth was blest.
 These were the weapons which mine honour
 won,
 In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun.

Which were not small, I wrought on no mean ob-
 ject,
 A crown was at my feet, sceptres obey'd me, [ject
 Whom fortune made my king, love made my sub-
 Who did command the land, most humbly pray'd
 me,
 Henry the Second, that so highly weigh'd me,
 Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
 That it had pow'r to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
 And all the triumphs of his honour won:
 Unmatch'd by sword, was vanquish'd by a glance,
 And hotter wars within his breast begun.
 Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on:
 Against all which, my chastity contends
 With force of honour, which my shame defends.

No armour might be found that could defend,
 Transpiercing rays of chrystal-pointed eyes:
 No stratagem, no reason could amend,
 No not his age; (yet old men would be wise)
 But shews deceive, outward appearance lies.
 Let none for seeming so, think saints of others,
 For all are men, and all have suck'd their mothers.

Who would have thought a monarch would have
 ever
 Obey'd his hand-maid of so mean estate;
 Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
 Age having worn his pleasures out of date,
 But hap comes never, or it comes too late.
 For such a dainty which his youth found not,
 Unto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah, fortune! never absolutely good,
 For that some cross still counter-checks our luck;
 As here behold th' incompatible blood,
 Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck:
 Whose lothing, we from nature's breasts do suck,

As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffer'd once to think they're old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

30, Yet must I needs excuse so great defect
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes,
H' is forc'd forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty, whereon his state relies:
And now of loves and pleasures must devise.
For thus reviv'd again, he serves and su'th,
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

Which never by assault he could recover,
So well encamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
My clean-arm'd thoughts repell'd an unchaste
lover.

'The crown that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then chastities attires.
'Th' unstain'd vail, which innocents adorns,
'Th' ungather'd rose, defended with the thorns.

And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sex, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to entrap my youth,
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the liv'ry of like weakness had.
A seeming matron, yet a sinful monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may consider.

She set upon me with the smoothest speech
'That court and age could cunningly devise:
'Th' one authentic, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilise.
Both were enough to circumvent the wife.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honour great advance,
Whilst thou (unhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap.
'T' oppose thyself against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and seems thee to importune.

Dost thou not see how that thy king (thy love)
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate:
And show'rs down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fondling, fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; thou can'st not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou must not think thy flow'r can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admired; [rife,
But that those rays which all these flames do nou-

Cancell'd with time, will have their date expired,
And men will scorn what now is so desired.
Our frailties doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade e're many hours.

Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair (I must confess the truth)
And stood upon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

But thou hast years and privilege to use them,
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great scale;
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may have a just appeal.
Esteem not fame more than thou dost thy weal,
Fame (whereof the world seems to make such
choice)
Is but an echo, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honour bound us,
In th' imaginary lists of reputation?
Titles which cold severity hath found us,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholy's opinion, custom's relation; [fair,
Pleasure's plague, beauty's scourge, hell to the
To leave the sweet for castles in the air.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we see how many are bereav'd,
Which should have reap'd the glory they had sown:
And many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breathes this blast, this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest have esteemed least.

The subtle city-women, better learned,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so:
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewrays not what their bodies do;
'Tis wary walking that doth safest go.
With shew of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Babes are beguil'd with sweets, and men with
shews.

Then use thy talent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
Than those who see thy face can judge thy fact,
Let her have shame that cannot closely act.
And seem the chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each see, none knows our heart.

What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon,
Thy pleasure's want shall be supply'd with gold,
Cold age doats most when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words prevail with such a one.
Alluring shews most deep impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaves me in a doubt,
When lo began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,

The ground uncertain where my reasons stood ;
 Small my defence to make my party good,
 Against such powers which were so surely laid,
 To overthrow a poor unskilful maid.

Treason was in my bones, myself conspiring,
 To sell myself to lust, my soul to sin :
 Pure-blushing shame was even in retiring,
 Leaving the sacred hold it glory'd in.
 Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
 When cleaner thoughts my weakness'gan upbray
 Against myself, and shame did force me say ;

Ah, Rosamond ! what doth thy flesh prepare ?
 Destruction to thy days, death to thy fame ;
 Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
 T' entomb with black reproach a spotted name ?
 Leaving thy blush the colours of thy shame ?
 Opening thy feet to sin, thy soul to lust,
 Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust ?

Nay first let th' earth gape wide to swallow thee,
 And shut thee up in bosom with her dead,
 E'er serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
 Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed ;
 Suff'ring thyself by lust to be misled ;
 So to disgrace thyself and grieve thine heirs,
 That Clifford's race should scorn thee one of their's.

Never wish longer to enjoy the air,
 Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastity :
 Longer than thou preserv'st thy soul as fair
 As is thy face, free from impurity.
 Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in every eye,
 Where nature's care such rarities inroll,
 Which us'd amidst may serve to damn thy soul.

But what ? he is my king, and may constrain me,
 Whether I yield or not, I live defamed.
 The world will think authority did gain me,
 I shall be judg'd his love, and so be shamed,
 We see the fair condemn'd, that never gamed.
 And if I yield, 'tis honourable shame,
 If not, I live disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then, (unhappy maid)
 Whereby thy spotless foot may wander out
 This dreadful danger, which thou see'st is laid,
 Wherein thy shame doth compass thee about ?
 Thy simple years cannot resolve this doubt.
 Thy youth can never guide thy foot so even,
 But (in despite) some scandal will be given.

Thus stood I balanc'd equally precise,
 Till my frail flesh did weigh me down to sin ;
 Till world and pleasure made me partialise,
 And glittering pomp my vanity did win,
 When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.
 And impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton clause,
 That though I sinn'd, my sin had honest cause.

So well the golden balls cast down before me,
 Could entertain my course, hinder my way :
 Whereat my wretched youth stooping to store me,
 Lost me the goal, the glory, and the day.
 Pleasure had fet my well-school'd thoughts to play,

And bade me use the virtue of mine eyes,
 For sweetly it fits the fair to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soon was I train'd from court,
 T' a solitary grange, there to attend
 The time the king should thither make resort,
 Where he love's long-desired work should end.
 Thither he daily messages doth send,
 With costly jewels, (orators of love,)
 Which (ah, too well men know) do women
 move.

The day before the night of my defeature,
 He greets me with a casket richly wrought ;
 So rare, that art did seem to strive with nature,
 T' express the cunning workman's curious thought,
 The mystery whereof I prying sought,
 And found engraven on the lid above,
 Amymone, how she with Neptune strove.

Amymone, old Danaus' fairest daughter,
 As she was fetching water all alone [her,
 At Lerna : whereas Neptune came and caught
 From whom she striv'd and struggled to be gone,
 Bathing the air with cries and piteous moan ;
 But all in vain, with him she's forc'd to go,
 'Tis shame that men should use poor maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
 At those proud feet, not satisfy'd with prayer :
 Wailing her beauty-hap, cursing the day,
 In act so piteous to express despair. [fair.
 And by how much more griev'd, so much more
 Her tears upon her cheeks (poor careful girl,)
 Did seem against the sun chrystal and pearl :

Whose pure clear streams (which lo so fair ap-
 pears)
 Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of love !)
 That kindles fire in water, heat in tears,
 And makes neglected beauty mightier prove,
 Teaching afflicted eyes affects to move ;
 To shew that nothing ill becomes the fair,
 But cruelty, which yields unto no prayer.

This having view'd, and therewith something
 moved,
 Figured I find within the other squares,
 Transformed so, Jove's dearly loved,
 In her affliction how she strangely fares.
 Strangely distressed (O beauty borne to cares)
 Turn'd to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
 Always in danger of her hateful spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
 Wherein the presage of my fall was shewn,
 Might have forewarn'd me well what would ensue,
 And others harms have made me shun mine own.
 But fate is not prevented, though foreknown.
 For that must hap, decreed by heavenly pow'rs,
 Who work our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

lx.
 Witness the world, wherein is nothing riser,
 Than miseries unken'd before they come :
 Who can the characters of chance decypher

Written in clouds of our concealed dome,
Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
That must know they have the heav'ns above
them.

I saw the sin wherein my foot was en'tring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it;
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weak is sense, when error hath condemn'd it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illness,
Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stillness,
And dreadful black had dispossest the clear,
Com'd was the night (mother of sleep and fear)
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
The sweet-stol'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

When lo, I joy'd my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesir'd:
Enforc'd th' unproved bitter sweet to prove,
Which yields no natural pleasure when 'tis hir'd.
Love's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requir'd.
Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
What 'tis to come unto lothed bed.

But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
And sleep seal'd up his languishing desires:
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting,
Into myself my waking thought retires:
My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
Now op'ned were mine eyes to look therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
My flesh 'gan lothe the new-felt touch of sinning;
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning.
For nature checks a new offence with lothing,
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him, incorporates such zeal,
That jealousy increas'd with ages coldness,
aring to lose the joy of all his weal,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal;
H' is driven to devise some subtle way,
How he might safely 't keep so rich a prey.

A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways
With such confused errors, so beguil'd
Th' unguided ent'ers, with uncertain strays,
And doubtful turnings, kept them in delays,
With bootless labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosom of which frame,
That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,

VOL. IV.

With sweetest flowers that e'er adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T' entertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lusts flames arise.

Here I, inclos'd from all the world asunder,
The minotaur of shame kept for disgrace,
The monster of fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloister'd in so desolate a case:
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

O jealousy, daughter of envy and love, 701
Most wayward issue of a gentle fire;
Foster'd with fears, thy fathers joys t' improve,
Mirth marring monster, born a subtle liar;
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire:
Feeding upon suspect that doth renew thee,
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou ent'rest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart;
Hundred ey'd Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasures smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part;
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee, [thee.
O would to God that love could be without

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting fear)
Him of content, and me of liberty:
The only good that women hold so dear,
And turn'd my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemy,
Enjoin'd the ransom of my body's shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the
same.

What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen, if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due
By ancient charter, to live most in sight;
And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.
In vain our friends from this, do us exhort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wond'rous concourse of the glitt'ring fair:
For what rare woman deck'd with beauty is it,
That thither covets not to make repair?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.

Here doth the curious with, judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired:
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,

Q

To live where we are prais'd and most desired.
O how we joy to see ourselves admired,
Whilst niggardly our favours we discover :
We love to be belov'd, yet scorn the lover.

Yet would to God my foot had never mov'd
From country safety, from the fields of rest :
To know the danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in pomp to brave among the best,
Happy for me, better had I been blest,
If I unluckily had never stray'd,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

Whose unaffected innocence thinks,
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver :
She's deck'd with truth, the river where she drinks
Doth serve her for her glass, her counsel-giver ;
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knows not what's to die till death.)

So should I never have been regist'ed
In the black book of the unfortunate :
Nor had my name inroll'd with maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate),
This lesson (which myself learn'd with expence)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sense.

80) Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given,
Impiety will out, never so closely done :
No walls can hide us from the eye of heaven,
For shame must end what wickedness began ; [on,
Forth breaks reproach when we least think there-
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Ent'ring the closet of the palace dweller :
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden.
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller,
'Tis not a guard can serve for to expel her.
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from utt'ring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceal,
From her whom such a forfeit most concern'd :
The wronged queen, who could so closely deal,
That she the whole of all our practice learn'd,
And watch a time when least it was discern'd,
In absence of the king to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desired long.

The labyrinth she ent'red by that thread,
That serv'd a conduct to my absent lord,
Left there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpris'd me whom she so abhorr'd.
Enrag'd with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Off'ring me most unwomanly disgrace.

Look how a tygress, that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray :
And seeing herself depriv'd of hope or help,

Furiouly assaults what's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath (not for a prey),
So fell she on me in outrageous wife,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

And after all her vile reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought,
No spiteful act that to revenge is common ;
(No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.)

Here take (saith she) thou impudent unclean,
Base graceless strumpet, take this next your heart ;
Your love-sick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purg'd with art.
This potion hath a power that will convert
To naught those humours that oppress you so.
And (girl) I'll see you take it e'er I go.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you back ?
Tremble you (minion?) come, dispatch with
speed ;
There is no help, your champion now you lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing speed ;
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I use you worse.

Having this bloody doom from hellish breath,
My woful eyes on every side I cast :
Rigour about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last :
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power ; no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

Those hands that beauty's ministers had been,
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself to appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken, 90)
But forth she rushes (proud with victory)
And leaves me alone, of all the world forsak'n,
Except of death, which she had left with me.
(Death and myself alone together be),
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Oh, poor weak conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my conscience summons up my sin,
T' appear before me in a hideous face ;
Now doth the terror of my soul begin,
When ev'ry corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine error, and reveals disgrace ;
Whilst I remain oppress'd in ev'ry part,
Death in my body, horror at my heart.

Down on my bed, my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchaste ;

Tells I was wanton, tells I followed sense,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence;
Must hear the right of heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I begin to wale my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange unlook'd-for misery;
Accusing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.
And poor distress'd Rosamond (said I)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deserts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

Nor any eye of pity to behold
The woful end of my sad tragedy;
But that thy wrongs unseen, thy tale untold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy sin reveal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame alive, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of moan,
Tell th' air thy 'plaints, since men thou canst not
tell.

And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thyself, what thyself knows too well;
Utter thy grief wherewith thy soul doth swell.
And let thy heart pity thy heart's remorse,
And be thyself the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in black despair,
With silence only, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so fair,
Didst glorious live, admir'd and honour'd:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoil to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yield thy breath.

Did nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest?
O beauty, thou an enemy profest
To chastity, and us that love thee most, [lost?
Without thee, how w' are lo:h'd, and with thee

You, you that proud with liberty and beauty,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Glitter in court, lov'd and observ'd of duty;
Would God I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in cleanly paths of shame,
That no enticing may divert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weakness still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th' assaults that ever might or skill,
Can give against a chaste and clean intent:
Ah! let not greatness work you to consent.
The spot is foul, though by a monarch made
Kings cannot privilege what God forbade.

C) Lock up therefore the treasure of your love,
Under the surest keys of fear and shame: [move,
And let no pow'rs have pow'r chaste thoughts to

To make a lawless entry on your fame;
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equal love shall march with equal pace,
In those pure ways that lead to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring, or our parents pride
Have caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth, and not love honour, and nought beside:
Whilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have,
When shadows cannot give us what we crave.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth implott'g in the air;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whether as unprofitably fair,
Whilst those decays which are without repair,
Make us neglected, scorn'd and reprov'd.
(And O, what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

Fasten therefore upon occasions fit,
Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do overtake your youth or ruin it,
And cloud with infamy your beauty's shine:
Seeing how many seek to undermine
The treasury that's unpossess'd of any:
And hard 'tis kept that is desir'd of many.

And flie (O flie) these bed-brokers unclean,
(The monsters of our sex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And even (like vipers) eating out a way
Through th' womb of their own shame, accurs'd
they
Live by the death of fame, the gain of sin,
The filth of lust, uncleanness wallows in.

As if 'twere not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakness, beauty, gold, and men our foes.
But we must have some of ourselves to be
Traitors unto ourselves, to join with those?
Such as our feeble forces do disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to mens untruth?

Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
Vile orators of shame, that plead delight:
Ungracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkness, messengers of right;
Serpents of guile, devils, that do invite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree, [be.
Whose fruit once pluck'd, will shew how foul we

You in the habit of a grave aspect,
(In credit by the trust of years) can shew
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The fair and wily wantons how to go,
Having (your lothsome selves) your youth spent so.
And in uncleanness ever have been fed,
By the revenue of a wanton bed.

By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The blushing fearful, bolden'd unto sin,
The wise made subtle, subtle made the maid,

The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin :
 Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
 Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
 Whilst fathers sons possess wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would have uttered then,
 A testament to be recorded still, [pen,
 Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with conscience
 To warn the fair and beautiful from ill.
 Though I could wish (by th' example of my will)
 I had not left this note to the fair,
 But did intestate t' have had no heir.

CX But now, the poison spread through all my veins,
 'Gan dispossess my living senses quite ;
 And nought respecting death (the last of pains)
 Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
 Upon his new-got spoil before his right ;
 Thence chac'd my soul, setting my day e'er
 noon, [soon.
 When I least thought my joys could end so

And as convey'd t' untimely funerals,
 My scarce cold corse not suffer'd longer stay ;
 Behold the king (by chance) returning, falls
 T' encounter with the same upon the way,
 As he repair'd to see his dearest joy.
 Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
 To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest
 treasure,
 What 'tis to lose a thing we hold so dear :
 The best delight, wherein our soul takes pleasure,
 The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
 What passions feels that heart, enforc'd to bear
 The deep impression of so strange a sight,
 That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite ?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steers,
 Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
 For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears,
 Confus'd affects each other do confound :
 Opprest with grief, his passions had no bound.
 Striving to tell his woes, words would not come ;
 For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are
 dumb.

At length, extremity breaks out away,
 Through which, th' imprisoned voice with tears
 attended,
 Wails out a sound that sorrows do bewray,
 With arms across, and eyes to heaven bended,
 Vapouring out sighs that to the skies ascended.
 Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords)
 Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth
 words.

O heavens (quoth he) why do mine eyes behold
 The hateful rays of this unhappy sun ?
 Why have I light to see my sins controul'd,
 With blood of mine own shame thus vilely done ?
 How can my sight endure to look thereon ?
 Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
 That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide ?

What saw my life wherein my soul might joy ;
 What had my days whom troubles still afflicted,
 But only this, to counterpoise annoy ?
 This joy, this hope, which death hath interdic-
 ted ;

This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted ;
 This, that did season all my four of life,
 Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
 Dissension in my blood, jars in my bed :
 Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
 Spending the night in horror, days in dread ;
 (Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led).
 These mis'ries go mask'd in glittering shews,
 Which wise men see, the vulgar little knows.

Thus as these passions do him overwhelm,
 He draws him near my body to behold it.
 And as the vine marry'd unto the elm
 With strict embraces, so doth he enfold it :
 And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
 Viewing the face that even death commends,
 On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pitiful mouth (saith he) that living gav'st
 The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish :
 O be it lawful now, that dead thou hav'st,
 This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss,
 And yet fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
 Motives of love, born to be matched never,
 Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

Ah ! how methinks I see death dallying seeks, CX
 To entertain itself in love's sweet place ;
 Decay'd roses of discolour'd cheeks, ed
 Do yet retain dear notes of former grace ;
 And ugly death sits fair within her face ;
 Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
 That death itself doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beauty, oh receive these 'plaints,
 These obsequious, the last that I shall make thee :
 For lo ! my soul that now already faints,
 That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee,
 Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
 I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
 For (ah) what can he do that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow, en
 Revenge shall sweet'n death with ease of mind ;
 And I will cause posterity shall know, I am
 How fair thou wert above above all wom'nkind,
 And after ages monuments shall find.
 Shewing thy beauty's title, not thy name.
 Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the fame.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
 (For sorrow is unwilling to give over)
 He doth repress what grief would else bewray,
 Lest he too much his passion should discover ;
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
 So far transported that he knows not whe-
 ther,
 For love and majesty dwell ill together.

Then were my funeral's not long deferr'd,
But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
At Godstow, where my body was interr'd,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries,
Unto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and brass so little lasting be.

For those walls which the credulous devout,
And apt-believing ignorant did found;
With willing zeal, that never call'd in doubt,
That time their works should ever so confound,
Lie like confused heaps as under ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages do account as folly.

And were it not thy favourable lines
Re-edify'd the wrack of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly assigns
Some farther date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauties praise.
But thus renew'd my fame redeems some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come : [sing,
When mirthless Thames shall have no swan to
All music silent, and the muses dumb.
And yet even then it must be known to some, [so,
That once they flourish'd, though not cherish'd
And Thames had swans as well as ever Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay,
I must return t' attend at Stygian flood :
Yet e're I go, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her sigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood,
And if I pass unto those happy banks,
Then she must have her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanquish'd she, and left me to return
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternal matter for my muse to mourn,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
I'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been,
Who made me known, must make me live un-
seen.

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A LETTER

FROM

OCTAVIA TO HER HUSBAND MARCUS ANTONIUS.

To the Right Honourable and most virtuous Lady,

THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH the meaner sort (whose thoughts are plac'd
 As in another region, far below
 The sphere of greatness) cannot rightly taste
 What touch it hath, nor right her passions know :
 Yet have I here adventur'd to bestow
 Words upon grief, as my griefs comprehend ;
 And made this great afflicted lady shew,
 Out of my feelings, what she might have penn'd.
 And here the same, I bring forth, to attend
 Upon thy rev'rent name, to live with thee,
 Most virtuous lady, that vouchsaf'ft to lend
 Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me,
 That one day may thine own fair virtues spread,
 Being secretary now but to the dead.

The Argument.

UPON the second agreement (the first being broken through jealousy of a disproportion of eminency)
 between the Triumviri Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus : Octavia, the sister of
 Octavius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a link to combine that which never yet, the greatest
 strength nature, or any power of nearest respect, could long hold together, who made but the in-
 strument of others ends, and delivered up asan hostage, to serve the opportunity of advantages,

met not with that integrity she brought; but, as highly preferred to affliction, encountered with all the grievances that beat upon the misery of greatness, exposed to stand betwixt the diverse tending humours of unquiet parties. For Antony having yet upon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new laws into the state of his affection, or dispose of himself, being not himself, but as having his heart turned eastward, whither the point of his desires were directed, touched with the strongest allurements that ambition and a licentious sovereignty, could draw a man unto: could not truly descend to the private love of a civil nurtured matron, whose entertainment bounded with modesty, and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, than the plain habit of truth, wherein she ever suited all her actions, and used all her best ornaments of honesty, to win the good liking of him that held her, but as a curtain, drawn between him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes with all which the sharp sight of an equally jealous ambition could soon pierce into, and as easily look through, and over blood and nature, as he to abuse it; and therefore, to prevent his aspiring, he arms his forces, either to reduce Antony to the rank of his estate, or else to disfrank him out of state and all. When Octavia, by the employment of Antony (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her trial), throws herself, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the travel of a most labourfome reconciliation: taking her journey, from the furthest part of Greece, to find Octavius, with whom her care and tears were so good agents, that they effected their commission beyond all expectation; and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got over again into Egypt, where he so forgot himself, that he quite put off his own nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himself out of the respect of country, blood, and alliance, which gave to Octavia the cause of much affliction, and to me, the argument of this letter.

i.
To thee (yet dear) though most disloyal lord,
Whom impious love keeps in a barb'rous land,
Thy wronged wife Octavia sendeth word
Of th' unkind wounds receiv'd by thy hand,
Great Antony, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to understand
The hurt thou dost, and do but read her tears,
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

ii.
Although, perhaps, these my complaints may
come
Whilst thou in th' arms of that incestuous queen,
The stain of Egypt, and the shame of Rome,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to have them seen:
Whilst proud disdainful she, guessing for whom
The message came, and what the cause hath been,
Will scorning say, faith this comes from your dear,
Now, Sir, you must be shent for staying here.

iii.
From her indeed it comes, delicious dame,
(Thou royal concubine and queen of lust)
Whose arms yet pure, whose breasts are void of
blame,
And whose most lawful flame proves thine unjust;
'Tis she that sends the message of thy shame,
Add his untruth that hath betray'd her trust:

Pardon, dear lord, from her these sorrows are,
Whose bed brings neither infamy nor war.

iv.
And therefore hear her words, that too, too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame;
Although at first my trust in thee was such,
As it held out against the strongest fame:
My heart would never let in once a touch
Of least belief, till all confirm'd the same:
That I was almost lost that would believe,
Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

v.
How oft have poor abused I took part
With falsehood, only for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued against my heart,
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou art,
I made myself, unto myself untrue:
So much my love labour'd against my sin,
To shut out fear, which yet kept fear within.

vi.
For I could never think th' aspiring mind,
Of worthy and victorious Antony,
Could be by such a syren so declin'd,
As to be train'd a prey to luxury:
I could not think my lord cou'd be s' unkind,
As to despise his children, Rome, and me:

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But, O, how soon are they deceiv'd that trust,
And more their shame that will be so unjust.

VII.

But now that certain fame hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange revolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrows free;
For now poor heart, there's nothing in the way
Remains to stand betwixt despair and thee:
All is thrown down, there comes no succours
new,
It is most true, my lord is most untrue.

VIII.

And now I may with shame enough pull in
The colours I advanced in his grace,
For that subduing pow'r, that him did win,
Hath lost me too the honour of my face:
Yet why should I, bearing no part in sin,
Bear such a mighty part of his disgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine:
And his renown being 'clips'd, mine cannot shine.

IX.

Which makes me, as I do, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar, that will deem,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus my bed to disesteem:
So that, alas! poor undeserving I,
A cause of thy unclean deserts shall seem,
Though lust takes never joy in what is due,
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

X.

And yet my brother Cæsar laboured,
To have me leave thy house, and live more free;
But God forbid Octavia should be led
To leave to live in thine, though left by thee,
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the objects that remember me
What Antony was once, although false now,
And is my lord, though he neglect his vow.

XI.

These walls that here do keep me out of sight,
Shall keep me all unspotted unto thee,
And testify that I will do thee right,
I'll never stain thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the temple of my pity,
Sacred unto the faith I reverence,
Where I will pay my tears for thy offence.

XII.

Although my youth, thy absence, and this
wrong
Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame,
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long,
That have such means to carry so the same;
Since that the face of greatness is so strong,
As it dissolves suspect, and bears out blame,
Having all secret helps that long thereto,
'That seldom wants there aught but will to do.

XIII.

Which yet to do, e're lust this heart shall frame,
Earth swallow me alive, hell rap me hence;
Shall I, because despis'd, condemn my shame,
And add disgrace to others impudence:
What can my pow'r, but give more pow'r to fame?
Greatness must make it great incontinence:

Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
No door keeps in their shame that do not well.

XIV.

Hath greatness aught peculiar else alone,
But to stand fair and bright above the base?
What doth divide the cottage from the throne,
If vice shall lay both level with disgrace?
For if uncleanness make them all but one,
What privilege hath honour by this place?
What though our sins go brave and better clad,
They are as those in rags, as base, as bad.

XV.

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath undecerning custom plac'd our kind
Under desert, and set us far below
The reputation to our sex assign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weakness, how
We are unconstant, sickle, false, unkind:
And though our life with thousand proofs shewe
no,
Yet since strength sales it, weakness must be so.

XVI.

Unequal partage to b' allow'd no share
Of pow'r to do of life's best benefit:
But stand, as if we interdicted were
Of virtue, action, liberty and might:
Must you have all, and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weakness any int'rest of delight?
Is there no portion left for us at all,
But suff'rance, sorrow, ign'rance and thrall?

XVII.

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to speak, to do, and to be wise:
Whose words have credit, and whose deeds though
naught,
Must yet be made to seem far otherwise:
You can be only heard, whilst we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise,
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Have with our freedom robb'd us of our hearts.

XVIII.

We in this prison of ourselves confin'd,
Must here shut up with our own passions live
Turn'd in upon us, and denied to find
The vent of outward means that might relieve:
That they alone must take up all our mind:
And no room left us, but to think and grieve,
Yet oft our narrow'd thoughts look more direct
Then your loose wisdom's born with wild neglect.

XIX.

For, should we to (as God forbid she should)
Carry no better hand on our desires
Than your strength doth, what int'rest could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of uncertain fires?
What foul confusion in your blood and race
To your immortal shame and our disgrace?

XX.

What? are there bars for us, no bounds for you?
Must levity stand sure, though firmness fall?
And are you privileg'd to be untrue,
And we no grant to be dispens'd withal?
Must we unviolable keep your due,
Both to your love, and to your falsehood thrall?

Whilst you have stretch'd your lust upon your
will,
As if your strength were licenc'd to do ill.

xxi.

O if you be more strong, then be more just,
Clear this suspicion, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in strong or weak be better trust,
If frailty or else valour be more stout:
And if we have shut in our hearts from lust,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Think that there is like feeling in our blood,
If you will have us good, be you then good.

xxii.

Is it, that love doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which draws you on to do us this unright,
Whilst fear in us, of losing what we hold,
Keeps us in still to you, that set us light,
So that, what you entice, doth us infold?
Then love, 'tis thou that dost confound us so,
To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

xxiii.

Distressed womankind, that either must
For loving lose your loves, or get neglect:
Whilst wantons are more car'd for than the just,
And falsehood cherish'd, faith without respect.
Better she fares in whom is less trust,
And more is lov'd that is in more suspect.
Which (pardon me) shews no great strength of
mind,
To be most theirs, that use you most unkind.

xxiv.

Yet well it fits, for that sin ever must
Be tortur'd with the rack of his own frame;
For he that holds no faith, shall find no trust;
But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same:
How can he look to have his measure just,
That fills deceit, and reckons not of shame?
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
Shall ever pine for that which he hath not.

xxv.

Yet if thou couldst not love, thou mightst have
seem'd,
Though to have seem'd, had likewise been unjust:
Yet so much are lean shews of us esteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust:
Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must;
And it's some ease yet to be kindly us'd
In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

xxvi.

But wo to her that both in shew despis'd
And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorn;
For whom no comforts are to be devis'd,
Nor no new hopes can evermore be borne.
O, Antony! could it not have suffic'd
That I was thine, but must be made her scorn
That envies all her blood, and doth divide
Thee from thyself, only to serve her pride.

xxvii.

What fault have I committed that should
make
So great dislike of me and of my love?
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it approve?

Because the conscience gladly would mistake
Her own misdeeds which she would fain remove;
And they that are unwilling to mend,
Will take offence, because they wil offend.

xxviii.

Or having run beyond all pardon quite,
They fly and join with sin as wholly his,
Making it now their side, their part, their right,
And to turn back, would shew t' have done amiss:
For now they think, not to be opposite
To what upbraids their fault, were wickedness:
So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
That even to leave off shame, they count it shame.

xxix.

Which do not thou, dear lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy return
Back to thyself, whom thou hast both forgot
With me, poor me, that doth not spite, but
mourn.
And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot,
As I forgive, these, plaints had been forborn:
And thou shouldst be the same unto my heart,
Which once thou were, not that which now thou
art.

xxx.

Though deep doth sit the hard recov'ring smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the
last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soul, than all th' unkindness past:
And, Antony, I appeal to thine own heart,
(If th' heart, which once was thine, thou yet still
hast)
To judge if ever woman that did live
Had juster cause, than wretched I, to grieve.

xxxi.

For coming unto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weak with toil, and all distress,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my travel was considered,
And all my care and cost, thyself knows best:
That wouldst not move one foot from lust for me,
That had left all was dear to come to thee.

xxxii.

For, first, what great ado had I to win
M' offended brother Cæsar's backward will?
And pray'd, and wept, and cry'd, to stay the sin
Of civil rancour rising 'twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set 'twixt both, to share with both your ill?
My blood, said I, with either of you goes,
Whoever win, I shall be sure to lose.

xxxiii.

For what shame should such mighty persons get
For two weak womens cause to disagree?
Nay, what shall I, that shall be deem'd to set
Th' enkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for me?
O! if I be the motive of this hate,
Let these unguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The agent 'twixt my brother and my lord.

xxxiv.

With prayers, vows, and tears, with urging hard,
I wrung from him a slender grant at last,

And with the rich provisions I prepar'd
For thy (intended Parthian war) made haste,
Weighing not how my poor weak body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past:
And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent,
To shew thee of my coming and intent.

Whereof, when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no near;
Then sent I back, to know what should be done
With th' horse, and men, and money, I had
there:

Whereat, perhaps, when some remorse begun
To touch thy soul, to think yet what we were,
Th' enchantress straight 'twixt thy heart and
thee,

And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.

She arms her tears, the ensigns of deceit,
And all her battery, to oppose my love,
And bring thy coming grace to a retreat,
The pow'r of all her subtilty to prove:
Now pale and faint, she languishes, and straight
Seems in a sound, unable more to move:
Whilst her instructed fellows ply thine ears
With forged passions, mixt with feigned tears.

Hard-hearted lord, say they, how canst thou
see

This mighty queen, a creature so divine,
Lie thus distress'd, and languishing for thee,
And only wretched, but for being thine?
Whilst base Octavia must entitled be
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy concubine:
Advance thy heart, raise it unto his right,
And let a sceptre base passions quit.

Thus they assail thy nature's weakest side,
And work upon th' advantage of my mind;
Knowing where judgment stood least fortified,
And how t' encounter folly in her kind:
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thyself such wrestling thoughts dost
find?

In what confused case is thy soul in,
Rackt betwixt pity, sorrow, shame, and sin?

I cannot tell, but sure I dare believe,
My travels needs must some compassion move:
For no such lock to blood could nature give
To shut out pity, though it shut out love:
Conscience must leave a little way to grieve
To let in horror coming to reprove,
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the same,
For deepest wounds the hand of our own shame.

Never have unjust pleasures been complete,
In joys entire, but still fear kept the door,
And held back something from that full of
sweet,

To interfour unsure delights the more:
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires which were conceiv'd before:
Something must still be left to check our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have been.

Wretched mankind! wherefore hath nature
made

'The lawful undelightful, th' unjust shame?
As if our pleasure only were forbade,
But to give fire to lust, t' add greater flame:
Or else, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same,
Which, though it be, yet add not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine own will.

Redeem thyself, and now at length make peace
With thy divided heart, oppress'd with toil:
Break up this war, this breast dissention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I do not only seek my good t' encrease,
But thine own ease, and liberty: the while
Thee in the circuit of thyself confine,
And be thine own, and then thou wilt be mine.

I know my pitied love doth aggravate
Envy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my sufferings add with my estate,
Coals in thy bosom, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish to have been unpitied
Of all but thee, than that my love should be
Hurtful to him that is so dear to me.

Cannot the busy world let me alone,
To bear alone the burden of my grief;
But they must intermeddle with my moan,
And seek t' offend me with unsought relief?
Whilst my afflictions labour to move none
But only thee: must pity play the thief,
To steal so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And move a part against my dearest part?

Yet all this shall not prejudice my lord,
If yet he will but make return at last;
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my enrolled grief all that is past:
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought to think I was disgrac'd:
And pity shall bring back again with me
Th' offended hearts that have forsaken thee.

And therefore come, dear lord, lest longer
slay
Do arm against thee all the pow'rs of spite,
And thou be made at last the woful prey
Of full enkind'led wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of blood doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soul affright?
What horror do I see, prepar'd t' attend
Th' event of this? what end, unless thou end?

With what strange forms, and shadows ominous,
Did my last sleep, my griev'd soul entertain?
I dream'd, yea, O dreams are but frivolous!
And yet I'll tell it, and God grant it vain.
Methought a mighty (a) hippopotamus,
From Niles floating, thrusts into the main,

Upon whose back, a wanton mermaid fat,
As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.

XLVIII.

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and pow'r as good :
At whose engrappling, Neptune's mantle takes
A purple colour, dy'd with streams of blood ;
Whereat this looker on, amaz'd, forfakes
Her champion there, who yet the better flood :
But see'ng her gone, straight after he flies,
As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

XLIX.

On follows wrath upon disgrace and fear,
Whereof th' event forsook me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gave me, these shadows
were

Drawn but from darkness to instruct the light,
These secret figures, nature's message bear
Of coming woes, were thy decipher'd right ;
But if as clouds of sleep thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight that are awake.

L.

Prevent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
If lust and thy ambition have left way
But to look out, and have not shut all in,
To stop thy judgment from a true survey
Of thy estate, and let thy heart within
Consider in what danger thou dost lay
Thy life and mine, to leave the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadows overcast.

L.I.

Come, come away from wrong, from craft,
from toil.

Possess thine own with right, with truth, with peace:
Break from these snares, thy judgment unbeguile,
Free thine own torment, and my grief release.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
Words still with my increasing sorrows grough:
I know t' have said too much, but not enough.
Wherefore, no more, but only I commend
To thee the heart that's thine, and so I end.

I have great faith, the tempests that begin,
 If full and the sunbeams have the way
 But to look on, and have not seen all in
 To keep the judgment from a true survey
 Of thy state, and let thy heart within
 Consider what danger thou dost lay
 Thy life and mine, to leave the good thou hast,
 To follow hopes with shadows overcast.
 Come, come away from wrong, from crime,
 From toil,
 Rollst down with night, with wrath, with power,
 Break from these loaves, thy judgment unobscure,
 See this own torment, and my griefs release.
 But whither am I carried all this while
 Beyond my hope, and know not when to cease?
 Words fill with my increasing sorrows grown;
 I know I have said too much, but not enough.
 Whence, no more, but only I consumed
 To thee the heart that's thine, and so I end.

Upon which back, a woman's hand lay
 And the old parchment, and the old lay
 With which I encountered, from another maker
 Alike in kind, of strength and power as good
 At whose engraving, my own words were made
 A purple colour, and a kind of blood
 Wherein this looked on, as if it were
 Her champion there, who yet the better stood:
 That for her sake, I might after her tread
 As if he heart and strength lay in her tread.
 On follows with the same, and the same
 Wherein the heart looked on, with the same
 But my weak heart, gave me, these shadows
 Were
 Drawn but from darkness to infirm the light
 These last, I guess, have a weak heart
 Of coming were, were they, I might say
 But as clouds of sleep, that have their eye
 Yet could be with and fight that are awake.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROWNE;

Containing his

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS,
SHEPHERD'S PIPE,

INNER TEMPLE MASQUE,
MISCELLANIES.

U. S. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

So much a stranger my feverer muse
Is not to love strains, or a shepherd's reed,
But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,
Of Pan, of Pallas, and her sister's meed.
Read and commend, she durst these tun'd essays
Of him that loves her (she hath ever found
Her studies as one circle). Next she prays
His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd!
No willow touch them! As his bays are free
From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be.

SELDEN'S VERSES PREFIXED TO BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS,

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROWNE;

Containing his

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS, IN THREE TEMPLES, MARQUESS,
SHERBORN'S POET, AND HIS LITTLE LAMBS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

No more a stranger my lover's name
To me no more a stranger, or a shepherd's friend,
But that the grove's trees of Phœbus' dace,
Or Pan of Pallas, and her sister's need,
Read and remember'd, the earth's tale and clay's
Of him that loves her (the last ever found
Her judges as one child). Next the plays
The reader be with tale and rhyme crown'd,
No willow couch them, As his days are free
From wrong of boys, to my their chapters be.
SHERBORN'S POET, REFERRED TO BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY WUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1793.

THE LIFE OF BROWNE.

OF WILLIAM BROWNE, this slight narrative scarcely merits the title that is given to it; but the materials for a fuller account are not to be found. He was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in the year 1590. His father, Thomas Browne, was of the rank of gentleman, and according to Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," descended of the knightly family of Browne of Browne's-Illash, in the parish of Langtree, near Great Torrington.

He was instructed in grammatical learning at the school of Tavistock, from whence he was sent to Exeter College, Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of King James I. where he made a great progress in classical and polite literature.

He left the university before he had taken any degree, and entered into the Society of the Inner Temple, London, where he seems to have devoted himself chiefly to poetry, and probably paid little attention to the study of the law.

In 1613, he published, in folio, the first book of *Britannia's Pastorals*; a considerable part of which he appears to have written before he had attained his twentieth year.

Here could I spend that spring of poetry,
Which not twice ten suns have bestow'd on me;
And tell the world the muse's love appears
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of years.

It was dedicated, by a copy of verses, to William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain to his Majesty, and ushered into the world by complimentary verses from some of his ingenious and learned friends; among whom were Drayton, Selden, Jonson, Christopher Brooke, W. Herbert, Charles Croke, Unton Croke, John Glanville, John Davies of Hereford, George Wither of Lincoln's Inn; and Edward Heyward, Fr. Dynne, Thomas Gardiner, W. Ferrar, Fr. Oulde, John Morgan, Thomas Heygate, and Augustus Cæsar, of the Inner Temple. In the fifth Song, he inserted an *Elegy on the bewailed death of the truly beloved and most virtuous Henry, Prince of Wales*; whose loss was justly a subject of national regret.

These pastorals were generally read and admired, and procured him a great reputation.

In 1614, he published *The Shepherd's Pipe, in Seven Eclogues*. It was dedicated by a copy of verses to Edward, Lord Zouch. The first eclogue is copied from Occleve, a writer of the age of Chaucer, whose other poems he designed to publish. In the fourth eclogue, he lamented the death of his friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, son of Sir Peter Manwood, Knight, under the name of *Philarete*.

In 1616, he published the second book of *Britannia's Pastorals*; in which he celebrated the famous Earl of Essex, together with Spenser, Drayton, Daniel, Jonson, and other contemporary poets.

At the beginning of the year 1624, he returned to Exeter College, and became tutor to Robert Dormer Earl of Caernarvon, who was killed in the battle of Newbury, on the 20th of September 1643, and has been praised by Clarendon.

On the 16th of November, in the same year, he was created Master of Arts, and was styled in the public register of the University, a man well skilled in all kinds of polite literature and useful arts, *Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium, cognitione instructus.*

In 1625, he published the two books of *Britannia's Pastorals*, in 2 vols. 8vo.

After he had quitted the university with his pupil, he appears to have been patronised by William Earl of Pembroke, the friend of Daniel, and one of the most universally beloved and esteemed nobleman of that age.

Wood, says Lord Pembroke, had great respect for him, and took him into his family, and that he "got wealth and purchased an estate;" and that "he had a great mind in a little body,"

The time of his death is uncertain, though it probably happened in 1645. Wood says, "in my searches I find that one William Browne, of Ottery, St. Mary, in Devon, died in the winter time 1645; whether the same with the poet, I am hitherto ignorant." It is very likely to have been the same person, as he was a native of Devonshire, and appears to have had a strong attachment to that country, and might therefore naturally be led to fix his residence there in the latter part of his life.

This is all that is known of Browne; a man who obtained the highest distinction, as a poet, in a learned and poetical age, and to whose memory time has by no means done justice. His fate is as uncommon as it is unmerited. He who was admired and beloved by all the best writers of his time, who was esteemed and highly recommended by the critical Jonson, and the learned Selden, was, in a few years after his death, almost forgotten.

So great are the revolutions of our language, and such the uncertainty of literary fame, that before the close of the century in which he wrote, his poetry was become antiquated, and only one edition of his works has been printed in a hundred years.

But the effusions of a real poetical mind will be seldom rendered totally abortive, and those honours which, through envy or accident, are withheld in one age, are sure to be repaid with interest, by taste and gratitude in another.

The present age, distinguished by a taste for poetical antiquities, has already made him some reparation for the injustice of the last; and posterity, through each succeeding generation, will complete the measure of his fame.

His poems, which deserved to be rescued from the obscurity into which they had fallen, were collected by T. Davies, the laudable restorer of our old English poets, and printed in 3 vols. 12mo. 1772, as a proper companion of his editions of Davies, Carew, and Suckling.

The Shepherd's Pipe was become so extremely scarce, that if Mr. Warton, the learned historian of the English poetry, had not lent his own copy to be transcribed, the public might have been deprived of this admirable collection of eclogues.

The Inner Temple Masque, which had never been printed, was procured from the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge, by the learned Dr. Farmer, who also communicated the copy of *Verses prefixed to the Tragedy of Richard III.* not inserted in any former edition.

Some other unprinted poems of Browne appear to have been in the possession of Mr. Warburton, the herald, which were sold with his library about the year 1759 or 1760, and cannot be recovered.

His Poems are now, for the first time, received into a chronological arrangement of classical English poetry.

Browne is eminently entitled to a very high rank among our old English classics; he has original imagery, striking sentiment, fertility of expression, and happy combinations, together with a felicity of diction, and a flow of harmony, that merit the attention of the modern writers of verse.

There is an amiable simplicity in most of his pieces; and he knew how to move the heart by strokes of genuine nature and passion. His imagination was fertile, and his mind vigorous, but his judgment was corrupted by the vitiated taste of the age in which he lived: His writings, therefore, abound with false wit, and frivolous ornaments; his descriptions, though picturesque, have an air of extravagance; his conceptions, though strong, have marks of deformity, and his language never flows in a continued strain of purity: he could not plan with precision and delicacy, and was unable to join correctness with spirit.

He is mentioned by Winstanley, as "worthily deserving of commendations;" but the passage which he quotes as a specimen of his manner, is injurious to his merits, and by no means characteristic of Browne.

It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of *Pbilarète* and "Lycidas," must soon discover: the resemblance is obvious; and it is detracting nothing from the merit of "Lycidas," that it owes its origin to *Pbilarète*.

His *Inner Temple Masque* also, may be supposed to have suggested the hint to Milton of his "Masque of Comus," to which indeed it is much inferior, both in the design and execution, though some of the songs have an agreeable wildness and beauty, not unworthy of that great genius.

Wood says, that "as he had honoured his country with his elegant and sweet pastorals, so was he expected, and also entreated, a little farther to grace it, by drawing out the line of his poetic ancestors, beginning in Josephus Iscanus, and ending in himself; but whether ever published, having been all or mostly written, as 'twas said, I know not."

In one of Mr. Oldys's MSS. it is observed, that "he was reputed a man not only the best versed in the works and beauties of the English poets, but also in their lives and characters, wherefore he was pitched and prevailed upon to draw out the line of his poetic ancestors, from Josephus Iscanus, down to himself, which must have been a delectable and useful labour, from a man not only of his learning and taste, but who had the advantage of living so much nearer the times when our most renowned cultivators of English poetry adorned this isle."

The authority of Mr. Oldys is unquestionable; and his sentiments relative to this intended work of Browne, cannot fail to command the approbation, and excite the regret of every lover of literary and poetical biography.

The modern testimonies to his merits are few, from the want of his being generally read; but his fame, however tardy, was progressive. He found a friend and reader in Pattison of Sidney College, Cambridge, who, it is said, was possessed of no book at his death, except *Britannia's Pastorals*; he was also a favourite with Thompson of Queen's College, Oxford, who intended to print an edition of his *Pastorals*, with notes and observations, which, though of little value, are preserved in Davies's edition.

He was more fortunate in attracting the notice of the amiable and ingenious Mr. Headley,

"Who wove fresh garlands for the muse of yore,"

and has drawn his poetical character with a discriminating pencil, though with a penury rather than a profusion of praise.

"The Italian writers were his models, and he was either too young or too injudicious to resist the contagion of forced allusions and conceits, which an incorrect age, not only endured, but practised and approved. His descriptions are sometimes puerile, and at other times overwrought; one while lost in a profusion of colours, and at another bald and spiritless: yet he seems to have been a great admirer, and no inattentive observer of the charms of nature; as his works abound in minute rural imagery, though indiscriminately selected. From the verses prefixed to his book, he should seem to have written very early in life. Had it been otherwise, and chaste and wholesome models been thrown in his way, much might have been expected from his natural powers. The praise he received from Selden, Jonson, and Drayton, and the notice he obtained from Milton, are real honours that almost counterbalance oblivion, at least they prove that he did not deserve it."

VOL. IV.

R

To the truly noble and learned

WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO HIS MAJESTY, &c.

Not that the gift (great lord) deserves your hand,
(Held ever worth the rarest works of men)
Offer I this; but since in all our land
None can more rightly claim a poet's pen:
That noble blood and virtue truly known,
Which circular in you united run,
Makes you each good, and every good your own,
If it can hold in what my muse hath done.
But weak and lowly are these tuned lays,
Yet though but weak to win fair memory,
You may improve them, and your gracing raise;
For things are priz'd as their possessors be.
If for such favour they have worthless striven,
Since love the cause was, be that love forgiven!

Your honour's,

W. BROWNE.

TO THE READER.

The times are swoln so big with nicer wits,
That nought sounds good, but what opinion strikes,
Censure with judgment seld together sits;
And now the man more than the matter likes.

The great reward of a poet's pen,
Fame, is by those so clog'd she seldom flies,
The muses sitting on the graves of men,
Singing that virtue lives and never dies.

And chas'd away by the malignant tongues
Of such, by whom detraction is ador'd;

Hence grows the want of ever-living songs,
With which our isle was whilom bravely stor'd;

If such a basilisk dart down his eye,
(Empoison'd with the dregs of utmost hate)
To kill the first blooms of my poesy,
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.
Kind wits I vail to, but to fools precise
I am as confident as they are nice.

W. W.

From the INNER-TEMPLE, }
June 18. 1613. }

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG I.

The Argument.

Marina's love yclep'd the fair,
Celand's disdain, and her despair,
Are the first wings my Muse puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon.

I THAT whileare near Tavic's * strag'ling spring,
Unto my feely sheep did use to sing,
And play'd to please myself, on rustic reed,
Nor sought for bay, (the learned shepherd's meed,)
But as a swain unkent fed on the plains,
And made the echo umpire of my strains :
Am drawn by time, (although the weak'st of many)
To sing those lays as yet unsung of any.
What need I tune the swains of Theffaly?
Or bootless, add to them of Arcadie?
No : fair Arcadia cannot be completer,
My praise may lessen, but to make thee greater.
My muse for lofty pitches shall not roam,
But homely pipen of her native home :
And to the swains, love rural minstrelsy,
Thus, dear Britannia, will I sing of thee.

High on the plains of that renowned isle,
Which all men beauty's garden-plot enstyle,
A shepherd dwelt, whom fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that feely men bewitch.
Near him a shepherdess, for beauty's store
Unparallel'd of any age before.

* Tavic is a river, having his head in Dertmore in Devon, some few miles from Marie-Tavy, and falls southward into Tamar : out of the same moor riseth, running northward, another, called Tau ; which, by the way, the rather I speak of, because in the printed *Malmesbury de Gest. Pontific.* lib. 2 fol. 146. you read, "*Est in Domnonia canobium Monachorum juxta Tau fluvium, quod Tavi-flock vocatur :*" whereas, upon Tau stands (near the north-side of the shire) Taustock, being no remnants of a monastery ; so that you must there read, "*juxta Tavi Fluvium,*" as in a manuscript copy of *Malmesbury* (the form of the hand, assuring *Malmesbury's* time) belonging to the Abbey of St. Augustin in Canterbury, I have seen in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.

Within those breasts her face a flame did move,
Which never knew before what 'twas to love,
Dazzling each shepherd's sight that view'd her eyes.

And as the Persians did idolatrise
Unto the sun : they thought that Cynthia's light
Might well be spar'd, where she appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goal do run,
The prize is given never but to one :
So first, and only Celandine was led,
Of destinies and heaven much favoured,
To gain this beauty, which I here do offer
To memory : his pains (who would not proffer
Pains for such pleasures?) were not great nor much,

But that his labour's recompence was such
As countervailed all : for she whose passion,
(And passion oft is love) whose inclination
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know
He was the elm whereby her vine did grow :
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this task,
She knew not to deny when he would ask.
Finding his suite as quickly got as mov'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts not well approv'd
What none could disallow, his love grew fained,
And what he once affected, now disdained.
But fair Marina, (for so was she call'd)
Having in Celandine her love install'd,
Affected so this faithless shepherd's boy,
That she was rapt beyond degree of joy ;
Briefly, she could not live one hour without him,
And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.

This variable shepherd for a while
Did nature's jewel, by his craft, beguile :
And still the perfecter her love did grow,
His did appear more counterfeit in shew,

Which she perceiving that his flame did flake,
 And lov'd her only for his trophy's sake :
 " For he that's stuffed with a faithless tumour,
 " Loves only for his lust and for his humour :"
 And that he often in his merry fit
 Would say, his good came, e'er he hop'd for it :
 His thoughts for other subjects being prest,
 Esteeming that as nought, which he possest :
 " For, what is gotten but with little pain,
 " As little grief we take to lose again :"
 Well-minded Marine grieving, thought it strange
 That her ingrateful swain did seek for change.
 Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
 Joys to the wane : heart-rending grief did pull
 Her from herself, and she abandon'd all
 To cries and tears, fruits of a funeral ;
 Running, the mountains, fields, by wat'ry springs,
 Filling each cave with woful echoings ;
 Making in thousand places her complaint,
 And uttering to the trees what her tears meant.
 " For griefs conceal'd (proceeding from desire)
 " Consume the more, as doth a close pent fire."
 Whilst that the day's sole eye doth guide the seas,
 In his day's journey to th' Antipodes ;
 And all the time the jetty charioteer
 Hurls her black mantle through our hemisphere.
 Under the covert of a sprouting pine
 She sits and grieves for faithless Celandine.
 Beginning thus : Alas ! and must it be
 That love, which thus torments and troubles me
 In settling it, so small advice hath lent
 To make me captive, where enfranchisement
 Cannot be gotten ? nor where, like a slave,
 The office due to faithful prisoners, have ?
 O cruel Celandine, why shouldst thou hate
 Her, who to love thee, was ordain'd by fate !
 Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
 My wretched life to thy betraying eyes ?
 Aye me ! of all, my most unhappy lot,
 What others would, thou may'st, and yet wilt not.
 Have I rejected those that me ador'd,
 To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd ?
 And pass'd by others tears, to make election
 Of one, that should so pass by my affection ?
 I have : and see, the heav'nly powers intend
 " To punish sinners in what they offend."
 May be he takes delight to see in me
 The burning rage of hellish jealousy ;
 Tries if in fury any love appears ;
 And bathes his joy within my flood of tears.
 But if he lov'd to soil my spotless soul,
 And me amongst deceived maids enrol,
 To publish to the world my open shame :
 Then heart take freedom ; hence accursed flame ;
 And, as queen regent in my heart shall move
 " Disdain, that only over-ruleth love :"
 By this enfranchis'd fare my thoughts shall be,
 And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me.
 But what ? or can I cancel or unbind
 That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath
 sign'd ?
 No, no, grief doth deceive me more each hour ;
 " For, who so truly loves, hath not that power."
 I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis known,
 " Who yields to love doth leave to be her own."

But what avails my living thus apart ?
 Can I forget him ? or out of my heart
 Can tears expulse his image ? surely no.
 " We well may flie the place, but not the woe :
 " Love's fire is of a nature which by turns
 " Consumes in presence, and in absence burns."
 And knowing this, aye me ! unhappy wight !
 What means is left to help me in this plight ?
 And from that peevish, shooting, hood-wink'd elf,
 To repossess my love, my heart, myself ?
 Only this help I find, which I elect,
 Since what my life, nor can nor will effect,
 My ruin shall : and by it, I shall find,
 " Death cures (when all helps fail (the grieved
 " mind."
 And welcome here, (than love, a better guest)
 That of all labours art the only rest :
 Whilst thus I live, all things discomfort give,
 The life is sure a death wherein I live :
 Save life and death do differ in this one,
 That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.
 But if that he (disdainful swain) should know
 That for his love I wrought my overthrow ;
 Will he not glory in't ? and from my death
 Draw more delights, and give new joys their breath ?
 Admit he do, yet better 'tis that I
 Render myself to death than misery.
 I cannot live, thus barred from his sight,
 Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight
 Should love him but myself. O reason's eye,
 How art thou blinded with wild jealousy !
 And is it thus ? Then which shall have my blood,
 Or certain ruin, or uncertain good ?
 Why do I doubt ? Are we not still advis'd,
 " That certainty in all things best is priz'd ?"
 Then, if a certain end can help my moan,
 " Know death hath certainty, but life hath none."
 Here is a mount, whose top seems to despise
 The far inferior vale that under lies :
 Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by fate,
 Measures his height by others mean estate :
 Near to whose foot there glides a silver flood,
 Falling from hence, I'll climb unto my good :
 And by it finish love and reason's strife,
 And end my misery as well as life.
 But as a coward's heartener in war,
 The stirring drum, keeps lesser noise from far,
 So seem the murmuring waves, tell in mine ear,
 That guiltless blood was never spilled there.
 Then stay awhile ; the beasts that haunt those
 springs,
 Of whom I hear the fearful bellowings,
 May do that deed, (as moved by my cry)
 Whereby my soul, as spotless ivory,
 May turn from whence it came, and, freed from
 hence,
 Be unpolluted of that foul offence.
 But why protract I time : Death is no stranger,
 " And generous spirits never fear for danger :
 " Death is a thing most natural to us,
 " And fear doth only make it odious."
 As when to seek her food abroad doth rove
 The Nuncius of peace, the feely dove,
 Two sharp set hawks do her on each side hem,
 And she knows not which way to flie from them ;

Or like a ship, that tossed to and fro
 With wind and tide, the wind doth sternly blow,
 And drives her to the main, the tide comes fore
 And hurls her back again towards the shore;
 And since her ballast, and her sails do lack,
 One brings her out, the other beats her back;
 Till one of them encreasing more his shocks,
 Hurls her to shore, and rends her on the rocks:
 So flood she long, 'twixt love and reason tost,
 Until despair, (who, where it comes rules most)
 Won her to throw herself, to meet with death,
 From off the rock into the flood beneath.
 The waves that were above, when as she fell,
 For fear flew back again into their well;
 Doubting ensuing times on them would frown,
 That they so rare a beauty help'd to drown,
 Her fall, in grief, did make the stream so roar,
 That sullen murmurings filled all the shore.

A shepherd (near this flood that fed his sheep,
 Who at this chance left grazing and did weep)
 Having so sad an object for his eyes,
 Left pipe and flock, and in the water flies,
 To save a jewel, which was never sent
 To be possess'd by one sole element:
 But such a work nature dispos'd and gave,
 Where all the elements concordance have.
 He took her in his arms, for pity cry'd,
 And brought her to the river's further side:
 Yea, and he fought by all his art and pain,
 To bring her likewise to herself again:
 While she that by her fall was senseless left,
 And almost in the waves had life bereft,
 Lay long, as if her sweet immortal spirit
 Was fled some other palace to inherit.

But as clear Phœbus, when some foggy cloud
 His brightness from the world awhile doth shroud,
 Doth by degrees begin to shew his light
 Unto the view: or, as the queen of night,
 In her encreasing horns, doth rounder grow,
 Till full and perfect she appear in shew:
 Such order in this maid the shepherd spies,
 When she began to shew the world her eyes.
 Who (thinking now that she had past death's
 dream,

Occasion'd by her fall into the stream,
 And that hell's ferryman did then deliver
 Her to the other side th' infernal river)
 Said to the swain: O Charon, I am bound
 More to thy kindness, than all else, that round
 Come thronging to thy boat: thou hast past over
 The woful'st maid that e'er these shades did cover:
 But pr'thee (ferryman direct my sp'rit
 Where that black river runs the Lethe hight,
 That I of it (as other ghosts) may drink,
 And never of the world, or love, more think.
 The swain perceiving by her words ill sorted,
 That she was wholly from herself transported;
 And fearing lest those often idle fits
 Might clean expel her uncollected wits:
 Fair nymph (said he) the powers above deny
 So fair a beauty should so quickly die:
 The heavens unto the world have made a loan,
 And must for you have interest, three for one:
 Call back your thoughtso'ercast with dolours night;
 Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light?

Do you not know in Pluto's darksome place
 The light of heaven did never shew his face?
 Do not your pulses beat, y'are warm, have breath,
 Your sense rapt with fear, but not with death?
 I am not Charon, nor of Pluto's host;
 Nor is there flesh and blood found in a ghost;
 But as you see, a feely shepherd's swain,
 Who, though my mere revenues bet he train
 Of milk-white sheep, yet I am joy'd as much,
 In saving you, (O, who would not save such?)
 As ever was the wand'ring youth of * Greece,
 That brought, from Colchos, home, the Golden
 Fleece.

The never too much-praised fair Marine,
 Hearing those words, believ'd her ears and een:
 And knew how she escaped had the flood
 By means of this young swain that near her stood.
 Whereat for grief she 'gan again to faint,
 Redoubling thus her cries and sad complaint:
 Alas! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
 Which for all persons else lies ever free?
 Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my pain?
 But live still dying, die to live again?
 The most unhappy I! which find most sure,
 The wound of love, neglected, is past cure.
 Most cruel god of love (if such there be)
 That still to my desires art contrary!
 Why should I not in reason this obtain,
 That as I love, I may be lov'd again?
 Alas! with thee too, nature plays her parts,
 That fram'd so great a discord, 'tween two hearts;
 One flies, and always doth in hate persevere;
 The other follows, and in love grows ever.
 Why dost thou not extinguish clean this flame,
 And plac'd on him that best deserves the same?
 Why had not I affected some kind youth
 Whose every word had been the word of truth?
 Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have
 So true a heart as I to Celand gave.
 For † Psyche's love! if beauty gave thee birth,
 Or if thou hast attractive power on earth,
 Dame Venus' sweetest child, requite this love;
 Or fate yield means my soul may hence remove:
 Once seeing in a spring her drowned eyes,
 O cruel beauty, cause of this (she cries,
 Mother of love, (my joy's most fatal knife)
 That work'dst her death, by whom thyself hast
 life!

The youthful swain that heard this loving saint
 So oftentimes to pour forth such complaint,
 Within his heart such true affection prais'd,
 And did perceive kind love and pity rais'd
 His mind to sighs; yea, beauty forced this,
 That all her grief he thought was likewise his.
 And having brought her what his lodge affords,
 Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words
 Would seek to comfort; when alas poor elf
 He needed then a comforter himself.
 Daily whole troops of grief unto him came,
 For her who languish'd of another flame.
 If that she sigh'd he thought him lov'd of her,
 When 'twas another sail her wind did stir:

* *Jason.*

† See *Apuleius's, Golden Ass, 4th, 5th, and 6th v.*

But had her sighs and tears been for this boy,
 Her sorrow had been less, and more her joy.
 Long time in grief he hid his love-made pains,
 And did attend her walks in woods and plains;
 Bearing a fuel, which her sun-like eyes
 Enflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
 Yet he, sad swain, to shew it did not dare;
 And she, least he should love, aye dy'd for fear.
 She, ever-wailing, blam'd the powers above,
 That night nor day give any rest to love.
 He prais'd the heavens in silence, oft was mute,
 And thought with tears and sighs to win his suit.
 Once in the shade, when she by sleep repos'd,
 And her clear eyes 'twixt her fair lids enclos'd;
 The shepherd swain began to hate and curse
 That day unfortunate, which was the nurse
 Of all his sorrows. He had given breath
 And life to her, which was his cause of death.
 O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his blood,
 From whom thyself receiv'd'st a certain good.
 Thus oftentimes unto himself alone
 Would he recount his grief, utter his moan;
 And after much debating did resolve
 Rather his grandame earth should clean involve
 His pining body, e'er he would make known
 To her, what tares love in his breast had sown.
 Yea, he would say, when grief for speech hath
 cry'd;

" 'Tis better never ask then be deny'd."

But as the queen of rivers, fairest Thames,
 That for her buildings other floods enflames
 With greatest envy; or the * nymph of Kent,
 That stateliest ships to sea hath ever sent;
 Some baser grodm, for lucre's hellish course,
 Her channel having stopt, kept back her source,
 (Fill'd with disdain) doth swell above her mounds,
 And overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
 Angry she tears up all that stops her way,
 And with more violence runs to the sea:
 So the kind shepherd's grief (which long up pent
 Grew more in pow'r and longer in extent)
 Forth of his heart more violently thrust,
 And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst,
 Marina hearing sighs, to him drew near,
 And did entreat his cause of grief to hear:
 But had she known her beauty was the sting,
 That caused all that instant sorrowing;
 Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
 And sh'ad not ask'd for what the shepherd wept.

The swain first, of all times, this best did think,
 To shew his love, whilst on the river's brink
 They sat alone, then thought, he next would
 move her

With sighs and tears, (true tokens of a lover):
 And since she knew what help from him she found
 When in the river she had else been drown'd,
 He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,
 To give relief to him, by whom she is:
 By this incited, said; Whom I adore,
 Sole mistress of my heart, I thee implore,
 Do not in bondage hold my freedom long;
 And since I life or death hold from your tongue,
 Suffer my heart to love; yea, dare to hope
 To get that good of love's intended scope.

* Medway.

Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
 And dying to myself, may live in thee.
 Fair nymph surcease this death-alluring languish,
 So rare a beauty was not born for anguish.
 Why should'st thou care for him that cares not for
 thee?

Yea, most unworthy wight, seems to abhor thee:
 And if he be as you do here paint forth him,
 He thinks you best of beauties are not worth him;
 That all the joys of love will not quit cost
 For all lov'd freedom which by it is lost.
 Within his heart such self-opinion dwells,
 That his conceit in this he thinks excels;
 Accounting women beauty's sugred baits,
 That never catch, but fools, with their deceits:
 "Who of himself harbours so vain a thought,
 "Truly to love could never yet be brought."
 Then love that heart, where lies no faithless seed,
 That never wore dissimulation's weed:
 Who doth account all beauties of the spring,
 That jocund summer days are ushering,
 As foils to yours. But if this cannot move
 Your mind to pity, nor your heart to love;
 Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench the flame,
 Which burns you now. Expel his worthless name,
 Clean root him out by me, and in his place
 Let him inhabit, that will run a race
 More true in love. It may be for your rest.
 And when he sees her, who did love him best,
 Possessed by another, he will rate
 The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:
 "For what is in our powers, we little deem,
 "And things possess'd by others, best esteem."
 If all this gain you not a shepherd's wife,
 Yet give not death to him which gave you life.

Marine, the fair, hearing his wooing tale,
 Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale.
 And answer'd thus: I pray, Sir Swain, what boot
 Is it to me to pluck up by the root
 My former love, and in his place to sow
 As ill a seed, for any thing I know?
 Rather 'gainst thee I mortal hate retain,
 That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new pain:
 Alas! th' hast kept my soul from death's sweet
 bands,

To give me over to a tyrant's hands;
 Who on his racks will torture by his pow'r,
 This weaken'd, harmless body, every hour.
 Be you the judge, and see if reason's laws
 Gives recompence of favour for this cause;
 You from the streams of death, brought life on
 shore;

Releas'd one pain, to give me ten times more.
 For love's sake, let my thoughts in this be free;
 Object no more your hapless saving me:
 That obligation which you think should bind,
 Doth still increase more hatred in my mind;
 Yea, I do think, more thanks to him were due
 That would bereave my life, than unto you.

The thunder-stricken swain lean'd to a tree,
 As void of sense as weeping Niobe:
 Making his tears the instruments to woo her,
 The sea wherein his love should swim unto her:
 And, could there flow from his two-headed fount,
 As great a flood as is the Hellespont,

Within that deep he would as willing wander,
To meet his Hero, as did ere * Leander.
Meanwhile the nymph withdrew herself aside,
And to a grove at hand her steps applied.

With that sad sight (O! had he never seen,
His heart in better case had ever been)
Against his heart, against the stream he went,
With this resolve, and with a full intent,
When of that stream he had discovered
The fount, the well-spring, or the bubbling head,
He there would sit, and with the well drop vie,
That it before his eyes would first run dry:
But then he thought the † God that haunts that
lake,

The spoiling of his spring would not well take.
And therefore leaving soon the chrystal flood,
Did take his way unto the nearest wood:
Seating himself within a darksome cave,
(Such places heavy Saturnists do crave,)
Where yet the glad some day was never seen,
Nor Phœbus' piercing beams had ever been,
Fit for the synod house of those fell legions,
That walk the mountains, and Silvanus regions.
Where tragedy might have her full scope given,
From mens aspects, and from the view to heaven.

Within the same some crannies did deliver
Into the midst thereof a pretty river;
The nymph whereof came by out of the veins
Of our first mother, having late ta'en pains
In scouring of her channel all the way,
From where it first began to leave the sea.
And in her labour thus far now had gone,
When coming through the cave, she heard that
one

Spake thus: "If I do in my death persevere,
"Pity may that effect, which love could never."
By this she can conjecture 'twas some swain,
Who overladen by a maid's disdain,
Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,
Where he might give a period to the race
Of his loth'd life: which she (for pity's sake)
Minding to hinder, div'd into her lake,
And hast'ned where the ever-teeming earth
Unto her current gives a wished birth;
And by her new-delivered river's side,
Upon a bank of flow'rs, had soon espied
Remond, young Remond, that full well could
sing,

And tune his pipe at Pan's-birth carolling:
Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest lays,
A laurel garland wore on holidays;
In framing of whose hand dame Nature swore
There never was his like, nor should be more:

* See *Museus* and *Ovid's Epistles*; likewise the *Seslyad*, a poem, in six books, begun by *Christopher Marlowe*, and finished by *George Chapman*; highly esteemed by *Ben Jonson*.

† *Dee sanè et Nimphe, plerunque fontibus et fluviis præsumt apud poetas, quæ Ephydriades et Naiades dicuntur: verum et nobis tamen deum præficere (sic Alpheum Tyberinum, et Rhenum, et id genus alios divos legimus) baud illicitum.*

Whose locks (insnaring nets) were like the rays,
Wherewith the sun doth diaper the seas:
Which if they had been cut, and hung upon
The snow-white cliffs of fertile Albion,
Would have allured more, to be, their winner,
Than all the † diamonds that are hidden in her.
Him she accosted thus; swain of the wreath,
Thou art not placed, only here to breathe;
But nature in thy framing shews to me,
Do good; and surely I myself persuade.
Thou never wert for evil action made,
In heaven's consistory 'twas decreed,
That choicest fruit should come from choicest
seed;

In baser vessels we do ever put
Basest materials, do never shut
Those jewels most in estimation set,
But in some curious costly cabinet.
If I may judge by th' outward shape alone,
Within, all virtues have convention:
"For't gives most lustre unto virtue's feature,
"When she appears cloth'd in a goodly creature."
Half way the hill, near to those aged trees,
Whose insides are as hives for lab'ring bees,
(As who should say (before their roots were
dead)

For good works sake and alms, they harboured
Those whom nought else did cover but the skies:)
A path (untrodden but of beasts) there lies,
Directing to a cave in yonder glade,
Where all this forest's citizen's, for shade
At noon-time come, and are the first, I think,
That (running through that cave) my water,
drink:

Within this rock their sits a woful wight,
As void of comfort as that cave of light;
And as I wot, occasion'd by the frowns
Of some coy shepherdess that haunts these downs,
This I do know (whos'ever wrought his care)
He is a man nigh treading to despair.
Then hie thee thither, since 'tis charity
To save a man; leave here thy flock with me:
For whilst thou sav'st him from the Stygian bay,
I'll keep thy lambkins from all beasts of prey.
The nearness of the danger (in his thought)
As it doth ever, more compassion wrought:
So that with reverence to the nymph, he went
With winged speed, and hast'ned to prevent
Th' untimely seizure of the greedy grave:
Breathless, at last, he came into the cave;
Where, by a sign directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this sort began:
Shepherd all hail, what mean these plaints? this
cave

(Th' image of death, true portrait of the grave)
Why dost frequent? and wail thee under ground,
From whence there never yet was pity found?
Come forth, and shew thyself unto the light,
Thy grief to me. If there be ought that might

† *Julium Casarem, spe Margaritarum, Britanniam potuisse, scribit Sueton. in Jul. cap. 47. et ex iis thoracem factum veneri genetrici dicasse. Plin. Hist. Nat. 9. cap. 35. De Margaritis verò nostris consulas Camden. in Cornub. et Somerset.*

Give any ease unto thy troubled mind,
 We joy as much to give, as thou to find,
 The love-sick swain replied: Remond, thou art
 The man alone to whom I would impart
 My woes, more willing than to any swain,
 That lives and feeds his sheep upon the plain.
 But vain it is, and 'twould increase my woes
 By their relation, or to thee or those
 That cannot remedy. Let it suffice,
 No fond distrust of thee makes me precise
 To shew my grief. Leave me then, and forego
 This cave more sad, since I have made it so.
 Here tears broke forth. And Remond 'gan
 anew:

With such entreaties earnest to pursue
 His former suit, that he (though hardly) wan
 The shepherd to disclose; and thus began:
 Know briefly Remond then, a heavenly face,
 Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,
 Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
 That doth consume all things, except desire;
 Which daily doth increase, though always burn-
 ing,

And I want tears, but lack no cause of mourning:
 "For he whom love under his colours draws,
 "May often want th' effect, but ne'er the cause."
 Quoth th' other, have thy stars malign been such,
 That their predominations sway so much
 Over the rest, that with a mild aspect
 The lives and loves of shepherds do affect?
 Then do I think there is some greater hand,
 Which thy endeavours still doth countermand:
 Wherefore I wish thee quench the flame, thus
 mov'd,

"And never love except thou be belov'd:
 "For such an humour every woman seizeth,
 "She not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.
 "When much thou lovest, most disdain comes on
 "thee; [from thee,
 "And when though think'st to hold her, she flies
 "She follow'd, flies; she fled from, follows post,
 "And loveth best where she is hated most.
 "'Tis ever noted both in maids and wives,
 "Their hearts and tongues are never relatives.
 "Hearts full of holes (so elder shepherd's faine),
 "As apter to receive than to retain."

Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,
 This day would not permit me time, I know:
 The day's swift horses would their course have
 run,

And div'd themselves within the ocean,
 Ere I should have performed half my task,
 Striving their crafty subtilties t'unmask.
 And gentle swain some counsel take of me;
 Love not still where thou mayst; love, who loves
 thee;

Draw to the courteous, fly thy love's abhorrer,
 "And if she be not for thee, be not for her."
 If that she still be wavering, will away, [stay?
 Why shouldst thou strive to hold what will not
 This maxim, reason never can confute,
 "Better to live by loss than die by suit."
 If to some other love she is inclin'd,
 Time will at length clean root that from her
 mind.

Time will extinct loves flames, his hell-like
 flashes,

And like a burning brand consume't to ashes.
 Yet mayst thou still attend, but not importune:
 "Who seeks oft misseeth, sleepers light on fortune,"
 Yea, and on woman too. Thus doltish sots
 "Have fate and fairest women for their lots.
 "Favour and pity wait on patience:"
 And hatred oft attendeth violence.
 If thou wilt get desire, whence love has pawn'd it,
 Believe me, take thy time, but ne'er demand it.
 Women, as well as men, retain desire;
 But can dissemble, more than men, their fire.
 Be never caught with looks, nor self-wrought ru-
 mour;

Nor by a quaint disguise, nor sining humour.
 Those out-side shews are toys, which outwards
 snare:

But virtue lodg'd within, is only fair.
 If thou hadst seen the beauty of our nation,
 And find'st her have no love, have thou no pas-
 sion:

But seek thou further; other places sure
 May yield a face as fair, a love more pure:
 Leave (O, then leave) fond swain this idle course,
 For love's a god no mortal wight can force.

Thus Remond said, and saw the fair Marine
 Plac'd near a spring, whose waters chrystaline
 Did in their murmurings bear a part, and 'plained
 That one so true so fair, should be disdain'd:
 Whilst in her cries, that fill'd the vale along,
 Still Celand was the burden of her song.
 The stranger shepherd left the other swain,
 To give attendance to his fleecy train;
 Who in departing from him, let him know,
 That yonder was his freedom's overthrow,
 Who sat bewailing (as he late had done)
 That love by true affection was not won.

This fully known: Remond came to the maid
 And after some few words (her tears allay'd)
 Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruel,
 To follow hate, and fly love's chiefest jewel.

Fair, do not blame him that he thus is mov'd;
 For women sure were made to be beloved.
 If beauty wanting lovers long should stay,
 It like an house undwelt in would decay:
 When in the heart if it have taken place,
 Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
 The adamant and beauty we discover
 To be alike; for beauty draws a lover,
 The adamant his iron. Do not blame
 His loving then, but that which caus'd the same.
 Who so is lov'd doth glory so to be:
 The more your lovers, more your victory.
 Know, if you stand on faith, most womens loath-
 ing,

'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
 Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
 Within a heart hath no long time residence,
 And in a woman she becomes alone
 Fair to herself but foul to every one.
 If in a man it once have taken place,
 He is a fool, or doats, or wants a face
 To win a woman, and I think it be
 No virtue, but a mere necessity.

Heaven's powers deny it swain (quoth she) have done,

Strive not to bring that in derision,
Which whoso'er detracts in setting forth,
Doth truly derogate from his own worth.

It is a thing which heaven to all hath lent
To be their virtue's chiefest ornament :

Which who so wants, is well compar'd to these
False tables, wrought by * Alcibiades :

Which noted well of all, were found t' have been
Most fair without, but most deform'd within.

Then shepherd know that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is false to me.

To one? (quoth he) why so? Maids pleasure take

To see a thousand languish for their sake :

Women desire for lovers of each sort,
And why not you? Th' amorous swain for sport;

The lad that drives the greatest flock to field,
Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yield ;

The gallant swain will save you from the jaws
Of ravenous bears, and from the lion's paws.

Believe what I propound; do many choose,
" The least herb in the field serves for some use."

Nothing persuaded, nor assuag'd by this,
Was fairest Marine, or her heaviness :

But prais'd the shepherd as he ere did hope,
His silly sheep should fearless have the scope

Of all the shadows that the trees do lend,
From Raynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend,

And run his midway course; to leave her there,
And to his bleating charge again repair.

He condescended; left her by the brook,
And to the swain and's sheep himself betook.

He gone; she with herself thus gan to saine ;
Alas poor Marine, think'st to attain

His love by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire

By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death ;

That who is shipwreckt on love's hidden shelf,
Doth live to others, dies unto herself.

Why might I not attempt by death as yet
To gain that freedom, which I could not get,

Being hind' red heretofore; a time as free,
A place as fit offers itself to me,

Whose seed of ill is grown to such a height,
That makes the earth groan to support his weight.

Who so is lull'd asleep with Midas' treasures,
And only fears by death to lose life's pleasures;

Let them fear death; but since my fault is such,
And only fault, that I have lov'd too much,

On joys of life why should I stand! for those
Which I near had, I surely cannot lose.

Admit a while I to those thoughts consented,
" Death can be but deferred, not prevented."

* They represented a god or goddess without, and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Erasmus has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades. Adag. p. 667. Edit. R. Stephens.

Then raging with delay, her tears that fell
Usher'd her way, and she into a well

Straightways leapt after: " O! how desperation
Attends upon the mind enthal'd to passion!"

The fall of her did make the god below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noise should grow :

Whether some ruder clown in spite did fling
A lamb, untimely fall'n, into his spring :

And if it were, he solemnly then swore
His spring should flow some other way: no more

Should it in wanton manner ere be seen
To writhe in knots, or give a gown of green

Unto their meadows, nor be seen to play,
Nor drive the rushy mills, that in his way

The shepherd's made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheep should rot.

And with such moorish springs embrace their field,

That it should nought but moss and rushes yield.
Upon each hillock, where the merry boy

Sits piping in the shade his notes of joy,
He'd shew his anger, by some flood at hand,

And turn the same into a running sand.

Upon the oak, the plumb tree and the holm,
The stock dove and the blackbird should not come,

Whose muting on those trees does make to grow
Rots curing † hyphear, and the misseltoe.

Nor shall this help their sheep, whose stomachs fail,

By tying knots of wool near to their tails :

But as the place next to the knot doth die,
So shall it all the body mortify.

Thus spake the god: But when, as in the water,
The crops came sinking down, he spy'd the matter,

And catching softly in his arms the maid,

He brought her up; and having gently laid

Her on his bank, did presently command

Those waters in her, to come forth: At hand

They straight came gushing out, and did contest

Which chiefly should obey their god's behest.

This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,

And from his silver hair let fall a drop

Into her mouth, of such an excellence,

That call'd back life, which griev'd to part from thence,

Being for troth assur'd, that, than his one,

She ne'er possess'd a fairer mansion.

Then did the god her body forwards steep,

And cast her for a while into a sleep;

Sitting still by her, did his full view take

Of nature's masterpiece. Here, for her sake,

My pipe in silence, as of right, shall mourn,

Till from the wat'ring we again return.

† *Pybhear ad saginanda Pecora utilioris: nino autem satum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per alvum avium redditum maxime Palumbiset Turdi. Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus verbum, turdus sibi malum escat.*

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG II.

The Argument.

Oblivion's spring, and Dory's love,
With fair Marina's rape, first move
Mine oaten pipe, which after sings
The birth of two renowned springs.

Now till the sun shall leave us to our rest,
And Cynthia have her brother's place possest,
I shall go on: And, first, in diff'ring stripe,
The flood-god's speech thus tune on oaten pipe:
Or mortal, or a power above,
Inrag'd by fury, or by love,
Or both, I know not, such a deed
Thou would'st effected, that I bleed
To think thereon: Alas! poor elf,
What, grown a traitor to thyself?
This face, this hair, this hand so pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.
Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
Should be expos'd by such a death;
But rather in some lover's breast,
Be given up, the place that best
Befits a lover yield his soul.
Nor should those mortals e'er controul
The gods, that in their wisdom sage
Appointed have what pilgrimage
Each one should run: And why should men
Abridge the journey set by them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turn his outward sight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, whose body is compact
Of all the beauties ever nature
Laid up in store for earthly creature.
No savage beast can be so cruel
To rob the earth of such a jewel.
Rather the stately unicorn
Would in his breast enrag'd scorn,
That maids committed to his charge,
By any beast in forest large,

Should be so wrong'd. Satyrs rude
Durst not attempt, or e'er intrude
With such a mind the flowry barks,
Where harmless virgins have their walks.
Would she be won with me to stay,
My waters should bring from the sea
The corral red, as tribute due,
And roundest pearls of orient hue:
Or in the richer veins of ground
Should seek for her the diamond.
And whereas now unto my spring
They nothing else but gravel bring,
They should within a mine of gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And having it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;
With which I'll pave and overspread
My bottom, where her foot shall tread.
The best of fishes in my flood
Shall give themselves to be her food.
The trout, the dace, the pike, the bream,
The eel, that loves the troubled stream,
The millers-thumb, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever-nibbling roach,
The shoats, with whom is Tavis fraught,
The foolish gudgeon, quickly caught,
And, last, the little minnow-fish,
Whose chief delight in gravel is.
In right she cannot me despise,
Because so low mine empire lies.
For I could tell how nature's store
Of majesty appeareth more
In waters, than in all the rest
Of elements. It seem'd her best

To give the waves most strength and
pow'r :

For they do swallow and devour
The earth ; the waters quench and kill
The flames and fire : and mounting still
Up in the air, are seen to be,
As challenging a seignore
Within the heavens, and to be one
That should have like dominion.
They be a ceiling and a floor
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store
Arising from them, vital spirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is stopped, kept asunder.
And what's the reason else of thunder,
Of lightning's flashes all about,
That with such violence break out,
Causing such troubles and such jars,
As with itself the world had wars ?
And can there any thing appear
More wonderful, than in the air
Congealed waters oft to spy
Continuing pendant in the sky ?
Till falling down in hail or snow,
They make those mortal wights below
To run, and ever help desire
From his foe element the fire,
Which fearing them to come abroad
Within doors maketh his abode.
On falling down oft time in rain,
Doth give green liveries to the plain,
Make shepherd's lambs fit for the dish,
And giveth nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth ;
And therefore well considering
The nature of it in each thing :
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her breast it doth so mollify,
That it not only comes to be
More easy for the share and ox,
But that in harvest times the shocks
Of Ceres' hanging eared corn
Doth fill the hovel and the barn.
To trees and plants I comfort give ;
By me they fructify and live :
For, first, ascending from beneath
Into the sky, with lively breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on herbs, that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply.
Who seeth this, can do no less,
Than of his own accord confess,
That notwithstanding all the strength
The earth enjoys in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each stream,
And hath received all from them.
Her love to him she then must give,
By whom herself doth chiefly live.

This being spoken by this water's god,
He straightway in his hand did take his rod,
And stroke it on his bank, wherewith the flood
Did such a roaring make within the wood,

That straight the (a) nymph who then sat on her
shore,

Knew there was somewhat to be done in store :
And therefore hasting to her brother's spring
She spy'd what caus'd the waters echoing.
Saw where fair Marine first asleep did lie,
Whilst that the god still viewing her sat by :
Who, when he saw his sister nymph draw near,
He thus 'gan tune his voice unto her ear.

Fairest sister (for we come
Both from the swelling Thetis' womb)
The reason why of late I strook
My ruling wand upon my brook
Was for this purpose ; late this maid
Which on my bank asleep is laid,
Was by herself, or other wight,
Cast in my spring, and did affright
With her late fall, the fish that take
Their chiefest pleasure in my lake :
Of all the fry within my deep,
None durst out of their dwellings peep.
The trout within the weeds did scud,
The eel him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this fear I was not free :
For as I musing sat to see
How that the pretty pebbles round
Came with my spring from under ground,
And how the waters issuing
Did make them dance about my spring ;
The noise thereof did me appal :
That starting upward therewithal,
I in my arms her body caught,
And both to light and life her brought :
Then cast her in a sleep you see.
But, brother, to the cause (quoth she)
Why by your raging waters wild
Am I here called ? Thetis' child,
Reply'd the god, for thee I sent,
That when her time of sleep is spent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women best know women's rage.
Meanwhile, fair nymph, accompany
My spring with thy sweet harmony ;
And we will make her soul to take
Some pleasure, which is sad to wake,
Although the body hath his rest.

She gave consent : and each of them addrest
Unto their part. The watry nymph did sing
In manner of a pretty questioning :
The god made answer to what she propounded,
Whilst from the spring a pleasant music sounded,
(Making each shrub in silence to adore them)
Taking their subject from what lay before them.

NYMPH.

What's that, compact of earth, infus'd with air,
A certain, made full with uncertainties ;
Sway'd by the motion of each several sphere ;
Who's fed with nought but infelicities ;
Endures not heat nor cold ; is like a swan,
That this hour sings, next dies ?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, born to be sick, so always dying,
That's guided by inevitable fate ;

(a) The watry nymph that spoke to Remond.

That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;

Whose kalendar of woes is still in date;
Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span;
A comfort still in discords?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, whose thoughts are still quell'd in th' event,

Though ne'er so lawful, by an opposite,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:
And as his ears wears still a parasite:

Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends,
who can

In want prove meer illusions?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, that what he is not, strives to seem,
That doth support an Atlas-weight of care:
That of an outward good doth best esteem,
And looketh not within how solid they are:
That doth not virtuous, but the richest scan;
Learning and worth by wealth?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's that possessor, which of good makes bad;
And what is worst makes choice still for the best;
That giveth most to think of what he had,
And of his chiefest loss accounteth least;
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;

Whose fancy's ever boundless!

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

But what is it, wherein * dame nature wrought
The best of works, the only frame of heaven;
And having long to find a present, sought,
Wherein the world's whole beauty might be given;

She did resolve in it all arts to summon,
'To join with nature's framing?

GOD. 'Tis this woman.

NYMPH.

If beauty be a thing to be admired;
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we do affect, is most desired;
What wight is he to love denies subjection?
And can his thoughts within himself confine?
Marine that waking lay, said—Celandine.

He is the man that hates, which some admire;
He is the wight that lothes whom most desire:
'Tis only he to love denies subjecting,
And but himself, thinks none is worth affecting.
Unhappy me the while; accurst my fate,
That nature gives no love where she gave hate.
The watry rulers then perceived plain,
Nipt with the winter of love's frost, disdain;
This nonpareil of beauty had been led
To do an act which envy pitied:
Therefore in pity did confer together,
What physic best might cure this burning fever.

* The first woman is feigned to be named Pandora, i. e. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts and ornaments of all the gods. As Hesiod. Ὅτι πάντης ἐλυμπεῖα δώματα ἔχεντες Δωπρον ἰδέσθων.

At last found out that in a grove below,
Where shadowing sycamours past number grow,
A fountain takes his journey to the main,
Whose liquor's nature was so soveraign,
(Like to the wond'rous well and famous spring,
Which in † Boetia hath his issuing)

That who so of it doth but only taste,
All former memory from him doth waste.
Not changing any other work of nature,
But doth endow the drinker with a feature
More lovely. Fair Medea took from hence
Some of this water; by whose quintessence,
‡ Eson from age came back to youth. This known,
(The god thus spake:)

————— Nymph be thine own,
And after mine. This goddess here
(For she's no less) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge springs have done
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and live with me,
No shepherd's daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life.
Meanwhile I leave thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sister's charge;
Whilst I into my spring do dive,
To see that they do not deprive
The meadows near, which much do thirst,
Thus heated by the sun. May first
(Quoth Marine) swains give lambs to thee;
And may thy flood have seignorie
Of all floods else; and to thy fame
Meet greater springs, yet keep thy name.
May never euet, nor the toad,
Within thy banks make their abode!
Taking thy journey from the sea,
May'st thou ne'er happen in thy way
On nitre or on brimstone mine,
To spoil thy taste! this spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceived, in their birth
Be ever fresh! let no man dare
To spoil thy fish, make lock or ware,
But on thy margent still let dwell
Those flow'rs which have the sweetest smell,
And let the dust upon thy strand
Become like 'Iagus' golden sand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou hast favour shew'd to me.

Thus said; in gentle paces they remove,
And hast'ned onward to the shady grove:
Where both arriv'd; and having found the rock,
Saw how this precious water it did lock.
As he whom avarice possesseth most,
Drawn by necessity unto his cost,
Doth drop by piece-meal down his prison'd gold,
And seems unwilling to let go his hold.
So the strong rock the water long time stops
And by degrees lets it fall down in drops. [food,
Like hoarding housewives that do mould their
And keep from others, what doth them no good.

† Pliny writes of two springs rising in Boetia, the first helping memory, called Μνήμη. The latter causing oblivion, called Διήνη.

‡ Ovid. Metam. b. 6.

The drops within a cistern fell of stone
Which fram'd by nature, art had never one
Half part so curious. Many spells then using,
The water's nymph 'twixt Marine's lips infusing
Part of this water, she might straight perceive
How soon her troubled thoughts began to leave
Her love-swoln breast; and that her inward flame
Was clean assuaged, and the very name
Of Celandine forgotten; did scarce know
If there were such a thing as love or no.
And sighing, therewithal threw in the air
All former love, all sorrow, all despair;
And all the former causes of her moan
Did therewith bury in oblivion.
Then must'ring up her thoughts, grown vagabonds
Prest to relieve her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things past forgotten,
As men do monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
As one new-born she seem'd, so all discerning:
"Though things long learned are the long'st un-
learning."

Then walk'd they to a grove but near at hand,
Where fiery Titan had but small command,
Because the leaves conspiring kept his beams,
For fear of hurting (when he's in extremes)
The under flowers, which did enrich the ground
With sweeter scents than Arabia found.
The earth doth yield (which they through pores
exhale)

Earth's best of odours, th' aromatical:
Like to that smell, which oft our sense descries
Within a field which long unplowed lies,
Somewhat before the setting of the sun;
And where the rainbow in the horizon
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long
time,

The hand of heaven his spongy clouds doth strain,
And throws into her lap a shower of rain;
She sendeth up (conceived from the sun)
A sweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the ointments brought from Delos isle;
Nor from the confines of seven-headed Nile;
Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes,
Nor Cyprus wild vine-flowers; nor that of Rhodes;
Nor roses oil from Naples, Capua,
Saffron confect in Cicilia;
Nor that of quinces, nor of marjoram,
That ever from the isle of Coös, came.
Nor these, nor any else, though ne'er so rare,
Could with this place for sweetest smells compare.
* There stood the elm, whose shade so mildly dim
Doth nourish all that groweth under him.
Cypresses that like pyramids run topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
The elder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set near to him long flourisheth.
The heavy-headed plane tree, by whose shade
The grass grows thickest, men are fresher made.
The oak, that best endures the thunder shocks:
The everlasting ebon, cedar, box.
The olive that in wainscot never cleaves.
The amorous vine, which in the elm still weaves.

* See *Spencer's Faery Queen*, b. I. c. I. st. 8, 9.

The lotus, juniper, where worms ne'er enter:
The pine, with whom men through the ocean ven-
ture.

The warlike yew, by which (more than the lance)
The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.
Amongst he rest the tamarisk there stood,
For housewives besoms only known most good.
The cold-place-loving birch, and service tree:
The walnut loving vales, and mulberry.
The mapple, ash, that do delight in fountains,
Which have their currents by the sides of moun-
tains.

The laurel, myrtle, ivy, date, which hold
Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold.
The fir, that oftentimes doth rosin drop:
The beech, that scales the welkin with his top:
All these, and thousand more within this grove,
By all the industry of nature strove
To frame an arbour that might keep within it
The best of beauties that the world hath in it.

Here ent'ring, at the entrance of which shroud,
The sun half angry hid him in a cloud,
As raging that a grove should from his sight
Lock up a beauty whence himself had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.

Near to this wood there lay a pleasant mead,
Where fairies often did their measures tread,
Which in the meadow made such circles green,
As if with garlands it had crowned been,
Or like the circle where the signs we track,
And learned shepherds call't the Zodiac:
Within one of these rounds was to be seen
A hillock rise, where oft the fairy queen
At twilight fate, and did command her elves,
To pinch those maids that had not swept their
shelves:

And further, if by maidens oversight,
Within doors water were not brought at night:
Or if they spread no table, set no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head:
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the water pale bade leave a ring.

Upon this hill there sat a lovely swain,
As if that nature thought it great disdain
That he should (so through her his genius told
him)

Take equal place with swains, since she did hold
him

Her chiefest work, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiors he should never sit.
Narcissus' change, sure Ovid clean mistook,
He dy'd not looking in a chrystal brook,
But (as those which in emulation gaze)
He pin'd to death by looking on this face.
When he stood fishing by some river's brim,
The fish would leap, more for a sight of him
Than for the fly. The eagle, highest bred,
Was taking him once up for Ganymede.
The shag-hair'd satyrs, and the tripping fawns;
With all the troop that frolick on the lawns,
Would come and gaze on him, as who should say
They had not seen his like this many a day.
Yea Venus knew no difference 'twixt these twain
Save Adon was a hunter, this a swain.

The wood's sweet choristers from spray to spray
 Would hop them nearest him, and then there stay:
 Each joying greatly from his little heart,
 That they with his sweet reed might bear a part.
 This was the boy, (the poets did mistake)
 To whom bright Cynthia so much love did make,
 And promis'd for his love no scornful eyes
 Should ever see her more in horned guise:
 But she at his command, would as of duty
 Become as full of light as he of beauty.
 Lucina at his birth for midwife stuck:
 And Citherea nurs'd and gave him suck,
 Who to that end, once dove-drawn from the sea,
 Her full paps dropt, whence came the milky way.
 And as when Plato did i' th' cradle thrive,
 Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive:
 So to this boy they came, I know not whether
 They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
 The wood nymphs oftentimes would busied be,
 And pluck for him the blushing strawberry:
 Making of them a bracelet on a bent,
 Which for a favour to this swain they sent.
 Sitting in shades, the sun would oft by skips
 Steal through the boughs, and seize upon his lips.
 The chiefest cause the sun did condescend
 To * Phaeton's request, was to this end,
 That whilst the other did his horses rein, [swain;
 He might slide from his sphere, and court this
 Whose sparkling eyes vy'd lustre with the stars,
 The truest centre of all circulars.
 In brief, if any man in skill were able
 To finish up † Apelles' half done table,
 This boy (the man left out) were fittest sure
 To be the pattern of that portraiture.

Piping he sat, as merry as his look,
 And by him lay his bottle and his hook,
 His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silk,
 Which held a leg more white than morning's milk.
 Those buskins he had got and brought away
 For dancing best upon the revel day.
 His oaten reed did yield forth such sweet notes,
 Joined in consort with the birds shrill throats,
 That equalis'd the harmony spheres,
 A music that would ravish choicest ears.
 Long look'd they on (who would not long look on,
 That such an object had to look upon)?
 Till at the last the nymph did Marine send,
 To ask the nearest way, whereby to wend
 To these fair walks where sprung Marina's ill,
 Whilst she would stay: Marine obey'd her will,
 And hast'ned towards him (who would not do so,
 That such a pretty journey had to go?)
 Sweetly she came, and with a modest blush,
 Gave him the day, and then accosted thus:

Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flock doth feed)
 Sit'st sweetly piping on thine oaten reed
 Upon this little berry (some yclepe
 A hillock) void of care, as are thy sheep
 Devoid of spots, and sure on all this green
 A fairer flock as yet were never seen:

* See Ovid's *Metam.* b. 2. *Apollonius Argonaut.* l. 4.
Lucretius, l. 5.

† An unfinished *Venus*. *Plin.* l. 35. c. 10. *Cicero*,
 l. 3. *de Officiis*, lib. 1. *epist.* 9. *Epist. ad Famil.*

Do me this favour (men should favour maids)
 That whatsoever path directly leads,
 And void of danger, thou to me do shew,
 That by it to the Marish I may go.
 Marriage! (quoth he) mistaking what she said,
 Nature's perfection: thou most fairest maid,
 (If any fairer than the fairest may be)
 Come sit thee down by me; know lovely lady,
 Love is the readiest way; if ta'en aright
 You may attain thereto full long ere night.
 The maiden thinking he of Marish spoke,
 And not of marriage, straightway did invoke,
 And pray'd the shepherd's god might always
 keep

Him from all danger, and from wolves his sheep.
 Wishing with all that in the prime of spring
 Each sheep he had, two lambs might yearly bring.
 But yet (quoth she) arede good gentle swain,
 If in the dale below, or on yond plain;
 Or is the village situate in a grove,
 Through which my way lies, and ye cleped love.
 Nor on yon plain, nor in this neighbouring wood;
 Nor in the dale where glides the silver flood.
 But like a beacon on a hill so high,
 That every one may see't which passeth by
 Is love yplac'd; there's nothing can it hide,
 Although of you as yet 'tis unesp'y'd.
 But on which hill (quoth she) pray tell me true?
 Why here, (quoth he) it sits and talks to you.
 And are you love (quoth she?) fond swain adieu,
 You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
 Though not your way, you may not lie by me:
 Nymph, with a shepherd thou as merrily
 May'st love and live, as with the greatest lord,
 "Greatness doth never most content afford."
 I love thee only, not affect world's pelf,
 "She is not lov'd, that's lov'd not for herself."
 How many shepherd's daughters who in duty,
 To griping fathers, have intral'd their beauty,
 To wait upon the gout, to walk when pleases
 Old January halt. O that diseases
 Should link with youth! She hath such a mate
 Is like two twins, born both incorporate:
 Th' one living, the other dead: the living twin
 Must needs be slain through noisomness of him
 He carrieth with him: such are their estates,
 Who merely marry wealthy, and not their mates.

As ebbing waters freely slide away,
 To pay their tribute to the raging sea;
 When meeting with the flood they juggle stout,
 Whether the one shall in, or th' other out:
 Till the strong flood new power of waves doth
 bring,

And drives the river back into his spring:
 So Marine's words off'ring to take their course,
 By love then ent'ring, were kept back, and force
 To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd
 And threw them back again into her mind.

"How hard it is to leave and not to do
 That which by nature we are prone unto?
 We hardly can (alas! why not?) discuss,
 When nature hath decreed it must be thus.
 It is a maxim held of all, known plain,
 "Thurst nature off with forks, she'll turn a-
 gain."

Blithe Doridon (so men this shepherd hight)
Seeing his goddess in a silent plight,
("Love often makes the speech's organs mute,")
Began again thus to renew his suit:

If by my words your silence hath been such,
Faith I am sorry I have spoke so much.
Bar I those lips? fit to be th' utterers, when
The heavens would parly with the chiefs of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hears convinces)
When best of scribes writes to the best of princes,
Were mine like yours of choicest words completest,
"I'd shew how grief's a thing weighs down the
"greatest

"The best of forms (who knows not?) grief doth
"taint it,

"The skilfull'st pencil never yet could paint it."
And reason good, since no man yet could find
What figure represents a grieved mind.
Methinks a troubled thought is thus exprest,
To be a chaos rude and indigest:

Where all do rule, and yet none bears chief sway:
Check'd only by a power that's more than they.

This do I speak, since to this every lover
That thus doth love, is thus still given over.

If that you say you will not, cannot love:

Oh heavens! for what cause then do you here move?

Are you not fram'd of that expertest mold,

For whom all in this round concordance hold

Or are you framed of some other fashion,

And have a form and heart but not a passion?

It cannot be: for then unto what end

Did the best workman this great work intend?

Not that by mind's commerce, and joint estate,

The world's continuers still should propagate?

Yea, if that reason (regent of the senses)

Have but a part amongst your excellences,

She'll tell you what you call virginity,

Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;

Which when the gard'ner on it pains bestows,

To graft an imp thereon, in time it grows

To such perfection, that it yearly brings

As goodly fruit as any tree that springs.

Believe me, maiden, vow no chastity;

For maidens but imperfect creatures be.

Alas! poor boy, (quoth Marine), have the fates

Exempted no degrees? are no estates

Free from love's rage? Be rul'd: unhappy swain,

Call back thy spirits, and recollect again

Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth

"Love is a syren that doth shipwreck youth."

Be well advis'd, thou entertain'st a guest

That is the harbinger of all unrest:

Which like the viper's young that lick the earth,

Eat out the breeder's womb to get a birth.

Faith (quoth the boy) I know there cannot be

Danger in loving or in enjoying thee.

For what cause were things made and called good,

But to be loved? If you understood

The birds that prattle here, you would know then,

As birds woo birds, maids should be woo'd of
men.

But I want power to woo, since what was mine

Is fled, and lie as vassals at your shrine: [move,

And since what's mine is your's, let that same

Although in me you see nought worthy love.

Marine about to speak, forth of a sling
(Fortune to all misfortune's plies her wing
More quick and speedy) came a sharp'ned flint,
Which in the fair boy's neck made such a dint,
That crimson blood came streaming from the
wound,

And he fell down into a deadly swoond.

The blood ran all along where it did fall,

And could not find a place of burial:

But where it came, it there congealed stood,

As if the earth loth'd to drink guiltless blood.

Gold-hair'd Apollo, muses sacred king,

Whose praise in Delphos' isle doth ever ring:

Physic's first founder, whose art's excellence

Extracted nature's chiefest quintessence,

Unwilling that a thing of such a worth

Should so be lost; straight sent a dragon forth

To fetch his blood, and he perform'd the same:

And now apothecaries give it name,

From him that fetch'd it: (* doctors know it good

In physic's use) and call it dragon's blood.

Some of the blood by chance did downward fall,

And by a vein got to a mineral,

Whence came a red, decayed dames infuse it

With Venice ceruse, and for painting use it.

Marine astonish'd, (most unhappy maid),

O'ercome with fear, and at the view afraid,

Fell down into a trance, eyes lost their sight,

Which being open made all darkness light.

Her blood ran to her heart, or life to feed,

Or lothing to behold so vile a deed.

And as when winter doth the earth array

In silver suit, and when the night and day

Are in dissention, night locks up the ground,

Which by the help of day is oft unbound;

A shepherd's boy with bow and shafts addrest,

Ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the breast

Of some poor fowl, doth with the blow straight

rush

To catch the bird lies panting in the bush:

So rush'd this striker in, up Marine took,

And hast'ned with her to a near hand brook (saine)

Old shepherd's saine (old shepherd's sooth have

Two rivers † took their issue from the main,

Both near together, and each bent his race,

Which of them both should first behold the face

Of radiant Phœbus: one of them in gliding

Chanc'd on a vein where nitre had abiding:

The other, lothing that her purer wave

Should be defil'd with that the nitre gave,

Fled fast away, the other follow'd fast,

Till both been in a rock ymet at last.

As seem'd best, to rock did first deliver

Out of his hollow sides the purer river:

(As if it taught those men in honour clad,

To help the virtuous and suppress the bad).

Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.

As men from earth, to earth; from sea to sea

* The tears of a tree bearing a fruit something like a cherry; the skin of which pulled off, they say, resembles a dragon.

† An expression of the natures of two rivers rising near together, and differing in their tastes and manner of running.

So rivers run : and that from whence both came
Takes what she gave : waves, earth : but leaves a
name.

As waters have their course, and in their place
Succeeding streams well out, so is man's race :
The name doth still survive, and cannot die,
Until the channels stop, or spring grow dry.

As I have seen upon a bridal day
Full many maids clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride come with their flasks
Fill'd full with flowers : others in wicker baskets
Bring from the marish rushes, to o'erspread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread ;
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plain
Ushers their way with many a piping strain :
So, as in joy, at this fair river's birth,
Triton came upon a channel with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring nymphs each in her
turn

To pour their pretty rivulets from their urn ;
To wait upon this new-delivered spring.
Some running through the meadows, with them
bring

Cowslip and mint : and 'tis another's lot
To light upon some gardener's curious knot,
Whence she upon her breast (love's sweet repose)
Doth bring the queen of flowers, the English rose.
Some from the fen bring reeds, wild thyme from
downs ;

Some from a grove the bay that poets crowns ;
Some from an aged rock the moss hath torn,
And leaves him naked unto winter's storm :
Another from her banks (in mere good will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the camomile.
Thus all bring somewhat, and do overspread
The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.

This while the flood which yet the rock up pent,
And suffered not with jocund merriment
To tread rounds in his spring ; came rushing forth,
As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth
Should not have liberty, nor help the prime.
And as some ruder swain composing rhyme,
Spends many a grey goose quill unto the handle,
Buries within his socket many a candle ;
Blots paper by the quire, and dries up ink,
As Xerxes' army did whole rivers drink,
Hoping thereby his name his work should raise
That it should live until the last of days :
Which finished, he boldly doth address
Him and his works to undergo the press ;
When lo (O fate !) his work not seeming fit
To walk in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawn by both moths and
worms,

At which he frets : right so this river storms :
But broken forth, as Tavy creeps upon
The western * vales of fertile Albion,
Here dashes roughly on an aged rock,
That his intended passage doth up lock ;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himself in many a wry meander ;
Here amorously bent, clips some fair mead ;
And then dispers'd in rills, doth measures tread

* *Devonshire.*

Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry ranks :
There in another place bears down the banks
Of some day-labouring wretch : here meets a rill,
And with their forces join'd cut out a mill
Into an island, then in jocund guise
Surveys his conquest, lands his enterprise :
Here digs a cave at some high mountain's foot :
There undermines an oak, tears up his root :
Thence rushing to some country farm at hand,
Breaks o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweeps from his
land

His harvest hope of wheat, of rye, or pease :
And makes that channel which was shepherd's
lease :

Here, as our wicked age doth sacrilege,
Helps down an abbey, then a natural bridge
By creeping under ground he frameth out,
As who should say he either went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For having done a deed so vile and base,
So ran this river on, and did bestir
Himself, to find his fellow-traveller.

But th' other fearing lest her noise might shew
What path she took, which way her streams did
flow :

As some way-faring man strays through a wood,
Where beasts of prey thirsting for human blood
Lurk in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,
Not trusting to his heels, treads on his toes :
Dreads every noise he hears, thinks each small bush
To be a beast that would upon him rush :
Feareth to die, and yet his wind doth smother ;
Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another :
Such was her course. This feared to be found,
The other not to find, swells o'er each mound,
Roars, rages, foams, against a mountain dashes,
And in recoil, makes meadows standing plashe :
Yet finds not what he seeks in all his way,
But in despair runs headlong to the sea.
This was the cause them by tradition taught,
Why one flood ran so fast, th' other so soft,
Both from one head. Unto the rougher stream,
(Crown'd by that meadow's flow'ry diadem,
Where Doridon lay hurt) the cruel swain
Hurries the shepherdes, where having lay'n
Her in a boat like the * canoes of Ind,
Some feely trough of wood, or some tree's rind :
Puts from the shore, and leaves the weeping
strand,

Intends an act by water, which the land
Abhor'd to bolster ; yea, the guiltless earth
Loth'd to be midwife to so vile a birth :
Which to relate I am enforc'd to wrong
To modest blushes of my maiden song.

Then each fair nymph whom nature doth endow
With beauty's cheek, crown'd with a shamefac'd
brow ;

Whose well-tun'd ears, chaste object-loving een
Ne'er heard nor saw the works of † Aretine ;

* See *Thomas de Bry's America*, vol. I. fol. part. I.
Virginia Tabul. 12mo. *Lintrium conficiendorum Ratio.*
See likewise *Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels*, fol. 3d east.
p. 30.

† *Italian poet.*

Who ne'er came on the Citherean shelf,
But is as true as chastity itself,
Where hated impudence ne'er set her seed;
Where lust lies not vail'd in a virgin's weed:
Let her withdraw. Let each young shepherdling
Walk by, or stop his ear, the whilst I sing.

But ye, whose blood, like kids upon a plain,
Doth skip, and dance lavoltoes in each vein;
Whose breasts are swoln with the venerean
game,

And warm yourselves at lust's alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare think,
And wallowing lie within a sensual sink;
Whose feigned gestures do entrap our youth
With an apparency of simple truth;
Insatiate gulfs, in your defective part
By art help nature, and by nature, art:
Lend me your ears, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleep the while I sing.

But stay: methinks I hear something in me
That bids me keep the bounds of modesty;
Says, "Each man's voice to that is quickly moved
"Which of himself is best of all beloved;
"By uttering what thou know'st less glory's got,
"Than by concealing what thou knowest not."

If so, I yield to it, and set my rest
Rather to loose the bad, than wrong the best.
My maiden muse flies the lascivious swains,
And scorns to soil her lines with lustful strains:
Will not dilate (nor on her forehead bear
Immodesty's abhorred character)
His shameless prying, his undecent doings;
His curious searches, his disrespectful wooings:
How that he saw. But what? I dare not break it,
You safer may conceive than I dare speak it.
Yet verily had he not thought her dead,
Sh' 'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her maidenhead.

The rougher stream lothing a thing compacted
Of so great shame, should on his flood be acted;
(According to our times not well allow'd
In others, what he in himself avow'd)
Bent hard his forehead, furrow'd up his face,
And danger led the way the boat did trace.
And as within a landscape that doth stand
Wrought by the pencil of some curious hand,
We may descry, here meadow, there a wood:
Here standing ponds, and there a running flood:
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vaunted,
Where once the roaring cannon had been planted:
There on a hill a swain pipes out the day,
Outbraving all the choristers of May.
A huntsman here follows his cry of hounds,
Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport to allow,
Follows the hounds, and careless leaves the plough.
There in another place some high-raised land,
In pride bears out her breasts unto the strand.
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head:
Here round a May-pole some the measures tread:
There boys the truant play and leave their book:
Here stands an angler with a baited hook.
There for a stag one lurks within a bough:
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.
There on a goodly plain (by time thrown down)
Lies buried in his dust some ancient town;

VOL. IV.

Who now envillaged, there's only seen
In his vast ruins what his state has been:
And all of these in shadows so express
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest;
So for the swain the flood did mean to him
To shew in nature, (not by art to limn)
A tempest's rage, his furious waters threat,
Some on this shore, some on the other beat.
Here stands a mountain, where was once a dale;
There where a mountain flood is now a vale.
Here flows a billow, there another meets:
Each, on each side the skiff, unkindly greets.
The waters underneath 'gan upward move,
Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above:
Billows that miss'd the boat, still onward thrust,
And on the cliffs, as swoln with anger, burst.
All these, and more, in substance so express,
Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest.
Horror in triumph rid upon the waves;
And all the furies from their gloomy caves
Come hovering o'er the boat, summon'd each sense
Before the fearful bar of conscience;
Were guilty all, and all condemned were
To undergo their horrors which despair.
What muse? what pow'r? or what thrice fa-

cred hearse,
That lives immortal in a well-tun'd verse,
Can lend me such a sight that I might see
A guilty conscience true anatomy;
That well kept register wherein is writ
All ill men do, all goodness they omit?
His pallid fears, his sorrows, his affrightings;
His late wish'd had-I-wists, remorseful bitings;
His many tortures, his heart-rending pain:
How were his griefs compos'd in one chain,
And he by it let down into the seas,
Or through the centre to the antipodes?
He might change climates, or be barr'd heaven's
face:
Yet find no salve, nor ever change his case.
Fears, sorrows, tortures, sad affright, nor any,
Like to the conscience sting, though thrice as
many;
Yet all these torments by the swain were born,
Whilst death's grim visage lay upon the storm:
But as when some kind nurse doth long time
keep
Her pretty babe at suck, whom fall'n asleep
She lays down in his cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;
Whilst the sweet child, not troubled with the
shock,
As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rock:
So lay the maid, th' amazed swain sat weeping;
And death in her was dispos'd by sleeping.
The roaring voice of winds, the billows raves,
Nor all the muttering of the sullen waves
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stir:
But lull'd her more asleep than wakened her.
Such are their states, whose souls from foul offence,
Enthroned sit in spotless innocence.
Where rest my muse; till (jolly shepherd's swains)
Next morn with pearls of dew bedecks our plains:
We'll fold our flocks, then in fit time to go on
To tune mine oaten pipe for Doridon.

8

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG III.

The Argument.

The shepherd's swain here singing on

Tells of the cure of Doridon :

And then unto the water's falls

Chaunteth the rustic pastorals.

Now had the sun, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world :
And Cynthia, in her orb and perfect round,
Twice view'd the shadows of the upper ground.
Twice had the day-star usher'd forth the light ;
And twice the evening-star proclaim'd the night ;
E'er once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorn)
Came with his pipe to salute the morn.

When grac'd by time (unhappy time the while)
The cruel swain (who e'er knew swain so vile ?)
Had stroke the lad, in came the wat'ry nymph,
To raise from found poor Doridon (the imp,
Whom nature seem'd to have selected forth
To be ingrafted on some stock of worth ;)
And the maids help, but since " to dooms of fate
" Succour, though ne'er so soon, comes still too
" late."

She rais'd the youth, then with her arms inrings
him, [him]

And so with words of hope she homewards brings

At door expecting him his mother sat,

Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late ;

Framing for him unto herself excuses :

And with such thoughts gladly herself abuses :

As that her son, since day grew old and weak,

Staid with the maids to run at barleybreak

Or that he coursd a park with females fraught,

Which would not run except they might be caught.

Or in the thickets laid some wily snare

To take the rabbit or the purblind hare.

Or taught his dog to catch the climbing kid :

Thus shepherds do ; and thus she thought he did.

" In things expected meeting with delay,
" Though there be none, we frame some cause
" of stay."

And so did she, (as she who doth not so ;)

Conjecture time unwing'd he came so flow.

But Doridon drew near, so did her grief :

" Ill luck, for speed, of all things else is chief."

For as the blind man * sung, " time so provides,

" That joy goes still on foot, and sorrow rides."

Now when she saw (a woful sight) her son,

Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun

To utter such a plaint, that scarce another

Like this, e'er came from any love-sick mother.

If man hath done this, heaven why mad'st thou

men ?

Not to deface thee and thy children ;

But by the work the workman to adore ;

Framing that something, which was nought before.

Ay me unhappy wretch ! if that in things

Which are as we (save title) men fear kings,

That be their postures to the life limb'd on

Some wood as frail as they, or cut in stone, [things,"

" 'Tis death to stab : why then should earthly

Dare to deface his form, who formed kings ?

When the world was but in his infancy,

Revenge, desires unjust, vile jealousy,

Hate, envy, murder, all these six then reigned,

When but their half of men the world contained.

Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,

When now as many vices live as men.

* Homer.

Live they? yes, live I fear to kill my son,
With whom my joys, my love, my hopes, are done.
Cease, quoth the water's nymph, that led the
swain;

Though 'tis each mother's cause thus to complain:
Yet "abstinence in things we must profess
"Which nature fram'd for need, not for excess."

Since the least blood, drawn from the lesser part
Of any child, comes from the mother's heart,
We cannot choose but grieve, except that we
Should be more senseless than the senseless tree,
Reply'd his mother. Do but cut the limb
Of any tree, the trunk will weep for him:

Rend the cold * sycamor's thin bark in two,
His name and tears would say, so love should do.

"That mother is all flint (than beasts less good)

"Which drops no water when her child streams
"blood."

At this the wounded boy fell on his knee,
Mother, kind mother (said), weep not for me,
Why, I am well; indeed I am. If you
Cease not to weep, my wound will bleed anew.
When I was promis'd first the light's fruition,
You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I should hold it with like rent and pain
As others do, and one time leave 't again.
Then, dearest mother leave, oh! leave to wail,
"Time will effect where tears can nought avail."

Herewith Marinda, taking up her son,
Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon.
She thank'd the nymph, for her kind succour lent,
Who straight tript to her watry regiment.

Down in a dell (where in that † month whose
fame

Grows greater by the man who gave it name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cock of short sweet hay,
That feeds the husband's neat each winter's day)
A mountain had his foot, and gan to rise
In stately height to parley with the skies.
And yet as blaming his own lofty gate,
Weighing the fickle props in things of state,
His head began to droop, and downwards bending,
Knock'd on that breast which gave it birth and
ending:

And lies so with an hollow hanging vault,
As when some boy trying the Somerset,
Stands on his head, and feet, as he did lie
To kick against earth's spangled canopy;
When seeing that his heels are of such weight,
That he cannot obtain their purpos'd height,
Leaves any more to strive; and thus doth say:
What now I cannot do; another day
May well effect: It cannot be deny'd
I shew'd a will to act, because I try'd:
The scornful Hill men call'd him, who did scorn
So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
No hate to greatness, but a mind to be
The slave of greatness through humility:
For had his mother nature thought it meet,
He meekly bowing would have kiss'd her feet.

Under the hollow hanging of this hill,
There was a cave cut out by nature's skill:

* Alluding to our English pronunciation, and indif-
ferent orthography.

† July took its name from Julius Caesar.

Or else it seem'd the mount did open's breast,
That all might see what thoughts he there possess'd.
Whose gloomy entrance was environ'd round
With shrubs that cloy ill husband's meadow-
ground:

The thick-grown hawthorn, and the binding
The holly, that outdares cold winter's ice:

Who, all entwin'd, each limb with limb did deal;
That scarce a glimpse of light could inward steal.
And uncouth place, fit for an uncouth mind,
That is as heavy as that cave is blind;
Here liv'd a man, his hoary hairs call'd old,
Upon whose front time many years had told.
Who, since dame nature in him feeble grew,
And he unapt to give the world ought new,
The secret power of herbs that grow on mold,
Sought ought to cherish and relieve the old.

Hither Marinda, all in haste, came running,
And with her tears desir'd the old man's cunning;
When this good man (as goodness still is prest
At all assays to help a wight distress)

As glad and willing was to ease her son,
As she would ever joy to see it done.
And giving her a salve in leaves up-bound;
And she directed how to cure the wound,
With thanks, made homewards, (longing still to see
Th' effect of this good hermit's surgery)

There carefully her son laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the blood he on it shed)
She washes, dresses, binds his wound (yet sore)
That griev'd, it could weep blood for him no more;

Now had the glorious sun ta'en up his inn,
And all the lamps of heav'n enlight'ned been,
Within the gloomy shades of some thick spring,
Sad Philomel gan on the hawthorn sing,
(Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid)
The outrage done upon a feely maid.

All things were hush'd, each bird slept on his bough;
And night gave rest to him, day tir'd at plough;
Each beast, each bird, and each day-toiling wight;
Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night:
Free from the gripes of sorrow every one,
Except poor Philomel and Doridon;
She on a thorn sings sweet, though sighing strains;
He on a couch more soft, more sad complains:
Whose inpent thoughts him long time having
pained,

He sighing wept, and weeping thus complain'd.

Sweet Philomela (then he heard her sing)
I do not envy thy sweet caroling,
But do admire thee, that each ev'n and morrow,
Canst carelessly thus sing away thy sorrow.
Would I could do so too! and ever be
In all my woes still imitating thee:
But I may not attain to that; for then
Such most unhappy, miserable men
Would strive with heaven, and imitate the sun;
Whose golden beams in exhalation,
Though drawn from sens, or other grounds impure,
Turn all to fructifying nurture.

When we draw nothing by our sun-like eyes,
That ever turns to mirth, but miseries:
Would I had never seen, except that she
Who made me wish so, love to look on me;

Had * Colin Clout yet liv'd, (but he is gone)
That best on earth could tune a lover's moan.
Whose sadder tones enforc'd the rocks to weep,
And laid the greatest griefs in quiet sleep:
Who, when he sung (as I would do to mine)
His truest loves to his fair Rosalin,
Entic'd each shepherd's ear to hear him play,
And rapt with wonder, thus admiring say:
'Thrice happy plains (if plains thrice happy may be)
Where such a shepherd pipes to such a lady.
Who made the lasses long to sit down near him;
And woo'd the rivers from their springs to hear
him.

Heaven rest thy soul (if so a swain may pray)
And as thy works live here, live there for ay.
Meanwhile (unhappy) I shall still complain
Love's cruel wounding of a silly swain.

Two nights thus past: the lily-handed morn
Saw Phoebus stealing dew from Ceres' corn.
The mounting lark (day's herald) got on wing,
Bidding each bird choose out his bough and sing.
† The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the mean, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor; and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the music might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing
hearts:

But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the swains,
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's
plains)
There should some droaning part be, therefore
will'd

Some bird to fly into a neighb'ring field,
In embassy unto the king of bees,
'To aid his partners on the flow'rs and trees:
Who, condescending, gladly flew along,
'To bear the bass to his well tuned song.
'To crows was willing they should be beholding
For his deep voice; but being hoarse with scolding,
He thus lends aid; upon an oak doth climb,
And, nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

O, true delight, enharb'ring the breasts
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had nature unto man such simpl'ness given,
He would, like birds, be far more near to heaven.
But Doridon well knew (who knows no less?)
"Man's compounds have o'erthrown his simple-
ness." [yield,

Noontide the morn had woo'd, and she 'gan
When Doridon (made ready for the field)
Goes sadly forth (a woful shepherd's lad)
Drowned in tears, his mind with grief yclad,
To ope his fold and let his lambkins out,
(Full jolly flock they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
Both guides and follows them towards their
grazing. [dear,

When from a grove the wood-nymphs held full
Two heavenly voices did entreat his ear,
And did compel his longing eyes to see
What happy wight enjoy'd such harmony.

* Edmund Spenser.

† A description of a musical consort of birds.

Which joined with five more, and so made se-
ven,
Would parallel in mirth the spheres of heaven.
To have a sight at first he would not press,
For fear to interrupt such happiness:
But kept aloof the thick grown shrubs among,
Yet so as he might hear this wooing song.

F. Fye, shepherd's swain, why sit'st thou all alone,
Whilst other lads are sporting on the leys?

R. Joy may have company, but grief hath none:
Where pleasure never came, sports cannot please.

F. Yet may you please to grace our this day's
sport;

Though not an actor, yet a looker on.

R. A looker on indeed, so swains of sort,
Cast low, take joy to look whence they are
thrown.

F. Seek joy, and find it.

R. Grief doth not mind it.

BOTH.

"Then both agree in one,

"Sorrow doth hate

"To have a mate;

"True grief is still alone."

F. Sad swain array'd, (if that a maid may ask?)
What cause so great effects of grief hath
wrought?

R. Alas, love is not hid, it wears no mask;
To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought.

F. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:
Your speech I do entreat about this task.

R. If that my heart were seen, 'twould be dis-
cerned;

And Fida's name found graven on the cask.

F. Hath love young Remond moved?

R. 'Tis Fida that is loved.

BOTH.

"Although 'tis said that no men

"Will with their hearts,

"Or goods chief parts,

"Trust either seas or women."

F. How may a maiden be assur'd of love,
Since falsehood late in every swain excelleth?

R. When protestations fail, time may approve
Where true affection lives, where falsehood
dwelleth.

F. The truest cause elects a judge as true:
Fy, how my sighing, my much loving telleth!

R. Your love is fix'd in one whose heart to you
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.

F. None other shall have grace.

R. None else in my heart place.

BOTH.

"Go, shepherd swain, and wive all,

"For love and kings

"Are two like things,

"Admitting no corival."

As when some malefactor judg'd to die
For his offence, his execution nigh,
Casteth his sight on states unlike to his,
And weighs his ill by other's happiness:
So Doridon thought every state to be
Further from him, more near felicity.

O blessed sight! where such concordance meets,
Where truth with truth, and love with liking
greet.

Had (quoth the swain) the fates given me some
measure

Of true delight's inestimable treasure,
I had been fortunate: but now so weak
My bankrupt heart will be enforc'd to break.
Sweet love that draws on earth a yoke so even;
Sweet life that imitates the bliss of heaven;
Sweet death they needs must have, who so unite
That two distinct make one hermaphrodite:
Sweet love, sweet life, sweet death, that so do
meet

On earth; in death, in heaven be ever sweet!
Let all good wishes ever wait upon you,
And happiness as handmaid tending on you.
Your love's within one centre meeting have!
One hour your deaths, your crops possess one grave!
Your name's still green, (thus doth a swain im-
plore)

Till time and memory shall be no more!

Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
And took the way which to the sheep-walk goes.
And whilst that Doridon their gate look'd on,
His dog disclos'd him, rushing forth upon
A well fed deer, that trips it o'er the mead,
As nimbly as the wench did whilom tread
On Ceres' dangling ears, or shaft let go
By some fair nymph that bears Diana's bow.
When turning head, he not a foot would stir,
Scorning the barking of a shepherd's cur:
So should all swains as little weigh their spite,
Who at their songs do bawl, but dare not bite.

Remond, that by the dog the master knew,
Came back, and angry bad him to pursue;
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-tutor'd dog
Have nought of awe, then let him have a clog.
Do you not know this feely timorous deer,
(As usual to his kind) hunted whileare,
The sun not ten degrees got in the signs,
Since to our maids, here gathering columbines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In Fida's lap, did humbly beg for aid.
Whereat unto the hounds they gave a check,
And saving her, might spy about her neck
A collar hanging, and (as yet is seen)
These words in gold wrought on a ground of
green:

"Maidens, since 'tis decreed a maid shall have me,
"Keep me till he shall kill me that must save me."
But whence she came, or who the words concern,
We neither know nor can of any learn,
Upon a pallat she doth lie at night,
Near Fida's bed, nor will she from her sight:
Upon her walks she all the day attends,
And by her side she trips where'er she wends.

Remond, (reply'd the swain) if I have wrong'd
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd,
I sorrow for't, and truly do protest,
As yet I never heard speech of this beast:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawful we should chase the deer,
That, breaking our inclosures every morn,
Are found at feed upon our crop of corn?

Yet had I known this deer, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd.

I think no less, quoth Remond; but I pray,
Whither walks Doridon this holyday?

Come, drive your sheep to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a shepherd with his lovely lass,
Sit telling tales upon the clover grass:
There is the merry shepherd of the hale;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinol,
Alexis, Sylvan, Teddy of the glen,
Rowly, and Perigot here by the fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to solemnise this festival.

I grieve not at their mirth, said Doridon:
Yet had there been of feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will say,
"Where there's content 'tis ever holyday."

Leave further talk (quoth Remond) let's be
gone,

I'll help you with your sheep, the times draws on.
Fida will call the hind, and come with us.

Thus went they on, and Remond did discuss
Their cause of meeting, till they won with pacing
The circuit chosen for the maidens tracing.
It was a roundel seated on a plain,
That stood as sentinel unto the main,
Environ'd round with trees and many an arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough within the quick'ning spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing;
Whose pleasing notes the tired swain have made
To steal a nap at noontide in the shade.
Nature herself did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride.
Whose various show'rs deceiv'd the rasher eye,
In taking them for curious tapestry.
A silver spring forth of a rock did fall,
That in a drought did serve to water all.
Upon the edges of a grassy bank,
A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,
As if they seem'd their sports to gase upon,
Or stood as guard against the wind and sun:
So fair, so fresh, so green, so sweet a ground
The piercing eyes of heaven yet never found.
Here Doridon all ready met doth see,
(Oh, who would not at such a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gave to other
grace,

Whether the place the maids, or maids the place.
Here gan the reed, and merry bagpipe play,
Shrill as a thrush upon a morn of May,
(A rural music for an heavenly train)

And every shepherdess danc'd with her swain.
As when some gale of wind doth nimbly take
A fair white lock of wool, and with it make
Some pretty driving: here it sweeps the plain:
There stays, here hops, there mounts, and turns
again:

Yet all so quick, that none so soon can say
That now it stops, or leaps, or turns away:
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their several motions to be one.

A crooked measure was their first election,
Because all crooked tends to best perfection.

And as I ween this often bowing measure,
Was chiefly framed for the womens pleasure. [ing,
Though, like the rib, they crooked are and bend-
Yet to the best of forms they aim their ending :
Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,
Shewing when love is plainest it is best.
Then in a (Y) which thus doth love commend,
Making of two at first, one in the end.
And, lastly, closing in a round do enter,
Placing the lusty shepherds in the centre :
About the swains they dancing seem'd to roll,
As other planets round the heavenly pole.
Who, by their sweet aspect, or chiding frown,
Could raise a shepherd up, or cast him down.
Thus were they circled, till a swain came near,
And sent this song unto each shepherd's ear :
The note and voice so sweet, that for such mirth,
The gods would leave the heavens, and dwell on
earth.

Happy are you so enclosed,
May the maids be still disposed,
In their gestures and their dances,
So to grace you with entwining,
That envy with in such combining.
Fortune's smile with happy chances.

Here it seems as if the graces
Measur'd out the plain in traces,
In a shepherdess disguising.
Are the spheres so nimbly turning,
Wand'ring lamps in heaven burning,
To the eye so much enticing ?

Yes, heaven means to take these thither,
And add one joy to see both dance together.

Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you ;
Take the one, and keep the other :
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved :
O, then fly all nice behaviour !
Pity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on beauty,
Let her not be out of favour.

Disdain is now so much rewarded,
That pity weeps since she is unregarded.

The measure and the song here being ended :
Each swain his thoughts thus to his love com-
mended :

The First presents his Dog, with these :

When I my flock near you do keep,
And bid my dog go take a sheep,
He clean mistakes what I bid do,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poor wretch, he knows more care I keep
To get you, than a feely sheep.

The Second, his Pipe, with these :

Bid me to sing (fair maid) my song shall prove
There ne'er was truer pipe sung truer love.

The Third, a pair of Gloves, thus :

These will keep your hands from burning,
Whilst the sun is swiftly turning ;
But who can any veil devise
To shield my heart from your fair eyes ?

The Fourth, an Anagram.

MAIDEN AND MEN.

Maidens should be aiding men,
And for love give love again :
Learn this lesson from your mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserve their names best, when
Maids most willingly aid men.

The Fifth, a Ring, with a Picture in a Jewel on it.

Nature hath fram'd a gem beyond compare,
The world's the ring, but you the jewel are.

The Sixth, a Nosegay of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the posy, love composes ;
A stinging nettle mixt with roses.

The Seventh, a Girdle.

This during light I give to clip your waist ;
Fair, grant mine arms that place when day is past.

Whilst every one was off'ring at the shrine
Of such rare beauties might be styl'd divine,
This lamentable voice towards them flies :
" O, heaven, send aid, or else a maiden dies !"
Herewith some ran the way the voice them led ;
Some with the maidens staid, which shook for
dread :

What was the cause, time serves not now to tell.
Hark ! for my jolly wedder rings his bell,
And almost all our flocks have left to graze :
Shepherds, 'tis almost night, hie home apace ;
When next we meet (as we shall meet e'er long)
I'll tell the rest in some ensuing song.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG IV.

The Argument.

Fida's distress, the hind is slain,
Yet from her ruins lives again.
Riot's description next I rhyme;
Then Alitheia, and old Time:
And lastly, from this song I go,
Having describ'd the Vale of Wo.

HAPPY ye days of old, when every waste
Was like a sanctuary to the chaste;
When incests, rapes, adulteries, were not known;
All pure as blossoms, which are newly blown.
Maids were as free from spots, and soils within,
As most unblemish'd in the outward skin.
Men every plain and cottage did afford,
As smooth in deeds, as they were fair of word.
Maidens with men, as sisters with their brothers;
And men and maids convers'd as with their mo-
thers;

Free from suspicion, or the rage of blood.
Strife only reign'd, for all striv'd to be good.

But then, as little wrens, but newly fledg'd,
First, by their nests hop up and down the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree:
His fellow noting his agility,
Thinks he as well may venture as the other,
So flushing from one spray unto another
Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flies,
Unto an height past ken of human eyes:
So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talk;
Then came suspect; and then a private walk;
Then by consent appointed times of meeting,
Where most securely each might kiss his sweeting:
Lastly, with lusts their panting breasts so swell,
They came to—But to what I blush to tell.
And ent'red thus, rapes used were of all,
Incest, adultery, held as venial:

The certainty in doubtful balance rests,
If beasts did learn of men, or men of beasts.
Had they not learn'd of man who was their king,
So to insult upon an underling,
They civilly had spent their lives gradation,
As meek and mild as in their first creation;
Nor had th' infections of infected minds
So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kinds.
Fida had been less wretched, I more glad,
That so true love so true a progress had.

When Remond left her, (Remond then unkind)
Fida went down the dale to seek the hind:
And found her taking soil within a flood:
Whom when she call'd, straight follow'd to the
wood.

Fida then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
And found an arbour by the shepherds made
To frolic in (when Sol did hottest shine)
With cates, which were far cleaner than fine.
For in those days men never us'd to feed
So much for pleasure as they did for need.
Enriching then the arbour down she sat her;
Where many a busy bee came flying at her:
Thinking when she for air her breasts discloses,
That there had grown some tuft of damask-roses,
And that her azure veins which then did swell,
Were conduit pipes brought from a living well,
Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money,
Bees would be bankrupt, none would care for honey.

The hind lay still without, (poor silly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature?
Timorous, apt to tears, wily in running,
Caught best when force is intermix'd with cunning)

Lying thus distant, different chances meet them,
And with a fearful object fate doth greet them.

Something * appear'd, which seem'd far off, a
man.

In stature, habit, gait, proportion :

But when the eyes their objects masters were,
And it for stricter censure came more near,
By all his properties one well might guess,
Than of a man, he sure had nothing less.

For verily since old † Deucalion's flood
Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood.

Upon the various earth's embroidered gown

'There is a weed upon whose head grows down ;

Sow-thistle 'tis yclep'd, whose downy wreath,

If any one can blow off at a breath,

We deem her for a maid : such was his hair,

Ready to shed at any stirring air.

His ears were stricken deaf when he came nigh,

To hear the widow's or the orphan's cry.

His eyes encircled with a bloody chain,

With pouring in the blood of bodies slain.

His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did fly

Vollies of execrable blasphemy ;

Banning the heavens, and he that rideth on them,

Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him :

Like Scythian wolves, or ‡ men of wit bereav'n,

Which howl and shoot against the lights of heav'n.

His hands, (if hands they were), like some dead
corse,

With digging up his buried ancestors ;

Making his father's tomb and sacred shrine

The trough wherein the hog-herd fed his swine.

And as that beast hath legs (which shepherds fear,

Yclep'd a badger, which our lambs doth tear)

One long, the other short, that when he runs

Upon the plain, he halts ; but when he wons

On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see

None runs more swift, nor easier than he :

Such legs the monster had, one sinew shrunk,

That in the plains he reel'd, as being drunk ;

And halted in the paths to virtue tending :

And therefore never durst be that way bending :

But when he came on carved monuments,

Spiring Colossus, and high-raised rents,

He pass'd them o'er, quick as the eastern wind

Sweeps through a meadow ; or a nimble hind ;

Or satyr on a lawn ; or skipping roe ;

Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bow.

His body made (still in consumptions rife)

A miserable prison for a life. [raise,

Riot he hight ; whom some curs'd fiend did

When like a chaos were the nights and days ;

Got and brought up in the Cymerian clime, [time :

Where sun nor moon, nor days, nor nights do

As who should say, they scorn'd to shew their faces,

To such a fiend, should seek to spoil the graces.

* Description of Riot.

† Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book I.

‡ Men of Sciron shoot against the stars.

At sight whereof, Fida nigh drown'd in fear,
Was clean dismay'd when he approached near ;
Nor durst she call the deer, nor whistling wind
her,

Fearing her noise might make the monster find
Who flyly came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And seiz'd upon the hind, ere she discern'd him.

Oh ! how she striv'd and struggled ; every nerve
Is prest at all essays a life to serve ;

Yet soon we lose, what we might longer keep

Were not prevention commonly a sleep.

Maids, of this monster's brood be fearful all,

What to the hind mayhap to you befall.

Who with her feet held up instead of hands,

And tears which pity from the rock commands,

She sighs, and shrieks, and weeps, and looks upon
him ;

Alas ! she sobs, and many a groan throws on him ;

With plaints which might abate a tyrant's knife,

She begs for pardon, and entreats for life ;

The hollow caves resound her moanings near it,

That heart was flint which did not grieve to hear
it :

The high topt firs which on that mountain keep,

Have ever since that time been seen to weep.

The owl all then, 'tis thought full well could sing,

And tune her voice to every bubbling spring :

But when she heard those plaints, then forth she
yode

Out of the covert of an ivy rod,

And hollowing for aid, so strain'd her throat,

That since she clean forgot her former note.

A little robin sitting on a tree,

In doleful notes bewail'd her tragedy.

An asp, who thought him stout, could not dissemble,

But shew'd his fear, and yet is seen to tremble.

Yet cruelty was deaf, and had no sight

In ought which might gainsay the appetite :

But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,

Besprinkled with her blood the green grass under,

And gormandizing on her flesh and blood,

He vomiting returned to the wood.

Riot but newly gone, as strange a vision

Though far more heavenly came in apparition.

As that || Arabian bird (whom all admire)

Her exequies prepar'd and funeral fire,

Burnt in a flame conceived from the sun,

And nourished with slips of cinnamon,

Out of her ashes hath a second birth,

And flies abroad a wonderment on earth :

So from the ruins of this mangled & creature

Arose so fair and so divine a feature,

That Envy for her heart would doat upon her ;

Heaven could not choose but be enamour'd on
her :

Were I a star, and she a second sphere,

I'd leave the other, and be fixed there.

Had fair Arachne wrought this maiden's hair,

When she with ¶ Pallas did for skill compare,

Minerva's work had never been esteem'd,

But this had been more rare and highly deem'd.

|| See Claudian's *Phoenix*.

& Description of Truth.

¶ Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book VI.

Yet gladly now she would reverse her doom,
Weaving this hair within a spider's loom.
Upon her forehead, as in glory sat
Mercy and majesty, for wond'ring at,
As pure and simple as Albania's snow,
Or milk-white swans which stem the streams of Po.
Like to some goodly foreland, bearing out,
Her hair, the tufts which fring'd the shore about.
And least the man which sought those coasts might
slip,

Her eyes like stars, did serve to guide the ship.
Upon her front (heaven's fairest promontory)
Delineated was th' authentic story
Of those elect, whose sheep at first began
To nibble by the springs of Canaan:
Out of whose sacred loins, (brought by the stem
Of that sweet finger of Jerusalem),
Came the best shepherd ever flocks did keep,
Who yielded up his life to save his sheep.

O thou Etern! by whom all beings move,
Giving the springs beneath and springs above;
Whose finger doth this universe sustain,
Bringing the former and the latter rain,
Who dost with plenty meads and pastures fill,
By drops distill'd like dew on Hermon hill:
Pardon a silly swain, who (far unable
In that which is so rare, so admirable)
Dares on an oaten pipe, thus meanly sing
Her praise immense, worthy a silver string.
And thou which through the desert and the deep
Didst lead thy chosen like a flock of sheep:
As sometimes by a star thou guided'st them,
Which fed upon the plains of Bethlehem;
So by thy sacred spirit direct my quill,
When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,
That times to come, when they my rhymes rehearse,
May wonder at me, and admire my verse:
For who but one rapt in celestial fire,
Can by his muse to such a pitch aspire?
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell.

When she was born, Nature in sport began,
To learn the cunning of an artizan,
And did vermilion with a white compose,
To mock herself, and paint a damask rose.
But scorning nature unto art should seek,
She spilt her colours on this maidens cheek.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodness
came,
Of power to give the dead a living name.
Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on time and
death,

Whose fragrant sweets, since theameleon knew,
And tasted of, he to this humour grew:
Left other elements, held this so rare.
That since he never feeds on ought but air.

O had I Virgil's verse, or Tully's tongue!
Or rapping numbers like the * Thracian's song,
I have a theme would make the rockets to dance,
And furly beasts that through the desert prance.
High from their caves, and every gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.

Nay, they would think their states forever raised,
But once to look on one, so highly praised.

Out of whose maiden breasts (which sweetly
rise)

The seers suck'd their hidden prophecies:
And told that for her love in time to come,
Many should seek the crown of martyrdom,
By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chains,
By stripes, by famine, and a world of pains;
Yet constant still remain (to her they lov'd)
Like Sion mount, that cannot be remov'd.
Proportions on her arms and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded,
Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor:
For art ne'er feign'd, nor nature fram'd a better.

As when a holy father hath began
To offer sacrifice to mighty Pan,
Doth the request of every swain assume,
To scale the welkin in a sacred fume,
Made by a widow'd turtle's loving mate,
Or lambskins, or some kid immaculate,
Th' off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands:
Which all adore, that near the altar stands:
So was her heavenly body comely rais'd
On two fair columns; those that Ovid prais'd
In Julia's † borrow'd name, compar'd with these,
Were crabs to apples of th' Hesperides;
Or stump-foot Vulcan in comparison,
With all the height of true perfection.

Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestow'd until she had no more.
Whose treasure being weak'ned (by this dame)
She thrust into the world so many lame.

The highest synod of the glorious sky,
(I heard a wood nymph sing) sent Mercury
To take a survey of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all womens graces;
Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by beauty were possess'd:
At last he saw this maid, then thinking fit
To end his journey, here, NIL ULTRA writ.

Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
And thus bespake; Hail, glorious deity!
(If such thou art, and who can deem you less?)
Whether thou reign'st queen of the wilderness,
Or art that goddess ('tis unknown to me)
Which from the ocean draws her pedigree:
Or one of those who, by the mossy banks
Of drizzling Helicon, in airy ranks
Tread roundelays upon the silver sands,
While shaggy satyrs tripping o'er the strands,
Stand still and gaze, and yield their senses thralls
To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:
Or of the fairy troop that nimbly play,
And by the springs dance out the summer's day;
Teach the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests:
Or one of those, who watching where a spring
Out of our grand-dame earth hath issuing,
With your attractive music woo the stream
(As men by fairies led, fall'n in a dream)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many mazes, intricate meanders;

* Orpheus.

† Corinna, Ovid. Amor. Lib. I. El. 5.

Till at the last, to mock th' enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces up some shady hill;
And laugh to see the wave no further tread
But in a chafe run foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channel new to frame,
Leaving the other destitute of name.
If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
Succour a feely maid, that doth implore
Aid, on a bended heart, unfeign'd and meek,
As true as blushes of a maiden cheek.

Maiden, arise, reply'd the new-born maid:
"Pure innocence the stones will aid."
Nor of the fairer troop, nor mules nine;
Nor am I Venus, nor of Proserpine:
But daughter to a lusty aged swain,
That cuts the green turfs of th' enamel'd plain;
And with his scythe hath many a summer thorn
The plow'd lands lab'ring with a crop of corn;
Who from the cold-clipt mountain, by his stroke,
Fells down the lofty pine, the cedar, oak:
He opes the floodgates, as occasion is,
Sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on
this.

When Verolame, a stately nymph of yore,
Did use to deck herself on Isis' shore,
One morn (among the rest) as there she stood,
Saw the pure channel all besmear'd with blood;
Inquiring for the cause, one did impart,
Those drops came from her holy Alban's heart;
Herewith in grief she gan entreat my fire,
That Isis' stream, which yearly did attire
Those gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turn her course and run some other way.
Least that her waves might wash away the guilt
From off their hands, which Alban's blood had
spilt:

He condescended, and the nimble wave
Her fish no more within that channel drave:
But as a witness left the crimson gore
To stain the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a being e'er there was a birth,
And shall not cease until the sea and earth,
And what they both contain, shall cease to be,
Nothing confines him but eternity.
By him the names of good men ever live,
Which short-liv'd men unto oblivion give:
And in forgetfulness he lets him fall,
That is no other man than natural:
'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,
Who is the true, and who the feigned lover.
In summer's heat when any swain to sleep
Doth more addict himself than to his sheep;
And whilst the leaden gods sit on his eyes,
If any of his fold, or strays, or dies,
And to the waking swain it be unknown,
Whether his sheep be dead, or stray'd, or stol'n;
To meet my fire he bends his course in pain,
Either where some high hill surveys the plain;
Or takes his step toward the flow'ry valleys,
Where zephyrs with the cowslip hourly dallys;
Or to the groves, where birds from heat or wea-
ther;
Sit sweetly tuning of their notes together;
Or to a mead a wanton river dresses
With richest collars of her turning efl'es;

Or where the shepherds sit old stories telling,
Chronos, my fire, hath no set place of dwelling;
But if the shepherd meet the aged swain,
He tells him of his sheep, or shews them slain.
So great a gift the sacred powers of heaven
(Above all others) to my fire hath given,
That the abhorred stratagems of night,
Lurking in caverns from the glorious light,
By him (per force) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And shew'd as monsters to the wond'ring world.

What mariner is he sailing upon?
The watry desert clipping Albion,
Hears not the billows in their dances roar
Answer'd by echoes from the neighb'ring shore;
To whose accord the maids trip from the downs,
And rivers dancing come, yecrowned with towns,
All singing forth the victories of time,
Upon the monsters of the western clime,
Whose horrid, damned, bloody plots would bring
Confusion on the laureate poet's king.
Whose hell-fed hearts devis'd how never more
A swan might singing sit on Isis' shore:
But croaking ravens, and the screechowl cry,
The fit musicians for a tragedy,
Should evermore be heard about her strand,
To fright all passengers from that sad land.

Long summer's days I on his worth might
spend,

And yet begin again when I would end.
All ages since the first age first begun,
E'er they could know his worth their age was
done;

Whose absence all the treasury of earth
Cannot buy out. From far-fam'd Tagus' birth,
Not all the golden gravel he treads over,
One minute past, that minute can recover.
I am his only child (he hath no other)
'Clep'd Aletheia, born without a mother,
Poor Aletheia long despis'd of all,
Scarce charity would lend an hospital
To give my month's cold watching one night's
rest,

But in my room took in the miser's chest.
In winter's time when hardly fed the flocks,
And icicles hung dangling on the rocks;
When Hyems bound the flood in silver chains,
And hoary frosts had candied all the plains;
When every barn rung with the threshing flails,
And shepherds boys for cold 'gan blow their
nails:

(Wearied with toil in seeking out some one
That had a spark of true devotion;)
It was my chance, (chance only helpeth need)
To find an house built for holy deed,
With goodly architect, and cloisters wide,
With groves and walks along a river's side;
The place itself afforded admiration,
And every spray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me!) when knocking at the gate,
I 'gan entreat an entrance thereat:
The porter ask'd my name: I told; He swell'd,
And bade me thence: wherewith in grief re-
pell'd,

I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the weasel, and the dust-bred mouse;

And others none, except the two-kind bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sat :
Here sat I down with wind and rain ybeate ;
Grief fed my mind, and did my body eat.
Yet idleness I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poor truth was kept with-
out.

There saw I drunkenness with dropsies swoln ;
And pamper'd lust that many a night had stoln
Over the abbey-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus wanton bosom rock'd :
And gluttony that surfeiting had been,
Knock at the gate and straightway taken in :
Sadly I sat, and sighing griev'd to see,
Their happiness, my infelicity.
At last came envy by, who having spied
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the convent eagerly she cries,
Why sit you here, when with these ears and eyes
I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true fair Aletheia,
Which you have boasted long to live among you?
Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.
With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout
Ran to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bade me be gone, and then (in terms uncivil)
Did call me counterfeit, witch, hag, whore, devil ;
Then like a strumpet drove me from their cells,
With tinkling pans, and with the noise of bells.
And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
Had heaps of firebrands banded at his face.

Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
Enforc'd in fields to sleep, or wake all night ;
A silly sheep seeing me straying by,
Forsook the shrub where once she meant to lie ;
As if she in her kind (unhurting elf)
Did bid me take such lodging as herself :
Gladly I took the place the sheep had given,
Uncanopy'd of any thing but heaven. [quented,
Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with grief fre-
Unto the silent night I thus lamented :

Fair Cynthia, if from thy silver throne,
Thou ever lent'st an ear to virgin's moan !
Or in thy monthly course, one minute staid
Thy palfreys trot, to hear a wretched maid !
Pull in their reins, and lend thine ear to me,
Forlorn forsaken, cloth'd in misery :
But if a woe hath never woo'd thine ear,
To stop those couriers in their full career ;
But as stone hearted men, uncharitable,
Pass careless by the poor, when men less able,
Hold not the needy's help in long suspense,
But in their hands pour their benevolence.
O if thou be so hard to stop thine ears ;
When stars in pity drop down from their spheres,
Yet for a while in gloomy vale of night,
Inbrowd the pale beams of thy borrowed light :
O ! never once discourage goodness (lending
One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending
Her utmost rage on truth, despised, distressed,
Unhappy, unreliev'd, yet undressed.
Where is the heart at virtue's suffering grieveth ?
Where is the eye that pitying relieveth ?
Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth ?
Where is the ear that the decrepid steedeth ?

That heart, that hand, that ear, or else that eye,
Giveth, relieveth, feeds, steeds, misery ?
O earth produce me one (of all thy store)
Enjoys ; and be vain glorious no more.

By this had Chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the good-wife for her maids to knock :
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid ;
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With re-echoes of the deep mouth'd hound ;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail,
Was come a field to milk the morning's meal,
And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
To gild the muttering bourns, and pretty rills.
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
Began to leap, and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.
Seeking the place of charity's resort,
Unware I happ'ned on a prince's court ;
Where meeting greatness, I requir'd relief,
(O happy undelayed !) she said in brief,
To small effect thine oratory tends,
" How can I keep thee and so many friends ?"
If of my household I should make thee one,
Farewell my servant adulation :
I know she will not stay when thou art there :
But seek some great man's service elsewhere.
Darkness and light, summer and winter's wea-
ther

May be at once, ere you two live together.
Thus with a nod she left me cloth'd in woe.
Thence to the city once I thought to go,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had
thrown,

" It was a place wherein I was not known."
And therefore went unto these homely towns,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downs.

Upon a stream washing a village end
A mill is plac'd, that never difference kend
'Twi't days for work, and holy-tides for rest,
But always wrought and ground the neighbour's
grest.

Before the door I saw the miller walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talk-
ing :

One of them was a weaver, and the other
The village tailor, and his trusty brother ;
To them I came, and thus my suit began ;
Content the riches of a country man
Attend your actions, be more happy still,
Then I am hapless ! and as yonder mill,
Though in his turning it obey the stream,
Yet by the headstrong torrent from his beam
Is unremov'd, and till the wheel be tore,
It daily toils ; then rests, and works no more :
So in life's motion may never be
(Though sway'd with griefs) o'er-borne with
misery.

With that the miller laughing, brush'd his
Then swore by cock and other daughill oaths,
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
Into the knowledge of a wheel-wright's trade.
I, neighbour, quoth the tailor when he bent
His pace to me, (pruce like a Jack of Lent)

Your judgment is not seam-rent when you spend it,

Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it.

And maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
You must not press the cloth you cannot measure :
But let your steps be sticht to wisdom's chalking,
And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walk-
ing.

The weaver said, Fie wench, yourself you wrong
Thus to let slip the shuttle of your tongue :
For mark me well, yea, mark me well, I say,
I see you work your speech's web astray.

Sad to the soul, o'erlaid with idle words,
O heaven, quoth I, where is the place affords
A friend to help, or any heart that ruth
The most dejected hopes of wronged truth !
Truth ! quoth the miller, plainly for our parts,
I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts :
The strifes you raise I will not now discuss,
Between our honest customers and us :
But get you gone, for sure you may despair
Of comfort here, seek it some other where.
Maid, (quoth the tailor) we no succour owe you,
For as I guess here's none of us doth know you :
Nor my remembrance any thought can seize
That I have ever seen you in my days.
Seen you ? nay, therein confident I am ;
Nay till this time I never heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chief,
My neighbour at that instant call'd me thief,
By this you see you are unknown among us,
We cannot help you, though your stay may wrong
us.

Thus went I on, and further went in woe :
For as shrill sounding fame, that's never flow,
Grows in her going, and increaseth more,
Where she is now, than where she was before :
So grief, (that never healthy, ever sick,
That froward scholar to arithmetic,
Who doth division and subtraction fly,
And chiefly learns to add and multiply)
In longest journeys hath the strongest strength,
And is at hand, supprest, unquail'd at length.

Between two hills, the highest Phœbus sees
Gallantly crown'd with large sky kissing trees,
Under whose shade the humble valleys lay ;
And wild boars from their dens their gambols
play :

There lay a gravell'd walk o'ergrown with
green,

Where neither tract of man nor beast was seen.
And as the ploughman when the land he tills,
Throws up the fruitfull earth in ridged hills,
Between whose chevron form he leaves a baulk ;
So 'twixt those hills had nature fram'd this walk,
Not over dark, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a snake descending :
All hush'd and silent as the mid of night :
No chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in sight ;
But further in I heard the turtle dove,
Singing sad dirges on her lifeless love,
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,
Had only license in that place to sing :
Whose doleful notes the melancholy cat
Close in a hollow tree sat wond'ring at.

And trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did not their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.

Just half the way this solitary grove,
A crystal spring from either hill-side strove,
Which of them first should woo the meeker
ground,

And make the pebbles dance unto their sound.
But as when children having leave to play,
And near the master's eye sport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childish toys
Oft vex't their tutor with too great a noise,
And make him send some servant out of door,
To cease their clamour, lest they play no more ;
So when the pretty rill a place espies,
Where with the pebbles she would wantonize ;
And that her upper stream so much doth wrong
her,

To drive her thence, and let her play no longer ;
If she with too loud mutt'ring ran away,
As being much incens'd to leave her play ;
A western, mild, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,
And seem'd as with the water it did chide,
Because it ran so long unpacified :
Yea, and me thought it bade her leave that coil,
Or he would choke her up with leaves and soil :
Whereat the rivulet in my mind did weep,
And hurl'd her head into a silent deep.

Now he that guides the chariot of the sun,
Upon th' ecliptic circle had so run,
That his brass hoof'd fire-breathing horses war
The stately height of the meridian :
And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morn
Had from the quarry with his pick-ax torn
A large well squared stone, which he would cut
To serve his style, or for some water-shut)
Seeing the sun preparing to decline,
Took out his bag, and sat him down to dine.
When by a sliding, yet not steep descent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er poet did invent
The like for sorrow : not in all this round
A fitter seat for passion can be found.

As when a dainty fount, and crystal spring,
Got newly from the earth's imprisoning,
And ready prest some channel clear to win,
Is round his rise by rocks immured in,
And from the thirsty earth would be withheld,
Till to the cistern top the waves have swell'd :
But that a careful hind the well hath found,
As he walks sadly through his parched ground ;
Whose patience suff'ring not his land to stay
Until the water o'er the cistern play,
He gets a pick-ax, and with blows so stout,
Digs on the rock, that all the groves about
Resound his stroke, and still the rock doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their prison run,
To close earth's gaping wounds made by the sun ;
So through these high rais'd hills, embracing
round

This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
Some power (respecting one whose heavy moan
Requir'd a place to sit and weep alone)

Had cut a path, whereby the grieved wight
Might freely take the comfort of this scite.
About the edges of whose roundly form,
In order grew such trees as do adorn
The sable hearse, and sad forsaken mate;
And trees whose tears their loss commiserate;
Such are the cypress, and the weeping myrrh,
The dropping amber, and the resin'd fir,
The bleeding vine, the wat'ry sycamor,
And willow for the forlorn paramoure;
In comely distance: underneath whose shade
Most neat in rudeness nature arbours made:
Some had a light; some to obscure a seat,
Would entertain a sufferance ne'er so great:
Where grieved wights sat (as I after found,
Whose heavy hearts the height of sorrow crown'd)
Wailing in saddest tunes the dooms of fate
On men by virtue cleped fortunate.

The * first note that I heard, I soon was won
To think the sighs of fair Endymion;
The subject of whose mournful heavy lay
Was his declining with fair Cynthia.

Next † him a great man sat, in woe no less;
Tears were but barren shadows to express
The substance of his grief, and therefore stood
Distilling from his heart red streams of blood:
He was a swain whom all the Graces kist,
A brave, heroic, worthy martialist:
Yet on the downs he oftentimes was seen
To draw the merry maidens of the green
With his sweet voice: once, as he sat alone,
He ‡ sung the outrage of the lazy drone,
Upon the lab'ring bee, in strains so rare,
That all the flitting pinionists of air
Attentive sat, and in their kinds did long
To learn some note from his well-timed song.

Exiled Naso (from whose golden pen
The muses did distil delights for men)
Thus § sang of Cephalus (whose name was worn
Within the bosom of the blushing morn:)
He had a dart was never set on wing,
But death flew with it: he could never fling,
But life fled from the place where stuck the head:
A hunter's frolic life in woods he lead
In separation from his yoked mate,
Whose beauty, once, he valued at a rate
Beyond Aurora's cheek, when she (in pride)
Promis'd their offspring should be deify'd:
Procris she hight; who (seeking to restore
Herself that happiness she had before)
Unto the green wood wends, omits no pain
Might bring her to her lord's embrace again:
But fate thus crost her, coming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all the summer's day,
He somewhat heard within the thicket rush,
And deeming it some beast hid in a bush,
Raised himself, then set on wing a dart,
Which took a sad rest in the restless heart
Of his chaste wife; who with a bleeding breast
Left love and life, and slept in endless rest.

* Sir Walter Raleigh. † Earl of Essex.

‡ The Buzzing Bee's Complaint; by the Earl of Essex.

§ Art of Love, Book 3.

With Procris heavy fate this shepherd's wrong
Might be compar'd, and ask as sad a song.

In th' autumn of his youth, and manhood's spring,
Desert (grown now a most dejected thing)
Won him the favour of a royal maid,
Who with Diana's nymphs in forests stray'd,
And liv'd a huntress life exempt from fear.
She once encount'ed with a surly * bear,
Near to a crystal fountain's flow'ry brink,
Heat brought them thither both, and both would
drink,

When from her golden quiver she took forth
A dart, above the rest esteem'd for worth,
And sent it to his side: the gaping wound
Gave purple streams to cool the parched ground,
Whereat he gnash'd his teeth, storm'd his hurt
limb,

Yielded the earth what it denied him:
Yet sunk not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
Unto his hellish cave, despair'd, and dy'd.

After the bear's just death, the quick'ning sun,
Had twice six times about the zodiac run,
And (as respectless) never cast an eye,
Upon the night envail'd Cymmerii,
When this brave swain (approved valorous,
In opposition of a tyrannous
And bloody savage) being long time gone
Quelling his rage with faithless † Gerion,
Returned from the stratagems of wars,
(Enriched with his quail'd foes bootless scars)
To see the clear eyes of his dearest love,
And that her skill in herbs might help remove
The freshing of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by envy's poison'd shot,
And coming through a grove wherein his fair
Lay with her breasts display'd to take the air,
His rushing through the boughs made her arise,
And dreading some wild beast's rude enterprise,
Directs towards the noise a sharpen'd dart,
That reach'd the life of his undaunted heart;
Which when ‡ she knew, twice twenty moons
nigh spent

In tears for him, and dy'd in languishment.

Within an arbour shadow'd with a vine,
Mixed with rosemary and eglantine,
A shepherdess was set, as fair as young,
Whose praise full many a shepherd whilom sung,
Who on an altar fair had to her name,
In consecration many an anagram:
And when with sugar'd strains they strove to raise
Worth, to a garland of immoral bays;
She as the learned'st maid was chose by them,
(Her flaxen hair crown'd with an anadem)
To judge who best deserv'd, for she could fit
The height of praise unto the height of wit.
But well-a-day those happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a small subtraction).

And as the year hath first his jocund spring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds sweet carolling,
Dance with the wind; then sees the summer's day
Perfect the embryo blossom of each spray:

* Earl of Leicester.

† Earl of Essex's expedition to Calais,

‡ Queen Elizabeth.

Next cometh autumn, when the threshed sheaf
Loofeth his grain, and every tree his leaf :
Lastly, cold winter's rage, with many a storm,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's top adorn,
And makes the sap leave succourless the shoot,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying root.
Or as a quaint musician being won,
To run a point of sweet division,
Gets by degrees into the highest key :
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throws
His period in a diapason close :
So every human thing terrestrial,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a maid (whose parentage
Had fate adorn'd, as nature deck'd her eye,
Might at a beck command a monarchy)
But poor and fair could never yet bewitch
A miser's mind, preferring foul and rich;
And therefore (as a king's heart left behind,
When as his corse are borne to be enshrin'd)
(His parent's will, a law) like that dead corse,
Leaving his heart, is brought unto his horse,
Carried unto a place that can impart
No secret embassy unto his heart,
Climbs some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitful vale's circumference :

From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his mistress' eye :
But some thick cloud his happy prospect
blends,
And he, in sorrow rais'd, in tears descends :
So this sad nymph (whom all commiserate)
Once pac'd the hill of greatness and of state,
And got the top; but when she 'gan address
Her sight, from thence to see true happiness,
Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of fears,
And she withdrew into this vale of tears
Where sorrow so enthrall'd best virtue's jewel,
Stone's check'd grief's hardness, call'd her too too
cruel,
A stream of tears upon her fair cheeks flows,
As morning dew upon the damask rose,
Or crystal glass veiling vermilion ;
Or drops of milk on the carnation :
She sang and wept, O ye sea-binding cleaves,
Yield tributary drops, for virtue grieves !
And to the period of her sad sweet key
Entwin'd her case with chaste Penelope ;
But see the drizzling south, my mournful strain
Answers, in weeping drops of quick'ning rain,
And since this day we can no further go,
Restless I rest within this vale of woe,
Until the modest morn on earth's vast zone,
The ever gladsome day shall re-enthroned.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG V.

The Argument.

In notes that rocks to pity move,
Idia sings her buried love :
And from her horn of plenty gives
Comfort to truth, whom none relieves.
Repentance house next calls me on,
With riot's true conversion :
Leaving Amynta's love to truth,
To be the theme the Muse ensu'th.

HERE full of April, vail'd with sorrow's wing,
For lovely lays, I dreary dirges sing.
Whoso hath seen young lads (to sport themselves)
Run in a low ebb to the sandy shelves :
Where seriously they work in digging wells,
Or building childish forts of cockle shells :
Or liquid water each to other bandy ;
Or with the pebbles play at handy-dandy,
Till unawares the tide hath clos'd them round,
And they must wade it through or else be drown'd,
May (if unto my pipe he listen well)
My muse distress with theirs soon parallel.
For where I whilom sung the loves of swains,
And woo'd the crystal currents of the plains,
Teaching the birds to love, whilst every tree
Gave his attention to my melody :
Fate now (as envying my too happy theme)
Hath round begirt my song with sorrow's stream,
Which, till my muse wade through and get on
shore,

My grief-swoln soul can sing of love no more.
But turn we now (yet not without remorse)
To heav'nly Aletheia's sad discourse,
That did from Fida's eyes salt tears exhale,
When thus she shew'd the solitary vale.
Just in the midst this joy-forfaken ground
A hillock stood, with springs embraced round :

(And with a crystal ring did seem to marry
Themselves, to this small isle sad solitary :)
Upon whose breast (which trembled as it ran)
Rode the fair downy silver coated swan ;
And on the banks each cypress bow'd his head,
To hear the swan sing her own * epiced.
As when the gallant youth which live upon
The western downs of lovely Albion ;
Meeting, some festival to solemnize,
Choose out two, skill'd in wrestling exercise,
Who strongly, at the wrist or collar cling,
Whilst arm in arm the people make a ring.
So did the water round this isle inlink,
And so the trees grew on the water's brink :
Waters their streams about the island scatter ;
And trees perform'd as much unto the water :
Under whose shade the nightingale would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
The woods most sad, musicians thither hie,
As it had been the sylvan's castaly,
And warbled forth such elegiac strains,
That struck the winds dumb ; and the motley
plains
Were fill'd with envy, that such shady places
Held all the world's delights in their embraces.

* A funeral song before the corpse be interred.

O how (methinks) the imps of Mneme bring
Dews of invention from their sacred spring!
Here could I spend that spring of poetry,
Which not twice ten suns have bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the muse's love appears
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of years.
But e'er my muse erected have the frame,
Wherein t' enshrine an unknown shepherd's name,
She many a grove, and other woods must tread,
More hills, more dales, more founts must be dis-
play'd,

More meadows, rocks, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an architect.

As children on a play day leave the schools;
And gladly run unto the swimming pools,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brook
Withouten pain: but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates, a snail would faster
Glide to the schools, than they unto their master:
So when before I sung the songs of birds,
(Whilst every moment sweeten'd lines affords)
I pip'd devoid of pain; but now I come
Unto my task, my muse is stricken dumb.
My blubb'ring pen her fable tears lets fall,
In characters right hi'roglyphical,
And mixing with my tears are ready turning;
My late white paper to a weed of mourning;
Or ink and paper strive how to impart
My words, the weeds they wore, within my heart:
Or else the blots unwilling are my rhimes
And their sad cause should live till after-times;
Fearing if men their subject should desery.
They forthwith would dissolve in tears and die.

Upon the island's craggy rising hill,
A quadrant ran, wherein by artless skill,
At every corner nature did erect
A column rude, yet void of all defect:
Whereon a marble lay. The thick grown briar;
And prickled hawthorn (woven all entire)
Together clung, and barr'd the glad some light
From any entrance, sitting only night.
No way to it but one, steep and obscure,
The stairs of rugged stone, seldom in ure,
All overgrown with moss, as nature sat
To entertain grief with a cloth of state.

Hardly unto the top I had ascended,
But that the trees (finding the steps) befriended
My weary limbs, who bowing down their arms,
Gave hold unto my hands to 'scape from harms:
Which evermore are ready, still present
Our feet, in climbing places eminent.
Before the door (to hinder Phœbus' view)
A shady box tree grasped with an yew,
As in the place behalf thy menace war
Against the radiance of each sparkling star.
And on their barks (which time had nigh deprav'd)
These lines (it seem'd) had been of old engrav'd,
"This place was fram'd of yore, to be possess'd
"By one which sometime hath been happiest."

Lovely * Ida the most beauteous
Of all the darlings of Oceanus.

* Britannia.

Hesperia's envy and the western pride,
Whose party-coloured garment nature dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hues, with richer grain,
Than Iris' bow attending April's rain.
Whose lily white, enshaded with the rose
Had that * man seen, who sung th' *Æneidos*,
Dido had in oblivion slept, and she
Had given his muse her best eternity.
Had brave Atreides (who did erst employ
His force to mix his dead with those of Troy)
Been proffered for a truce her feigned peace,
Helen had staid, and that had gone to Greece:
The Phrygian soil had not him drunk with blood,
Achilles longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood:
The † prince of poets had not sung his story,
‡ My friend had lost his ever-living glory.

But as a snowy swan, who many a day
On Thamar's swelling breasts hath had his play,
For further pleasure doth assay to swim
My native Tavy, or the sandy Plim:
And on the panting billows bravely rides,
Whilst country-lasses walking on the sides
Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands,
Would force her leave the stream, and tread the
sands,

When she regardless swims to th' other edge,
Until an envious briar, or tangling sedge
Despoils her plumes; or else a sharpened beam
Pierceth her breast, and on the bloody stream
She pants for life? so whilom rode this maid
On streams of worldly blifs, more rich array'd
With earth's delight, then thought could put in
ure,

To glut the senses of an epicure.
Whilst neighb'ring kings upon their frontiers stood,
And offer'd for her dow'r huge seas of blood:
And perjur'd § Gerion to win her, rent
The Indian rocks for gold, and bootless spent
Almost his patrimony for her sake,
Yet nothing like respected as the || Drake
That scow'rd her channels, and destroy'd the
weed,

Which spoil'd her sister's nets, and fishes breed.
At last her truest love she threw upon
A ¶ royal youth, whose like, whose paragon
Heaven never lent the earth: so great a spirit
The world could not contain, nor kingdoms merit;
And therefore Jove did with the saints enthroned him,
And left his lady nought but tears to moan him.

Within this place (as woful as my verse)
She with her crystal founts bedew'd his hearse,
Envail'd with a fable weed she sat,
Singing this song which stones dissolved at.

WHAT time the world clad in a morning robe,
A stage made for a woful tragedy:
When showers of tears from the celestial globe
Bewail'd the fate of sea-lov'd Brittany;
When sighs as frequent were as various fights,
When hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,

When envy wept,

And comfort slept;

* Virgil.

† G. Chapman.

‡ Sir Francis.

§ Homer.

¶ King Philip of Spain.

¶ Prince Henry.

When cruelty itself sat almost crying,
Nought being heard but what the mind affrights
When autumn had disrob'd the summer's pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dy'd :

O saddest strain that ever muses sung !
A text of woe for grief to comment on ;
Tears, sighs, and sobs, give passage to my tongue,
Or I shall spend you till the last is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning love
(Wanting his moisture) shall to cinders turn :
But first, by me
Bequeathed be
To strew the place wherein his sacred urn
Shall be enclos'd, this might in many move
The like effect : (who would not do it ?) when
No grave befits him but the hearts of men.

That man, whose mass of sorrow hath been such,
That by their weight, laid on each several part,
His fountains are so dry, he but as much
As one poor drop hath left to ease his heart ;
Why should he keep it ? since the time doth call,
That he ne'er better can bestow it in :
If so he fears
That others tears
In greater number, greatest prizes win ;
Know none gives more than he which giveth all.
Then he which hath but one poor tear in store,
O let him spend that drop, and weep no more.

Why flows not Helicon beyond her strands ?
Is Henry dead, and do the muses sleep ?
Alas ! I see each one amazed stands,
"Shallow fords mutter, silent are the deep :"
Fain would they tell their griefs, but know not
where :
All are so full, nought can augment their store :
Then how should they
Their griefs display
To men, so cloy'd, they fain would hear no more ?
Though blaming those whose complaints they cannot
hear :
And with this wish, their passions I allow,
May that muse never speak that's silent now !

Is Henry dead ? Alas ! and do I live
To sing a screech owl's note that he is dead ?
If any one a fitter theme can give,
Come give it now, or never to be read.
But let him see it do of horror taste,
Anguish, destruction : could it rend in sunder
With fearful groans
The senseless stones,
Yet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefs would so exceed their last :
Time cannot make our sorrows ought completer ;
Nor add one grief to make our mourning greater.

England was ne'er ingirt with waves till now ;
Till now it held part with the continent :
Aye me ! some one in pity shew me, how
I might in doleful numbers so lament ;
That any one which lov'd him, hated me,
Might dearly love me, for lamenting him.

VOL. IV.

Alas my plaint
In such constraint
Breaks forth in rage, that through my passions
swim,
Yet are they drowned e'er they landed be :
Imperfect lines : O happy were I hurl'd
And cut from life as England from the world.

O happier had we been : if we had been
Never made happy by enjoying thee !
Where hath the glorious eye of heaven seen
A spectacle of greater misery ?
Time turn thy course, and bring again the spring ;
Break nature's laws ; search the records of old,
* If ought beset
Might parallel

† Sad Britain's case ; weep rocks, and heaven be-
hold,
What seas of sorrow she is plunged in.
Where storms of woe so mainly have beset her ;
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

Britain was whilom known (by more than fame)
To be one of the islands fortunate ;
What frantic man would give her now that name,
Lying so rueful and disconsolate ?
Hath not her wat'ry zone in murmuring,
Fill'd every shore with echoes of her cry ?
Yes, Thetis raves,
And bids her waves
Bring all the nymphs within her empery
To be assistant in her sorrowing :
See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,
And rend their hairs as they would joy no more.

Isis the glory of the western world,
When our hero (honour'd Essex) dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, back again she hurl'd,
And fill'd her banks with an unwonted tide :
As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,
And for the certainty had turn'd her way.
Why do not now
Her waves re-flow ?
Poor nymph, her sorrows will not let her stay ;
Or flies to tell the world her country's woe :
Or cares not to come back, perhaps, as shewing
Our tears should make the flood, not her re-
flowing.

Sometimes a tyrant held the reins of Rome,
Wishing to all the city but one head,
That all at once might undergo his doom,
And by one blow from life be severed.
Fate wish'd the like on England, and 'twas given :
(O miserable men, enthrall'd to fate !)
Whose heavy hand
That never scan'd
The misery of kingdoms ruins,
Minding to leave her of all joys bereaven,
With one sad blow (alas ! can worse fall !)
Hath giv'n this little isle her funeral.

* If ought ere fell.

† Sad Albion's case then note when I unfold.
See MS. copy in the Bodleian Library.

T

O, come ye blessed imps of memory,
Erect a new Parnassus on his grave!
There tune your voices to an elegy,
The saddest note that e'er Apollo gave.
Let every accent make the slander by
Keep time unto your song with dropping tears,
Till drops that fell
Have made a well

To swallow him which still unmoved hears!
And though myself prove senseless of your cry,
Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim.
To be entomb'd in tears are wept for him.

When last he sicken'd, then we first began
To tread the labyrinth of woe about:
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Having his thread of life to guide us out.
But destiny no sooner saw us enter
Sad sorrow's maze, immured up in night,
Where nothing dwells
But cries and yells
Thrown from the hearts of men depriv'd of light;
When we were almost come into the centre,
Fate (cruelly) to bar our joys returning,
Cut off our thread, and left us all in mourning.

If you have seen at foot of some brave hill,
Two springs arise, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
(Where tufty daisies nod at every gale)
And on the banks a swain (with laurel crown'd)
Marrying his sweet notes with their silver sound:
When as the spongy clouds swoln big with water
Throw their conception on the world's theatre:
Down from the hills the rained waters roar,
Whilst every leaf drops to augment their store:
Grumbling the stones fall o'er each others back,
Rending the green turfs with their cataract,
And through the meadows run in such a noise,
That taking from the swain the fountains voice,
Inforce him leave their margent, and alone
Couple his base pipe with their baser tone.
Know (shepherds) that so I lent an ear
To those sad wights whose 'plaints I told whileare:
But when this goodly lady 'gan address
Her heavenly voice to sweeten heaviness,
It drown'd the rest, as torrents little springs;
And stricken mute at her great sorrowings,
Lay still and wonder'd at her pit'ous moan,
Wept at her griefs, and did forget their own,
Whilst I attentive sat, and did impart,
Tears when they wanted drops, and from a heart,
As high in sorrow as e'er creature wore.
Lent thrilling groans to such as had no more.
Had wise Ulysses (who regardless flung
Along the ocean when the syren's sung)
Pass'd by and seen her on the sea-torn cleaves,
Wail her lost love (while Neptune's wat'r thieves
Durst not approach for rocks;) to see her face
He would have hazarded his Grecian race,
Thrust headlong to the shore, and to her eyes
Offer'd his vessel as a sacrifice.
Or had the syrens on a neighbour shore
Heard in what raving notes she did deplore

Her buried glory, they had left their shelves,
And to come near her would have drown'd them-
selves.

Now silence lock'd the organs of that voice;
Whereat each merry silvan wont rejoice,
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my grief and hated name:
But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause
So much constrain'd me as to break the laws
Of her wish'd sequestration, or ask'd bread
(To save a life) from her, whose life was dead:
But lawless famine, self-consuming hunger,
Alas! compell'd me: had I stayed longer,
My weaken'd limbs had been my wants forc'd
need,

And I had fed on that I could not feed.
When she (compassionate) to my sad moan
Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her own;
And (woful lady wrack'd on hapless self)
Yielded me comfort, yet had none herself:
Told how she knew me well since I had been,
As chiefest consort of the Faery Queen;
O happy * queen! for ever, ever praise
Dwell on thy tomb; the period of all days
Only seal up thy fame; and as thy birth
Enrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,
So have thy virtues crown'd thy blessed soul,
Where the first Mover with his words controul;
As with a girdle the huge ocean binds;
Gathers into his fist the nimble winds;
Stops the bright courser in his hot career;
Commands the moon twelve courses in a year:
Live thou with him in endless bliss; while we
Admire all virtues in admiring thee.

Thou, thou, the faultriss of the learned well;
Thou nursing mother of God's Israel;
Thou, for whose loving truth, the heaven rains
Sweet Mel and Manna on our flow'ry plains:
Thou, by whose hand the sacred Trine did bring
Us out of bonds, from bloody Bonnering.
Ye suckling babes, for ever bless that name
Releas'd your burning in your mother's flame!
Thrice blessed maiden, by whose hand was given
Free liberty to taste the food of heaven.
Never forget her (Albion's lovely daughters)
Which led you to the springs of living waters!
And if my muse her glory fail to sing,
May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling!

Herewith (at hand) taking her horn of plenty
Fill'd with the choice of every orchard's dainty,
As pears, plums, apples, the sweet raspiberry,
The quince, the apricote, the blushing cherry;
The mulberry (his black from Thisbe taking)
The cluster'd filberd, grapes oft merry-making.
(This fruitful horn th' immortal ladies fill'd
With all the pleasures that rough forests yield,
And gave Idia, with a further blessing,
That thence (as from a garden) without dressing,
She these should ever have; and never want
Store, from an orchard without tree or plant.)
With a right willing hand she gave me hence,
The stomach's comforter, the pleasing quince;
And for the chiefest cherisher she lent
The royal thistle's milky nourishment.

* Elizabeth.

Here staid I long; but when to see Aurora
Kiss the perfumed cheeks of dainty Flora,
Without the vale I trod one lovely morn,
With true intention of a quick return,
An unexpected chance strove to defer
My going back, and all the love of her.
But maiden see the day is waxen old,
And 'gins to shut in with the marigold:
The neat herd's kine do bellow in the yard;
And dairy maidens for the milk prepar'd,
Are drawing at the udder, long e'er now
The plowman hath unyok'd his team from plough:
My transformation to a fearful hind
Shall to unfold a fitter season find;
Meanwhile yond palace, whose brave turrets tops,
Over the stately wood survey the copse,
Promis'th (if sought) a wished place of rest,
Till Sol our hemisphere have repossess't.

Now must my muse afford a strain to riot,
Who almost kill'd with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating grass (as dogs) within a wood,
So to disgorge the undigested food:
By whom fair Aletheia pass'd along
With Fida, queen of every shepherd's song,
By them unseen (for he securely lay
Under the thick of many a leaved spray)
And through the levell'd meadows gently threw
Their neatest feet, wash'd with refreshing dew,
Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,
Went onward with them, trod with them in paces,
And far off much admir'd their forms and graces.
Into the plains at last he headlong ventur'd:
But they the hill had got and palace enter'd.

When, like a valiant well resolved man
Seeking new paths i' th' pathless ocean,
Unto the shores of monster-breeding Nile;
Or through the north to the unpeopled Thyle,
Where from the equinoxial of the spring,
To that of autumn, Titan's golden ring
Is never off; and till the spring again
In gloomy darkness all the shores remain.
Or if he furrow up the briny sea,
To cast his anchors in the frozen bay
Of woody Norway; (who hath ever fed
Her people more with scaly fish than bread)
Though rattling mounts of ice thrust at his helm,
And by their sail still threaten to o'erwhelm
His little vessel: and though winter throw
(What age should, on their heads, white caps of
snow;)

Strives to congeal his blood; he cares not for't,
But arm'd in mind, gets his intended port:

So riot, though full many doubts arise,
Whose unknown ends might grasp his enterprise,
Climbs towards the palace, and with gait demure,
With hanging head, a voice as feigning pure,
With torn and ragged coat, his hairy legs
Bloody, as scratch'd with briars, he entrance begs.

Remembrance sat as portress of this gate:
A lady always musing as she sat,
Except when sometime suddenly she rose,
And with a back bent eye, at length, she throws
Her hand to heaven: and in a wond'ring guise,
Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes:

As some wayfaring man passing a wood,
Whose waving top hath long a sea-mark stood)
Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,
But how the primrose finely strew the path,
Or sweetest violets lay down their heads
At some tree's root on mossy feather beds,
Until his heel receive's an adder's sting,
Whereat he starts, and back his head doth fling.
She never mark'd the suit he did prefer,
But (careless) let him pass along by her.

So on he went into a spacious court.
All trodden bare with multitudes resort:
At th' end whereof a second gate appears,
The fabric shew'd full many thousand years:
Whose postern key that time a lady kept,
Her eyes all swollen as if she seldom slept;
And would by fits her golden tresses tear,
And strive to stop her breath with her own hair;
Her lily hand (not to be lik'd by art)
A pair of pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly grasped, while the piled stones
Re-echoed to her lamentable groans.

Here at this gate the custom long had been
When any sought to be admitted in,
Remorse thus us'd them ere they had the key,
And all, these torments felt, pass'd on their way.

When riot came, the lady's pains nigh done,
She pass'd the gate; and then remorse begun
To fetter riot in strong iron chains;
And doubting much his patience in the pains,
As when a smith and's man (lame Vulcan's fel-
lows)

Call'd from the anvil or the puffing bellows,
To clap a well wrought shoe (for more than pay)
Upon a stubborn nag of Galloway;
Or unback'd Jennet, or a Flander's mare,
That at the forge stand snuffing of the air;
The swarthy smith spits in his buckhorn fist,
And bids his men bring out the five-fold twist,
His shackles, shacklocks, hampers, gives, and
chains,
His linked bolts; and with no little pains
These make him fast: and lest all these should
falter,

Unto a post with some six doubled halter
He binds his head; yet all are of the least
To curb the fury of the head strong beast:
When if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,
His man can hold his foot whilst he can shoe him:
Remorse was so enforc'd to bind him stronger,
Because his faults requir'd infliction longer,
Than any sin-prest wight which many a day
Since Judas hung himself had past that way.

When all the cruel torments he had borne,
Galled with chains, and on the rack nigh torn,
Pinching with glowing pincers his own heart,
All lame and restless, full of wounds and smart,
He to the postern creeps, so inward hies,
And from the gate a two-fold path descries:
One leading up a hill, repentance way;
And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay:
The other headlong, steep, and liken'd well,
Unto the path which tendereth down to hell:
All steps that thither went shew'd no returning,
The port to pains and to eternal mourning,

Where certain death liv'd; in an ebon chair
The foul's black homicide meagre * despair
Had his abode: there 'gainst the craggy rocks
Some dash'd their brains out, with relentless
knocks,

Others on trees (O most accursed elves)
Are fastening knots, so to undo themselves.
Here one in sin not daring to appear
At mercy's seat with one repentant tear,
Within his breast was lancing of an eye,
That unto God it might for vengeance cry:
There from a rock a wretch but newly fell
All torn in pieces, to go whole to hell.
Here with a sleepy potion one thinks fit
To grasp with death, but would not know of it:
There in a pool two men their lives expire,
And die in water to revive in fire.

Here hangs the blood upon the guiltless stones:
There worms consume the flesh of human bones.
Here lies an arm: a leg there: here a head,
With other limbs of men unburied,
Scatt'ring the ground, and as regardless hurld,
As they at virtue spurned in the world.

Fie hapless wretch, O thou! whose graces starv-
ing,

Measur'st God's mercy by thine own deserving;
Which cry'st (distrustful of the power of heaven)
"My sins are greater than can be forgiven:"
Which still art ready to "curse God and die,"
At every stripe of worldly misery;
O learn (thou in whose breasts the dragon lurks),
God's mercy (ever) is o'er all his works:
Know he is pitiful, apt to forgive;
Would not a sinner's death, but that he live.
O ever, ever rest upon that word
Which doth assure thee, though his two-edg'd
sword

Be drawn in justice 'gainst thy sinful soul,
To separate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike; or if he struck repent him.
Let none despair; for cursed Judas' sin
Was not so much in yielding up the King
Of Life, to death, as when he thereupon
Wholly despair'd of God's remission.

Riot, long doubting flood which way were best
To lead his steps: at last preferring rest
(As foolishly he thought) before the pain
Was to be past ere he could well attain
The high built palace; 'gan adventure on
That path, which led to all confusion,
When suddenly a voice as sweet, as clear,
With words divine began entice his ear:
Whereat, as in a rapture, on the ground
He prostrate lay, and all his senses found
A time of rest; only that faculty
Which never can be seen, nor ever die,
That in the essence of an endless nature
Doth sympathise with the all-good Creator,
That only wak'd which cannot be interr'd,
And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard.

* See Spenser's *Faery Queene*, book I. cap. 9. sect. 33. &c. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, cap. 12. sect. 32.
&c.

Vain man, do not mistrust
Of heaven winning;
Nor (though the most unjust)
Despair for sinning:
God will be seen his sentence changing,
If he behold thee wicked ways estranging.

Climb up where pleasures dwell
In flow'ry allies:
And taste the living well
That decks the vallies.
Fair * Metanoia is attending
To crown thee with those joys which know no
ending.

Herewith on leaden wings sleep from him flew,
When on his arm he rose, and sadly threw
Shrill acclamations; while an hollow cave,
Or hanging hill, or heaven, an answer gave.
O sacred essence, lightning me this hour!
How may I lightly style thy great power?

ECCHO. Power.
Power? but of whence? under the green wood
spray,
Or liv'st in heav'n? say.

ECCHO. In heaven's ay.
In heaven's ay! tell may I it obtain
By alms, by fasting, prayer, by pain?
ECCHO. By pain.
Shew me the pain, it shall be undergone;
I to mine end will still go on.

ECCHO. Go on.
But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the mountain I do climb?

ECCHO. Do climb.
Is that the way to joys which still endure?
O bid my soul of it be sure!

ECCHO. Be sure.
Then thus assured, do I climb the hill,
Heaven be my guide in this thy will.

ECCHO. I will.
As when a maid taught from her mother's wing,
To tune her voice unto a silver string,
When she should run, she rests; rests when should
run,

And ends her lesson having now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And doing of her best she still is wrong,
Begins again, and yet again strikes false,
Then in a chase forsakes her virginals,
And yet within an hour she tries anew,
That with her daily pains (art's chiefest due)
She gains that charming skill: and can no less
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderness,
Than that † Orpheus harpist, for whose lay,
Tigers with hunger pin'd and left their prey.
So riot when he 'gan to climb the hill,
Here maketh haste, and there long standeth still,

* *Metanoia*, Repentance.

† *Orpheus*, the son of *Oeagrus* and *Calliope*, according
to *Plato*, in *Conv.* *Apollon*. *Argonaut.* l. 1. and himself,
if the *Argonautics* be his; Of *Apollon* and *Calliope*, by
some; of others, by others.

Now getteth up a step, then falls again,
Yet not despairing, all his nerves doth strain
To clamber up anew, then slide his feet,
And down he comes; but gives not over yet,
For (with the maid) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be link'd with industry.

Now as an angler melancholy standing
Upon a green bank yielding room for landing,
A wrigling yellow worm thrust on his hook,
Now in the midst he throws, then in a nook:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in again,
Mending his croke and bait, but all in vain,
He long stands viewing of the curled stream;
At last a hungry pike, or well-grown bream
Snatch at the worm, and hasting fast away
He knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,
Pulls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)
Wherewith the hook fast holds the fish's gill.
Then all his line he freely yieldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and down doth swim
Th' ensnared fish, here on the top doth scud,
There underneath the banks, then in the mud;
And with his frantic fits so scares the shoal,
That each one takes his hide, or starting hole:
By this the pike clean wearied, underneath
A willow lies, and pants (if fishes breathe)
Wherewith the angler gently pulls him to him,
And least his haste might happen to undo him,
Lays down his rod, then takes his line in hand.
And by degrees getting the fish to land,
Walks to another pool: at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner:
So when the climber half the way had got,
Musing he stood, and busily 'gan plot,
How (since the mount did always sleeper 'tend)
He might with steps secure his journey end.
At last (as wand'ring boys to gather nuts)
A hooked pole he from a hazel cuts;
Now throws it here, then there, to take some hold,
But bootless and in vain, the rocky mould
Admits no cranny, where his hazel hook
Might promise him a step, till in a nook
Somewhat above his reach he hath espy'd
A little oak, and having often try'd
To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so;
He rolls a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets upon it, fastens warily
His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising crow with clam'rous kawing,
Leaving the green bough flies about the rock,
Whilst twenty twenty couples to him flock:
And now within his reach the thin leaves wave,
With one hand only then he holds his slave,
And with the other grasping first the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his fist receives;
Then to his girdle making fast the hook,
His other hand another bough hath took;
His first, a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place where his root lives.

Then, as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his silberd food,
Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel ta-
king,

Till (with their crooks and hags) a sort of boys,
(To share with him,) come with so great a noise,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak;
Thence to a beach, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the quagmires, and red water
plashes,

The boys run dabbling through thick and thin,
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin,
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the briars; and that hath lost his shoe:
This drops his band; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last:
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hol-
low,

The little fool, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such shift made riot, ere he could get up,
And so from bough to bough he won the top,
Though hindrances, from ever coming there,
Were often thrust upon him by despair.

Now at his feet the stately mountain lay,
And with a gladsome eye he 'gan survey
What perils he had trod on since the time
His weary feet and arms assay'd to climb.
When with a humble voice (withouten fear,
Though he look'd wild and overgrown with
hair)

A gentle nymph in ruffet coarse array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.
First, brings she him into a goodly hall,
Fair, yet not beautified with mineral;
But in a careless art, and artless care,
Made loose neglect, more lovely far than rare.
Upon the floor (ypav'd with marble slate)
(With sackcloth cloth'd,) many in ashes sat:
And round about the walls for many years,
Hung crystal vials of repentance tears:
And books of vows, and many a heavenly deed,
Lay ready open for each one to read.
Some were immured up in little shades,
There to contemplate heaven, and bid their beads.
Others with garments thin of camel's hair,
With head, and arms, and legs, and feet all bare,
Were singing hymns to the eternal Sage,
For safe returning from their pilgrimage:
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodies beat,
Others in fasting live, and seldom ate;
But, as those trees which do in India grow,
And call'd of elder swains full long ago
The sun and moon's fair trees (full goodly dight)
And ten times ten feet challenging their height)
Having no help (to overlook brave towers)
From cool refreshing dew, or drizzling showers;
When as the earth (as oftentimes is seen)
Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and night's pale queen;
Or when the moon eclipseth Titan's light,
The trees (all comfortless) rob'd of their light
Weep liquid drops, which plentifully shoot
Along the outward bark down to the root,
And by their own shed tears they ever flourish;
So their own sorrows, their own joys do nourish;
And so within this place full many a wight,
Did make his tears his food both day and night.

And had it granted (from th' Almighty great)
Swim through them unto his mercy seat.

Fair Metanoia in a chair of earth,
With count'nance sad, yet sadness promis'd mirth,
Sat vail'd in courtest weeds of camel's hair,
Enriching poverty; yet never fair
Was like to her, nor since the world begun
A lovelier lady kiss'd the glorious sun.
For her the god of thunder, mighty, great,
Whose footstool is the earth, and heaven his seat,
Unto a man, who from his crying birth
Went on still shunning what he carry'd, earth:
When he could walk no further for his grave,
Nor could step over, but he there must have
A seat to rest, when he would fain go on:
But age in every nerve, in every bone
Forbade his passage; for her sake hath heaven
Fill'd up the grave, and made his path so even,
That fifteen courses had the bright steeds run,
(And he was weary) ere his course was done,
For scorning her, the courts of kings, which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the crow;
And on a plain outbrave a neighbour rock
In stout resistance of a tempter's shock.
For her contempt heaven (reigning his disasters)
Hath made those towers but piles to burn their
masters,

To her the lowly nymph (Humblestia hight)
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight
To whom the lady courteous semblance shews;
And pitying his estate, in sacred thews,
And letters (worthily yclep'd divine)
Resolv'd t' instruct him: but her discipline
She knew of true effect, would surely miss,
Except she first his metamorphosis
Should clean exile; and knowing that his birth
Was to inherit reason, though on earth
Some witch had thus transform'd him, by her
skill,

Expert in changing, even the very will,
In few days labours with continual prayer,
(A sacrifice transcends the buxom air)
His grisly shape, his foul deformed feature,
His horrid looks, worse than a savage creature,
By Metanoia's hand from heaven, began
Receive their sentence of divorce from man.

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked iv'ry neck, and gown unlac'd,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed:
First, puts she off her lily-filken gown,
That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down;
And with her arms graceth a waistcoat fine,
Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair ensnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders,
And though she cast it back, the filken slips
Still forward steal, and hang upon her lips:
Whereat she sweetly angry, with her laces
Binds up the wanton locks in curious traces,
Whilst (twisting with her joints) each hair long
lingers,

As loth to be chain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dressing like a crown;
Her breast all bare, her kirtle slipping down,

And all things off (which rightly ever he
Call'd the foul fair marks of our misery)
Except her last, which enviously doth seize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
Prepares for sweetest rest, while sylphs greet her,
And (longingly) the down-bed swells to meet
her:

So by degrees his shape all brutish wild,
Fell from him (as loose skin from some young
child)

In lieu whereof a man-like shape appears,
And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty years,
So fair, so fresh, so young, so admirable
In every part, that since I am not able
In words to shew his picture, gentle swains,
Recall the praises in my former strains:
And know if they have graced any limb,
I only lent it those, but stole't from him.

Had that chaste * Roman dame beheld his
face,

Ere the proud king possess her husband's place,
Her thoughts had been adulterate, and this stain
Had won her greater fame, had she been slain.
The lark that many morns herself makes merry
With the shrill chaunting of her teery-lary,
(Before he was transform'd) would leave the
skies,

And hover o'er him to behold his eyes.
Upon an oaten pipe well could he play,
For when he fed his flock upon the ley
Maidens to hear him from the plains came trip-
ping, [ping;

And birds from bough to bough full nimbly skip-
His flock (then happy flock) would leave to feed,
And stand amaz'd to listen to his reed:

Lions and tigers, with each beast of game,
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Brave trees and flow'rs would towards him be
bending, [ing:

And none that heard him wish'd his song an end-
Maids, lions, birds, flocks, trees, each flower, each
spring,

Were rapt with wonder, when he us'd to sing.

So fair a person to describe to men

Requires a curious pencil, not a pen.

Him Metanoia clad in seemly wife,
(Not after our corrupted ages guise,
Where gaudy weeds lend splendor to the limb,
While that his clothes receiv'd their grace from
him.)

Then to a garden set with rarest flowers,
With pleasant fountains stor'd, and shady bowers:
She leads him by the hand, and in the groves,
Where thousand pretty birds sung to their loves,
And thousand thousand blossoms (from their
stalks)

Mild Zephyrus threw down to paint the walks:
Where yet the wild boar never durst appear:
Here Fida (ever to kind Remond dear)
Met them, and shew'd where Altheia lay,
(The fairest maid that ever blest the day.)
Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lily hands
Within a spring that threw up golden sands:

* *Lucretia.*

As if it would entice her to persevere
 In living there, and grace the banks forever.
 To her Amyntas (riot now no more)
 Came, and saluted : never man before
 More blest, nor like this kiss hath been another
 But when two dangling cherries kiss each other :
 Nor ever beauties, like, met at such closes,
 But in the kisses of two damask roses.
 O, how the flowers (prest with their treadings on
 them)
 Strove to cast up their heads to look upon them !
 How jealously the buds that so had seen them,
 Sent forth the sweetest smells to step between
 them,
 As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers
 Once known of them, they might neglect the
 flowers.
 How often wish'd Amyntas with his heart,
 His ruddy lips from hers might never part ;
 And that the heavens this gift were them be-
 queathing,
 To feed on nothing but each other's breathing !
 A truer love the muses never sung,
 Nor happier names ere grac'd a golden tongue :

O ! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,
 * Who on the banks of Ancor tun'd his pipe :
 Or rather for that learned † swain whose lays
 Divinest Homer crown'd with deathless bays :
 Or any one sent from the sacred well
 Inheriting the soul of ‡ Astrophell. [story,
 These, these in golden lines might write this
 And make these loves their own eternal glory :
 Whilst I a swain as weak in years as skill,
 Should in the valley hear them on the hill.
 Yet (when my sheep have at the cisterns been,
 And I have brought them back to shear the
 green)
 To miss an idle hour, and not for mead.
 Whose choicest relish shall mine oaten reed
 Record their worths : and though in accents rare
 I miss the glory of a charming air,
 My muse may one day make the courtly swains
 Enamour'd on the music of the plains,
 And as upon a hill she bravely sings,
 Teach humble dales to weep in crystal springs.

* Mich. Drayton.

† Geo. Chapman.

‡ Sir Philip Sydney.

T iij

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK II. SONG I.

The Argument.

Marina's freedom now I sing,
And of her endangering :
Of famine's cave, and then th' abuse
Tow'rds buried Colin and his muse.]

As when a mariner (accounted lost)
Upon the watry desert long time tost,
In summer's parching heat, in winter's cold,
In tempests great, in dangers manifold,
Is by a fav'ring wind drawn up the mast,
Whence he descries his native soil at last :
For whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,
And to the ocean tells his joy in thunder,
(Shaking those barnacles into the sea,
At once, that in the womb and cradle lay)
When suddenly the still inconstant wind
Masters before, that did attend behind ;
And grows so violent, that he is fain
Command the pilot stand to sea again ;
Least want of sea-room in a channel straight,
Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight :
Thus, gentle muse, it happens in my song,
A journey, tedious, for a strength so young
I undertook : by silver seeming floods,
Past gloomy bottoms, and high waving woods,
Climb'd mountains where the wanton kidling
dallies, [leys,
'Then with soft steps enfeal'd the meekned val-
In quest of memory : and had possess'd
A pleasant garden, for a welcome rest ;
No sooner than a hundred themes come on,
And hail my bark a-new for Helicon.
Thrice sacred powers ! (if sacred powers there
be
Whose mild aspect engyrland poesy)
Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,
Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing !

Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming lays
Each moss-thrumb'd mountain bends, each cur-
rent plays !
Pierian fingers ! O ye blessed muses !
Who as a gem too dear the world refuses !
Whose truest lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage !
Dwell on my lines ! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak pastoral ;
Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with envy of such kisses.]
Make all the rarest beauties of our clime,
That deign a sweet look on my younger rhyme,
To linger on each line's enticing graces
As on their lovers lips and chaste embraces !
Through rowling trenches, of self-drowning
wave ,
Where stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,
By billows, whose white foam shew'd angry
minds.
For not out-roaring all the high rais'd winds,
Into the ever drinking thirsty sea
By rocks that under water hidden lay,
To shipwreck passengers, (so in some den
Thieves bent to robbery watch way-faring men.)
Fairest Marina, whom I whilome sung,
In all this tempest (violent though long)
Without all sense of danger lay asleep :
Till tossed where the still inconstant deep
With wide spread arms, stood ready for the ten-
de
Of daily tribute, that the swollen floods render

Into her chequer : (whence as worthy kings
She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs :)
Here wax'd the winds dumb, (shut up in their
caves)

As still as midnight were the fullen waves,
And Neptune's silver ever-shaking breast
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.
None other wrinkles on his face were seen
Than on a fertile mead, or sportive green,
Where never ploughshare ript his mother's womb
To give an aged seed a living tomb,
Nor blinded mole the bating earth e'er stirr'd,
Nor boys made pitfalls for the hungry bird.
The whistling reeds upon the water's side
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
And not a binding osier bow'd his head,
But on his root him bravely carried.
No dandling leaf played with the subtle air,
So smooth the sea was, and the sky so fair.

Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd
oars,
The swain attempts to get the shell-strew'd
shores,

And with continual lading making a way,
Thrusts the small boat into as fair a bay
As ever merchant wish'd might be the road
Wherein to ease his sea-torn vessel's load.
It was an island (hugg'd in Neptune's arms,
As tending it against all foreign harms,)
And Mona hight; so amiably fair,
So rich in soil, so healthful in her air,
So quick in her increase, (each dewy night
Yielding that ground as green, as fresh of plight
As't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant steers, full many a thousand head)
So deck'd with floods, so pleasant in her groves,
So full of well-fleec'd flocks and fatt'ned droves,
That the brave issue of the Trojan line,
(Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darkness
shine,)

Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as high,
In raptures of immortal poesy,
As any nation's, since the Grecian lads
Were famous made by Homer's Iliads.)
Those brave heroic spirits, 'twixt one another
Proverbially call * Mona Cambria's mother.
Yet Cambria is a land from whence have come
Worthies well worth the race of Ilium;
Whose true desert of praise could my muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.
And though of mighty Brute I cannot boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong Deuonian coast
Resound his worth, since on her wave worn strand
He and his Trojans first set foot on land,
Struck sail, and anchor cast on † Totnes shore,
Though now no ship can ride there any more.

In th' island's road the swain now moors his
boat
Unto a willow, (left it outwards float)

* *Mom Mam Kumbry.*

† *Petunt Classen omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis
ventis mare fulcantes, in Totnesio littore feliciter ap-
plicarunt. Galf. Monum.*

And with a rude embracement taking up
The maid (more fair than ‡ she that fill'd the cup
Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More hearts than all the troops of deities).
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yielded when her foot should land.
Where bubbling waters through the pebbles fleet,
As if they strove to kiss her slender feet.

Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath
ta'en

The sacred relics from a holy fane,
Feeling the hand of heaven (enforcing wonder)
In his return, in dreadful cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his sacrilege hath left,
And thinks his punishment freed with the theft :
So fled the swain, from one ; had Neptune spy'd
At half an ebb, he would have forc'd the tide
To swell anew ; whereon his care should sweep,
Deck'd with th' riches of th' unfounded deep,
And he from thence, would with all state on shore,
To woo this beauty, and to woo no more.

Divine Electra (of the sisters seven
That beautify the glorious orb of heaven)
When Ilium's stately towers, serv'd as one light
To guide the ravisher in ugly night
Unto her virgin bed, withdrew her face,
And never would look down on human race
Till this maid's birth ; since when some power
hath won her

By often fits to shine, as gazing on her,
Grim Saturn's son, the dread Olympic Jove
That dark'd three days to frolic with his love,
Had he in Alcmen's stead clipt this fair wight,
The world had slept in everlasting night.
For whose sake only, (had she lived then)
Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men :
Nor Phaëton perform'd his father's duty,
For fear to rob the world of such a beauty :
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Hours, days, months, years, and never make an
end.

What wretch inhuman ? or what wilder blood
(Suck'd in a desert from a tiger's brood)
Could leave her so disconsolate ? but one
Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon ;
For had his veins been heat with milder air,
He had not wrong'd so foul a maid so fair.

Sing on sweet muse, and whilst I feed mine
eyes

Upon a jewel of unvalued prize,
As bright as star, a dame as fair, as chaste
As eye behold or shall, till nature's last.
Charm her quick senses and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet !
And if her graceful tongue admire one strain
It is the best reward my pipe would gain.
In lieu whereof, in laurel worthy rhymes
Her love shall live until the end of times,
And spite of age, the last of days shall see
Her name embalm'd in sacred poesy.

Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,
Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft their locks

‡ *Hebe.*

Of branching sampire, sat the maid o'ertaken
With sighs and tears, unfortunate, forsaken ;
And with a voice that floods from rocks would
borrow,

She thus both wept and sung her notes of sorrow.

If heaven be deaf and will not hear my cries,
But adds new days to add new miseries ;
Hear then ye troubled waves and flitting gales,
'That cool the bosoms of the fruitful vales !
Lend, one a flood of tears, the other wind,
To weep and sigh that heaven is so unkind !
But if ye will not spare, of all your store,
One tear, or sigh, unto a wretch so poor ;
Yet as ye travel on this spacious round,
Through forests, mountains, or the lawny ground,
If't hap' you see a maid weep forth her woe,
As I have done ; Oh bid her as ye go
Not lavish tears ! for when her own are gone,
The world is flinty and will lend her none.
If this be eke denied, O hearken then
Each hollow vaulted rock, and crooked den !
And if within your sides one echo be,
Let her begin to rue my destiny !
And in your clefts her plainings do not smother,
But let that echo teach it to another !
Till round the world in sounding coomb and
plain,

The last of them tell it the first again :
Of my sad fate so shall they never lin
But where one ends, another still begin.
Wretch that I am, my words I vainly waste,
Echo, of all woes, only speaks the last ;
And that's enough : for should she utter all,
As at * Medusa's head, each heart would fall
Into a flinty substance and repine
At no one grief, except as great as mine.
No careful nurse would wet her watchful eye,
When any pang should gripe her infantry,
Nor though to nature it obedience gave,
And kneel'd, to do her homage, in the grave
Would she lament her suckling from her torne :
Scaping by death those torments I have borne.

This sigh'd, she wept (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny tears down raining on the sand,
Which seen by (them, that sport it in the seas
On dolphins backs) the fair Neriades,
They came on shore, and flily as they fell
Convey'd each tear into an oyster shell,
And by some power that did affect the girls,
Transform'd those liquid drops to orient pearls,
And strew'd them on the shore ; for whose rich
prize

In winged pines the Roman colonies
Flung through the deep abyfs to our white rocks
For gems to deck their ladies golden locks :
Who valu'd them as highly in their kinds
As those the sun-burnt Ethiopian finds

Long on the shore, distressed Marina lay :
For he that ope's the pleasant sweets of May
Beyond the noonstead so far drove his team,
'That harvest-folks (with curds and clouted cream,
With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates enow
'That are the yeoman's from the yoke or cow)

* Which turned the beholders into stone.

On sheafs of corn were at their noonshuns close,
Whilst by them merrily the bag-pipe goes :
Ere from her hand she lifted up her head,
Where all the graces then inhabited.
When casting round her over-drowned eyes,
(So have I seen a gem of meikle price
Rule in a scallop shell with water fill'd)
She, on a marble rock at hand beheld
In characters deep cut with iron stroke,
A shepherd's moan, which read by her, thus
spoke :

Glide soft ye silver floods,
And every spring :
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing !
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye ; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds
To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave ;
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion like,
Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon',
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And jointly strive to bring him home.
But he on shipboard dy'd, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain !
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
(For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land !
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

Ah, heavy shepherd, (who so e'er thou be,)
Quoth fair Marina, I do pity thee :
For who by death is in a true friend cross'd,
Till he be earth he half himself hath lost.
More happy deem I thee, lamented swain,
Whose body lies among the scaly train,
Since I shall never think that thou canst die,
Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry.

For well it seems in versing he hath skill,
 And though he (aided from the sacred hill),
 To thee with him no equal life can give,
 Yet by his pen thou may'st for ever live.
 With this, a beam of sudden brightness flies
 Upon her face, so dazzling her clear eyes,
 That neither flower nor grass, which by her grew,
 She could discern cloth'd in their perfect hue.
 For as a wag (to sport with such as pass)
 Taking the sunbeams in a looking-glass,
 Conveys the ray into the eyes of one
 Who (blinded) either stumbles at a stone;
 Or, as he daz'led walks the peopled streets,
 Is ready jostling every man he meets:
 So then Apollo did in glory cast
 His bright beams on a rock with gold enshapt,
 And thence the swift reflection of their light
 Blinded those eyes, the chiefest stars of night.
 When straight a thick-swoln cloud (as if it fought
 In beauty's mind to have a thankful thought)
 Invail'd the lustre of great Titan's car;
 And she beheld from whence she sat not far,
 Cut on a high brow'd rock (inlaid with gold)
 This epitaph, and read it, thus inroll'd:

In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,
 So choicest jewels are the closest kept;
 Whose death the land had seen; but it appears
 To countervail his loss, men wanted tears.
 So here he lies, whose dirge each mermaid sings,
 For whom the clouds weep rain, the earth her
 springs.

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her mind
 Had scarcely made, when o'er the hill behind
 She heard a woman cry; ah, well-a-day,
 What shall I do? go home, or fly, or stay.
 Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace
 As graceful as the goddesses did trace
 O'er stately Ida, (when fond * Paris' doom
 Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entomb),
 She went to aid the woman in distress
 (True beauty never was found merciless),
 Yet durst she not go nigh, least (being spy'd)
 Some villain's outrage, that might then betide
 (For ought she knew) unto the crying maid,
 Might grasp with her; by thickets which array'd
 The high sea-bounding hill, so near she went,
 She saw what wight made such loud dreariment.
 Loud? yes, sung right: for since the azure sky
 Imprison'd first the world, a mortal's cry
 With greater clangour never pierc'd the air.

A wight she was so far from being fair,
 None could be foul esteem'd, compar'd with her.

Describing foulness, pardon if I err,
 Ye shepherds daughters, and ye gentle swains!
 My muse would gladly chaunt more lovely strains:
 Yet since on miry grounds she trod, for doubt
 Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.

As when great Neptune, in his height of pride,
 The inland creeks fills with a high spring-tide,
 Great shoals of fish, among the oyster's hie,
 Which, by a quick ebb, on the shores left dry,

* *The judgment of Paris.*

With fishes yawn, the oysters gaping wide:
 So broad her mouth was: as she flood and cry'd,
 She tore her elfish knots of hair, as black
 And full of dust, as any collier's sack.
 Her eyes unlike, were like her body right,
 Squint and mishapen, one dun, th' other white.
 As in a picture limb'd unto the life,
 Or carved by a curious workman's knife,
 If twenty men at once should come to see
 The great effects of untir'd industry,
 Each severally would think the picture's eye
 Was fixt on him, and on no stander by:
 So as she (bawling) was upon the bank,
 If twice five hundred men stood on a rank,
 Her ill face tow'rs them, every one would say
 She looks on me; when she another way
 Had cast her eyes, as on some rock or tree,
 And on no one of all that company.
 Her nose (O crooked nose!) her mouth o'er hung,
 As it would be directed by her tongue:
 Her forehead such, as one might near avow
 Some ploughman there had lately been at plough.
 Her face so scorch'd was, and so wild it shows,
 As on a pear tree she had scar'd the crows.
 Within a tanner's fat I oft have ey'd
 (That three moons there had lain) a large ox hide,
 In liquor mixt with strongest bark (for gain),
 Yet had not ta'en one half so deep a stain
 As had her skin: and that as hard well nigh
 As any brawns, long hardened in the sty.
 Her shoulders such, as I have often seen
 A silly cottage on a village green
 Might change his corner posts, in good behoof,
 For four such under proppers to his roof.
 Housewives, go, hire her; if you yearly gave
 A lambkin more than use, you that might save
 In washing beetles; for her hands would pass
 To serve that purpose, though you daily wash.
 For other hidden parts, thus much I say,
 As ballad mongers on a market day
 Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noise
 As ever cart wheel made) squeaks the sad choice
 Of Tom the miller, with a golden thumb,
 Who, crost in love, ran mad, and deaf, and dumb;
 Half part he chaunts, and will not sing it out,
 But thus bespeaks to his attentive rout:
 Thus much for love I warbled from my breast,
 And, gentle friends, for money take the rest:
 So speak I to the overlonging ear,
 That would the rest of her description hear.
 Much have I sung for love, the rest (not common)
 Martial will shew for coin, in's crabbed woman.
 If e'er you saw a pedant gin prepare
 To speak some graceful speech to master mayor,
 And being bashful, with a quaking doubt
 That in his eloquence he may be out,
 He oft steps forth, as oft turns back again;
 And long 'tis e'er he ope his learned vein:
 Think so Marina stood: for now she thought
 To venture forth, then some conjecture wrought
 He to be jealous, least this ugly wight
 (Since like a witch she look'd) through spells of
 night,
 Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
 To all the foul intents of witchery:

This drew her back again. At last she broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke
In gentle manner thus: good day, good maid;
With that her cry she on a sudden stay'd,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a miller having ground his grist,
Lets down his floodgates with a speedy fall,
And quarring up the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleen, and never stay
Till by some cleft they find another way:
So when her tears were stopt from either eye,
Her singults, blubb' rings, seem'd to make them fly
Out at her oyster mouth and nostrils wide.
Can there (quoth fair Marina) e'er betide
(In these sweet groves) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should enforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightful plains, how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when shepherds in their gladsome fit
Sing hymns to Pan, that they are free from it.

But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous
yell?

As late (quoth she) I went to yonder well
(You cannot see it here; that grove doth cover
With his thick boughs his little channel over),
To fetch some water (as I use) to dress
My master's supper (you may think of flesh;
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish,
Of rotchets, whittings, or such common fish,
That with his net he drags into his boat.
Among the flags below, there stands his cot
(A simple one), thatch'd o'er with reed and
broom;

It hath a kitchen, and a several room
For each of us. But this is nought: you flee,
Reply'd Marine, I prithee answer me
To what I question'd. Do but hear me first,
Answer'd the hag. He is a man so curst,
Although I toil at home, and serve his swine,
Yet scarce allows he me whereon to dine:
In summer time on black berries I live,
On crabs and haws, and what wild forests
give:

In winter's cold, barefoot, I run to seek
For oysters and small wrinkles in each creek,
Whereon I feed, and on the meagre stone,
But if he home return, and find me gone,
I still am sure to feel his heavy hand.
Alas! and weal away, since now I stand
In such a plight: for if I seek his door,
He'll beat me ten times worse than e'er before.
What hast thou done? (yet ask'd Marina) say?
I with my pitcher lately took my way
(As late I said) to thilk same shaded spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to sing;
But in my back return, I (hapless) spy'd
A tree of cherries wild, and them I ey'd
With such a longing, that unawares my foot
Got underneath a hollow growing root,
Carrying my pot as maids use on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to threads.
This is my grief, this is my cause of moan;
And if some kind wight go not to atone,
My surly master, with me wretched maid,
I shall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,

Said sweet Marina, hasten thee before;
I'll come to make thy peace; for since I fore
Do hunger, and at home thou hast small cheer,
(Need and supply grow far off, seldom near.)
To yonder grove I'll go, to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing.
Thus parted they. And sad Marina blest
The hour she met the maid, who did invest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her flock again (and drive them merrily
To their flow'r-deck'd lyre, and tread the shores
Of pleasant Albion) through the well-pois'd oars
Of the poor fisherman that dwelt thereby.

But as a man who in a lottery
Hath ventur'd off his coin, e'er he have ought,
Thinks this or that shall with his prize be bought,
And so enrich'd, march with the better rank,
When suddenly he's called, and all is blank:
To chaste Marina so doth fortune prove,
"Statefines and she are never firm in love."

No sooner had Marina got the wood,
But as the trees she nearly search'd for food,
A * villain, lean, as any rake appears,
That look'd, as pinch'd with famine, Egypt's
years,

Worn out and wasted to the pithless bone,
As one that had a long consumption.
His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips
As they had serv'd with want two 'prenticeships),
Did through his pallid cheeks, and lankest skin,
Bewray what number were enrank'd within.
His greedy eyes deep sunk into his head,
Which, with a rough hair, was o'er covered.
How many bones made up this starved wight,
Was soon perceiv'd; a man of dimmest sight
Apparently might see them knit, and tell
How all his veins and every sinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawn), his bowels prest,
His unfill'd skin hung dangling on his breast,
His feeble knees with pain enough uphold
That pined carcase, casten in a mold,
Cut out by death's grim form. If small legs was
Ever the title of a gentleman,
His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd down,
As he had liv'd in a beleagured town,
Where plenty had so long estranged been,
That men most worthy note, in grief were seen
(Though they rejoic'd to have attain'd such meat)
Of rats, and half tann'd hides, with stomachs great,
Gladly to feed: and where a nurse most vilde,
Drunk her own milk, and starv'd her crying child.
Yet he, through want of food, not thus became:
But nature first decreed, that as the flame
Is never seen to fly his nourishment,
But all consumes: And still the more is lent,
The more it covets. And as all the floods
(Down trenching from small groves, and greater
woods),
The vast insatiate sea doth still devour,
And yet his thirst not quenched by their power:
So ever should befall this starved wight;
The more his viands, more his appetite.

* See Mr. Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates*.

Whate'er the deeps bring forth, on earth, or air,
 He ravine should, and want in greatest fare.
 And what a city twice seven years would serve,
 He should devour, and yet be like to starve.
 A wretch so empty; that if e'er there be
 In nature found the least vacuity,
 'Twill be in him. The grave to Ceres' store;
 A cannibal to lab'ers old and poor;
 A sponge-like dropfy, drinking till it burst;
 The sickness term'd the wolf, wilde and accurst;
 In some respects like th' art of alchymy,
 That thrives least, when it long'st doth multiply:
 Limos he 'cleped was: whose long-nail'd paw
 Seizing Marina, and his sharp-fang'd jaw
 (The strongest part he had), fixt in her weeds,
 He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high
 reeds,

Towards his cave. Her fate the swift winds rue,
 And round the grove in heavy murmurs flew.
 The limbs of trees, that (as in love with either)
 In close embracements long had liv'd together,
 Rub'd each on other, and in shrieks did show
 The winds had mov'd more part'ners of their
 wo.

Old and decayed stocks, that long time spent,
 Upon their arms, their roots chief nourishment;
 And that drawn dry, as freely did impart
 Their boughs a feeding on their father's heart;
 Yet by respectless imps, when all was gone,
 Pithless and sapless, naked left alone,
 Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbour's
 moans,

Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groans.
 All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
 Scar'd with a strong bolt rat'ling 'mong the trees.

Limos, with his sweet theft, full sily rushes
 Through sharp hook'd brambles, thorns, and tang-
 ling bushes,
 Whose tenters sticking in her garments, fought
 (Poor shrubs) to help her; but availing nought,
 As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding),
 They scratch'd his face and legs, clear water
 bleeding.

Not greater haste a fearful school-boy makes
 Out of an orchard, whence by stealth he takes
 A churlish farmer's plums, sweet pears, or grapes,
 Than Limos did, as from the thick he 'scapes
 Down to the shore; where, resting him a space,
 Restless Marina 'gan entreat for grace
 Of one, whose knowing it as desp'rate, stood
 As where each day to get supply of food.
 O! had she (thirsty) such entreaty made
 At some high rock, proud of his evening shade,
 He would have burst in two, and from his veins
 (For her avail) upon the under plains
 A hundred springs a hundred ways should swim,
 To shew her tears enforced floods from him.
 Had such an oratress been heard to plead
 For fair Polixena, the murd'rer's head
 Had been her pardon, and so 'scap'd that shock,
 Which made her lover's tomb her dying block.
 Not an enraged lion, furly, wood,
 No tiger rest her young, nor savage brood,
 No, not the foaming boar, that durst approve
 Loveless to leave the mighty queen of love,

But her sad plaints, their uncouth walks among,
 Spent in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
 So much their great hearts would in softness steep,
 They at her foot would groveling lie, and weep.
 Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of tears
 Did ought avail. "The belly hath no ears."

As I have known a man lothe meet with gain
 That carrieth in his front least shew of pain,
 Who for his victuals and his raiment pledges,
 Whose stacks for firing are his neighbour's hedges,
 From whence returning with a burden great,
 Wearied, on some green bank he takes his seat,
 But fearful (as still theft is in his stay)
 Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away:
 So Limos sooner eased than yrested
 Was up, and through the reeds (as much molested
 As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,
 And for her aid together twist and twine,
 Now menacing his hands, then on his legs
 Like fetters hang the undergrowing segs:
 And had his teeth not been of strongest hold,
 He there had left his prey. Fates uncontroul'd,
 Deny'd so great a bliss to plants or men,
 And lent him strength to bring her to his den.

West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' stream,
 Crown'd with a silver circling diadem
 Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile
 Of aged rocks (torn from the neighbour isle
 And girt with waves), against whose naked breast
 The surges tilted, on his snowy crest
 The tow'ring falcon whilom built, and kings
 Strove for that eirie, on whose scaling wings,
 Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
 As might a month their army-royal pay.
 Brave birds they were, whose quick self-les'ning
 kin

Still won the garlands from the Peregrin.
 Not * Cerna Isle in Afric's silver main,
 Nor lustful bloody Tereus Thracian strain,
 Nor any other lording of the air
 Durst with this eirie for their wing compare.
 About his sides a thousand sea gulls bred,
 The mavy, and the halcyon famoused
 For colours rare, and for the peaceful seas
 Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding days.
 Puffins (as thick as starlings in a fen)
 Were fetch'd from thence: there sat the pewet
 hen,

And in the clefts the martin built his nest.
 But those by this curst caitif dispossest
 Of roost and nest, the least; of life, the most:
 All left that place, and sought a safer coast.
 Instead of them the caterpillar haunts,
 And canker-worm among the tender plants,
 That here and there in nooks and corners grew,
 Of cormorants and locusts not a few;
 The cramming raven, and a hundred more
 Devouring creatures; yet when from the shore
 Limos came wading (as he easily might
 Except at high tides), all would take their flight,
 Or hide themselves in some deep hole or other,
 Least one devourer should devour another.

* Not the Gerne of Pliny, but the Island of Mauritius,
 discovered by the Hollanders, 1598.

Near to the shore that bord' red on the rock
No merry swain was seen to feed his flock,
No lusty neat-herd thither drove his kine,
Nor boorish hog-herd fed his rooting swine :
A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd :
Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly
nail'd,

Tore from their mother's breast, to stuff his maw.
No crabtree bore his load, nor thorn his haw.
As in a forest well complete with deer
We see the hollies, ashes, every where
Robb'd of their clothing by the browsing game :
So near the rock, all trees where'er you came
To cold December's wrath stood void of bark.
Here danc'd no nymph, no early-rising lark
Sung up the ploughman and his drowly mate :
All round the rock barren and desolate.

In midst of that huge pile was Limos' cave
Full large and round, wherein a miller' knave
Might for his horse and querne have room at will :
Where was outdrawn by some enforced skill,
What mighty conquests were achiev'd by him.
First stood the siege of great * Jerusalem,
Within whose triple wall and sacred city
(Weep ye stone-hearted men ! oh read, and pity !
'Tis Sion's cause invokes your briny tears :
Can any dry eye be when she appears
As I must sing her ? Oh ! if such there be ;
Fly, fly th' abode of men ! and hasten thee
Into the desert, some high mountain under,
Or at thee boys will hiss, and old men wonder.
Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whose hopeless thought seem'd ran
How (since for many days no food she tasted,
Her meal, her oil consum'd, all spent, all wasted)
For one poor day she might attain supply,
And desp'rate of ought else, sit, pine, and die.
At last her mind meets with her tender child
That in the cradle lay (of osier's wild),
Which taken in her arms, she gives the teat,
From whence the little wretch, with labour great,
Not one poor drop can suck : whereat she wou'd,
Cries out, O heaven, are all the founts of food
Exhausted quite ? and must my infant young
Be fed with shoes, yet wanting those e'er long,
Feed on itself ? No, first the room that gave
Him soul and life, shall be his timeless grave :
My dugs, thy best relief, through griping hunger,
Flow now no more my babe ; then since no longer
By me thou canst be fed, nor any other,
Be thou the nurse, and feed thy dying mother.
Then in another place she straight appears,
Seething her suckling in her scalding tears.
From whence not far the painter made her stand,
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruel hand,
In gobbets which she ate. O cursed womb,
That to thyself are both the grave and tomb !

A little sweet lad (there) seems to entreat
(With held up hands) his famish'd sire for meat,
Who wanting ought to give his hoped joy
But throbs and sighs ; the over angry boy,
For some poor pit, in dark nooks making quest,
His sachel finds, which grows a glad some feast

To him and both his parents. Then, next day
He chews the points, wherewith he us'd to play :
Devouring last his books of every kind,
They fed his body which should feed his mind :
But when his sachel, points, books all were
gone,

Before his fire, he droops, and dies anon.

In height of art then had the workman done,
A pious, zealous, most religious son,
Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spite of danger strongly did invade
Their victuals convoy, bringing from them home
Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as come
To the beleag'ring foe, and fates the want
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for arms : thus oft he went,
And stork-like sought his parent's nourishment,
Till fate's decreed, he on the Roman spears
Should give his blood for them, who gave him
theirs.

A million of such throes did famine bring
Upon the city of the Mighty King,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Consum'd themselves and dim'd the lightsome air.

Near this the curious pencil did express
A large and solitary wilderness,
Whose high well-limbed oaks in growing shew'd
As they would ease strong Atlas of his load :
Here underneath a tree in heavy plight
(Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)
* Egyptian Hagar, (nipt with hunger fell)
Sat robb'd of hope ; her infant Ishmael
(Far from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
To cry for meat, his cry she nought esteem'd,
But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all means were bootless to assuage
In such a desert : and since now they must
Sleep their eternal sleep, and cleave to dust,
She chose (apart) to grasp one death, alone,
Rather than by her babe a million.

Then Erichthon's case in † Ovid's song
Was pourtrayed out ; and many more along
The insides of the cave ; which were descri'd
By many loop-holes round on every side.

These fair Marina view'd, left all alone,
The cave fast shut. Limos for pillage gone :
Near the wash'd shore 'mong roots, and briers,
and thorns,

A bullock finds, who delving with his horns
The hurtless earth, (the while his tough hoof tore
The yielding turf) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellows all the shores resound :
Unto the rock ; fed well ; then goes again :
Him Limos kill'd, and haul'd with no small pain
Which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veins had fail'd their dearest blood.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered

* See Josephus's Wars of the Jews, Book 7. cap. 8.

* Genesis, ch. 21. † Metamorphoses, B. 8.

All-drowfy night; who in a carr of jet,
By steeds of iron-grey (which mainly sweet
Moist drop on all the world) drawn through the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains:
Then mists from marshes, and grounds whose
viens

Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring:
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and hea-
ven,

And as night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the green leaf swept;
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd,
As loth to waken any singing bird.

Darkness no less than blind Cimmerian
Of famine's cave the full possession wan,
Where lay the shepherdess inwrapt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournful wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleep
Were seldom found; with quiet minds those
keep,

Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of kings
Are never prest by them, sweet rests inrings
The tired body of the swarthy clown,
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest down.

Twice had the cock crown, and in cities strong
The bellman's doleful noise and careful song,
Told men, whose watchful eyes no slumber hent
What store of hours theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not Morpheus with this maiden been,
As fearing Limos; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cave
Yielded inclosure (deadly as the grave.)
But to all sad laments left her (forlorn)
In which three watches she had nigh outworn.

Fair silver-footed Thetis that time threw
Along the ocean with a beauteous crew
Of her attending sea-nymphs (Jove's bright lamps
Guiding from rocks her chariots * hippocamps.)
A journey, only made, unwares to spy
If any mighties of her empery
Oppress'd the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designs, by being great in court.

O! should all potentates, whose higher birth
Enrols their titles, other gods on earth,
Should they make private search, in vail of night,
For cruel wrongs done by each favourite;
Here should they find a great one pining in
A mean man's land, which many years had been
His charge's life, and by the other's heaft,
'The poor must starve to feed a scurvy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his own, the money, what he list.
'There should they see another that commands
His farmer's team from furrowing his lands,

* Sea horses.

To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his tenant's sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents enhance,
Or gets by tricks the poor's inheritance.
But as a man, whose age hath dimm'd his eyes,
Useth his spectacles, and as he pries
Through them, all characters seems wond'rous
fair;

Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all careful heed he nearly look)
Cannot perceive one tittle in the book,
So if a king behold such favourites
(Whose being great, was being parasites)
With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are
To him appearing plain and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignify'd,
They all would vanish, and not dare appear,
Who atom-like, when their sun shined clear,
Danc'd in his beam; but now his rays are gone,
Of many hundred we perceive not one.
Or as a man, who standing to descry
How great floods far off run, and vallies lie,
Taket a glass perspective good and true,
By which things most remote are in his view;
If monarchs, so, would take an instrument,
Of truth compos'd, to spy their subjects drent
In foul oppression by those high in seat,
Who care not to be good, but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lie before them; and they then would
see.

The devilish politician all convinces,
In murd'ring statesmen, and in pois'ning princes;
The prelate in pluralities asleep
Whilst that the wolf lies preying on his sheep;
The drowfy lawyer, and the false attornies
Tire poor men's purses with their life-long jour-
nies;

The country-gentleman, from his neighbour's hand
Forceth th' inheritance, joins land to land,
And (most insatiate) seeks under his rent
To bring the world's most spacious continent;
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought dearest)
Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in, and stops out light,
And lives a knave to leave his son a knight;
The gripping farmer hoards the seed of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poor lie famished;
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the shepherd's heaven-blest happy life.

But stay, sweet muse! forbear this harsher
strain,

Keep with the shepherds; leave the satyrs vein,
Cope not with bears; let Icarus alone
To scorch himself within the torrid zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble styled pastoral
Tread through the valleys, dance about the streams,
The lowly dales will yield us anadems
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy need,
No better girlond seeks mine oaten reed;
Let others climb the hills, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with
bays.

Shew now, fair muse, what afterwards became
Of great Achilles' mother; she whose name
The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand
A braver lady never tript on land,
Except the ever-living Faery Queen,
Whose virtues by her swain so written been,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, "The muse's chiefest glory."

So mainly Thetis drove her silver throne,
Inlaid with pearls of price and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched negro dive the briny lake)
That by the swiftness of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the main as well built English keels)
She, of the new-found world all coasts had seen,
The shores of Thessaly, where she was queen,
Her brother Pontus' waves, embrac'd, with those
Mæotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [found
Straight Hellespont, whose high-brow'd cliffs yet
The mournful name of young Leander drown'd,
Then with full speed her horses doth she guide
Through the Ægean sea, that takes a pride
In making diff'rence 'twixt the fruitful lands
Europe and Asia almost joining hands,
But that she thrusts her billows all a-front
To stop their meeting through the Hellespont,
The midland sea so swiftly was she scouring,
The Adriatic gulf brave ships devouring.
To Padus' silver stream then glides she on
(Enfamoused by reckless * Phaëton)
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
When the hot dog-star reigns his maladies,
And robs the high and air-invading Alps
Of all their winter suits and snowy scalps;
To drown the levell'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
The sacred Heliconian damsels sat,
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of art should flow from Maro's pen.
And prattling echo's overmore should long
For repetition of sweet Naso's song.
It was enacted here, in after days
What wights should have their temples crown'd
with bays

Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,
And Tasso should ascend the muse's hill.
Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soul
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so inroll
His happy name in brass, that time nor fate
That swallow all, should ever ruiniate.
Delightful Sallust, whose all blessed lays
The shepherds make their hymns on holidays,
And truly say thou in one week hast penn'd
What time may ever study, ne'er amend.
Marot and Ronfard, Garnier's buskin'd muse
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse.
And many another swain whose powerful strain
Should raise the golden world to life again.

But let us leave (fair muse) the banks of Po,
Thetis forlook his brave stream long ago,
And we must after. See in haste she sweeps
Along the Celtic shores, th' Armorick deeps

She now is ent'ring: bear up then a-head
And by that time she hath discovered
Our alabaster rocks, we may descry
And stem with her, the coasts of Brittany.
There will she anchor cast, to hear the songs
Of English shepherds, whose all tuneful tongues
So pleas'd the Naiades, theyd id report
Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court:
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the British sea,
And thither for each swain a dolphin bring
To ride with her, while she would hear him sing,
The time prefix'd was come; and now the star
Of blissful light appear'd, when she her car
Staid in the narrow seas. At Thames' fair port
The nymphs and shepherds of the isle resort;
And thence did put to sea with mirthful rounds,
Whereat the billows dance above their bounds,
And bearded goats, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-surveying mountain fed,
Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood
At those sweet airs which did entrance the flood,
In jocund sort the goddesses thus they met.
And after rev'rence done, all being set
Upon their fenny coursers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the wat'ry zone
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were still,
And * Colin Clout began to tune his quill,
With such deep art, that every one was given
To think Apollo (newly slid from heav'n)
Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,
Or with the western swains for glory strove.
He sung th' heroic knights of Fairyland
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the † Thracian but play'd half so well
He had not left Eurydice in hell.
But ere he ended his melodious song
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swain from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates
In heav'n's fair choir; where now he sings the
praise

Of him that is the first and last of days.
Divinest Spenser, heav'n-bred, happy muse!
Would any power into my brain infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.

A damp of wonder and amazement struck
Thetis' attendants, many a heavy look
Follow'd sweet Spenser, till the thick'ning air
Sight's further passage stopp'd. A passionate tear
Fell from each nymph, no shepherd's cheek was
dry,

A doleful dirge, and mournful elegy
Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus' queen
(In memory of what was heard and seen)
Employ'd a factor (fitted well with store
Of richest gems, refined Indian ore)
To raise, in honour of his worthy name
A Piramis, whose head (like winged fame)
Should pierce the clouds, yea seem the stars to kiss,
And Mausoleus' great tomb might shroud in his.

† Spenser.

† Orpheus.

* Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.

Her will had been performance, had not fate
 (That never knew how to commiserate)
 Suborn'd curs'd avarice to lie in wait
 For that rich prey : (gold is a taking bait)
 Who closely lurking like a subtle snake
 Under the covert of a thorny brake,
 Seiz'd on the factor by fair Thetis sent,
 And robb'd our Colin of his monument.

Ye English shepherds, sons of memory,
 For satyrs change your pleasing melody,
 Scourge, rail, and curse that sacrilegeous hand,
 That more than fiend of hell, that Stygian brand,
 All-guilty Avarice ; thou worst of evil,
 That gulf-devouring offspring of a devil :
 Heap curse on curse so direful and so fell,
 Their weight may press his damned soul to hell.

VOL. IV.

Is there a spirit so gentle can refrain
 To torture such ? O let a satyr' vein
 Mix with that man ! to lash this hellish limb,
 Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine own part, although I now commerce
 With lowly shepherds in as low a verse ;
 If of my days I shall not see an end
 Till more years press me ; some few hours I'll spend
 In rough-hewn satyrs, and my busied pen
 Shall jerk to death this infamy of men.
 And like a fury, glowing coulters bare,
 With which—But see how yonder fondlings tear
 Their fleeces in the brakes ; I must go free
 Them of their bonds ; rest you here merrily
 Till my return : when I will touch a string
 Shall make the rivers dance, and valleys ring.

U

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG II.

The Argument.

What shepherds on the sea were seen
To entertain the ocean's queen,
Remond in search of Fida gone,
And for his love young Doriden,
Their meeting with a woful swain,
Mute, and not able to complain
His metamorphos'd mistress' wrong;
Is all the subject of this song.

THE muse's friend (grey-ey'd Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharp and useful steering goad
Laid on the strong-neck'd ox; no gentle bud
The sun had dry'd; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low levell'd on the grass; no fly's quick sting
Enforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To tear the passing earth, nor lash his tail
About his buttocks broad; the slimy snail
Might on the wainscot, (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and self-knitting traces,)
Be follow'd, where he stuck, his glitt'ring slime
Not yet wip'd off. It was so early time
The careful smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coal; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owls abroad did fly
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of fair Albion all the western swains
Were long since up, attending on the plains
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthful host
Should summon them, on their declining coast.

But since her stay was long: for fear the sun
Should find them idle, some of them begun
To leap and wrestle, others threw the bar,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday:

Some tales of love their love-sick fellows told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his pipe:
That for his last sought fruits most sweet most
ripe.

Here, (from the rest), a lovely shepherd's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him think what he had lost.
Yonder a shepherdess knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted working. Near the sands
Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
That moans the loss of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swain takes place, as near the brim
Of's grave as of the river; shewing how
That as those floods, which pass along right now
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
"And in the sea have all their burying:"
Right so our times are known, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round):
One age is now, another that succeeds,
Extirping all things which the former breeds:
Another follows that, doth new times raise
New years, new months, new weeks, new hours,
new days,

Mankind thus goes like rivers from their spring
 " And in the earth have all their burying,"
 Thus sat the old man counselling the young;
 Whilst, underneath a tree which overhung
 The silver stream, (as, some delight it took
 To trim his thick boughs in the chrystal brook),
 Were set a jocund crew of youthful swains
 Wooing their sweetings with delicious strains.
 Sportive Oreads the hills descended,
 The Hamadryades their hunting ended,
 And in the high woods left the long-liv'd harts
 To feed in peace, free from their winged darts;
 Floods, mountains, vallies, woods, each vacant lies
 Of nymphs that by them danc'd their Haydigyes:
 For all those powers were ready to embrace
 The present means, to give our shepherd's grace.
 And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)
 Many resorted; where a swain, of name
 Less, then of worth: (and we do never own
 Nor apprehend him best, that most is known)
 Fame is uncertain, who so swiftly flies
 By th' unregarded shade where virtue lies,
 She (ill inform'd of virtue's worth) pursu'd
 (In haste) opinion for the simple truth.
 True fame is ever likened to our shade,
 He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
 To overtake her; who so takes his wing,
 Regardless of her, she'll be following:
 Her true property she thus discovers [ers."
 " Love's her contempters, and contemns her lov-
 Th' applause of common people never yet
 Pursu'd this swain; he knew't the counterfeit
 Of settled praise, and therefore at his songs
 Though all the shepherds and the graceful throngs
 Of semi-gods compar'd him with the best
 That ever touch'd a reed, or was address'd
 In shepherd's coat, he never would approve
 Their attributes, giv'n in sincerest love;
 Except he truly knew them, as his merit.
 Fame gives a second life to such a spirit.
 This swain, entreated by the mirthful rout
 That with entwined arms lay round about
 The tree 'gainst which he lean'd. (So have I seen
 Tom Piper stand upon our village green,
 Back'd with the May-pole, whilst a jocund crew
 In gentle motion circularly threw
 Themselves about him.) To his fairest ring
 Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

Venus by Adonis' side
 Crying kiss'd, and kissing cry'd,
 Wrung her hands and tore her hair
 For Adonis dying there.

Stay, (quoth she), O stay and live!
 Nature surely doth not give
 To the earth her sweetest flowers
 To be seen but some few hours.

On his face, still as he bled
 For each dropt a tear she shed,
 Which she kiss'd or wip'd away,
 Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Fair Proserpina (quoth she)
 Shall not have thee yet from me;

Nor thy soul to fly begin,
 While my lips can keep it in.

Here she clos'd again. And some
 Say, Apollo would have come
 To have cur'd his wounded limb,
 But that she had smother'd him.

Look as a traveller in summer's day
 Nigh chok'd with dust, and melt with Titan's ray,
 Longs for a spring to cool his inward heat,
 And to that end, with vows, doth heaven entreat,
 When going further, finds an apple-tree
 (Standing as did old hospitality,
 With ready arms to succour any needs:
 Hence plucks an apple, tastes it, and it breeds)
 So great a liking in him for his thirst,
 That up he climbs, and gathers to the first
 A second, third; nay, will not cease to pull
 Till he had got his cap and pockets full.
 " Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,
 " That when they come we hold them better far,
 " There is no mean 'twixt what we love or want,
 " Desire, in men, is so predominant."
 No less did all this quaint assembly long
 Than doth the traveller: this shepherd's song
 Had so ensnar'd each acceptable ear,
 That but a second, nought could bring them clear
 From an affected snare; had Orpheus been
 Playing, some distance from them, he had seen
 Not one to stir a foot for his rare strain,
 But left the Thracian for the English swain.
 Or had suspicious Juno (when her Jove
 Into a cow transform'd his fairest love)
 Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given
 To this young lad; the † messenger of heaven
 (Fair Maria's offspring) with the depth of art
 That ever Jove to Hermes might impart,
 In sing'ring of a reed, had never won
 Poor Io's freedom. And though Arctor's son
 (Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,
 And loose his pris'ner: yet in every limb
 That God of wit had felt this shepherd's skill.
 And by his charms brought from the muse's hill
 Enforc'd to sleep; then robb'd of pipe and rod,
 And vanquish'd so, turn swain, this swain a god.
 Yet to this lad not wanted envy's sting,
 (" He's not worth ought, that's not worth envy-
 " ing.")

Since many at his praise were seen to grutch.
 For as a miller in his boulting butch
 Drives out the pure meal nearly, (as he can),
 And in his sifter leaves the coarser bran:
 So doth the canker of a poet's name
 Let slip such lines as might inherit fame,
 And from a volume culls some small amiss,
 To fire such dogged spleens as mate with his,
 Yet, as a man that (by his art) would bring
 The ceaseless current of a crystal spring
 To overlook the lowly flowing head,
 Sinks, by degrees, his solder'd pipes of lead,

* Io.

† Mercury. See Nonnus, Dionys. l. 3. Ovid's
 Metam. l. 1.

Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes
High as a well that on a mountain flows :
So when detraction and a Cynic's tongue
Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, true worth shall see
To brave the stars, though low his passage be.

But here I much digress, yet pardon, swains :
For as a maiden gath'ring on the plains
A scentful nosegay (to set near her pap,
Or as a favour, for her shepherd's cap)
Is seen far off to stray, if she have spy'd
A flower that might increase her posie's pride :
So if to wander I am sometime prest,
'Tis for a strain that might adorn the rest.

Requests, that with denial could not meet,
Flew to our shepherd, and the voices sweet
Of fairest nymphs entreating him to say
What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

Shall I tell you whom I love?

Hearken then a while to me;

And if such a woman move

As I now shall versify;

Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none

That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art.

In as many virtue's dight

As e'er yet embrace'd a heart,

So much good so truly try'd

Some for less were deify'd.

Wit she hath without desire

To make known how much she hath;

And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath.

Full of pity as may be,

Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,

And her virtues grace her birth :

Lovely as all excellence,

Modest in her most of mirth :

Likelihood enough to prove

Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is : and if you know

Such a one as I have sung ;

Be she brown, or fair, or so,

That she be but sometime young ;

Be assur'd, 'tis she or none

That I love, and love alone.

* Eëus and his fellows in the team,
(Who, since their wat'ring in the western stream,
Had run a furious journey to appease
The night-sick eyes of our antipodes.)
Now (sweating) were in our horizon seen
To drink the cold dew from each flow'ry green :
When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told, silver-footed Thetis was at hand.

* Eëus, Pyrois, Æthon, and Pölegon, were feigned
to be the horses of the sun.

As I have seen when on the breast of Thames
A heavenly bevy of sweet English dames,
In some calm ev'ning of delightful May,
With music give a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet night's ascension to her ebony throne,
Rapt with their melody, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore :
So ran the shepherds, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.

The true † presagers of a coming storm
Teaching their fins, to steer them, to the form
Of Thetis' will ; like boats at anchor stood,
As ready to convey the muse's brood
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell.

Ere their arrival § Astrophel had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equalis'd of none.
Th' admired mirror, glory of our isle,
Thou far, far more than mortal many, whose
style;

Struck more men dumb to hearken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harp, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deep quintessence,
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crown his tomb with bay,
Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say.

Happy Arcadia ! while such lovely strains
Sung of thy vallies, rivers, hills, and plains ;
Yet most unhappy other joys among,
That never heard'st his music nor his song.
Deaf men are happy so, whose virtues praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tuneful lays.
And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountain
Who wail his loss from the Pegasus fountain,
If (like a man for portraiture unable)
|| I set my pencil to Apelles' table ;
Or dare to draw his curtain, with a will
To shew his true worth, when the artist's skill
Within that curtain fully doth express,
His own art's mast'ry my unableness,

He sweetly touch'd, what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so mean
May taste with him the dews of Hippocrene)
I sung the past'ral next ; his muse, my mover :
And on the plains full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
Thus we shall live with them, by rocks, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.

Then in a strain beyond an oaten quill
The learned ¶ shepherd of fair Hitching Hill
Sung the heroic deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines, so worthy life, that I employ
My reed in vain to overtake his fame.
All praiseful tongues do wait upon that name.

Our second Ovid, the most pleasing muse
That heav'n did e'er in mortal's brain infuse,

† Dolphins.

‡ Gesner de Aquatilibus, Hist. Natural. l. 4. p.
426.

§ Sir Philip Sidney,

|| See b. I. f. 2.

¶ George Chapman.

All-loved Drayton, in soul-raping strains,
A genuine note, of all the nymphish trains,
Began to tune; on it all ears were hung
As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.

Johnson, whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be known,
Could any write a line which he might own.
One, so judicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth prefer,
To able censure; for the theatre
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bays.

Well-languag'd Daniel; Brooke, * whose po-
lish'd lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designs;
Whose pen (it seems) still young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill forever glides
Streams from thy brain, so fair, that time shall see
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well-deserving bays,
Might imp a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a crystal glass, fill'd to the ring
With the clear water of as clear a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o'er the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glass (of water) could contain no more:
Yet so all-worthy Brooke, though all men found
With plummetts of just praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy virtues raise,
Striving as much to hide as merit praise.

† Davies and Wither, by whose muse's power
A natural day to me seems but an hour,
And could I ever hear their learned lays,
Ages would turn to artificial days.
These sweetly chaunted to the queen of waves,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd no tongue de-
praves.
Then base contempt (unworthy our report)
Fly from the muses and their fair resort,
And exercise thy spleen on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be condemn'd than we.
'Tis not the rancour of a cank' red heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles makes our worth obey,
Since we have lines far more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell that can command the wings of Fame,
And manure all oblivion's hated birth
Begin their immortality on earth,
When he that 'gainst a muse with hate combines
May raise his tomb in vain to reach our lines.

Thus Thetis rides along the narrow seas
Encompass'd round with lovely Naiades,
With gaudy nymphs, and many a skilful swain
Whose equals, earth cannot produce again, [them
But leave the times and men that shall succeed
Enough to praise that age which so did breed them.

* Christopher Brooke.

† John Davies of Hereford.

Two of the quaintest swains that yet have been
Fail'd their attendance on the ocean's queen,
Remond and Doridon, whose hapless fates
Late sever'd them from their more happy mates;
For (gentle swains) if you remember well
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
And as I guess it was that sunny morn,
When in the grove thereby my sheep were shorn,
I ween I told you, while the shepherd's young
Were at their past'ral, and their rural song,
The shrieks of some poor maid fallen in mis-
chance,

Invok'd their aid, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a sev'ral way to help the maid;
Some tow'rd the valley, some the green wood
stray'd:

Here one the thicket beats, and there a swain
Enters the hidden caves, but all in vain.
Nor could they find the wight whose shrieks
and cry

Flew through the gentle air so heavily,
Nor see or man or beast, whose cruel teen
Would wrong a maiden or in grave or green.
Back then return'd they all to end their sport
But Doridon and Remond; who resort
Back to those places which they erst had sought,
Nor could a thicket be by nature wrought
In such a web, so intricate, and knit

So strong with briars, but they would enter it.
Remond, his Fida calls; Fida the woods
Resound again, and Fida speak the floods,
As if the rivers and the hills did frame
Themselves no small delight, to hear her name.
Yet she appears not. Doridon would now
Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how:
Much like a man who dreaming in his sleep
That he is falling from some mountain steep
Into a soundless lake, about whose brim
A thousand crocodiles do wait for him,
And hangs but by one bough and should that
break

His life goes with it; yet to cry or speak,
Though fain he would, can move nor voice nor
tongue:

So when he Remond heard the woods among
Call for his Fida, he would gladly too
Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poor lad, that canst not tell
Nor speak the name of her thou lov'st so well.

Remond by hap near to the harbour found
Where late the hind was slain, the hurtless ground
Besmear'd with blood; to Doridon he cried,
And tearing then his hair, O hapless tide
(Quoth he) behold! some cursed hand hath ta'en
From Fida this; O what infernal bane,
Or more then hellish fiend enforced this!
Pure as the stream of aged Symois,
And as the spotless lily was her soul!
Ye sacred powers that round about the pole
Turn in your spheres! O could you see this deed,
And keep your motion? If the * eldest seed
Of chained Saturn hath so often been
In hunters and in shepherd's habit seen

* Jupiter.

To trace our woods, and on our fertile plains,
 Woo shepherd's daughters with melodious strains,
 Where was he now, or any other power?
 So many several lambs have I each hour
 And crooked, horned, rams brought to your
 shrines,
 And with perfumes clouded the sun that shines,
 Yet now forsaken? to an uncouth state
 Must all things run, if such will be ingrate.

Cease Remond (quoth the boy) no more com-
 plain,

Thy fairest Fida lives; nor do thou stain
 With vile reproaches any power above,
 They all as much as thee have been in love:
 Saturn his Rhea; Jupiter had store,
 As Iō, Leda, Europa, and more;
 Mars entered Vulcan's bed, partook his joy;
 Phœbus had Daphne and the † sweet fac'd boy;
 Venus Adonis; and the god of wit
 In chastest bonds was to the muses knit,
 And yet remains so, nor can any sever
 His love, but brother-like affects them ever;
 Pale changeful Cynthia her Endymion had,
 And oft on Latmus sported with that lad:
 If these were subject (as all mortal men),
 Unto the golden shafts, they could not then
 But by their own affections rightly guess
 Her death would draw on thine; thy wretched-
 ness

Charge them respectless; since no swain than
 thee

Hath off' red more unto each deity.
 But fear not Remond, for those sacred powers
 Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours
 Can be intomb'd in their celestial breasts;
 They weigh our off'rings, and our solemn feasts,
 And they forget thee not: Fida (thy dear)
 Treads on the earth, the blood that's sprinkled
 here

Ne'er fill'd her vines, the hind possest this gore,
 See where the collar lies she whilome wore;
 Some dog hath slain her, or the griping carl
 That spoils our plains in digging them for marl.

Look as two little brothers who address
 To search the hedges for a thrush's nest,
 And have no sooner got the leavy spring,
 When mad in lust with fearful bellowing
 A strong-neck'd bull pursues throughout the field,
 One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield,
 Whence looking from one pasture to another,
 What might beride to his much-loved brother,
 Further then can his over-drowned eyes
 Aright perceive, the furious beast he spies,
 Toss something on his horns, he knows not what;
 But one thing fears, and therefore thinks it that:
 When coming nigher he doth well discern
 It of the wondrous one-night-feeding fern
 Some bundle was; yet thence he homeward goes
 Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
 His fear began, but still his mind doth move
 Unto the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love."
 So far'd it with our shepherd, though he saw
 Not ought of Fida's raiment, which might draw

† Hyacinth.

A more suspicion; though the collar lay
 There on the grass, yet goes he thence away
 Full of mistrust, and vows to leave that plain
 Till he embrace his chastest love again,
 Love wounded Doridon entreats him then
 That he might be his partner, since no men
 Had cases liker; he with him would go,
 Weep when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
 I quoth the boy, will sing thee songs of love,
 And as we sit in some all-shady grove,
 Where Philomela and such sweet'ned throats,
 Are for the mastery tuning various notes,
 I'll strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,
 That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse,
 No bird but shall be mute, her note decline,
 And cease her woe, to lend an ear to mine,
 I'll tell thee tales of love, and shew thee how
 The gods have wand' red as we shepherds now;
 And when thou plain'st thy Fida's loss, will I
 Echo the same, and with mine own, supply
 Know Remond I do love, but well-a-day
 I know not whom; but as the gladsome May
 She's fair and lovely, as a goddess she
 (If such as her's a goddess beauty be)
 First stood before me, and inquiring was
 How to the marsh she might soonest pass,
 When rush'd a villain in, hell be his lot,
 And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
 Nor know I where to search; but if thou please
 'Tis not a forest, mountain, rocks, or seas,
 Can in thy journey stop my going on.
 Fate so may smile on hapless Doridon,
 That he reblest may be with her fair sight
 Though thence his eyes possess eternal night.

Remond agreed, and many weary days:
 They now had spent in unfrequented ways:
 About the rivers, valleys, holts, and crags,
 Among the osiers and the waving flags,
 They nearly pry, if any dens there be,
 Where from the sun might harbour cruelty:
 Or if they could the bones of any spy,
 Or torn by beasts, or human tyranny,
 They close inquiry make in caverns blind,
 Yet what they look for would be death to find,
 Right as a curious man that would descry
 (Lead by the trembling hand of jealousy)
 If his fair wife have wrong'd his bed or no,
 Meeteth his torment if he find her so.

One ev'n e're Phœbus (near the golden shore
 Of Tagus stream) his journey gan give o'er,
 They had ascended up a woody hill
 (Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill
 Wakened the echo, and with many a shout
 Follow'd the fearful deer the woods about,
 Or through the breaks that hide the craggy rocks,
 Digg'd to the hole where lies the wily fox.)
 Thence they beheld an underlying vale
 Where Flora set her rarest flowers at sale,
 Whither the thriving bee came oft to suck them,
 And fairest nymphs to deck their hair did pluck
 them.

Where oft the goddesses did run at base,
 And on white hearts begun the wild-goose chase:
 Here various nature seem'd adorning this,
 In imitation of the fields of bliss;

Or as she would entice the souls of men
To leave Elysium, and live here again,
Not Hybla mountain in the jocund prime
Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme
Shews greater number of industrious bees,
Then were the birds that sung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,
That doth his passage through a meadow make
Ran the delightful valley 'tween two hills:
From whose rare trees the precious balm distils,
And hence Apollo had his simples good
That cur'd the gods, hurt by the earth's ill brood,
A crystal river on her bosom slid,
And (passing) seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chide
The artless songsters, that their music still
Should charm the sweet dale, and the wistfull
hill,

Not suffering her shrill waters as they run
Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison,
To tell as high they priz'd the bord' red vale,
As the quick linnet or sweet nightingale.
Down from a steep rock came the water first,
(Where lusty satyrs often quench'd their thirst)
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste
Till it the lovely bottom had embrac'd:
Then as entranc'd to hear the sweet birds sing,
In curled whirlpools she her course doth bring,
As lothe to leave the songs that lull'd the dale,
Or waiting time when she and some soft gale
Should speak what true delight they did possess
Among the rare flowers which the valley dress.
But since those quaint musicians would not stay,
Nor suffer any to be heard but they:
Much like a little lad who gotten new
To play his part amongst a skilful crew
Of choice musicians, on some softer string
That is not heard; the other's fingering
Drowning his art; the boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his set,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best
And often descants when his fellows rest;
That, to be heard (as usual fingers do)
Spoils his own music and his part'ners too;
So at the further end the waters fell
From off an high bank down a lowly dell,
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
The birds should be enforc'd to hear their sound.

No small delight the shepherds took to see
A * coomb so dight in Flora's livery,
Where fair Feronia † honour'd in the woods,
And all the deities that haunt the floods,
With powerful nature strove to frame a plot,
Whose like the sweet Arcadia yielded not.

Down through the arched wood the shepherd's
wend,
And seek all places that might help their end,
When coming near the bottom of the hill
A deep fetch'd sigh which seem'd of power to
kill
The breast that held it, pierc'd the list'ning wood,
Whereat the careful swains, no longer stood

* Valley.

† According to that of Silius, lib. xiii. Punicor.—
Itur in agro Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco.

Where they were looking on a tree, whose rind
A love-knot held which two join'd hearts en-
twin'd;

But searching round, upon an aged root
Thick lined with moss, which (though to little
boot)

Seem'd as a shelter it had lending been
Against cold winter's storms and wreakful teen;
Or clad the stock in summer with that hue,
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow trunk and perish'd grain
The cuckow now had many a winter lain,
And thriving pismires laid their eggs in store;
The dormouse slept there, and a many more.

Here sat the lad, of whom I think of old
Virgil's prophetic spirit had foretold,
Who whilst dame nature, for her cunning's sake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorn him, more than all, assay'd,
This pretty youth was almost made a maid.
Sadly he sat (and as would grief) alone,
As if the boy and tree had been one,
Whilst down near boughs did drops of amber
creep,

As if his sorrow made the trees to weep.
If ever this were true in Ovid's verse, 23
That tears have power an adamant to pierce, 24
Or move things void of sense, 'twas here ap-
prov'd.

Things vegetative, once, his tears have mov'd.
Surely the stones might well be drawn, in pity
To burst that he should moan, as for a ditty
To come and range themselves in order all,
And of their own accord raise Thebes a wall.
Or else his tears (as did the other's song)
Might have th' attractive power to move the
throng

Of all the forests, citizens, and woods,
With every denizen of air and floods,
To sit by him and grieve; to leave their jars,
Their strifes, dissentations, and all civil wars;
And though else disagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him should make an union.
For whom the heavens would wear a sable suit,
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones, were
mute.

His eyes were fixed (rather fixed stars)
With whom it seem'd his tears had been in wars,
The diff'rence this (a hard thing to descry),
Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.
Tears fearing conquest to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true virtue from the top of state
(Whose hopes vile envy hath seen ruinate)
Being lowly cast, her goodness doth appear
(Uncloth'd of greatness) more apparent clear:
So though dejected, yet remain a feature
Made sorrow sweet plac'd in so sweet a creature.

"The test of misery the truest is,
"In that none hath, but what is surely his."
His arms across, his sheep hook lay beside him:
Had Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have
spied him,

With open breast, locks on his shoulders spread,
She would have sworn (had she not seen him dead);

It was Adonis; or if e'er there was
Held transmigration by Pythagoras,
Of souls, that certain then, her lost loves spirit
A fairer body never could inherit.
His pipe which often wont upon the plain
To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian strain,
Lay from his hook and bag clean cast apart,
And almost broken like his master's heart.
Yet till the two kind shepherds near him slept,
I find he nothing spake, but that he wept.

Cease, gentle lad (quoth Remond) let no tear
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appear;
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leave thee till thyself art gone?
Thou mayst have grief when other things are
rest thee,

All else may slide away, this still is left thee;
And when thou wantest other company
Sorrow will ever be embracing thee.
But fairest swain what cause hast thou of woe?
Thou hast a well fleec'd flock feed to and fro,
(His sheep along the valley that time fed
Not far from him, although unfollowed)
What do thy yews abortive bring? or lambs
For want of milk seek to their fellows dams?
No griping landlord hath enclos'd thy walks,
Nor toiling ploughman furrow'd them in baulks.
Nor hath adorn'd thy pastures all in green
With clover grass as fresh as may be seen:
Clear gliding springs refresh thy meadow's heat,
Meads promise to thy charge their winter meat,
And yet thou griev'st. O! had some swains thy
store;

[more:
Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no
Or have the Parcae with impartial knife
Left some friend's body tenantless of life, [morn
And thou bemoan'st that fate in his youth's
O'ercaft with clouds his light but newly born?
"Count not how many years he is bereav'd,
"But those which he possesseth and had receiv'd;
"If I may tread no longer on this stage,
"Though others think me young; it is mine age.
"For who so hath his fate's full period told,
"He full of years departs, and dieth old."
May be that avarice thy mind hath crost,
And so thy sighs are for some trifle lost.
Why shouldst thou hold that dear the world throws
on thee?

"Think nothing good which may be taken from
"thee."

Look as some pond'rous weight or massy pack,
Laid to be carried on a porter's back,
Doth make his strong joints crack, and forceth him
Maugre the help of every nerve and limb,
To straggle in his gait, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble:
So any one by avarice ingirt,
And prest with wealth, lies grov'ling in the dirt.
His wretched mind bends to no point but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of bliss.
Hence comes the world to seek such traffic forth,
And passages through the congealed north,
Who, when their hairs with icicles are hung,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their
tongue,

Shew them a glitt'ring stone, will straight ways
say,

If pains thus prosper. oh, what fools would play!
Yet I could tell them (as I now do thee),

"In getting wealth we lose our liberty.

"Besides, it robs us of our better powers,

"And we should be ourselves were these not
"ours.

"He is not poorest that hath least in store,

"But he which hath enough, yet asketh more:

"Nor is he rich by whom are all possess'd,

"But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.

"If thou a life by nature's leading pitch,

"Thou never shalt be poor, nor never rich

"Led by opinion; for their states are such,

"Nature but little seeks, opinion much."

Amongst the many buds proclaiming May

(Decking the fields in holiday's array,

Striving who shall surpass in bravery),

Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree;

Who finely clothed in a robe of white,

Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;

Yet for the bravery that she is in,

Doth neither handle card nor wheel to * spin,

Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seen

In other colours than in white or green.

Learn then content, young shepherd, from this tree,

Whose greatest wealth is nature's livery;

And richest ingots never toil to find,

Nor care for poverty, but of the † mind.

This spoke young Remond: yet the mournful
lad

Not once reply'd; but with a smile, though sad,

He shook his head, then cross'd his arms again,

And from his eyes did show'rs of salt tears rain;

Which wrought so on the swains, they could not
smother

Their sighs, but spent them freely as the other.

Tell us (quoth Doridon) thou fairer far,

Than ‡ he whose chastity made him a star,

More fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,

Than follow sheep and pine here in a grove.

O do not hide thy sorrows! shew them brief;

"He oft finds aid that doth disclose his grief."

If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;

"No man can sorrow very much and long."

For thus much loving nature hath dispos'd,

That 'mongst the woes that have us round en-

clos'd,

That comfort's left (and we should bless her for't),

That we may make our griefs be borne, or short,

Believe me, shepherd, we are men no less

Free from the killing throes of heaviness

Than thou art here, and but this difference sure

That use hath made us apter to endure.

More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill

Rung through the valley from the higher hill,

And as they turn'd them tow'ards the hark'ning

sound,

A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,

* Luke, c. 12. v. 27. *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, b. 2.
c. 6. § 16. v. 8.

† *Mat. c. 5. v. 3.*

‡ *Hippelitus.*

Came running with the wind, and bore his head
As he had been the king of forests bred.
Not swifter comes the messenger of heaven,
Or winged vessel, with a full gale driven,
Nor the swift swallow flying near the ground,
By which the airs distemp'rature is found :
Nor Mirrha's course, nor Daphne's speedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the god of light,
Than seem'd the stag, that had no sooner cross'd
them,

But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.

The weeping swain ne'er moved, but as his
eyes

Were only given to shew his miseries,
Attended those; and could not once be won
To leave that object whence his tears begun.

O had that * man, who (by a tyrant's hand)
Seeing his children's bodies strew the sand,
And he next morn for torment's press'd to go,
Yet from his eyes not let one small tear flow;
But being ask'd how well he bore their loss,

Like to a man affliction could not cross,

He stoutly answer'd : " Happier sure are they

" Than I shall be by space of one short day : "

No more his grief was. But had he been here,

He had been flint had he not spent a tear.

For still that man the perfecter is known,

Who other's sorrows feels more than his own.

Remond and Doridon were turning then

Unto the most disconsolate of men,

But that a gallant dame, fair as the morn,

Or lovely blooms the peach-tree that adorn,

Clad in a changing silk, whose lustre shone

Like yellow flow'rs and grass far off, in one;

Or like the mixture nature doth display

Upon the quaint wings of the popinjay.

Her horn about her neck with silver tip,

Too hard a metal for so soft a lip :

Which it no oft'ner kist, than Jove did frown,

And in a mortal's shape would fain come down,

To feed upon those dainties, had not he

Been still kept back by Juno's jealousy.

And ivory dart she held of good command ;

White was the bone, but whiter was her hand ;

Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd

But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.

Upon her head a green light silken cap,

A piece of white lawn shadow'd either pap,

Between which hillocks many Cupid's lay,

Where with her neck or with her teats they play,

Whilst her quick heart will not with them dis-

pense,

But heaves her breasts as it would beat them thence,

* *Phiton.*

Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repair,
Take faster hold by her dishevell'd hair.
Swiftly she ran; the sweet briars to receive her
Slipt their embracements, and (as lothe to leave
her)

Stretch'd themselves to their length: yet on she

So great Diana frays a herd of roes,

And speedy follows: Arethusa fled

So from the river, that her ravished.

When this brave huntress near the shepherds

drew,

Her lily arm in full extent she threw,

To pluck a little bough (to fan her face)

From off a thick leav'd ash: (no tree did grace

The low grove as did this, the branches spread,

Like Neptune's trident, upwards from the head.)

No sooner did the griev'd shepherd see

The nymph's white hand extended tow'rs the

But rose and to her ran, yet she had done

E'er he came near, and to the wood was got ;

Yet now approach'd the bough the huntress tore,

He suck'd it with his mouth, and kist it o'er

A hundred times, and softly gan it bind

With dock leaves, and a slip of willow rind.

Then round the trunk he wreathes his weak'ned

arms,

And with his scalding tears the smooth bark warms,

Sighing and groaning, that the shepherds by

Forgot to help him, and lay down to cry :

" For 'tis impossible a man should be

" Griev'd to himself or fail of company."

Much the two swains admir'd, but pity'd more

That he no pow'r of words had to deplore,

Or shew what sad misfortune 'twas befall

To him whom nature (seem'd) regarded well.

As thus they lay; and while the speechless

swain

His tears and sighs spent to the woods in vain,

One like a wild man overgrown with hair,

His nails long grown, and all his body bare,

Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide

Those parts which nature would not have discry'd,

And the long hair that curled from his head,

A grassy garland rudely covered.

But, shepherds, I have wrong'd you, 'tis now late,

For see our maid stands hollowing on yon gate,

'Tis supper time, with all, and we had need

Make haste away, unless we mean to speed

With those that kist the hare's foot: Rheums are

bred,

Some say, by going supperless to bed,

And those I love not; therefore cease my rhyme,

And put my pipes up till another time.

† *Alpheus.*

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG III.

The Argument.

A redbreast doth from pining save
Marina, shut in famine's cave.

The golden age described plain,
And Limos, by the shepherds slain,
Do give me leave a while to move
My pipe of Tavy, and his love.

ALAS! that I have done so great a wrong
Unto the fairest maiden of my song,
Divine Marina, who in Limos' cave
Lies ever fearful of a living grave,
And night and day upon the harden'd stones
Refts, if a rest can be amongst the moans
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand still afraid to hear their death's-man call.

Thrice had the golden sun his hot steeds wash'd
In the west main, and thrice them smartly lash'd
Out of his balmy east, since the sweet maid
Had in that dismal cave been sadly laid.
Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand
In fear of murthering by a second hand:
For through her tender sides such darts might pass,
'Gainst which strong walls of stone, thick gates of
brass

Deny no entrance, nor the camps of kings,
Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings.

But heaven, that stands still for the best's avail,
Lendeth his hand when human helpings fail;
For 'twere impossible that such as she
Should be forgotten of the deity;

Since in the spacious orb could no man find
A fairer face match'd with a fairer mind.

A little robin-redbreast, one clear morn,
Sat sweetly singing on a well-leav'd thorn:
Whereat Marina rose, and did admire
He durst approach from whence all else retire:
And pitying the sweet bird, what in her lay
She fully strove to fright him thence away.

Poor harmless wretch (quoth she) go seek some
spring,

And to her sweet fall with thy fellows sing;

Fly to the well-replenish'd groves, and there

Do entertain each swain's harmonious ear;

Traverse the winding branches; chant so free,

That every lover fall in love with thee;

And if thou chance to see that lovely boy

(To look on whom the silvans count a joy),

He whom I lov'd no sooner than I lost,

Whose body all the graces hath engross'd,

To him untold (if that thou dar'st to be

So near a neighbour to my tragedy),

As far as can thy voice (in plaints so sad,

And in so many mournful accents clad,

That, as thou sing'st upon a tree thereby,

He may some small time weep, yet know not why),

How I in death was his, though pow'rs divine

Will not permit that he in life be mine.

Do this, thou loving bird; and haste away

Into the woods: But if so be thou stay

To do a deed of charity on me

When my poor soul shall leave mortality,

By cov'ring this poor body with a sheet

Of green leaves, gather'd from a valley sweet;

It is in vain: these harmless limbs must have

Than in the caitif's womb, no other grave.

Hence then sweet robin; lest in staying long

At once thou chance forego both life and song.

With this she hush'd him thence, he sung no more,

But ('fraid the second time) flew tow'rd's the shore.

Within as short time as the swiftest swain
 Can to our may-pole run and come again,
 The little redbreast to the prickled thorn
 Return'd, and sung there as he had before.
 And fair Marina to the loop-hole went,
 Pitying the pretty bird, whose punishment
 Limos would not defer if he were spy'd.
 No sooner had the bird the maiden cy'd,
 But leaping on the rock, down from a bough
 He takes a cherry up (which he but now
 Had thither brought, and in that place had laid,
 Till to the cleft his song had drawn the maid),
 And flying with the small stem in his bill
 (A choicer fruit, than hangs on Bacchus' * hill),
 In fair Marina's bosom took his rest,
 A heavenly feat fit for so sweet a guest:
 Where Citherea's doves might billing sit,
 And gods and men with envy look on it;
 Where rose two mountains, whose rare sweets to
 crop,
 Was harder than to reach Olympus' top:
 For these the gods can; but to climb these hills,
 Their pow'rs no other were than mortal wills.
 Here left the bird the cherry, and anon
 Forsook her bosom, and for more is gone,
 Making such speedy flights into the thick,
 That she admir'd he went and came so quick.
 Then, lest his many cherries should distaste,
 Some other fruit he brings than he brought last.
 Sometime of strawberries a little stem,
 Oft changing colours as he gath'rd them: [fus'd,
 Some green, some white, some red on them in-
 These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd.
 The peascod green, oft with no little toil,
 He'd seek for in the fattest fertil' st soil,
 And rend it from the stalk to bring it to her,
 And in her bosom for acceptance woo her.
 No berry in the grove or forest grew,
 That fit for nourishment the kind bird knew,
 Nor any pow'rful herb in open field,
 To serve her brood the teeming earth did yield,
 But with his utmost industry he sought it,
 And to the cave for chaste Marina brought it.
 So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
 To gather simples runs a careful mother,
 Whose only child lies on the shaking bed
 Grip'd with a fever (sometime honoured
 In Rome as if a † god), nor is she bent
 To other herbs than those for which she went.

The feather'd hours five times were overtold,
 And twice as many floods and ebbs had roll'd
 The small sands out and in, since fair Marine
 (For whose long loss a hundred shepherds pine),
 Was by the charitable robin fed:
 For whom (had she not so been nourished),
 A hundred doves would search the sun-burnt hills,
 Or fruitful vallies lac'd with silver rills,
 To bring her olives. Th' eagle, strong of sight,
 To countries far remote would bend her flight,
 And with unwearied wing strip through the sky
 To the choice plots of Gaul and Italy,

* Cithæron in Boetia.

† *Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertio de Nat. Deorum, et secundo de Legibus.*

And never lin till homeward she escape
 With the pomegranate, lemon, orange, grape,
 Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave.
 The well-plum'd gofhawk (by th' Egyptians grave
 Us'd in mistick characters for speed),
 Would not be wanting at so great a need,
 But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land
 Brought the sweet pear (once by a cursed hand
 At ‡ Swinsted us'd with poison, for the fall
 Of one who on these plains rul'd lord of all).
 The scentful osprey by the rock had fish'd,
 And many a pretty shrimp in scallops dish'd
 Some way convey'd her; no one of the shoal
 That haunt the waves, but from his lurking hole
 Had pull'd the cray-fish, and with much ado
 Brought that the maid, and perrywinkles too.
 But these for others might their labours spare,
 And not with robin for their merit share.

Yet as a herdeess in a summer's day,
 Heat with the glorious sun's all-purging ray,
 In the calm evening (leaving her fair flock),
 Betakes herself unto a froth-girt rock,
 On which the headlong Tavy throws his waves,
 (And foams to see the stones neglect his braves:)
 Where sitting to undo her buskins white,
 And wash her neat legs (as her use each night),
 Th' enamour'd flood before she can unlance them,
 Rolls up his waves as hast'ning to embrace them;
 And though to help them some small gale do blow,
 And one of twenty can but reach her so,
 Yet will a many little surges be
 Flashing upon the rock full busily,
 And do the best they can to kiss her feet,
 But that their power and will, not equal meet:
 So as she for her nurse look'd tow'rds the land,
 (And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
 Then looks upon a hill whose sliding sides
 A goodly flock, like winter's cov'ring hides,
 And higher on some stone that jutteth out,
 Their careful master guiding his trim rout
 By sending forth his dog (as shepherds do),
 Or piping fat, or clouting of his shoe.
 Whence, nearer hand drawing her wand'ring sight,
 (So from the earth steals the all-quick'ning light),
 Beneath the rock, the waters, high, but late
 (I know not by what sluice or emptying gate),
 Where at a low ebb; on the sand she spies
 A busy bird that to and fro still flies,
 Till pitching where a hateful oyster lay,
 Opening his close jaws (closer none than they
 Unless the griping fist, or cherry lips
 Of happy lovers in their melting lips.)
 Since the decreasing waves had left him there
 He gapes for thirst, yet meets with nought but air,
 And that so hot; e'er the returning tide,
 He in his shell is likely to be fry'd;
 The wary bird a pretty pebble takes,
 And claps it 'twixt the two pearl hiding flakes

‡ One writes that King John was poison'd at Swinsted, with a dish of pears; others there, in a cup of wine: some that he died at Newark of the flux; a fourth, by the distemperature of peaches eaten in his fit of an ague. Among so many doubts, I leave you to believe the author most in credit with our best of antiquaries.

Of the broad yawning oyster, and she then
Securely picks the fish out (as some men
A trick of policy thrust, 'tween two friends,
Sever their pow'rs, and his intention ends).
The bird thus getting that for which she strove,
Brought it to her, to whom the queen of love
Serv'd as a foil, and Cupid could no other,
But flie to her mistaken for his mother.
Marina from the kind bird took the meat,
And (looking down) she saw a number great
Of birds, each one a pebble in his bill,
Would do the like, but that they wanted skill:
Some threw it in too far, and some too short;
This could not bear a stone fit for such sport,
But harmless wretch putting in one too small,
The oyster shuts and takes his head withall.
Another bringing one too smooth and round,
(Unhappy bird that thine own death hast found)
Lays it so little way in his hard lips,
That with their sudden close, the pebble slips
So strongly forth (as when your little ones
Do 'twixt their fingers slip their cherry stones)
That it in passage meets the breast or head
Of the poor wretch, and lays him there for dead.
A many striv'd, and gladly would have done
As much or more than he which first begun,
But all in vain, scarce one of twenty could
Perform the deed, which they full gladly would.
For this not quick is to that act he go'th,
That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both:
Yet none a will, for (from the cave) she sees
Not in all-lovely May th' industrious bees
More busy with the flow'rs could be, then these
Among the shell-fish of the working seas.

Limos had all this while been wanting thence,
And but just heav'n preserv'd pure innocence
By the two birds, her life to air had flit
Ere the curst catif should have forced it.

The first night that he left her in his den
He got to shore, and near th' abodes of men
That live as we by tending of their flocks,
To interchange for Ceres' golden locks,
Or with the neat-herd for his milk and cream:
Things we respect more than the diadem
His choice-made dishes; O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no surplufage
Of dainty viands, but (as we do still)
Drank the pure water of the crystal rill,
Fed on no other meats than those they fed,
Labour, the fallad that their stomachs bred,
Nor sought they for the down of silver swans,
Nor those fow thistle locks each small gale fans,
But hides of beasts which when they liv'd they
kept,

Serv'd them for bed and cov'ring when they slept.
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the loss
Of some rock's warmth) on thick and spongy
moss,

Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on such palates one man clipped then
More golden slumbers than this age again.
That time physicians triv'd not: or if any,
I dare say, all: yet then were thrice as many
As now profess'd, and more; for every man

Was his own patient and physician,
None had a body then so weak and thin,
Bankrupt of nature's store, to feed the sin
Of an insatiate female, in whose womb
Could nature all hers past, and all to come
Infuse, with virtue of all drugs beside,
She might be try'd, but never satisfy'd.
To please which orke her husband's weaken'd peace
Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease,
Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
Grated with gold, seven times refin'd and burn'd,
With dust of orient pearl, richer the east
Yet ne'er beheld: (O Epicurean feast!)
This is his breakfast; and his meal at night
Possets no less provoking appetite,
Whose dear ingredients valu'd are at more
Than all his ancestors were worth before.
When such as we, by poor and simple fare,
More able liv'd and dy'd not without heir,
Sprung from our own loins, and a spotless bed
Of any other pow'r unseconded:
When th' other's issue (like a man fall'n sick,
Or through the fever, gout, or lunatic,
Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion
Prescribes a sev'ral diet, sev'ral potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now-a-days
That hath not some receipt for each disease?)
He tells him of a plaister, which he takes;
And finding after that, his torment flakes,
(Whether because the humour is outwrought,
Or by the skill which his physician brought,
It makes no matter:) for he surely thinks
None of their purges, nor their diet drinks
Have made him sound; but his belief is fast,
That med'cine was his health which he took last
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his father, though a son to all.
His mother's often 'scapes, (though truly known)
Cannot divert him; but will ever own
For his begetter, him, whose name and rents
He must inherit. Such are the descents
Of these men; to make up whose limber heir
As many as in him, must have a share;
When he that keeps the last yet least ado,
Fathers the peoples child, and gladly too.

Happier those times were, when the flaxen clue
By fair Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,
And sought not to the worm for silken threads,
To roll their bodies in, or dress their heads.
When wise Minerva did th' Athenians learn
To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarn;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the Babylonian,
Nor wool in Sardis dy'd, more various known
By hues, than Iris to the world hath shewn:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For mader-pits, nor the sweet meadows stript
Of their choice beauties, nor for Ceres' load
The fertile lands burden'd with needles wood.
Through the wide seas no winged pine did go
To lands unknown for staining indigo;
Nor men in scorching climates moor'd their keel
To traffick for the costly cochineal.
Unknown was then the Phrygian broidery,
The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye,

Such as their sheep clad, such they wove and wore
Russet or white, or those mix'd, and no more :
Except sometimes (to bravery inclin'd)
Then dy'd them yellow caps with alder rind.
The Grecian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate,
They never saw ; only in pleasant woods,
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,
The dainty nymphs they often did behold
Clad in their light silk robes, stich'd oft with
gold.

The arras hangings round their comely halls,
Wanted the cerite's web and minerals :
Green boughs of trees with fatt'ning acorns lade,
Hung full with flow'rs and garlands quaintly
made,

Their homely cots dec'kd trim in low degree,
As now the court with richest tapistry.
Instead of cushions wrought in windows lay'n,
They pick'd the cockle from their fields of grain,
Sleep-bringing poppy (by the ploughmen late
Not without cause to Ceres' consecrate)
For being round and full at his half birth,

It signify'd the perfect orb of earth ;
And by his inequalities when blown,
The earth's low vales and higher hills were shown,
By multitude of grains it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted been ;
And she since taking care all earth to please,
Had in her * Thesmophoria offer'd these.

Or cause that feed our elders us'd to eat,
With honey mix'd (and was their after meat)
Or since her daughter that she lov'd so well
† By him that in th' infernal shades doth dwell,
And on the Stygian banks for ever reigns
(Troubled with horrid cries and noise of chains)
(Fairest Proserpina) was rapt away ;
And she in plaints, the night ; in tears, the day
Had long time spent ; when no high power could
give her

Any redress ; the ‡ poppy did relieve her :
For eating of the seeds they sleep procur'd,
And so beguil'd those griefs she long endur'd.

Or rather since her love (then happy man)
Micon (yclep'd) the brave Athenian,
Had been transform'd into this gentle flow'r
And his protection kept from Flora's pow'r).
The daily scatter'd on each mead and down,
A golden tuft within a silver crown

(Fair fall that dainty flow'r, and may there be
No shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee')

The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace
Maids as a true love in their bosoms place ;

The spotless lily, by whose pure leaves be
Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginity ;

Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit Impresa's for inflam'd desire ;

The harebell for the stainless azur'd hue,
Claims to be worn of none but those are true ;

* *Θεσμοφόρια* and *δημότηρια* were sacrifices peculiar
to Ceres, the one for being a lawgiver, the other as god-
dess of the grounds.

† See Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.

‡ Vide Servium in Virg. Georg. I.

The rose, like ready youth, enticing stands,
And would be cropt if it might choose the hands ;
The yellow kingcup, Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous mind ;
The orange tawny marigold : the night
Hides not her colours from a searching sight.

To thee, then dearest friend (my songs chief mate)
This colour chiefly I appropriate,
That spite of all the mists oblivion can
Or envious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain't thy worth ; nay, mak' it more in prize,
Like tennis balls thrown down hard, highest rise.
The columbine in tawny often taken,
Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken ;
Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye
Is hope even in the depth of misery.

The pansy, thistle, all with prickles set,
The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the meads,
Gardens and groves (where beauteous Flora treads)
Were by the shepherds daughters (as yet are
Us'd in our cots) brought home with special
care :

For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoil their pleasing smell.
Much like a lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.

As in the rainbow's many coloured hew
Here see we watched deepen'd with a blue,
There a dark tawny with a purple mix'd,
Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,
A bloody stream into a blushing run
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
Bringing the lightest to the deep'st again,
With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow ;
Like to the changes which we daily see
About the dove's neck with variety,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins ; and there the other ends :

So did the maidens with their various flow'rs
Deck up their windows, and make neat their
bow'rs :

Using such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,
The monks-hood with the bugloss, and entwine
The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine
With pinks, sweet-williams ; that far off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spy.

Then with those flow'rs they most of all did
prize

(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of herbs or rushes) would they frame
A dainty border round the shepherd's name.
Or poesies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the muses only lived there :
And that the after world should strive in vain
What they then did to counterfeit again.
Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be
So perfect in their best embroidery,
Nor such composures make of silk and gold,
As theirs, when nature all her cunning told,

The word of mine did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the covetous did wish no wrong
But what himself desir'd: to live here long.

As of their songs so of their lives they deem'd,
Not of the longst, but best perform'd, esteem'd.
They thought that heaven to him no life did give,
Who only thought upon the means to live.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever
But as life was ordain'd they might persevere.

O happy men! you ever did possess
No wisdom, but was mix'd with simpleness;
So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicity.
You search'd yourselves if all within were fair,
And did not learn of others what you were.
Your lives the patterns of those virtues gave
Which adulation tells men now they have.

With poverty, in love we only close
Because our lovers it most truly shews:
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neither poverty nor want of love.

The hatred which they bore was only this,
That every one did hate to do amiss.
Their fortune still was subject to their will:
Their want (O happy!) was the want of ill.

Ye truest, fairest, loveliest nymphs that can
Out of your eyes lend fire Promethean,
All-beauteous ladies, love-alluring dames,
That on the banks of Ifca, Humber, Thames,
By your encouragement can make a swain
Climb by his song where none but souls attain:
And by the graceful reading of our lines
Renew our heat to further brave designs:
(You, by whose means my muse thus boldly says:
'Though she do sing of shepherds loves and lays,
And flagging weakly low gets not on wing
To second that of Helen's ravishing:
Nor hath the love nor beauty of a queen
My subject grac'd, as other works have been;
Yet not to do their age nor ours a wrong,
Though queens, nay goddesses, fam'd Homer's
song)

Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more
Than all the poets that have liv'd before.
Not 'cause it is more worth: but it doth fall
That nature now is turn'd a prodigal,
And on this age so much perfection spends,
That to her last of treasure it extends
For all the ages that are slid away
Had not so many beauties as this day.

O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely brow
Have drawn me from my song! (I onward run
Clean from the end to which I first begun).
But ye the heavenly creatures of the west,
In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long
And grow so tedious in so rude a song
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge:
Here the fine setting of well shading trees,
The walks there mounting up by small degrees,

The gravel and the green so equal lie,
It, with the rest, draws on your ling'ring eye:
Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
Arising from the infinite repair
Of odoriferous buds, and herbs of price
(As if it were another paradise)
So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats;
For in her face a many dimples shew,
And often skips as it did dancing go:
Here further down an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all
In singing well their own set madrigal.
This with no small delight retains your ear,
And makes you think none blest but who live
there.

Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bow'rs,
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flow'rs,
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walks oft, and yet anew beginneth,
As if it were some hidden labyrinth;
So loth to part, and so content to stay,
That when the gard'ner knocks for you away,
It grieves you so to leave the pleasures in it,
That you could wish that you had never seen it:
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happiness our fathers clipt of old,
The mere imagination of their bliss
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amiss.
And still the more they ran on those days worth,
The more unwilling was I to come forth.
O; if the apprehension joy us so,
What would the action in a human shew!
Such were the shepherds (to all goodness bent)
About whose * thorps that night curs'd Limos
went.

Where he had learn'd that next day all the swains
That any sheep fed on the fertile plains,
The feast of Pallas goddess of their grounds
Did mean to celebrate. Fitly this sounds
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:
For whilst they in their off'rings busied were,
He 'mongst the flocks might range with lesser
fear.

How to contrive his stealth he spent the night.

The morning now in colours richly dight
Stept o'er the eastern thresholds, and no lad
That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
But for the holy rites himself address'd
With necessities proper to that feast.

* Villages.

The altars every where now smoking be
 With bean stalks, favine, laurel, rosemary;
 Their cakes of grummel feed they did prefer,
 Andails of milk in sacrifices to her.
 Then hymn of praise they all devoutly sung
 In those Palilia for encrease of young.
 But ere the ceremonies were half past
 One of their boys came down the hill in haste,
 And told them Limos was among their sheep;
 That he, his fellows, nor their dogs could keep
 The rav'ner from their flocks; great store were
 kill'd,
 Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his panch not
 fill'd.

O hasten then away! for in an hour
 He will the chiefest of your fold devour.

With this most ran (leaving behind some few
 To finish what was to fair Palas due)
 And as they had ascended up the hill
 Limos they met, with no mean pace and skill,
 Following a well fed lamb: with many a shout
 They then pursu'd him all the plain about.
 And either with forelaying of his way,
 Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
 Before he could recover down the strand
 No swain but on him had a fasten'd hand.

Rejoicing then (the worst wolf to their flock
 Lay in their pow'rs) they bound him to a rock.
 With chains ta'en from the plough, and leaving
 him

Return'd back to their feast. His eyes late dim
 Now sparkle forth in flames, he grinds his teeth,
 And strives to catch at every thing he seeth:
 But to no purpose: all the hope of food
 Was ta'en away; his little flesh, less blood,
 He suck'd and tore at last, and that deny'd,
 With fearful shrieks most miserably dy'd.

Unfortunate Marina thou art free
 From his jaws now, though not from misery.
 Within the cave thou likely art to pine,
 If (O may never) fail a help divine,
 And though such aid thy wants do still supply,
 Yet in a prison thou must ever lie:
 But heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer
 To send thee thither some deliverer:
 For, then to spend thy sighs there to the main
 Thou fitter wert to honour Thetis train.
 Who so far now with her harmonious crew
 Scour'd through the seas (O who yet ever knew
 So rare a comfort?) she had left behind
 The Kentish, Sussex shores, the * isle assign'd
 To brave Vespasian's conquest, and was come
 Where the shrill trumpet and the rattling drum
 Made the waves tremble (ere beset this chance)
 And to no softer music us'd to dance.

Hail thou my native soil! thou blessed plot
 Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
 Shew me who can? so many crystal rills
 Such sweet cloth'd vallies, or aspiring hills,
 Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy
 mines,
 Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:

* *Vecta quam Vespasianus a Claudio missus subjugavit.*
Vide Bed. in hist. Ecc. lib. I. cap. 3.

And if the earth can shew the like again;
 Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
 Time never can produce men to o'ertake
 The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
 Or worthy Hawkins or of thousands more
 That by their pow'r made the Devonian shore
 Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
 The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
 Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
 By winning this though all the rest were lost.

As oft the sea nymphs on her strand have set
 Learning of fishermen to knit a net,
 Wherein to wind up their dishevell'd hairs,
 They have beheld the frolic mariners
 For exercise (got early from their beds)
 Pitch bars of silver, and cast golden sleds.

At Ex, a lovely nymph with Thetis met,
 She singing came, and was all round beset
 With other watry powers, which by her song
 She had allur'd to float with her along.
 The lay she chaunted she had learn'd of yore,
 Taught by a * skilful swain, who on her shore
 Fed his fair flock; a work renown'd as far
 As his brave subject of the Trojan war.

When she had done, a pretty shepherd's boy
 That from the near downs came (though he
 small joy

Took in his tuneful reed, since dire neglect
 Crept to the breast of her he did affect,
 And that an ever busy watchfull eye
 Stood as a bar to his felicity)
 Being with great entreaties of the swains
 And by the fair queen of the liquid plains
 Woo'd to his pipe, and bade to lay aside
 All troubled thoughts, as others at that tide;
 And that he now some merry note should raise,
 To equal others which had sung their lays:
 He shook his head, and knowing that his tongue
 Could not bely his heart, thus sadly sung:

As new born babes salute their ages morn
 With cries unto their woeful mother hurl'd:
 My infant muse that was but lately born
 Began with watry eyes to woo the world.
 She knows not how to speak, and therefore
 weeps

Her woes excess,
 And strives to move the heart that senseless
 sleeps,
 To heaviness;
 Her eyes envail'd with sorrows clouds
 Scarce see the light,
 Disdain hath wrapt her in the shrouds
 Of lothed night.

How should she move then her grief laden
 wing,
 Or leave my sad complaint, and Pæans sing?

* *Joseph of Exeter wrote a poem of the Trojan war*
according to Dares the Phrygian's story, but falsely at-
tributed to Cornelius Nepos, as it is printed. He lived
in the time of Henry II. and Richard I. See the il-
lustrations of my most worthy friend Mr. Selden, upon
Mr. Drayton's Poly-Olbion, p. 58.

Six Pleyad's live in light, in darkness one.
Sing mirthful swains; but let me sigh alone.
It is enough that I in silence sit,
And bend my skill to learn your lays aright;
Nor strive with you in ready strains of wit,
Nor move my hearers with so true delight.

But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe
Your ears are prest;
No shepherd lives that can my pipe outgo
In such unrest.

I have not known so many years
As chances wrong,
Nor have they known more floods of tears
From one so young.

Fain would I tune to please as others do,
Wert not for faining song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of moan)
Sing mirthful swains but let me sigh alone.

The nymphs that float upon these watry plains
Have oft been drawn to listen to my song,
And sirens left to tune dissembling strains
In true bewailing of my farrows long.

Upon the waves of late a silver swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing and died.

Yet where they should they cannot move,
O hapless verse!
That fitter, then to win a love,
Art for a hearer.

Hence forward silent be; and ye my cares
Be known but to myself; or who despairs.
Since pity now lies turned to a stone;
Sing mirthful swains; but let me sigh alone.

The fitting accent of his mournful lay
So pleas'd the powerful lady of the sea,
That she entreated him to sing again;
And he obeying tun'd this second strain:

Born to no other comfort than my tears,
Yet robb'd of them by griefs too only deep,
I cannot rightly wail my hapless years,
Nor move a passion that for me might weep.
Nature alas too short hath knit

My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor have I skill sad notes to fit
That might my sorrow show,
And to increase my torments ceaseless sting
There's no way left to shew my pain
But by my pen in mournful strains,
Which others may perhaps take joy to sing.

As (woo'd by May's delights) I have been
borne

To take the kind air of a wistful morn
Near Tavy's voiceful stream (to whom I owe
More strains than from my pipe can ever flow)
Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin
To chide the river for his clam'rous din;
There seem'd another in his song to tell,
That what the fair stream did he liked well;
And going further heard another too
All varying still in what the others do;

A little thence, a fourth with little pain
Cou'd all their lessons and them sung again;
So numberless the songsters are that sing
In the sweet groves of the two careless spring,
That I no sooner could the hearing lose
Of one of them, but straight another rose,
And perching deftly on a quaking spray
Nigh tir'd herself to make her hearer stay,
Whilst in a bush two nightingales together
Shew'd the best skill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright Thetis pass'd our cleaves along)
This shepherd's lay pursu'd the other's song,
And scarce one ended had his skilful stripe,
But straight another took him to his pipe.

By that the younger swain had fully done,
Thetis with her brave company had won
The mouth of Dert, and whilst the Tritons charm
The dancing waves, passing the crystal arm,
Sweet Yalm and Plim; arriv'd where Thamar
pays

Her daily tribute to the western seas:
Here sent she up her dolphins, and they ply'd
So busily their fares on every side,
They made a quick return and brought her down
A many homages to Thamar's crown,
Who in themselves were of as great command
As any meaner rivers of the land.
With every nymph the swain of most account
That fed his white sheep by her clearer fount:
And every one to Thetis sweetly sung.

Among the rest a shepherd (though but young,
Yet harden'd to his pipe) with all the skill
His few years could, began to fit his quill.
By Tavy's speedy stream he fed his flock,
Where when he sat to sport him on a rock,
The water-nymphs would often come unto him
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
Now posies of this flow'r, and then of that;
Now with fine shells, then with a rusby hat,
With coral or red stones brought from the deep
To make him bracelets, or to mark his sheep.
Willie he hight. Who by the Ocean's Queen
More cheer'd to sing than such young lads had
been,
Took his best-framed pipe and thus 'gan move
His voice of Walla, Tavy's fairest love.

Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid
Who that day's morn into the green woods stray'd.
Sweet was the air, but sweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing,
Bright shone the sun, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the lamps that guide the deities;
Nay such the fire is, whence the Pythian knight,
Borrows his beams, and lends his sister light.
Not * Pelop's shoulder whiter than her hands,
Nor snowy swans that jet on Isea's sands.
Sweet Flora, as if ravish'd with their sight,
In emulation made all lilies white:
For as I oft heard the wood-nymphs say,
The dancing fairies when they left to play,

* Pelops was feigned by the poets to have a shoulder of ivory. *Quid. Metam. lib. I. Pindar. Od. I. Olymp. Tibullus, lib. I. Eleg. 4. Virg. Georg. III.*

Then back did pull them, and in holes of trees
 Stole the sweet honey from the painful bees,
 Which in the flow'r to put they oft were seen
 And for a banquet brought it to their queen.
 But she that is the goddess of the flow'rs
 (Invited to their groves and shady bow'rs)
 Mislik'd their choice. They said that all the field
 No other flow'r did for that purpose yield;
 But quoth a nimble fay, that by did stand:
 If you could give't the colour of yond hand;
 (Walla, by chance was in a meadow by
 Learning to sample earth's embroid'ry)
 It were a gift would Flora well besit,
 And our great Queen the more would honour it.
 She gave consent; and by some other pow'r
 Made Venus' doves be equall'd by the flow'r,
 But not her hand; for nature this prefers,
 All other whites but shadowings to her's.
 Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,
 Much like a rich and artful coronet,
 Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,
 And were or tide, or loth to fly away.
 Upon her bright eyes Phœbus his inclin'd,
 And by their radiance was the god struck blind,
 That clean awry th' ecliptic then he stript,
 And from the milky-way his horses whipt;
 So that the eastern world to fear begun,
 Some stranger drove the chariot of the sun.
 And never but that once did heaven's bright eye
 Bestow one look on the Cymmerii.
 A green silk frock her comely shoulders clad,
 And took delight that such a seat it had,
 Which at her middle gather'd up in plaits,
 A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.
 Not Venus Ceston held a braver piece,
 Nor that which girt the fairest flow'r of Greece.
 Down from her waist, her mantle loose did fall
 Which Zephyr (as afraid) still play'd withal,
 And then tuck'd up somewhat below the knee
 Shew'd searching eyes where Cupid's columns
 be.
 The inside lin'd with rich carnation silk,
 And in the midst of both, lawn white as milk.
 Which white beneath the red did seem to shroud,
 As Cynthia's beauty through a blushing cloud,
 About the edges curious to behold
 A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
 So on the green marge of a crystal brook
 A thousand yellow flowers at fishes look:
 And such the beams are of the glorious sun,
 That through a tuft of grass dispersed run.
 Upon her legs a pair of buskins white,
 Studded with orient pearl and chrysolite,
 And like her mantle stitch'd with gold and green,
 (Fairer yet never wore the forest's queen)
 Knit close with ribbons of a party hue,
 A knot of crimson and a tuft of blue,
 Nor can the peacock in his spotted train
 So many pleasing colours shew again;
 Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
 Except the heav'nly roses in her face.
 A silver quiver at her back she wore,
 With darts and arrows for the stag and boar,
 But in her eyes she had such darts again,
 Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men,

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Her left hand held a knotty Brasil bow,
 Whose strength, with tears, she made the red
 deer know.

So clad, so arm'd, so drest to win her will
 Diana never trode on Latmus hill.
 Walla, the fairest nymph that haunts the woods,
 Walla, belov'd of shepherds, fauns, and floods,
 Walla, for whom the frolic satyrs pine,
 Walla, with whose fine foot the flowrets twine,
 Walla, of whom sweet birds their ditties move,
 Walla, the earth's delight, and Tavy's love.

This fairest nymph, when Tavy first prevail'd
 And won affection where the sylvans fail'd,
 Had promis'd (as a favour to his stream)
 Each week to crown it with an anadem:
 And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne
 Sev'n times his quick'ning rays had bravely
 shewn

Unto the other world, since Walla last,
 Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd;
 And this day (as of right), she wends abroad
 To ease the meadows of their willing load,
 Flora, as if to welcome her those hours,
 Had been most lavish of her choicest flow'rs,
 Spreading more beauties to entice that morn
 Than she had done in many days befor.

Look as a maiden sitting in the shade
 Of some close arbour by the woodbine made,
 Withdrawn alone, where undescry'd she may
 By her most curious needle give assay
 Unto some purse (if so her fancy move)
 Or other token for her truest love,
 Variety of silk about her pap,
 Or in a box she takes upon her lap,
 Whose pleasing colours wooing her quick eye,
 Now this she thinks the ground would beautify,
 And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best:
 When spying others, she is straight possess
 Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall,
 And she resolves at last to use them all:
 So Walla, which to gather long time stood,
 Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
 Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay:
 But then the blossoms which enrich'd each spray
 Allur'd her look; whose many colour'd graces
 Did in her garland challenge no mean places:
 And therefore she (not to be poor in plenty)
 From meadows, springs, woods, sprays, culls some
 one dainty,

Which in a scarf she put, and onwards set
 To find a place to dress her coronet.

A little grove is seated on the marge
 Of Tavy's stream, not over thick nor large,
 Where every morn a choir of sylvans sung,
 And leaves to chatt'ring winds serv'd as a tongue,
 By whom the water turns in many a ring,
 As if it fain would stay to hear them sing,
 And on the top a thousand young birds fly,
 To be instructed in their harmony.
 Near to the end of this all-joyfome grove
 A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove
 To keep all briars and bushes from invading,
 Her pleasing compass by their needful shading.
 Since it was not so large but that the store
 Of trees around could shade her breast and more,

X

In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
Gently disburden'd of a crystal rill
Which from the green side of the flow'ry bank
Eat down a channel; here the wood-nymphs
drank,

And great Diana, having slain the deer
Did often use to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
They meant to hunt; here did the shepherds play,
And many a gaudy nymph was often seen
Embracing shepherds boys upon this green.
From hence the spring hastes down to Tavy's brim,
And pays a tribute of his drops to him.

Here Walla rests the rising mount upon,
That seem'd to swell more since she sat thereon,
And from her scarf upon the grass shook down,
The smelling flow'rs that should her river crown.
The scarf (in shaking it) she brushed oft,
Whereon were flowers so fresh and lively wrought,
That her own cunning was her own deceit,
Thinking those true which were but counterfeit.

Under an alder, on his sandy marge,
Was Tavy set to view his nimble charge,
And there his love he long time had expected:
While many a rose-cheek'd nymph to wile ne-
glected

To woo him to embraces; which he scorn'd,
As valuing more the beauties which adorn'd
His fairest Walla, than all nature's pride
Spent on the cheeks of all her sex beside.

Nor would they tempt him with their open breasts,
And swear their lips were love's assured tests:
That Walla sure would give him the denial
Till she had known him true by such a trial.
Then comes another and her hand bereaves
The soon slipt alder of two clammy leaves,
And clapping them together, bids him see
And learn of love the hidden mystery,
Brave flood (quoth she) that hold'st us in sus-
pence,

And shew'st a godlike pow'r in abstinence,
At this thy coldness we do nothing wonder,
These leaves did so, when once they grew asunder;
But since the one did taste the other's bliss,
And felt his partner's kind, partake with his,
Behold how close they join; and had they pow'r
To speak their now content, as we can our,
They would on nature, lay a heinous crime
For keeping close such sweets until this time,
Is there to such men ought of merit due,
That do abstain from what they never knew?
No: then as well we may account him wise
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip
Divinest nectar from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beams
Have pow'r to melt the icy northern streams,
And so inflame the gods of those bound seas
They would unchain their virgin passages,
And teach our mariners, from day to day,
To bring us jewels by a nearer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my shining hair,
And think it no disgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the Paphian queen
Met me one day upon yond pleasant green,

And did entreat a flip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her lascivious boy.
Play with my teats that swell to have impression;
And if thou please from thence to make digression,
Pass thou that milky-way where great Apollo,
And higher pow'rs than he would gladly follow.
When to the full of these thou shalt attain,
It were some mastery for thee to refrain;
But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt say, thy Walla yields such store
Of joys, that no one love can raise thee more;
Admit it so, as who but thinks it strange?
Yet shalt thou find a pleasure more in change,
If that thou lik'st not, gentle flood, but hear
To prove that state the best I never fear.
Tell me wherein the state and glory is
Of thee, of Avon, or brave Thamesis?
In your own springs? or by the flowing head
Of some such river only seconded?
Or is it through the multitude that do
Send down their waters to attend on you?
Your mixture with less brooks adds to your fames,
So long as they in you do lose their names;
And coming to the ocean, thou dost see,
It takes in other floods as well as thee;
It were no sport to us that hunting love,
If we were still confin'd to one large grove.
The water which in one pool hath abiding
Is not so sweet as rilllets ever gliding,
Nor would the brackish waves in whom you meet
Contain that state it doth, but be less sweet,
And with contagious steams all mortals smother,
But that it moves from this shore to the other.
There's no one season such delight can bring,
As summer, autumn, winter, and the spring.
Nor the best flow'r that doth on earth appear
Could by itself content us all the year.
The salmon, and some more as well as they,
Now love the freshet, and then love the sea.
The flitting fowls not in one coast do tarry,
But with the year their habitation vary.
What music is there in a shepherd's quill
(Play'd on by him that hath the greatest skill)
If but a stop or two thereon we spy?
Music is best in her variety.

So is discourse, so joys; and why not then
As well the lives and loves of gods as men?
More she had spoke, but that the gallant flood
Reply'd: ye wanton rangers of the wood
Leave your allurements; hie ye to your chase;
See where Diana with a nimble pace
Follows a struck deer: if you longer stay
Her frown will bend to me another day.
Hark how she winds her horn; she some doth call
Perhaps for you, to make into the fall.

With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his Walla's stay was such,
And could have wish'd the nymphs back, but for
fear

His love might come and chance to find them there,
To pass the time at last he thus began
(Unto a pipe join'd by the art of Pan)
To praise his love: his hasty waves among
The frothed rocks, bearing the under song,

As careful merchants do expecting stand
(After long time and merry gales of wind)
Upon the place where their brave ship must land:
So wait I for the vessel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whose safe return will valu'd be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd
The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East, jewels of worth she brings,
Th' unvalu'd diamond of her sparkling eye
Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings,
And were it mine they nor their crowns should
buy.

The sapphires ringed on her panting breast,
Run as rich veins of ore about the mould,
And are in sickness with a pale possessor,
So true; for them I should disvalue gold.

The melting rubies on her cherry lip
Are of such pow'r to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip
And fasten'd there could never get away.

The sweets of candy are no sweets to me
When her's I taste; nor the perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so pow'rful to entice

O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
Unto that wished traffic through the main,
My pow'rful sighs shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back again.

If in the mean rude waves have it oppress'd,
It shall suffice I ventur'd at the best.

Scarce had he given a period to his lay
When from a wood (wherein the eye of day
Had long a stranger been, and Phœbe's light
Vainly contended with the shades of night)
One of those wanton nymphs that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rd's him; O thou most ingrate,
Respectless flood! canst thou here idly sit,
And loose desires to looser numbers sit?
Teaching the air to court thy careless brook,
Whilst thy poor Walla's cries the hills have shook
With an amazed terror: hear! O hear!
A hundred echoes shrieking every where!
See how the frightful herds run from the wood;
Walla, alas! as she to crown her flood
Attended the composure of sweet flow'rs,
Was by a lust fir'd satyr 'mong our bow'rs
Well near surpris'd, but that she him descry'd
Before his rude embracement could betide.
Now but her feet no help, unless her cries
A needful aid draw from the deities.

It needless was to bid the flood pursue,
Anger gave wings; ways that he never knew
Till now, he treads; through dells and hidden
brakes

Flies through the meadows, each where o'ertakes
Streams swiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further just revenge for so great wrong,

His current till that day was never known;
But as a mead in July, which unmown
Bears in an equal height each bent and stem,
Unless some gentle gale do play with them.
Now runs it with such fury and such rage
That mighty rocks opposing vassalage
Are from the firm earth rent and overborne
In fords where pebbles lay secure before.
Loud cataracts, and fearful roarings now
Affright the passenger; upon his brow
Continual bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes short stops
In little pools, drowning his voice too high,
'Tis where he thinks he hears his Walla cry.
Yet vain was all his haste, bending away
Too much declining to the Southern Sea,
Since she had turned thence, and now begun
To cross the brave path of the glorious sun.

There lies a vale extended to the north
Of Tavy's stream, which (prodigal) sends forth
In autumn more rare fruits than have been spent
In any greater plot of fruitful Kent.

Two high brow'd rocks on either side begin,
As with an arch to close the valley in,
Upon their rugged fronts short writhen oaks
Untouch'd of any fellers baneful strokes,
The ivy, twisting round their barks, hath fed
Past time wild goats which no man followed.
Low in the valley some small herds of deer,
For head and footmanship withouten peer
Fed undisturb'd. The swains that thereby thriv'd,
By the tradition from their fires deriv'd,
Call'd it sweet Ina's coombe: but whether she
Were of the earth or greater progeny
Judge by her deeds; once this is truly known
She many a time hath on a bugle blown,
And through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,
As she had bid the winged winds a base,

Pale and distracted hither Walla runs,
As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns;
Her mantle off, her hair now too unkind
Almost betray'd her with the wanton wind.
Breathless and faint she now some drops discloses,
As in a limbeck the kind sweet of roses,
Such hang upon her breast and on her cheeks;
Or like the pearls which the tan'd Ethiop seeks.
The satyr (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,
And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.

As when a greyhound (of the rightest strain)
Let slip to some poor hare upon the plain;
He for his prey strives; t' other for her life,
And one of these or none must end the strife:
Now seems the dog by speed and good at bearing
To have her sure; the other ever fearing,
Maketh a sudden turn, and doth defer
The hound awhile from so near reaching her:
Yet being fetcht again and almost ta'en
Doubting (since touch'd of him) she 'scapes her
bane:

So of these two the minded races were,
For hope the one made swift, the other fear.

O if there be a power (quoth Walla then
Keeping her earnest course) o'erswaying men
And their desires! O let it now be shown
Upon this satyr half part earthly known.

What I have hitherto with so much care
Kept undefiled, spotless, white and fair,
What in all speech of love I still reserv'd,
And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd;
O be it now untouch'd! and may no force
That happy jewel from myself divorce!
I that have ever held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastity;
And who so any lets that best flower pull,
She might be fair, but never beautiful:
O let me not forgo it! strike me dead!
Let on these rocks my limbs be scattered!
Burn me to ashes with some pow'rful flame,
And in mine own dust bury mine own name,
Rather than let me live and be defil'd.

Chastest Diana! in the deserts wild
Have I so long thy truest handmaid been?
Upon the rough rock ground thine arrows keen,
Have I (to make thee crowns) been gath'ring
still

Fair check'd Etesia's yellow camomile?
And sitting by thee on our flow'ry beds
Knit thy torn buck-stalls with well-twisted threads,
To be forsaken? O now present be,
If not to save, yet help to ruin me!

If pure virginity have heretofore
By the Olympic pow'rs been honour'd more
Than other states; and gods have been dispos'd
To make them known to us, and still disclos'd
To the chaste hearing of such nymphs as we
Many a secret and deep mystery;
If none can lead, without celestial aid,
Th' immaculate and pure life of a maid,
O let not then the pow'rs all-good divine
Permit vile lust to soil this breast of mine!

Thus cry'd she as she ran: and looking back,
Whether her hot pursuer did ought slack
His former speed; she spies him not at all,
And somewhat thereby cheer'd 'gan to recall
Her nigh fled hopes; yet fearing he might lie
Near some cross path to work his villany,
And being weary, knowing it was vain,
To hope for safety by her feet again,
She sought about where she herself might hide.]

A hollow vaulted rock at last she spy'd,
About whose sides so many bushes were,
She thought securely she might rest her there.
Far under it a cave, whose entrance straight
Clos'd with a stone wrought door, of no mean
weight;

Yet from itself the gemmels beaten so
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.

Thither she came, and being gotten in
Barr'd fast the dark cave with an iron pin.

The satyr follow'd, for his cause of stay
Was not a mind to leave her, but the way
Sharp ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late,
Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gait
Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees,
Through some small glade that ran between the
trees,

Where Walla went. And with a slower pace,
Pur'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.

When like a fearful hare within her form,
Hearing the hounds come like a threat'ning storm,

In full cry on the walk where last she trode,
Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to go abroad:
So Walla far'd. But since he was come nigh
And by an able strength and industry
Sought to break in; with tears anew she fell
To urge the pow'rs that on Olympus dwell.
And then to Ina call'd: O, if the rooms,
The walks and arbours in these fruitful * coombs
Have famous been through all the western plains,
In being guiltless of the lasting stains
Pour'd on by lust and murder: keep them free!
Turn me to stone, or to a barked tree,
Unto a bird, or flow'r, or ought forlorn;
So I may die as pure as I was born.

"Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
"That take their wings from hearts so pure and
"chaste.

"And what we ask of heaven it still appears
"More plain to it in mirrors of our tears."
Approv'd in Walla. When the satyr rude
Had broke the door in two, and 'gan intrude
With steps profane into the sacred cell,
Where oft (as I have heard our shepherds tell)
Fair Ina us'd to rest from Phœbus ray:
She, or some other, having heard her pray,
Into a fountain turn'd her; and now rise
Such streams out of the cave, that they surprise
The satyr with such force and so great din,
That quenching his life's flame as well as sin,
They roll'd him through the dale with mighty roar,
And made him flie that did pursue before.

Not far beneath i' th' valley as she trends
Her silver stream, some wood nymphs and her
friends,
That follow'd to her aid, beholding how
A brook came gliding where they saw but now
Some herds were feeding; wonder'd whence it
came,

Until a nymph, that did attend the game
In that sweet valley, all the process told,
Which from a thick leav'd tree she did behold:
See, quoth the nymph, where the rude satyr lies
Cast on the grass; as if she did despise
To have her pure waves soil'd (with such as he)
Retaining still the love of purity.

To Tavy's crystal stream her waters go
As if some secret power ordained so;
And as a maid she lov'd him, so a brook
To his embracements only her betook.
Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate.

On Walla's brook her sisters now bewail,
For whom the rocks spend tears when others fail,
And all the woods ring with their piteous moans;
Which Tavy hearing, as he chid the stones,
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered;
Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will she more pluck for thee the daffadill,
Nor make sweet anadems to gird thy brow:
Yet in the grove she runs; a river now.

Look as the feeling † plant which learned swains
(Relate to grow on the East Indian plains)

† Vallies.

* Sentida.

Shrinks up his dainty leaves, if any sand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
So with the chance the heavy wood nymphs
told,

The river (inly touch'd) began to fold
His arms across, and (while the torrent raves)
Shrunk his grave head beneath his silver waves.

Since when he never on his banks appears
But as one frantic: when the clouds spend tears,
He thinks they of his woes compassion take,
(And not a spring but weeps for Walla's sake)
And then he often (to bemoan her lack)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters black,

And every brook attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like array.

Here Willy that time ceas'd; and I a while:
For yonder's Roget coming o'er the stile,
'Tis two days since I saw him (and you wonder,
You'll say, that we have been so long afunder)
I think the lovely herdeſs of the dell
That to an oaten quill can ſing ſo well,
Is ſhe that's with him: I muſt needs go meet
them,

And if ſome other of you riſe to greet them,
'Twere not amiſs; the day is now ſo long
That I ere night may end another ſong.

X iij

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG IV.

The Argument.

The Cornish swains and British bard,
Thetis hath with attention heard.
And after meets an aged man
That tells the hapless love of Pan :
And why the flocks do live so free
From wolves within rich Britanny.

Look as a lover with a ling'ring kiss
About to part with the best half that's his,
Fain would he stay but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hast'ning to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true,
'Then says, he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of
mind,
And whilst he stands to look for't in her eyes,
'Their sad sweet glance so tie his faculties,
'To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain,
'To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again,
'Then turns, comes back, sighs, parts, and yet
doth go,
Apt to retire and loth to leave her so;
Brave stream, so part I from thy flow'ry bank,
Where first I breath'd, and (though unworthy)
drank
'Those sacred waters which the muses bring
'To w^{ash} Britannia to their ceaseless spring.
Now would I on, but that the crystal * wells,
The fertile meadows, and their pleasing smells,
The woods delightful, and the scatter'd groves,
(Where many nymphs walk with their chaster
loves

Soon make me stay : and think that Ordgar's † son
(Admonish'd by a heavenly vision)
Not without cause did that apt fabric rear,
(Wherein we nothing now but echoes hear,
That wont with heavenly anthems daily ring,
And duest praises to the greatest King)
In this choice plot ; since he could light upon
No place so fit for contemplation.
Though I a while must leave this happy soil,
And follow Thetis in a pleasing toil ;
Yet when I shall return, I'll strive to draw
The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex, and Tau,
By Turrige, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym,
With all the Nyiads that fish and swim
In their clear streams, to these our rising downs,
Where while they make us chaplets, wreaths, and
crowns,
I'll tune my reed unto a higher key,
(And have already cond some of the lay).
Wherein (as Mantua's by her Virgil's birth,
And Thames by ‡ him that sung her § nuptial
mirth)
You may be known (though not in equal pride)
As far as Tiber throws his swelling tide.
And by a shepherd (feeding on your plains)
In humble, lowly, plain, and ruder strains,

* *Vide de amantitate loci Malnesb. 2 lib. de gest. Pentif. fol. 146.*

† *Ordulphus. He founded, at Tavystock in Devon, St. Mary and St. Burion, A. D. 961.*

‡ *Spenfer.*

§ *Faery Queene, B. IV. ch. II.*

Hear your worths challenge other floods among;
To have a period equal with their song.

Where Plym and Ithamar with embraces meet,
Theris weighs anchor now, and all her fleet;
Leaving that spacious * found, within whose arms
I have those vessels seen, whose hot alarms
Have made Iberia tremble, and her tow'rs
Prostrate themselves before our iron show'rs.
While their proud builders hearts have been in-
clin'd

To shake (as our brave ensigns) with the wind.
For as an eyerie from their sedges wood,
Led o'er the plains and taught to get their food:
By seeing how their breeder takes his prey
Now from an orchard do they fear the jay,
Then o'er the corn fields as they swiftly fly,
Where many thousand hurtful sparrows lie
Bearing the ripe grain from the bearded ear,
At their approach, all (overgone with fear)
Seek for their safety; some into the dyle,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thick grown corn; as for their hiding best,
And under turfs or grafs most of the rest;
That of a flight which cover'd all the grain,
Not one appears, but all or hid or slain:
So by Heroes were we led of yore,
And by our drums that thunder'd on each shore,
Struck with amazement, countries far and near;
Whilst their inhabitants like herds of deer,
By kingly lions chas'd, fled from our arms.
If any did oppose, instructed swarms
Of men immayl'd; fate drew them on to be
A greater fame to our got victory.

But now our leaders want, those vessels lie
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their masts, where oft the ship boy stood,
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brakish flood,
Some wearied crow it set; and daily seen
Their sides, instead of pitch, calk'd ore with
green:

Ill hap (alas!) have you that once were known
By reaping what was by Iberia sown,
By bringing yellow sheaves from out their plain,
Making our barns the storehouse for their grain:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our useles soldiers fill:
Upon the hatches where half-pikes were borne
In every chink rise stems of bearded corn:
Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,
Or putting us in mind what once they brought us.

Bear with me, shepherds, if I do digress,
And speak of what ourselves do not profess:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his shield
More darts than ever † Roman; that hath spent
Many a cold December, in no tent
But such as earth and heaven make; that hath
been,
Except in iron plates, not long time seen;
Upon whose body may be plainly told
More wounds then his lank purse doth alms-deeds
hold;

* Plymouth.

† M. Scava,

O! can I see this man (advent'ring all)
Be only grac'd with some poor hospital,
Or may be worse, entreating at his door
For some relief whom he secur'd before,
And yet not shew my grief? First may I learn
To see and yet forget how to discern;
My hands neglectful be at any need
Or to defend my body or to feed,
Ere I respect those times that rather give him
Hundreds to punish, then one to relieve him.

As in an evening when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames sweet bank to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine
ear,

When he hath play'd (as well he can) some strain
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain to pass the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diff'ring key though I could well
A many hours but as few minutes tell,
Yet least mine own delight might injure you
(Though loth so soon) I take my song anew.

Yet as when I with other swains have been
Invited by the maidens of our green
To wend to yonder wood, in time of year
When cherry trees enticing burdens bear,
He that with wreathed legs doth upwards go,
Plucks not alone for those which stand below;
But now and then is seen to pick a few
To please himself as well as all his crew:
Or if from where he is do espy
Some apricote upon a bough thereby,
Which overhangs the tree on which he stands,
Climbs up and strives to take it with his hands:
So if to please myself I somewhat sing,
Let it not be to you less pleasuring;
No thirst of glory tempts me: for my strains
Besit poor shepherds on the lowly plains;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to servile flattery,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my muse with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought substantial can be ever found.
No; such as soothe a base and dunghill spirit,
With attributes fit for the most of merit
Cloud their free muse; as when the sun doth shine
On straw and dirt mix'd by the sweating Hyne,
It nothing gets from heaps so much impure,
But noisome streams that do his light obscure.

My free born muse will not, like Dane, be
Won with base dross to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choicer balm to worthless men,
Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, virtue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me do it.
What now I sing is but to pass away
A tedious hour, as some musicians play;
Or make another my own griefs bemoan;
Or to be least alone when most alone.

In this can I, as oft as I will choose,
 Hug sweet content by my retired muse,
 And in a study find as much to please
 As others in the greatest palaces.
 Each man that lives (according to his pow'r)
 On what he loves bestows an idle hour;
 Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
 Talk in a hundred voices to the rills,
 I like the pleasing cadence of a line
 Struck by the concert of the sacred Nine.
 In lieu of hawks, the raptures of my soul
 Transcend their pitch and baser earths controul.
 For running horses, contemplation flies
 With quickest speed to win the greatest prize.
 For courtly dancing I can take more pleasure
 To hear a verse keep time and equal measure.
 For winning riches, seek the best directions
 How I may well subdue mine own affections.
 For raising stately piles for heirs to come,
 Here in this poem I erect my tomb.
 And time may be so kind, in these weak lines
 To keep my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
 In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
 Since verse preserves when stone and brass deceives.
 Or if (as worthless) time not lets it live
 To those full days which others muses give,
 Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
 Of most severest eld, and kinder young
 Beyond my days, and maugre envy's strife
 Add to my name some hours beyond my life.

Such of the muses are the able pow'rs,
 And, since with them I spent my vacant hours,
 I find nor hawk, nor hound, nor other thing,
 Turns nor revels, pleasures for a king.
 Yield more delight; for I have oft possess'd
 As much in this as all in all the rest,
 And that without expence, when others oft
 With their undoings have their pleasures bought.

On now my loved muse, and let us bring
 Thetis to hear the * Cornish Michael sing;
 And after him to see a † swain unfold
 The tragedy of Drake in leaves of gold.
 Then hear another Grenville's name relate,
 Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.
 And make those two the pillars great of fame,
 Beyond whose worths shall never sound a name.
 Nor honour in her everlasting story
 More deeper grave for all ensuing glory.

Now Thetis stays to hear the shepherds tell
 Where Arthur met his death, and Mordred fell.
 Of holy Ursula (that fam'd her age)
 With other virgins in her pilgrimage.
 And as she forward steers is shewn the rock
 Main Amber, to be shook with weakest shock,
 So equal is it poiz'd; but to remove
 All strength would fail, and but an infant's prove.
 Thus while to please her some new songs devise,
 And others diamonds (shaped angel-wise,
 And smooth'd by nature, as she did impart
 Some willing time to trim herself by art)
 Sought to present her and her happy crew:
 She of the Gulf and Scillies took a view;

* See Camden's Remains, p. 7, and 335.

† Charles Fitz-Geoffrey.

And doubling then the point, made on away
 Tow'rs goodly Severn and the Irish Sea,
 There meets a shepherd that began sing o'er
 The lay which aged * Robert sung of yore,
 In praise of England, and the deeds of swains
 That whilom fed and rul'd upon our plains.
 The British bards were not then long time mute,
 But to their sweet harps sung their famous Brutes
 Striving in spite of all the mists of eld
 To have his story more authentic held.

Why should we envy them those wreaths of
 fame?

Being as proper to the Trojan name
 As are the dainty flow'rs which Flora spreads
 Unto the spring in the discoloured meads.
 Rather afford them all the worth me may,
 For what to give them adds to our ray.
 And Britons, think not that your glories fall,
 Derived from a mean original;
 Since lights that may have pow'r to check the dark
 Can have their lustre from the smallest spark.
 "Not from nobility doth virtue spring,
 "But virtue makes fit nobles for a king.
 "From highest nests are croaking ravens born,
 "When sweetest nightingales sit in the thorn."
 From what low fount soe'er your beings are
 (In softer peace and mighty brunts of war)
 Your own worths challenge as triumphant bays
 As ever Trojan hand had pow'r to raise.
 And when I leave my music's plainer ground
 The world shall know it from Bellona's sound.
 Nor shall I err from truth; for what I write
 She doth peruse, and helps me to endite.
 The small converse which I have had with some
 Branches, which from those gallant trees have
 come,

Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approve,
 And with more days increase a further love.

As I have seen the Lady of the May
 Set in an arbour (on a holyday)
 Built by the May pole, where the jocund swains
 Dance with the maidens to the bagpipes strains,
 When envious night commands them to be gone,
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
 And for their well performance soon disposes,
 To this a garland interwove with roses;
 To that a carved hook, or well wrought scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;
 To one her garter, to another then
 A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
 And none returneth empty that hath spent
 His pains to fill their rural merriment:
 So Nereus' daughter, when the swains had done,
 With an unsparing liberal hand begun
 To give to every one that sung before,
 Rich orient pearls brought from her hidden store,
 Red branching coral, and as precious gems
 As ever beautify'd the diadems:
 That they might live, what chance their sheep
 betide,

On her reward, yet leave their heirs beside. [them,
 Since when I think the world doth nothing give
 As weening Thetis ever should relieve them.

* Robert of Gloucester.

And poets freely spend a golden show'r,
As they expected her again each hour.

Then with her thanks and praises for their skill
In tuning numbers of the sacred hill,
She them dismiss'd to their contented cotes:
And every swain a several passage floats
Upon his dolphin. Since whose safe repair,
Those fishes like a well composed air,
And (as in love to men) are ever seen,
Before a tempest's rough regardless teen,
To swim high on the waves, as none should dare,
Excepting fishes, to adventure there.

When these had left her, she drave on, in pride,
Her prouder courses through the swelling tide,
To view the Cambrian cliffs, and had not gone
An hour's full speed, but near a rock whereon
(Congealed frost and snow in summer lay,
Seldom dissolved by Hyperion's ray)
She saw a troop of people take their seat,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beat

Their troubled breasts, in sign of meikle woe,
For those are actions grief enforceth to.
Willing to know the cause, somewhat near hand
She spies an aged man sit by the strand,
Upon a green hill side (not meanly crown'd
With golden flow'rs, as chief of all the ground)
By him a little lad, his cunning heir,
Tracing green rushes for a winter chair.
The old man, while his son full neatly knits
them,

Unto his work begun, as trimly fits them,
Both so intending what they first propounded,
As all their thoughts by what they wrought were
bounded.

To them she came, and kindly thus bespake:
Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take
In what your needs enforce, and never aim
A limitless desire to what may maim
The settled quiet of a peaceful state,
Patience attend your labours. And when fate
Brings on the restless night to your long days,
Wend to the fields of bliss! Thus Thetis prays.

Fair queen, to whom all duteous praise we owe,
Since from thy spacious cistern daily flow
(Reply'd the swain) refreshing streams that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillocks) so preserving still
The infant grass, when else our lambs might bleat
In vain for suck, whose dams have nought to eat.
For these thy pray'rs we are doubly bound,
And that these cleves should know; but (O) to
found

My often mended pipe presumption were,
Since Pan would play if thou would please to hear.
The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor do my fingers know
To touch half part those merry tunes I had.
Yet if thou please to grace my little lad
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
Which thou from one so young may'st chance to
like.

With that the little shepherd left his task,
And with a blush (the roses only mask)
Deny'd to sing. Ah! father (quoth the boy)
How can I tune a seeming note of joy?

The work which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a half-bent mind, and therefore
spend

In doing little, now, an hour or two,
Which I in lesser time could neater do.
As oft as I with my more nimble joints
Trace the sharp rushes ends, I mind the points
Which Philocel did give; and when I brush
The pretty tuft that grows beside the rush,
I never can forget (in yonder lare)
How Philocel was wont to stroke my hair.
No more shall I be ta'en unto the wake,
Nor wend a fishing to the winding lake;
No more shall I be taught, on silver strings,
To learn the measures of our banquetings.
The twisted collars, and the ringing bells,
The Morrice scarfs, and cleanest drinking shells,
Will never be renew'd by any one;
Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.
See, yonder hill where he was wont to sit,
A cloud doth keep the golden sun from it,
And for his seat (as teaching us) hath made
A mourning covering with a scowling shade.
The dew on every flow'r, this morn, hath lain
Longer than it was wont, this side the plain,
Belike they mean, since my best friend must die,
To shed their silver drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in coming hither,
Heard I the sweet birds tune their songs together,
Except one nightingale in yonder dale,
Sigh'd a sad elegy for Philocel.

Near whom a wood-dove kept no small ado,
To bid me in her language, "Do so too;"
The weather's bell, that leads our flock around,
Yields, as me thinks, this day a deader sound.
The little sparrows, which in hedges creep,
E'er I was up, did seem to bid me weep,
If these do so, can I have feeling less,
That am more apt to take and to express?
No: let my own tunes be the mandrake's groan,
If now they tend to mirth when all have none.

My pretty lad (quoth Thetis) thou dost well
To fear the loss of thy dear Philocel.
But tell me, fire, what may that shepherd be,
Or if it lie in us to set him free,
Or if with you yon people touch'd with woe,
Under the self same load of sorrow go.

Fair queen (reply'd the swain) one is the cause
That moves our grief, and those kind shepherds
draws

To yonder rock. Thy more than mortal spirit
May give a good beyond our pow'r to merit.
And therefore please to hear, while I shall tell,
The hapless fate of hopeless Philocel.

Whilom, great Pan, the father of our flocks,
Lov'd a fair lass so famous for her locks,
That in her time all women first begun
To lay their looser tresses to the sun.
And theirs whose hue to hers was not agreeing,
Were still roll'd up as hardly worth the seeing.
Fondly have some been led to think, that man
Music's invention first of all began
From the dull hammer's stroke; since well we
know,

From sure tradition that hath taught us so.

Pan sitting once to sport him with his fair,
 Mark'd the intention of the gentle air,
 In the sweet sound her chaste words brought along,
 Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue:
 And from that harmony begun the art,
 Which others (though unjustly) do impart
 To bring Apollo, from a meaner ground,
 A sledge or parched nerves; mean things to found
 So rare an art on; when there might be given
 All earth for matter with the gyre of heaven.
 To keep her slender fingers from the sun,
 Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath run
 To pluck the speckled foxgloves from their stem,
 And on those fingers neatly placed them.
 The honeysuckles would he often strip,
 And lay their sweetness on her sweeter lip:
 And then, as in reward of such his pain,
 Sip from those cherries some of it again.
 Some say that nature, while this lovely maid
 Liv'd on our plains, the teeming earth array'd
 With damask roses in each pleasant place,
 That men might liken somewhat to her face.
 Others report: Venus, afraid her son
 Might love a mortal, as he once had done,
 Prefer'd an earnest suit to highest Jove,
 That he, which bore the winged shafts of love,
 Might be debar'd his fight, which suit was sign'd,
 And ever since the god of love is blind.
 Hence is't he shoots his shafts so clean awry,
 Men learn to love when they should learn to die.
 And women, which before to love began,
 Man without wealth, love wealth without a man.

Great Pan of his kind nymph had the embrace-
 ing

Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing
 These pithful rushes, such as are aloft,
 By those that rais'd them presently are brought
 Beneath unseen: So in the love of Pan
 (For gods in love do undergo as man)
 She, whose affection made him raise his song,
 And (for her sport) the satires rude among
 Trade wilder measures, then the frolic guests,
 That lift their light heels at Lyæus feasts;
 She, by the light of whose quick-turning eye,
 He never read but of felicity.
 She, whose assurance made him more than Pan,
 Now makes him far more wretched than a man.
 For mortals in their loss have death a friend,
 When gods have losses, but their loss no end.

It chanc'd one morn (clad in a robe of gray,
 And blushing oft as rising to betray)
 Entic'd this lovely maiden from her bed
 (So when the roses have discovered
 Their taintless beauties, flies the early bee
 About the winding allies merrily)
 Into the wood: and 'twas her usual sport,
 Sitting where most harmonious birds resort,
 To imitate their warbling in a quill,
 Wrought by the hand of Pan, which she did fill
 Half full with water: and with it hath made
 The nightingale (beneath a fullen shade)
 To chant her utmost lay, nay, to invent
 New notes to pass the other's instrument,
 And (harmless soul) e'er she would leave that strife,
 Sung her last song, and ended with her life.

So gladly choosing (as do other some)
 Rather to die than live and be o'ercome. [note,
 But as in autumn (when birds cease their
 And stately forests d'on their yellow coats,
 When Ceres' golden locks are nearly thorn,
 And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torn),
 A little lad set on a bank to shale
 The ripened nuts pluck'd in a woody vale,
 Is frighted thence (of his dear life afraid)
 By some wild bull loud bellowing for the herd:
 So while the nymph did earnestly contest
 Whether the birds or she recorded best,
 A ravenous wolf, bent eager to his prey,
 Rush'd from a theevish brake, and making way;
 The twined thorns did crackle one by one,
 As if they gave her warning to be gone.
 A rougher gale bent down the lashing boughs,
 To beat the beast from what his hunger vows.
 When she (amaz'd) rose from her hapless seat
 (Small is resistance where the fear is great)
 And striving to be gone, with gaping jaws,
 The wolf pursues, and as his rending paws
 Were like to seize, a holly bent between,
 For which good deed his leaves are ever green.

Saw you a lusty mastiff, at the stake,
 Thrown from a cunning bull, more fiercely make
 A quick return; yet to prevent the gore,
 Or deadly bruise, which he escap'd before,
 Wind here and there, nay creep, if rightly bred,
 And proff'ring elsewhere, fight still at head:
 So though the stubborn boughs did thrust him
 back

(For nature, loth, so rare a jewel's wrack,
 Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,
 If possible to hinder destiny.)
 The savage beast, foaming with anger, flies
 More fiercely than before, and now he tries
 By sleights to take the maid; as I have seen
 A nimble tumbler on a borrow'd green,
 Bend clean awry his course, yet give a check,
 And throw himself upon a rabbit's neck.
 For as he hotly chas'd the love of Pan,
 A herd of deer out of a thicket ran,
 To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
 To leave the maid, but when she swiftly bent
 Her race down to the plain, the swifter deer
 He soon forsook. And now was got so near,
 That (all in vain) she turned to and fro
 (As well she could) but not prevailing so,
 Breathless and weary calling on her love,
 With fearful shrieks that all the echoes move,
 (To call him to) she fell down deadly wan,
 And ends her sweet life with the name of Pan.

A youthful shepherd, of the neighbour wold,
 Missing that morn a sheep out of the fold,
 Carefully seeking round to find his stray,
 Came on the instant where this damsel lay.
 Anger and pity, in his manly breast,
 Urge, yet restrain his tears. Sweet maid possess
 (Quoth he) with lasting sleep, accept from me
 His end, who ended thy hard destiny!
 With that his strong dog, of no dastard kind
 (Swift as the foals conceived by the wind)
 He sets upon the wolf, that now with speed
 Flies to the neighbour wood; and, left a deed

So full of ruth should unrevenge'd be,
The shepherd follows too, so earnestly
Cheering his dog that he ne'er turn'd again
Till the curst wolf lay strangled on the plain.

The ruin'd temple of her purer soul
The shepherd buries. All the nymphs condole
So great a loss, while on a cypress graff,
Near to her grave, they hung this epitaph :

LEST lothed age might spoil the work in whom
All earth delighted, nature took it home.
Or angry all hers else were careless deem'd,
Here hid her best to have the rest esteem'd.
For fear men might not think the fates so cross,
But by their rigour in as great a loss.
If to the grave there ever was assign'd
One like this nymph in body and in mind,
We wish her here in balm not vainly spent,
To fit this maiden with a monument.
For brass and marble, were they seated here,
Would fret or melt in tears to lie so near.

Now Pan may sit and tune his pipe alone
Among the wish'd shades, since she is gone,
Whose willing ear allur'd him more to play,
Than if to hear him should Apollo stay.
Yet happy Pan ! and in thy love more blest,
Whom none but only death hath dispossest ;
While others love as well, yet live to be
Less wrong'd by fate than by inconstancy.

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joyful light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And slightful otters left the purling rills ;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked
young.

When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger.
When nought was heard but now and then the
howl

Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl ;
Pan, that the day before was far away
At shepherds sports, return'd ; and as he lay
Within the bow'r wherein he most delighted,
Was by a ghastly vision thus affrighted :
Heart-thrilling groans first heard he round his
bow'r,

And then the screechowl, with her utmost pow'r,
Labour'd her lothed note, the forrests bending
With winds, as Hecate had been ascending.
Hereat his curled hairs on end do rise,
And chilly drops trill o'er his staring eyes :
Fain would he call, but knew not who nor why,
Yet getting heart at last would up and try
If any devillish hag were come abroad
With some kind mother's late deliver'd load,
A ruthless bloody sacrifice to make
To those infernal pow'rs, that by the lake
Of mighty Styx and black Cocytus dwell,
Aiding each witch's charm and mystic spell.
But as he rais'd himself within his bed,
A sudden light about his lodging spread,

And therewithal his love, all ashy pale
As evening mist from up a watry vale,
Appear'd, and weakly near his bed she prest,
A ravell'd wound distain'd her purer breast,
(Breast softer far than tufts of unwrought silk)
Whence she had liv'd to give an infant milk,
The virtue of that liquor (without odds)
Had made her babe immortal as the gods.
Pan would have spoke, but him she thus prevents :
Wonder not that the troubled elements
Speak my approach ; I draw no longer breath,
But am enforc'd to the shades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turn to be transported o'er
The nether floods among the shades of Dis,
To end my journey in the fields of bliss :
I come to tell thee, that no human hand
Made me seek waftage on the Stygian strand ;
It was an hungry wolf that did imbrue
Himself in my last blood. And now I sue,
In hate to all that kind, and shepherds good,
To be revenged on that cursed brood.
Pan vow'd, and would have clipt her, but she fled,
And, as she came, so quickly vanished.

Look as a well-grown stately headed buck,
But lately by the woodman's arrow struck,
Runs gadding o'er the lawns, or nimbly strays
Among the combrous brakes a thousand ways,
Now through the high wood scours, then by the
brooks,

On every hill side, and each vale he looks,
If 'mongst their stores of simples may be found
An herb to draw and heal his smarting wound ;
But when he long hath sought, and all in vain,
Steals to the covert closely back again,
Where round ingirt with fern more highly sprung,
Strives to appease the raging with his tongue,
And from the speckled herd absents him till
He be recover'd somewhat of his ill :

So wounded Pan turns in his restless bed ;
But finding thence all ease abandoned,
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs :
Yet carries with him what in vain he shuns.
Now he exclaim'd on fate : and wish'd he ne'er
Had mortal lov'd, or that he mortal were.

And sitting lastly on an oak's bare trunk
(Where rain in winter stood long time unfunk)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light,
That through the boughs flew from the queen of
night,

(As giving him occasion to repine)
Bewray'd an elm embraced by a vine,
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree.
Her boughs his arms, his leaves so mix'd with hers,
That with no wind he mov'd, but straight she
stirs,

As shewing all should be, whom love combin'd,
In motion one, and only two in kind.
This more afflicts him, while he thinketh most
Not on his loss, but on the substance lost.
O hapless Pan, had there but been one by,
To tell thee (though as poor a swain as I)
Though (whether casual means or death do move)
“ We part not without grief things held with love :

" Yet in their loss some comfort may be got
 " If we do mind the time we had them not."
 This might have lessen'd somewhat of thy pain,
 Or made thee love as thou might'st loose again.
 If thou, the best of women, did'st forego,
 Weigh if thou found'st her, or did'st make her so;
 If she were found so, know there's more than one;
 If made, the workman lives, though she be gone.
 Should from mine eyes the light be ta'en away,
 Yet night her pleasures hath as well as day.
 And my desires to heaven yield less offence,
 Since blindness is a part of innocence.
 So though thy love sleep in eternal night,
 Yet there's in loneliness somewhat may delight.
 Instead of dalliance, partnership in woes,
 It wants, the care to keep, and fear to lose.
 For jealousies and fortune's baser pelf,
 He rest enjoys that well enjoys himself. [thee

Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought
 Of inward help; thy sorrow had not brought thee
 To weigh misfortune by another's good:
 Nor leave thy seat to range about the wood.
 Stay where thou art, turn where thou wert before,
 Light yields small comfort, nor hath darkness
 more.

A woody hill there stood, at whose low feet
 Two goodly streams in one broad channel meet;
 Whose fretful waves beating against the hill,
 Did all the bottom with soft mutt'rings fill.
 Here in a nook made by another mount
 (Whose stately oaks are in no less account
 For height or spreading, then the proudest be
 That from Oëta look on Thessaly)
 Rudely o'erhung there is a vaulted cave
 That in the day as fullen shadows gave,
 As evening to the woods. An uncouth place
 (Where hags and goblins might retire a space)
 And hated now of shepherds, since there lies
 The corpse of one, (less loving deities
 Than we affected him) that never lent
 His hand to ought but to our detriment.
 A man that only liv'd to live no more,
 And dy'd still to be dying. Whose chief store
 Of virtue, was, his hate did not pursue her,
 Because he only heard of her, not knew her.
 That knew no good, but only that his sight
 Saw every thing had still his opposite.
 And ever this his apprehension caught,
 That what he did was best, the other naught.
 That always lov'd the man that never lov'd,
 And hated him whose hate no death hath mov'd.
 That (politic) at fitting time and season,
 Could hate the traitor, and yet love the treason.
 That many a woful heart (ere his decease)
 In pieces tore to purchase his own peace.
 Who never gave his alms but in this fashion,
 To salve his credit, more than for salvation.
 Who on the names of good men ever fed,
 And (most accursed) sold the poor for bread.
 Right like the pitch tree, from whose any limb
 Comes never twig, shall be the seed of him.
 The muses, scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
 And never will vouchsafe to speak his name.
 Let no man for his loss one tear let fall,
 But perish with him his memorial!

Into this cave the god of shepherds went,
 The trees in groans, the rocks in tears lament
 His fatal chance, the brooks that whilom leapt
 To hear him play while his fair mistress slept,
 Now left their eddies and such wanton moods,
 And with loud clamours fill'd the neighb'ring
 woods.

There spent he most of night; but when the day,
 Drew from the earth her pitchy vail away,
 When all the flow'ry plains with carols rung
 That by the mounting lark were shrilly sung,
 When dusky mists rose from the crystal floods,
 And darkness no where reign'd but in the
 woods;

Pan left the cave, and now intends to find
 The sacred place where lay his love enshrin'd;
 A plot of earth, in whose chill arms was laid
 As much perfection as had ever maid:
 If curious nature had but taken care
 To make more lasting, what she made so fair.

Now wanders Pan the arched groves and hills
 Where fairies often danc'd, and shepherds quills
 In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day:
 Yet (being early) in his unknown way
 Met not a shepherd, nor on all the plain
 A flock then feeding saw, nor of his train
 One jolly satyr stirring yet abroad,
 Of whom he might inquire; this to the load
 Of his affliction adds; now he invokes
 Those * nymphs in mighty forests, that with
 oaks

Have equal fates, each with her several tree
 Receiving birth, and ending, destiny.
 Calls on all pow'rs, entreats that he might have,
 But for his love, the knowledge of her grave;
 That since the fates had ta'en the gem away,
 He might but see the carknet where it lay;
 To do fit right to such a part of mold,
 Covering so rare a piece, that all the gold
 Or diamond earth can yield, for value, ne'er
 Shall match the treasure which was hidden there!

A hunting nymph awakened with his moan
 (That in a bow'r near hand lay all alone,
 Twining her small arms round her slender waist,
 That by no others us'd to be embrac'd),
 Got up, and knowing what the day before
 Was guilty of, she adds not to his store,
 As many simply do, whose friends so cross,
 They more afflict by shewing what is lost:
 But bid him follow her. He, as she leads,
 Urgeth her haste. So a kind mother treads
 Earnest, distracted, where, with blood defil'd,
 She hears lies dead her dear and only child.
 Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
 " For speed comes ever lamely to desire."

Delays, the stones that waiting suiters grind,
 By whom at court the poor man's cause is sign'd;
 Who, to dispatch a suit, will not defer
 To take death for a joint commissioner.
 Delay, the wooer's bane, revenges hate,
 The plague to creditor's decay'd estate;
 The test of patience, of our hopes the rack,
 That draws them forth so long until they crack;

* *Hamadriades.*

Virtue's best benefactor in our times,
 One that is set to punish great men's crimes,
 She that hath hindered mighty Pan a while,
 Now steps aside : and as o'erflowing Nile,
 Hid from * Climene's son his reeking head,
 So from his rage all opposition fled ;
 Giving him way, to reach the timeless tomb
 Of nature's glory, for whose ruthless doom
 (When all the graces did for mercy plead,
 And youth and goodness both did intercede),
 The sons of earth (if living) had been driven
 To heap on hills, and war anew with heaven.
 The shepherds which he mist upon the downs
 Here meets he with : for from the neighb'ring
 towns

Maidens and men resorted to the grave,
 To see a wonder more than time e'er gave.

The holy priests had told them, long ago,
 Amongst the learned shepherds there was one
 So given to piety, and did adore
 So much the name of Pan, that when no more
 He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,
 Found written there with gold the name of Pan.
 Which, unbelieving man, that is not mov'd
 To credit ought, if not by reason prov'd,
 And ties the over working power to do
 Nought otherwise then nature reacheth to,
 Held as most fabulous : not inly seeing,
 The hand by whom we live, and all have being,
 No work for admirable doth intend,
 Which reason hath the power to comprehend ;
 And faith no merit hath from heaven lent
 Where human reason yields experiment.
 Till now they durst not trust the legend old,
 Esteeming all not true their elders told ;
 And had not this last accident made good
 The former, most in unbelief had stood.

But fame that spread the bruit of such a wonder,
 Bringing the swains of places far asunder
 To this selected plot (now famous more
 Than any grove, mount, plain, had been before,
 By relic, vision, burial, or birth
 Of anchorites, or hermit yet, on earth).
 Out of the maiden's bed of endless rest,
 Shews them a tree new grown, so fairly drest
 With spreading arms and curled top, that Jove
 Ne'er braver saw in his Dodonian grove.
 The hart like leaves oft each with other pile,
 As do the hard scales of the crocodile ;
 And none on all the tree was seen but bore,
 Written thereon in rich and purest ore.
 The name of Pan ; whose lustre far beyond
 Sparkl'd, as by a torch the diamond.
 Or those bright spangles which, fair goddesses, do
 Shine in the hair of these which follow you.
 The shepherds, by direction of great Pan,
 Search'd for the root, and finding it began
 In her true heart, bids them again enclose
 What now his eyes for ever, ever, lose.
 Now in the self same sphere his thoughts must
 move
 With † him that did the shady plane tree love.

* Phaeton.

† Xerxes.

Yet though no issue from her loins shall be
 To draw from Pan a noble pedigree,
 And Pan shall not, as other gods have done,
 Glory in deeds of an heroic son,
 Nor have his name in countries near and far
 Proclaim'd ; as by his child the thunderer ;
 If Phœbus on this tree spread warming rays,
 And northern blasts kill not her tender sprays,
 His love shall make him famous in repute,
 And still increase his name, yet bear no fruit.

To make this sure (the god of shepherds last)
 (When other ceremonies were o'erpast)
 And to perform what he before had vow'd
 To dire revenge. Thus spake unto the crowd :
 What I have lost, kind shepherds, all you
 know ;

And to recount it were to dwell in woe ;
 To shew my passion in a funeral song,
 And with my sorrow draw your sighs along,
 Words, then, well plac'd, might challenge some-
 what due,

And not the cause alone, win tears from you.

This to prevent, I set orations by

" For passion seldom loves formality,"

What profits it a prisoner at the bar,

To have his judgment spoken regular ?

Or in the prison hear it often read,

When he at first knew what was forfeited ?

Our griefs in others tears, like plate in water,

Seem more in quantity. To be relator

Of my mishaps, speaks weakness, and that I

Have in myself no power of remedy.

Once (yet that once too often) heretofore

The silver Ladon on his sandy shore [be

Heard my complaints, and those cool groves that

Shading the breast of lovely Arcady

Witness, the tears which I for Syrinx spent.

Syrinx the fair ; from whom the instrument

That fills your feasts with joy (which when I
 blow

Draws to the sagging dug milk white as snow)

Had his beginning. This enough had been

To shew the fates (my * deemed sisters) teen.

Here had they staid, this adage had been none

" That our disasters never come alone."

What boot is it, though I am said to be

The worthy son of Mercury ?

That I, with gentle nymphs in forests high,

Kist out the sweet time of my infancy ?

And when more years had made me able grown,

Was through the mountains for their leader
 known ?

That high brow'd Mænalus where I was bred,

And stony hills, not few, have honoured

Me as protector, by the hands of swains

Whose sheep retire there from the open plains ?

That I in shepherds cups († rejecting gold)

Of milk and honey measures eight times told

Have off' red to me ; and the ruddy wine

Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding vine ?

That gleesome hunters, pleased with their sport.

With sacrifices due have thank'd me for't.

* Pronapis, in suo Protocofuro.

† Apollonius Smyræus.

That patient anglers standing all the day
Near to some shallow stickle or deep bay ;
And fishermen, whose nets have drawn to land
A shoal so great it well nigh hides the sand,
For such success, some promontory's head
Thrust at by waves, hath known me worship-
ped ?

But to increase my grief, what profits this ?
" Since still the loss is as the loser is."

The many kernel bearing pine of late
From all trees else to me was consecrate ;
But now behold a root more worth my love,
Equal to that which in an obscure grove
Infernal Juno proper takes to her :

* Whose golden slip the Trojan wanderer
(By sage Cumæan sybil taught) did bring
(By fates decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free passage, and a safe repair
Through dark Avernus to the upper air.
'This must I succour, this must I defend,
And from the wild boar's rooting ever shend,
Here shall the woodpecker no entrance find,
Nor Tivy's beaver's gnaw the clothing rind ;
Lambeder's herds, nor Radnor's goodly dere,
Shall never once be seen a browsing here.
And now ye British swains (whose harmless
sheep

Then all the world's beside I joy to keep
Which spread on every plain, and hilly wold,
Fleeces no less esteem'd then that of gold,
For whose exchange one Indy gems of price,
The other gives you of her choicest spice.

And well she may ; but we unwise, the while,
Lessen the glory of our fruitful isle :
Making those nations think we foolish are,
For baser drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (save the bringer) never profit man,
Except the sexton and physician.
And whether change of climes, or what it be,
That proves our mariners mortality,
Such expert men are spent for such bad fares
As might have made us lords of what is theirs.

* *Virgil's Æneis, b. VI.*

Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prize
Your lives more high then such base trumperies :
Forbear to fetch ; and they'll go ne'er to sue,
And at your own doors offer them to you ;
Or have their woods and plains so overgrown
With pois'nous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds un-
known ;

That they would hire such weeders as you be
To free their land from such fertility.
Their spices hot their nature best endures,
But 'twill impair and much distemper yours.
What our own soil affords befits us best.
And long, and long, for ever may we rest
Needless of help ! and may this isle alone
Furnish all other lands, and this land none !

Excuse me Thetis, quoth the aged man,
If passion drew me from the words of Pan !
Which thus I follow : You whose flocks, quoth he,
By my protection, quit your industry,
For all the good I have and yet may give
To such as on the plains hereafter live,
I do entreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rent from this holy plant
The smallest branch ; and who so cutteth this
Die for th' offence ; to me so heinous 'tis.
And by the floods infernal here I swear
(An oath whose breach the greatest gods for-
bear)

[horns
E'er Phœbe thrice twelve times shall fill her
No furzy tuft, thick wood, nor brake of thorns
Shall harbour wolf, nor in this isle shall breed,
Nor live one of that kind ; if what's decreed
You keep inviolate. To this they swore :
And since those beasts have frightened us no more,
But swain (quoth Thetis what is this you tell,
To what you fear shall fall on Philocel ?

Fair queen attend ; but oh ! I fear, quoth he,
Ere I have ended my sad history,
Unstaying time may bring on his last hour,
And so defraud us of thy wished power.
Yond goes a shepherd, give me leave to run,
And know the time of execution,
Mine aged limbs I can a little strain,
And quickly (come to end the rest) again.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG V.

The Argument.

Within this song my muse doth tell
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his love and he in thrall
To death depriv'd of funeral,
The queen of waves doth gladly save;
And frees Marina from the cave.

So soon as can a martin from our town
Fly to the river underneath the down,
And back return with mortar in her bill,
Some little cranny in her nest to fill,
The shepherd came. And thus began anew:
Two hours, alas! only two hours are due
From time to him, 'tis sentenc'd so of those
That here on earth as destinies dispose
The lives and deaths of men; and that time past
He yields his judgment leave and breathes his last.

But to the cause. Great goddesses understand
In Mona isle thrust from the British land,
As (since it needed nought of others store)
It would entire be, and apart no more,
There liv'd a maid so fair, that for her sake
Since she was born the isle had never snake,
Nor were it fit a deadly sting should be
To hazard such admired symmetry,
So many beauties so commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if she were gone,
Shepherds that in her clear eyes did delight,
Whilst they were open never held it night:
And were they shut, although the morning gray
Call'd up the sun, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it so, they did not pass
Withal to say it eclipsed was.

The roses on her cheeks, such, as each turn
Phœbus might kiss, but had no power to burn.
From her sweet lips distil sweets sweeter do,
Then from a cherry half way cut in two:

Whose yielding touch would as Promethean fire
Lumps truly senseless with a muse inspire,
Who praising her would youth's desire so stir,
Each man in mind should be a ravisher.
Some say the nimble witted Mercury
Went late disguis'd professing palmistry,
And milkmaids fortunes told about the land,
Only to get a touch of her soft hand.
And that a shepherd walking on the brim
Of a clear stream where she did use to swim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking she had been
Of chastity the pure and fairest queen,
Stole thence dismayed, least he by her decree
Might undergo * Acteon's destiny.
Did youth's kind heat inflame me (but the
snow

Upon my head, shews it cool'd long ago)
I then could give (fitting so fair a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
When now much like a man the palsy shakes,
And spectacles befriend, yet undertakes
To limb a lady, to whose red and white
Apelles curious hand would owe some right;
His too unsteady pencil, shadows here
Somewhat too much, and gives not over clear;
His eye deceiv'd mingles his colours wrong,
There strikes too little, and here stays too long,

* See Ovid's *Metam.* b. III. *Palæphatus de incredibilibus historiis*, p. 9. Edit. Du Gard.

Does and undoes, takes off, puts on (in vain)
 Now too much white, then too much red again,
 And thinking then to give some special grace,
 He works it ill, or so mistakes the place,
 That she which sits were better pay for nought,
 Then have it ended, and so lamely wrought :

So do I in this weak description err ;
 And striving more to grace more injure her.
 For ever where true worth for praise doth call,
 He rightly nothing gives that gives not all.
 But as a lad who learning to divide,

By one small miss the whole hath falsify'd,
 Cœlia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so :
 Whom Philocel (of all the swains I know
 Most worthy) lov'd : alas ! that love should be
 Subject to fortune's mutability !

Whatever learned bards tofore have sung,
 Or to the plains shepherds and maidens young,
 Of sad mishaps in love are set to tell,
 Comes short to match the fate of Philocel.

For as a labourer toiling at a bay
 To force some clear stream from his wonted way,
 Working on this side sees the water run
 Where he wrought last, and thought it firmly
 done ;

And that leak stoppt, hears it come breaking out
 Another where, in a far greater spout,
 Which mended too, and with a turf made trim
 The brook is ready to o'reflow the brim,
 Or in the bank the water having got
 Some mole hole, runs, where he expected not :
 And when all's done, still fears, least some great
 rain

Might bring a flood and throw all down again :
 So, in our shepherd's love, one hazard gone
 Another still as bad was coming on.
 This danger past, another doth begin,
 And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
 For he that loves, and in it hath no stay
 Limits his bliss feld' past the marriage day.

But Philocel's, alas ! and Cœlia's too
 Must ne'er attain so far as others do.
 Else fortune in them from her course should
 swerve,

Who most afflicts those that most goods deserve.

Twice had the glorious sun run through the
 signs,

And with his kindly heat improv'd the mines.

(As such affirm with certain hopes that try

The vain and fruitless art of alchymy)

Since our swain lov'd : and twice had Phœbus
 been

In horned Aries taking up his inn,
 Ere he of Cœlia's heart possession won,
 And since that time all his intentions done
 Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes upon her,
 Watchful, as virtues are on truest honour.

Kept on the isle as carefully of some,

As by the Trojans their † Palladium.

But where's the fortress that can love debar ?

The forces to oppose when he makes war ?

The watch which he shall never find asleep ?

The spy that shall disclose his counsels deep ?

† Virgil's *Æneis*, b. II.

That fort, that force, that watch, that spy would
 be

A lasting stop to a fifth empery.

But we as well may keep the heat from fire
 As sever hearts whom love hath made entire.

In lovely May, when Titan's golden rays
 Make odds in hours between the nights and days,
 And weigheth almost down th' once even scale
 Where night and day, by th' equinoctial
 Were laid in balance, as his power he bent
 To banish Cynthia from her regiment,
 To Latmus stately hill ; and with his light
 To rule the upper world both day and night,
 Making the poor Antipodes to fear
 A like conjunction 'twixt great Jupiter
 And some Alcmena new, or that the sun
 From their horizon did obliquely run :
 This time the swains and maidens of the isle
 The day with sportive dances do beguile,
 And every valley rings with shepherds songs,
 And every echo each sweet note prolongs,
 And every river, with unusual pride,
 And dimpled cheek, rolls sleeping to the tide,
 And lesser springs, which airy breeding woods,
 Prefer as handmaids to the mighty floods,
 Scarce fill up half their channels, making haste
 (In fear, as boys) least all the sport be past,

Now was the lord and lady of the May
 Meeting the May-pole at the break of day,
 And Cœlia as the fairest on the green,
 Not without some maids envy, chosen queen.
 Now was the time comen when our gentle swain
 Must inn his harvest or lose all again ;
 Now must he pluck the rose, least other hands,
 Or tempests, blemish what so fairly stands :
 And therefore, as they had before decreed,
 Our shepherd gets a boat, and with all speed
 In night (that doth on lovers actions smile)
 Arrived safe on Mona's fruitful isle.

Between two rocks (immortal, without mother)
 That stand as if out facing one another,
 There ran a creek up, intricate and blind,
 As if the waters hid them from the wind,
 Which never wash'd but at a higher tide
 The frizled cotes which do the mountains hide,
 Where never gale was longer known to stay
 Then from the smooth wave it had swept away
 The new divorced leaves, that from each side
 Left the thick boughs to dance out with the tide,
 At further end the creek, a stately wood
 Gave a kind shadow (to the brackish flood)
 Made up of trees, not less kend by each skiff
 Then that sky scaling pike of Teneriffe,
 Upon whose tops the hernesheew bred her young,
 And hoary moss upon their branches hung ;
 Whose rugged rinds sufficient were to show,
 Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.
 And if dry eld by wrinkled skin appears
 None could allot them less then Nestor's years.
 As under their command the thronged creek
 Ran lessened up. Here did the shepherd seek
 Where he his little boat might safely hide,
 Till it was fraught with what the world beside
 Could not outvalue ; nor give equal weight
 Though in the time when Greece was at her height.

The ruddy horses of the roſie morne
 Out of the eaſtern gates had newly borne
 Their bluſhing miſtreſs in her golden chair,
 Spreading new light throughout our hemisphere.
 When faireſt Cœlia with a lovelier crew
 Of damſels than brave Latmus ever knew,
 Came forth to meet the youngſters; who had here
 Cut down an oak that long withouten peer
 Bore his round head imperiouſly above
 His other mates there, conſecrate to Jove.
 The wiſhed time drew on: and Cœlia now
 (That had the fame for her white arched brow)
 While all her lovely fellows buſied were
 In picking off the gems from Tellus hair,
 Made tow'rds the creek, where Philocel unſpy'd
 (Of maid or ſhepherd that their May games
 ply'd)

Receiv'd his wiſh'd-for Cœlia; and begun
 To ſteer his boat contrary to the ſun,
 Who could have wiſh'd another in his place
 To guide the car of light, or that his race
 Were to have end (ſo he might bleſs his hap)
 In Cœlia's boſom, not in Thetis lap.
 The boat oft danc'd for joy of what it held,
 The hoist-up ſail, not quick but gently ſwell'd,
 And often ſhook, as fearing what might fall,
 Ere ſhe deliver'd what ſhe went withall.
 Winged * Argeltes, fair Aurora's ſon,
 Licenc'd that day to leave his dungeon,
 Meekly attended; and did never err
 Till Cœlia grac'd our land, and our land her.
 As through the waves their love-fraught wherry
 ran.

A many Cupids, each ſet on his ſwan,
 Guided with reins of gold and ſilver twiſt
 The ſpotleſs birds, about them, as they liſt,
 Which would have ſung a ſong (ere they were
 gone)

Had unkind nature given them more than one;
 Or in beſtowing that, had not done wrong,
 And made their ſweet lives forfeit, one ſad ſong.

Yet that their happy voyage might not be
 Without time's ſhort'ner, heav'n-taught melody
 (Muſic that lent feet to the ſtable woods,
 And in their currents turn'd the mighty floods,
 Sorrow's ſweet nurſe, yet keeping joy alive,
 Sad diſcontent's moſt welcome corroſive,
 The ſoul of art, beſt lov'd when love is by,
 The kind inſpirer of ſweet poeſy,
 Leſt thou ſhouldeſt wanting be, when ſwans would
 ſain

Have ſung one ſong, and never ſung again)
 The gentle ſhepherd, haſting to the ſhore,
 Began this lay, and tim'd it with his oar.

NEVERMORE let holy Dee
 O'er other rivers brave,
 Or boaſt how (in his jollity)
 Kings row'd upon his wave.
 But ſilent be, and ever know
 That Neptune for my fare would row.

* *The Weſtern Wind. And ſuppoſed (with the
 ſtars) the birth of Aurora by Aſtræus, as Apollodorus:*

Ἦμος δὲ καὶ Ἀργαίου ἀνέμοιο καὶ Ἀστραίου.
 Vol. IV.

Thoſe were captives. If he ſay
 That now I am no other,
 Yet ſhe that bears my priſon's key
 Is fairer than love's mother;
 A God took me, thoſe one leſs high,
 They wore their bonds, ſo do not I.

Swell then, gently ſwell, ye floods,
 As proud of what ye bear,
 And nymphs that in low coral woods
 String pearls upon your hair,
 Aſcend; and tell if ere this day
 A fairer prize was ſeen at ſea.

See the ſalmons leap and bound
 To pleaſe us as we paſs,
 Each mermaid on the rocks around,
 Lets fall her brittle glaſs.
 As they their beauties did deſpiſe,
 And lov'd no mirror but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, fair wind,
 From the forſaken ſhore,
 And be as to the Halcyon kind,
 Till we have ferry'd o'er:
 So may'ſt thou ſtill have leave to blow,
 And fan the way where ſhe ſhall go.

Floods, and nymphs, and winds, and all
 That ſee us both together,
 Into a diſputation fall:
 And then reſolve me, whether
 The greateſt kindneſs each can ſhew,
 Will quit our truſt of you or no?

Thus as a merry milk-maid, neat and fine,
 Returning late from milking of her kine,
 Shortens the dew'd way which ſhe treads along
 With ſome ſelf-pleaſing ſince new-gotten ſong,
 The ſhepherd did their paſſage well beguile.

And now the horned flood bore to our iſle
 His head more high than he had us'd to do,
 Except by Cynthia's newneſs forced to.
 Not January's ſnow, diſſolv'd in floods,
 Makes Thamar more intrude on Blanchdenwoods,
 Nor the concourſe of waters when they fleet
 After a long rain, and in Severn meet,
 Raiſ'th her enrag'd head to root fair plants,
 Or more affright her nigh inhabitants
 (When they behold the waters ruefully
 And ſave the waters nothing elſe can ſee)
 Then Neptune's ſubject now, more than of yore:
 As loth to ſet his burden ſoon on ſhore.

O Neptune! hadſt thou kept them ſtill with
 thee,
 Though both were loſt to us, and ſuch as we,
 And with thoſe beauteous birds which on thy
 breaſt

Get and bring up; afforded them a reſt;
 Delos, that long time wand'ring piece of earth
 Had not been ſam'd more for Diana's birth;
 Than thoſe few planks that bore them on the ſeas
 By the bleſt iſſue of two ſuch as theſe.

But they were landed: ſo are not our woes,
 Nor ever ſhall, whiſt from an eye there flows

One drop of moisture; to these present times
We will relate, and some sad shepherd's rhymes
To after ages may their fates make known.
And in their depth of sorrow drown his own.
So our relation, and his mournful verse,
Of tears shall force such tribute to their hearse,
That not a private grief shall ever thrive
But in that deluge fall, yet this survive.

Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,
When from a low-cast valley (having on
Each hand a woody hill, whose boughs unlopt
Have not alone at all times sadly dropt,
And turn'd their storms on her dejected breast,
But when the fire of heaven is ready prest
To warm and further what it should bring forth,
For lowly dales mate mountains in their worth)
The trees (as screenlike greatness) shade his ray,
(As it should shine on none but such as they)
Came (and full sadly came) a hapless wretch,
Whose walks and pastures once were known to stretch

From east to west, so far that no dyke ran
For noted bounds, but where the ocean
His wrathful billows thrust, and grew as great
In shoals of fish as were the others eat.
Who now, dejected and depriv'd of all,
Longs (and hath done so long) for funeral.
For as with hanging head I have beheld
A widow vine, stand, in a naked field,
Unhusbanded, neglected, all forlorn,
Brows'd on by deer, by cattle cropt and torn,
Unpropt, unfuccoured by stake or tree,
From wreakful storms impetuous tyranny,
When had a willing hand lent kind redress,
Her pregnant bunches might from out the press
Have sent a liquor, both for taste and shew,
No less divine than those of Malligo:
Such was this wight, and such she might have been.

She both th' extremes hath felt of fortune's teen,
For never have we heard, from times of yore,
One sometime envy'd and now pity'd more.
Her object, as her state, is low as earth;
Privation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkome; and in one self-same circle turning,
With sudden sports brought to a house of mourning.

Of others good her best belief is still
And constant to her own in nought but ill.
The only enemy and friend she knows
Is death, who though defers must end her woes.
Her contemplation frightful as the night:
She never looks on any living wight
Without comparison; and as the day
Give us, but takes the glow worm's light away,
So the least ray of bliss on others thrown
Deprives and blinds all knowledge of her own.
Her comfort is (if for her any be)
That none can shew more cause of grief than she.
Yet somewhat she of adverse fate hath won,
Who had undone her were she not undone.
For those that on the sea of greatness ride
Far from the quiet shore, and where the tide
In ebbs and floods is guess'd, not truly known,
Expert of all estates except their own,

Keeping their station at the helm of state,
Not by their virtues but auspicious fate,
Subject to calms of favour, storms of rage,
Their actions noted as the common stage,
Who, like a man born blind that cannot be
By demonstration shewn what 'tis to see,
Live still in ignorance of what they want,
Till misery become the adamant,
And touch them for that point, to which, with speed,

None comes so sure as by the hand of need.
A mirror strange she in her right hand bore,
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
She could distinguish well; and by her side,
(As in her full of happiness) unty'd,
Unforc'd, and uncompell'd, did sadly go
(As if partaker of his mistress' wo)
A loving spaniel, from whose rugged back
(The only thing (but death) she moans to lack)
She plucks the hair, and working them in plate
Furthers the suit which modesty entreats.
Men call her Athliot: who cannot be
More wretched made by infelicity,
Unless she here had an immortal breath,
Or living thus, liv'd timerous of death.

Out of her lowly and forsaken dell
She running came, and cry'd to Philocel,
Help! help! kind shepherd, help! see yonder where

A lovely lady hung up by the hair,
Struggles, but mildly struggles with the fates,
Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates
Dame nature's in her hair, stays them to wonder
While too fine twisting makes it break in sunder.
So shrinks the rose that with the flames doth meet,
So gently bows the virgin parchment sheet,
So rowl the waves up and fall out again,
As all her beauteous parts, and all in vain.
Far, far above my help or hope in trying,
Unknown, and so more miserably dying,
Smoth'ring her torments, in her panting breast
She meekly waits the time of her long rest.
Hasten! O hasten then! kind shepherd haste.

He went with her: and Cœlia (that had grac'd
Him past the world besides) seeing the way
He had to go not far, rests on the lay.

'Twas near the place where Pan's transformed love

Her gilded leaves display'd, and bodily strove
For lustre with the sun: a sacred tree
Pall'd round and kept from violation free:
Whose smallest spray rent off, we never prize
At less than life. Here, though her heavenly eyes
From him she lov'd could scarce afford a sight
(As if for him they only had their light)
Those kind and brighter stars were known to err
And to all misery betray'd her.
For turning them aside, she (hapless) spies
The holy tree, and (as all novelties
In tempting women have small labour lost
Whether for value nought, or of more cost)
Led by the hand of uncontroull'd desire
She rose, and thither went. A wrested brier
Only kept close the gate which led into it
(Easy for any all times to undo it,

That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of sweet poetry)
Which by her opened, with unweeting hand,
A little spray she pluck'd, whose rich leaves fann'd
And chatter'd with the air, as who should say
Do not for once, O do not this bewray!
Nor give sound to a tongue for that intent!
"Who ignorantly sins dies innocent."

By this was Philocel returning back,
And in his hand the lady, for whose wrack
Nature had clean forsworn to frame a wight
So wholly pure, so truly exquisite:
But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewn
mold,

Since what is best lives seldom to be old.
Within their sight was fairest Cœlia now;
Who drawing near, the life-priz'd golden bough
Her love beheld. And as a mother kind
What time the new-cloth'd trees by gusts of wind
Unmov'd, stand wistly list'ning to those lays
The feather'd choristers upon their sprays
Chaunt to the merry spring, and in the even
She with her little son for pleasure given,
To tread the fring'd banks of an amorous flood,
That with her music courts a fullen wood,
Where ever talking with her only blifs
That now before and then behind her is,
She stoops for flow'rs the choicest may be had,
And, bringing them to please her pretty lad,
Spies in his hand some baneful flow'r or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to smell, perhaps to feed,
With a more earnest haste she runs unto him,
And pulls that from him which might else undo
him:

So to his Cœlia hasted Philocel,
And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell
To question if she broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? Of the race of men
(Replied she) when I took it from the tree
Assure yourself was none to testify,
But what hath past since in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder over the wold
Is well inform'd of. Can there (love) insue
Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
(Quoth fearful Cœlia) Philocel! be won
By these unfeigned tears, as I by thine,
To make thy greatest sorrows partly mine!
Clear up these showers (my sun) quoth Philocel,
The ground it needs not. Nought is so from
well

But that reward and kind entreaties may
Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.
Thus wisely he suppress'd his height of woe,
And did resolve since none but they did know
Truly who rent it: and the hateful swain
That lately past by them upon the plain
(Whom well he knew did bear to him a hate,
Though undeserved) so inveterate
That to his utmost power he would assay
To make his life have ended with that day.
Except in his, had seen it in no hand,
That he against all throes of fate would stand,
Acknowledge it his deed, and so afford
A passage to his heart for justice sword,

Rather than by her loss the world should be
Despis'd and scorn'd for losing such as she.

Now (with a vow of secrecy from both)
Enforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th;
And by the time the shades of mighty woods
Began to turn them to the eastern floods,
They thither got: where with undaunted heart
He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
Such dainties as a shepherd's cottage yields,
Ta'en from the fruitful woods and fertile fields;
No way distracted nor disturb'd at all.
And to prevent what likely might befall
His truest Cœlia, in his apprehending
Thus to all future care gave final ending:
Into their cup (wherein for such sweet girls
Nature would myriads of richest pearls
Dissolve, and by her powerful simples strive
To keep them still on earth, and still alive)
Our swain infus'd a powder which they drank:
And to a pleasant room (set on a bank
Near to his cote, where he did often use
At vacant hours to entertain his muse)
Brought them, and seated on a curious bed
Till what he gave in operation sped,
And robb'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,
Whose new enlightning will be quench'd with
tears.

The glass of time had well nigh spent the sand
It had to run, ere with impartial hand
Justice must to her upright balance take him.
Which he (afraid it might too soon forsake him)
Began to use as quickly as perceive,
And of his love thus took his latest leave.

Cœlia! thou fairest creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortality!
Cœlia that hast but just so much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of every virtue, life of every good!
Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food
Is imitation of the highest pow'rs,
Who to the earth lend seasonable show'rs,
That it may bear, we to their altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the most wretched creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortality,
Unhappy Philocel, that have of earth
Too much to give my sorrows endless birth,
The spring of sad misfortunes: in whom lies
No blifs that with thy worth can sympathise,
Clouded with woe that hence will never flit,
Till death's eternal night grow one with it,
I as a dying swan that sadly sings
Her moaneful dirge unto the silver springs,
Which, careless of her song, glide sleeping by
Without one murmur of kind elegy,
Now stand by thee; and as a turtle's mate
With lamentations inarticulate,
The near departure from her love bemoans,
Spend these my bootless sighs and killing groans.
Here as a man (by Justice' doom) exil'd
To coasts unknown, to desarts rough and wild
Stand I to take my latest leave of thee:
Whose happy and heaven-making company
Might I enjoy to Libia's continent,
Were blest fruition and not banishment.

First of those eyes that have already ta'en
 Their leave of me : lamps fitting for the phane
 Of heavens most pow'r, and which might ne'er ex-
 pire

But be as sacred as the vestal fire.

Then of those plots, where half-ros'd lilies be
 Not one by art, but nature's industry,
 From which I go, as one excluded from
 The taintless flow'rs of blest Elysium.

Next from those lips I part, and may there be
 No one that shall hereafter second me !

Guiltless of any kisses but their own,
 Their sweets but to themselves to all unknown :
 For should our swains divulge what sweets there
 be

Within the sea-clipt bounds of Brittany,
 We should not from invasions be exempted ;
 But with that prize would all the world be
 tempted.

Then from her heart : O no ! let that be never,
 For if I part from thence, I die for ever.

Be that the record of my love and name !

Be that to me as is the phoenix' flame !

Creating still anew what justice' doom
 Must yield to dust and a forgotten tomb.

Let thy chaste love to me (as shadows run
 In full extent unto the setting sun)

Meet with my fall ; and when that I am gone
 Back to thyself retire, and there grow one ;

If to a second light thy shadow be

Let him still have his ray of love from me ;

And if as I, that likewise do decline,

Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.

But know no other, nor again be sped,

" She dies a virgin that but knows one bed."

And now from all at once my leave I take,
 With this petition, That when thou shalt wake,
 My tears already spent may serve for thine !

And all thy sorrows be excus'd by mine !

Yea, rather than my loss should draw on hers

(Hear Heaven the suit which my sad soul prefers !)

Let this her slumber like oblivion's stream,

Make her believe our love was but a dream !

Let me be dead in her as to the earth,

Ere nature lose the grace of such a birth.

Sleep thou sweet soul from all disquiet free,

And since I now beguile thy destiny,

Let after patience in thy breast arise,

To give his name a life who for thee dies.

He dies for thee that worthy is to die,

Since now in leaving that sweet harmony

Which nature wrought in thee, he draws not to
 him

Enough of sorrow that might streight undo him.

And have for means of death his parting hence,

So keeping justice still in innocence.

Here stay'd his tongue, and tears anew began.

" Parting knows more of grief than absence can."

And with a backward pace, and ling'ring eye,

Left and for ever left their company.

By this the curs'd informer of the deed,

With wingsof mischief (and those have most speed),

Unto the priests of Pan had made it known.

And (though with grief enough) where thither
 flown

With strict command the officers that be
 As hands of justice in her each decree.

Those unto judgment brought him : where accus'd
 That with unhappy hand he had abus'd
 The holy tree ; and by the oath of him
 Whose eye beheld the separated limb,
 All doubts dissolv'd ; quick judgment was award-
 ed,

(And but last night) that hither strongly guarded
 This morn he should be brought ; and from yond
 rock,

(Where every hour new store of mourners flock)
 He should be headlong thrown (too hard a doom)
 To be depriv'd of life ; and dead, of tomb.

This is the cause, fair goddess, that appears
 Before you now clad in an old man's tears,
 Which willingly flow out, and shall do more
 Than many winters have seen heretofore.

But father (quoth she) let me understand
 How you are sure that it was Cœlia's hand
 Which rent the branch ; and then (if you can)
 tell

What nymph it was which near the lonely dell
 Your shepherd succour'd. Quoth the good old
 man,

The last time in her orb pale Cynthia ran,
 I to the prison went, and from him knew
 (Upon my vow) what now is known to you,
 And that the lady which he found distressed
 Is Fida call'd ; a maid not meanly blest
 By heaven's endowments, and—Alas ! but see
 Kind Philocel ingirt with misery,
 More strong than by his bonds, is drawing nigh
 The place appointed for his tragedy ;
 You may walk thither and behold his fall ;
 While I come near enough, yet not at all.
 Nor shall it need I to my sorrow knit
 The grief of knowing with beholding it.

The goddess went : but ere she came did shroud
 Herself from every eye within a cloud,
 Where she beheld the shepherd on his way,
 Much like a bridegroom on his marriage day ;
 Increasing not his misery with fear.
 Others for him, but he shed not a tear.
 His knitting sinews did not tremble ought,
 Nor to unusual palpitation brought
 Was or his heart or liver, nor his eye,
 Nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to die.
 His resolution keeping with his spirit,
 (Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
 Held in subjection every thought of fear,
 Scorning so base an executioner.

Some time he spent in speech ; and then begun
 Submissly prayer to the name of Pan,
 When suddenly this cry came from the plains :
 From guiltless blood be free, ye British swains !
 Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appoint-
 ed !

Let me be headlong thrown, these limbs dis-
 Or if you needs must hurl him from that brim,
 Except I die there dies but part of him.
 Do then right justice and perform your oath !
 Which cannot be without the death of both.

Wonder, drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
 And sorrow Philocel's. Where he espies

What he did only fear, the beauteous maid,
His woful Cœlia, whom (ere night array'd
Last time the world in suit of mournful black,
More dark than use, as to bemoan their wrack)
He at his cottage left in sleep's soft arms,
By pow'r of simples, and the force of charms,
Which time had now dissolv'd, and made her
know

For what intent her love had left her so.
She staid not to awake her mate in sleep,
Nor to bemoan her fate. She scorn'd to weep,
Or have the passion that within her lies
So distant from heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her hair, her throbbing breast
Beating with ruthless strokes, she onwards prest
As an enraged furious lionness,
Through uncouth treadings of the wilderness,
In hot pursuit of her late-missed brood.
The name of Philocel speaks every wood,
And she begins it still, and still her pace;
Her face deck'd anger, anger deck'd her face.
So ran distracted Hecuba along
The streets of Troy. So did the people throng
With helpless hands and heavy hearts to see
Their woful ruin in her progeny.
As harmless flocks of sheep that nearly fed,
Upon the open plains wide scattered,
Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye
(Not without tears) while thus she passed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now swelled forth and over went the top,
Birds left to pay the spring their wonted vows,
And all forlorn sat drooping on the boughs.
Sheep, springs, and birds, nay trees un-wonted groves
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones,

Thus came she to the place (where aged men
Maidens, and wives, and youth, and children,
That had but newly learnt their mother's name,
Had almost spent their tears before she came.)
And those her earnest and related words
Threw from her breast; and unto them affords
These as the means to further her pretence:
Receive not on your souls, by innocence
Wrong'd, lasting stains; which from a sluice the
sea

May still wash o'er but never wash away.
Turn all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred tree of gold;
These are the feet that led to that intent,
Mine was th' offence, be mine the punishment.
Long hath he liv'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would ensue;
His virtuous life speaks for him, hear it then!
And cast not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through some discontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment?

What certain death could never make him do
(With Cœlia's loss) her presence forc'd him to.
She that could clear his greatest clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And shew'd him all in tears: and for a while
Out of his heart unable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiv'd;
But weighing what the world should be bereav'd,
He of his sighs and throbs some licence wan,
And to the sad spectators thus began:

Hasten! O haste! the hour's already gone,
Do not defer the execution!
Nor make my patience suffer ought of wrong!
'Tis nought to die, but to be dying long!
Some fit of frenzy hath possess'd the maid,
She could not do it, though she had assay'd.
No bough grows in her reach; nor hath the tree
A spray so weak to yield to such as she.
To win her love I broke it, but unknown
And undesir'd of her; then let her own
No touch of prejudice without consent;
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!

O! who did ever such contention see,
Where death stood for the prize of victory?
Where love and strife were firm and truly known,
And where the victor must be overthrown?
Where both pursu'd, and both held equal strife
That life should further death, death further life.

Amazement struck the multitude. And now
They knew not which way to perform their vow.
If only one should be depriv'd of breath,
They were not certain of the offender's death;
If both of them should die for that offence,
They certainly should murder innocence;
If none did suffer for it, then there ran
Upon their heads the wrath and curse of Pan.
This much perplex'd and made them to defer
The deadly hand of th' executioner,
Till they had sent an officer to know
The judges wills: (and those with fates do go)
Who back return'd, and thus with tears began:
The substitutes on earth of mighty Pan,
Have thus decreed; (although the one be free)
To clear themselves from all impunity,
If, who the offender is, no means procure,
Th' offence is certain, be their deaths as sure.
This is their doom (which may all plagues prevent)
To have the guilty kill the innocent.

Look as two little lads (their parents treasure)
Under a tutor strictly kept from pleasure,
While they their new-given lesson closely scan
Here of a message by their father's man,
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Must come along and walk to some fair plot;
Both have a hope: their careful tutor loth
To hinder either, or to license both;
Sends back the messenger that he may know
His master's pleasure which of them must go:
While both his scholars stand alike in fear
Both of their freedom and abiding there,
The servant comes and says that for that day
Their father wills to have them both away:
Such was the fear these loving souls were in,
That time the messenger had absent been.
But far more was their joy 'twixt one another,
In hearing neither should outlive the other.

Now both entwin'd, because no conquest won,
Yet either ruin'd: Philocel begun
To arm his love for death: a robe unfit
Till Hymen's saffron'd weed had usher'd it.
My fairest Cœlia: come; let thou and I,
That long have learn'd to love, now learn to
die;

It is a lesson hard if we discern it,
Yet none is born so soon as bound to learn it.

Impartial Fate lays ope the book to us,
 And let us con it still embracing thus;
 We may it perfect have, and go before
 'Those that have longer time to read it o'er:
 And we had need begin and not delay,
 For 'tis our turn to read it first to day.
 Help when I miss, and when thou art in doubt
 I'll be thy prompter, and will help thee out.
 But see how much I err: vain metaphor
 And elocution destinies abhor.
 Could death be stay'd with words, or won with
 tears,
 Or mov'd with beauty, or with unripe years:
 Sure thou could'st do't; this rose, this sun-like eye
 Should not so soon be quell'd, so quickly die.
 But we must die my love; not thou alone,
 Nor only I, but both; and yet but one.
 Nor let us grieve; for we are married thus,
 And have by death what life denied us.
 It is a comfort from him more than due;
 "Death severs many, but he couples few."
 Life is a flood that keeps us from our bliss,
 The ferryman to waft us thither, is
 Death, and none else; the sooner we get o'er
 Should we not thank the ferryman the more?
 Others entreat him for a passage hence,
 And groan beneath their griefs and impotence,
 Yet (merciless) he lets those longer stay,
 And sooner takes the happy man away.
 Some little happiness have thou and I,
 Since we shall die before we wish to die.
 Should we here longer live, and have our days
 As full in number as the most of these,
 And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
 We gladly might have liv'd and patient dy'd:
 When now our fewer years made long by cares
 (That without age can snow down silver hairs)
 Make all affirm (which do our griefs descry)
 We patiently did live, and gladly die.
 The difference (my love) that doth appear
 Betwixt our fates and theirs that see us here,
 Is only this: the high all-knowing pow'r
 Conceals from them, but tells us our last how'r.
 For which to heaven we far far more are bound,
 Since in the hour of death we may be found
 (By its prescience) ready for the hand
 That shall conduct us to the holy land. [may
 When these, from whom that hour conceal'd is,
 Even in their height of sin be ta'en away.
 Besides t'us justice a friend is known,
 Which neither lets us die nor live alone.
 That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
 "Who fears not death, denies to be compell'd."
 O that thou wert no actor in this play,
 My sweetest Cœlia! or divorc'd away
 From me in this! O nature! I confess
 I cannot look upon her heaviness
 Without betraying that infirmity
 Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.
 Would I had dy'd when I receiv'd my birth!
 Or known the grave before I knew the earth!
 Heavens! I but one life did receive from you,
 And must so short a loan be paid with two?
 Cannot I die but like that brutish stem
 Which have their best belov'd to die with them?

O let her live! some blest pow'r hear my cry!
 Let Cœlia live, and I contented die.
 My Philocel (quoth she) neglect these throes!
 Ask not for me, nor add not to my woes!
 Can there be any life when thou art gone?
 Nay, can there be but desolation?
 Art thou so cruel as to wish my stay,
 To wait a passage at an unknown day?
 Or have me dwell within this vale of woe,
 Excluded from those joys which thou shalt know?
 Envy not me that bliss: I will assay it,
 My love deserves it, and thou canst not stay it.
 Justice! then take thy doom; for we intend
 Except both live, no life; one love, one end.
 Thus with embraces, and exhorting other,
 With tear-dew'd kisses that had pow'r to smother;
 Their soft and ruddy lips close join'd with either,
 That in their deaths their souls might meet to-
 gether.
 With prayers as hopeful as sincerely good,
 Expecting death, they on the cliff's edge stood;
 And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
 Thrown from the rock into the arms of death.
 Fair Thetis, whose command the waves obey,
 Loting the loss of so much worth as they,
 Was gone before their fall; and by her pow'r
 The billows (merciless, use to devour,
 And not to save) she made to swell up high,
 Even at the instant when the tragedy
 Of those kind souls should end: so to receive
 them,
 And keep what cruelty would fain bereave them.
 Her best was soon perform'd: and now they lay
 Embracing on the surface of the sea,
 Void of all sense; a spectacle so sad
 That Thetis, nor no nymph which there she had,
 Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refrain
 But from their heavenly eyes did sadly rain
 Such showers of tears (so powerful since divine)
 That ever since the sea doth taste of brine.
 With tears, thus, to make good her first intent
 She both the lovers to her chariot hent:
 Recalling life that had not clearly tane
 Full leave of his or her more curious fane,
 And with her praise sung by these thankful pair,
 Steer'd on her courses (swift as fleeting air)
 Towards her palace built beneath the seas:
 Proud of her journey, but more proud of these.
 By that time night had newly spread her robe
 Over our half part of this massy globe,
 She won that famous isle which Jove did please
 To honour with the holy Druides.
 And as the western side she stript along,
 Heard (and so stay'd to hear) this heavy song.
 O HEAVEN! what may I hope for in this cave?
 A grave.
 But who to me this last of helps shall reach?
 A wretch.
 Shall none be by pitying so sad a wight?
 Yes: Night.
 Small comfort can befall in heavy plight
 To me poor maid, in whose distresses be
 Nor hope, nor help, nor one to pity me,
 But a cold grave, a wretch, and darksome night.

To dig that grave what fatal thing appears?

Thy tears.

What bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?

Rough seas.

And who for mourners hath my fate assign'd?

Each wind.

Can any be debarr'd from such I find?

When to my last rites Gods no other send

To make my grave, for knell, or mourning, friend,

Then mine own tears, rough seas, and gusts of
wind.

Tears must my grave dig: but who bringeth
those?

Thy woes

What monument will heaven my body spare?

The air.

And what the epitaph when I am gone?

Oblivion.

Most miserable I, and like me none

Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent

Nor spade, nor epitaph, nor monument,

Excepting woes, air, and oblivion.

The end of this gave life unto a groan

As if her life and it had been but one;

Yet she as careless of reserving either,

If possible would leave them both together.

It was the fair Marina, almost spent

With grief and fear of future famishment.

For (hapless chance) but the last rosy morn

The willing redbreast flying through a thorn,

Against a prickle gor'd his tender side,

And in an instant, so, poor creature dy'd.

Thetis much mov'd with those sad notes she
heard,

Her freeing thence to Triton soon referr'd;

Who found the cave as soon as set on shore,

And by his strength removing from the door

A weighty stone, brought forth the fearful maid,

Which kindly led where his fair mistress stay'd;

Was entertain'd as well became her sort,

And with the rest steer'd on to Thetis' court.

For whose release from imminent decay,

My muse a while will here keep holiday.

Y iij

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

TO THE TRULY VIRTUOUS, AND WORTHY OF ALL HONOUR,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

EDWARD, LORD ZOUCH, SAINT MAURE AND
CANTELUPE,

And one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

Be pleas'd (great lord) when underneath the shades
Of your delightful Bramshill (where the spring
Her flowers for gentle blasts with zephyr trades)
Once more to hear a silly shepherd sing.
Your's be the pleasure, mine the sonnetting;
Ev'n that hath his delight; nor shall I need
To seek applause amongst the common store,
It is enough if this mine oaten reed
Please but the ear it should; I ask no more.
Nor shall those rural notes which heretofore

Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfectly: Oblivion shall not gain
Ought on your worth, but sung shall be your name
So long as England yields or song, or swain.
Free are my lines, though drest in lowly state,
And scorn to flatter, but the men I hate,

Your Honour's,

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE I.

The Argument.

Roget and Willy both ymet,
Upon a greeny Ley ;
With roundelays and tales are set,
To spend the length of day.

WILLIE AND ROGET.

WILLIE.

ROGET, droop not, see the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greet this morn with melody :
Hark, how yonder thrush chants it,
And her mate as proudly vaunts it ;
See how every stream is drest
By her margin, with the best
Of Flora's gifts, she seems glad
For such brooks such flowers she had :
All the trees are quaintly tired
With green buds, of all desired ;
And the hawthorn every day,
Spreads some little shew of May :
See the primrose sweetly set
By the much-lov'd violet,
All the banks do sweetly cover,
As they would invite a lover
With his lass, to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide
When all cares are laid aside,
Roget sits as if his blood
Had not felt the quick'ning good
Of the sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to pass the day
As he wont. Fie, Roget, fie,
Raise thy head, and merrily

Tune us somewhat to thy reed ;
See our flocks do freely feed :
Here we may together sit,
And for musick very fit
Is this place ; from yonder wood
Comes an echo shrill and good ;
Twice full perfectly it will
Answer to thine oaten quill.
Roget, drop not then, but sing
Some kind welcome to the spring.

ROGET.

Ah Willie, Willie, why should I,
Sound my notes of jollity ?
Since no sooner can I play
Any pleasing roundelay,
But some one or other still
'Gins to descant on my quill ;
And will say, by this, he me
Meaneth in his minstrelsy.
If I chance to name an ass
In my song, it comes to pass,
One or other sure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus whate'er I chance to do
Happens to my loss, and brings
To my name the venom'd stings
Of ill report : How should I
Sound then notes of jollity ?

WILLIE.

'Tis true, indeed, we say all
 Rub a gall'd horse on the gall,
 Kick he will, storm, and bite :
 But the horse of sounder plight
 Gently feels his master's hand.
 In the water thrust a brand
 Kindled in the fire, 'twill hiss;
 When a stick that taken is
 From the hedge, in water thrust,
 Never rokes as would the first,
 But endures the water's touch.
 Roget, so it fares with such
 Whole owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
 Rage whene'er their vice is blam'd.
 But who in himself is free
 From all spots, as lilies be,
 Never stirs, do what thou can,
 If thou slander such a man
 Yet he's quiet, for he knows
 With him no such vices close.
 Only he that is indeed
 Spotted with the leprous seed
 Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
 An ulcerous soul in the path
 Of reproof, he straight will brawl,
 If you rub him on the gall.
 But in vain then shall I keep
 These my harmless flock of sheep.
 And though all the day I tend them,
 And from wolves and foxes shend them.
 Wicked swains that bear me spite,
 In the gloomy vail of night,
 Of my fold will draw the pegs,
 Or else break my lambkins legs;
 Or unhang my weather's bell,
 Or bring briars from the dell,
 And them in my fold by pieces
 Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.
 Well-a-day! such churlish swains
 Now and then lurk on our plains;
 That I fear, a time, ere long,
 Shall not hear a shepherd's song.
 Nor a swain shall take in task
 Any wrong, nor once unmask
 Such as do with vices rise
 Soil the shepherd's happy life :
 Except he means his sheep shall be
 A prey to all their injury.
 This causeth me I do no more
 Chant so as I wont of yore?
 Since in vain then should I keep
 These my harmless flock of sheep.

WILLIE.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,
 Make the woods and vallies ring
 With some other kind of lore,
 Roget hath enough in store,
 Sing of love, or tell some tale,
 Praise the flowers, the hills, the vale;
 Let us not here idle be,
 Next day I will sing to thee.
 Hark on knap of yonder hill
 Some sweet shepherd tunes his quill,
 And the maidens in a round
 Sit (to hear him) on the ground.

And if thou begin, shall we
 Grac'd be with like company.
 And to gird thy temples bring
 Garlands for such fingering.

Then raise thee Roget,

ROGET.

Gentle swain,
 Whom I honour for thy strain,
 Though it would beseem me more
 To attend thee and thy lore :
 Yet lest thou might'st find in me
 A neglect of courtesy,
 I will sing what I did leere
 Long ago in Janiveer
 Of a skilful aged fire,
 As we tosted by the fire.

WILLIE.

Sing it out, it needs must be
 Very good what comes from thee.

ROGET.

Whilome, an emperor, prudent and wise,
 Reigned in Rome, and had sons three,
 Which he had in great cheertee and great prize,
 And when it shop so, that th' infirmity
 Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee,
 Him threw down in his bed, he let to call
 His sons, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this maneere,
 All th' heritage which at the dying
 Of my father, he me left, all in feere
 Leave I thee : And all that of my buying
 Was with my penny, all my purchasing,
 My second son bequeath I to thee :
 And to the third son thus said he :

Unmoveable good, right none withouten oath
 Thee give I may; but I to thee devise
 Jewels three, a ring, broach, and a cloth :
 With which, and thou be guided as the wife,
 Thou may'st get all that ought thee suffice;
 Who so that the ring used still to wear
 Of all folks the love he shall conquer.

And who so the broach beareth on his breast,
 It is eke of such virtue and such kind,
 That think upon what thing him liketh best,
 And he as b'live shall it have and find.
 My words son imprint well in mind :
 The cloth eke hath a marvellous nature,
 Which that shall be committed to thy cure.

Who so sit on it, if he wish where
 In all the world to been, he suddenly
 Without more labour shall be there.
 Son, those three jewels bequeath I
 To thee, unto this effect certainly,
 That to study of the university
 Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When he had thus said, the vexation
 Of death so hasted him, that his spirit
 Anon forsook his habitation
 In his body, death would no respite
 Him yeve at all, he was of his life quit.

And buried was with such solemnity,
As fell to his imperial dignity.

Of the youngest son I tell shall,
And speak no more of his brethren two,
For with them have I not to do at all.
Thus spake the mother Jonathas unto :
Sin God hath his will of thy father do ;
To thy father's will, would I ne conform,
And truly all his testament perform.

He three jewels, as thou knowest well,
A ring, a broach, and a cloth, thee bequeath,
Whose virtues he thee told every deal,
Or that he past hence and yield up the breath :
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grievously sticketh unto mine heart,
But suffered not been all how sore it smart.

In that case women have such heaviness,
That it not lieth in my cunning aright ;
You tell of so great sorrow the excess :
But wise women can take it light,
And in short while put unto the flight
All sorrow and woe, and catch again comfort,
Now to my tale make I my resort.

Thy father's will, my son, as I said ere,
Will I perform ; have here the ring, and go
To study anon, and when that thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, do even so,
And as thou wilt, my blessing have also :
She unto him, as fwith, took the ring,
And bad him keep it well for any thing.

He went unto the study general
Where he gat love enough, and acquaintance
Right good and friendly ; the ring causing all.
And on a day to him befell this chance,
With a woman, a morsel of pleasure,
By the streets of the university,
As he was in his walking, met he.

And right as b'live he had with her a tale,
And there withal sore in her love he brent ;
Gay, fresh, and piked, was she to the sale,
For to that end, and to that intent
She thither came, and both forth they went ;
And he a pistol rownd in her ear,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there.

She was his paramour shortly to see,
This man to folks all was so leef,
That they him gave abundance of money,
He feasted folk, and stood at high boucheefe :
Of the lack of good, he felt no grief,
All whilst the ring he with him had,
But failing it, his friendship 'gan sad.

His paramour which that ycalled was
Fellicula, marvelled right greatly
Of the dispenses of this Jonathas,
Sin she no penny at all with him sigh,
And on a night as there she lay him by
In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,
And this petition assoil him pray'd,

O, reverend sir, unto whom quoth she,
Obey I would ay with heart's humbleness,
Since that ye han had my virginity,
You'l beseech of your high gentleness,
Telleth me whence com'th the good and riches
That ye with feasting folk, and han no store,
By ought I see can, ne gold, ne treasure.

If I tell it, quoth he, peradventure
Thou wilt discover it, and out it publish,
Such is woman's inconstant nature,
They cannot keep counsel worth a rish !
Better is my tongue keep, than to wish
That I had kept close that is gone at large,
And repentance is a thing that I mote charge.

Nay, good sir, quoth she, holdeth me not suspect
Doubteth nothing, I can be right secree,
Well worthy were it me to been abject
From all good company, if I quoth she,
Unto you should so mistake me.
Be not adread your counsel me to shew.
Weil, said he, thus it is at words few.

My father the ring which that thou may'st se
On my finger, me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this virtue and property
Hath, that the love of men he shall have ay
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh, ask, and crave
But with good will, he shall as b'live it have.

Through the ring's virtuous excellence
Thus am I rich, and have ever ynow.
Now sir, yet a word by your licence
Suff'reth me to say, and to speak now :
Is it wisdom, as that it seemeth you,
Wear it on your finger continually ?
What would'st thou mean, quoth he, thereby ?

What peril thereof might there befall ?
Right great, quoth she as ye in company
Walk often, fro' your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery,
And so be lost, and that were folly :
Take it me, let me been of it warden,
For as my life keep it would I certain.

This Jonathas, this innocent young man,
Giving unto her words full credence,
As youth not avised best be can :
The ring her took of his insipience.
When this was done, the heat and the fervence
Of love, which he befor had purchased,
Was quench'd, and love's knot was unlaced.

Men of their gifts to stint began.
Ah ! thought he, for the ring I not ne bear,
Faileth my love : fetch me woman
(Said he) my ring, anon I will it wear.
She rose, and into chamber dresseth her ;
And when she therein had been a while,
Alas ! (quoth she) out on falsehood and guile.

The chest is breken, and the ring took out :
And when he heard her complaint and cry,

He was astonish'd sore, and made a shout,
And said, 'curst be the day that I
Thee met first, or with mine een see.'
She wept, and shewed outward cheer of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing so.

The ring was safe enough, and in her chest
It was, all that she said was leasing,
As some woman other while at best
Can lie and weep when is her liking.
This man saw her woe, and said, dearling
Weep no more, God's help is nigh.
To him unwist how false she was and fly.

He twined thence, and home to his country
Unto his mother the straight way he went;
And when she saw thither coming was he;
My son, quoth she, what was thine intent,
Thee from the school now to absent?
What caused thee from school hither to hie?
Mother, right this, said he, nat would I lie.

Forsooth mother, my ring is a go,
My paramour to keep I betook it,
And it is lost, for which I am full woe,
Sorrow fully unto mine heart it sit.
Son, often have I warn'd thee, and yet
For thy profit I warn thee my son,
Unhonest women thou hereafter shun.

Thy broach anon right well I to thee set:
She brought it him, and charged him full deep
When he it took, and on his breast it set,
But than his ring he should it keep,
Lest he the loss bewail should and weep.
To the university shortly to seyne
In what he could, he hasted him again.

And when he coming was, his paramour,
Him met anon, and unto her him took
As that he did erst, this young revelour,
Her company he nat a deal forsook,
Though he cause had, but as with the hook
Of her flight, he beforen was caught and hent,
Right so he was deceived oft and blent.

And as through virtue of the ring before
Of good he had abundance and plenty
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right so through virtue of the broach had he
What good him list; she thought, how may this be,
Some privy thing now causeth this riches,
As did the ring here before I guess.

Wondering hereon, she prayed him, and besought
Busily night and day, that tell he would
The cause of this; but he another thought,
He meant it close for him it kept he should,
And a long time it was or he it told.
She wept aye too and too, and said, alas!
The time and hour that ever I born was!

Trust ye not on me, sir? she said,
Lever me were be slain in this place,
By that good Lord that for us all died,

Then purpose again you any fallace;
Unto you would I be my live's space
As true, as any woman on earth is
Unto a man, doubteth nothing of this.

Small may she do, that cannot well by heat,
Though not performed be such a promise.
This Jonathas thought her words so sweet,
That he was drunk of the pleasant sweetness
Of them, and of his foolish tendernefs.
Thus unto her he spake, and said tho'
Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so?

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing;
Sir, quoth she, my heaviness and dread
Is this: I am a dread of the leasing
Of your broach, as Almighty God forbid
It happen so: Now what, so God thee speed,
Said he, wouldst thou in this case counsel?
Quoth she, that I keep it might fans fail.

He said, I have a fear and dread algate,
If I so did thou wouldst it lease,
As thou lovest my ring, now gone but late:
First God pray I, quoth she, that I not cheese,
But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,
Or else be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, surely it to keep is my desire.

To her words credence he gave pleneere,
And the broach took her, and after anon
Whereas he was beforen full leese and chear
To folke, and had good, all was gone;
Good and friendship him lacked, there was none.
Woman, me fetch the brooch, quoth he, swythe
Into thy chamber for it go: hie thee.

She into chamber went, as then he bad,
But she not brought that he sent her fore,
She meant it not, but as she had been mad
Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,
And cry'd alas! the brooch away is bore,
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My selfe slay, I am weary of my life.

This noise he heard, and b'live he to her ran,
Weening she would han done as she spake,
And the knife in all haste that he can
From her took, and threw it behind his back,
And said, ne for the loss, ne for the lack
Of the broach, sorrow not, I forgive all,
I trust in God, that yet us help he shall.

To th' emprefs his mother this young man
Again him dresseth, he went her unto;
And when she saw him, she to wonder gan,
She thought now somewhat there is misdo,
And said, I dread thy jewels two
Been lost now, percase the brooch with the
ring.
Mother, he said, yea, by heaven king.

Sonne, thou worst well no jewel is left
Unto thee now, but the cloth precious
Which I thee take shall, thee charging est

The company of women riotous
Thou flee, lest it be to thee so grievous
That thou it nat sustaine shalt ne bear,
Such company on my blessing forbear.

The cloth she felt, and it hath him take,
And of his lady his mother, his leave
He took, but first this forward gan he make :
Mother, said he, trusteth this weal and leewe
That I shall seyn, forsooth ye shall it preeve,
If I leese this cloth, never I your face
Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

With God's help I shall do well ynow,
Her blessing he took, and to study is go,
And as before told have I unto you,
His paramour his privy mortal foe
Was wont to meet him, right even so
She did then, and made him pleasant cheer :
They clip and kifs and walk homeward in feere.

When they were entred in the house, he sprad
This cloth upon the ground, and thereon sit
And bade his paramour, this woman bad,
To sit also by him adown on it.
She doth as he commandeth and bit,
Had she this thought and virtue of the cloth
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for ahwile was full sore affesed.
This Jonathas wist in his heart gan :
Would God that I might thus been eased.
That as on this cloth I and this woman
Sit here, as farre were, as that never man.
Or this came, and unneth had he so thought,
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the world's end, as that it were,
When apparceived had she this, she cry'd
A though she through girt had be with a spear.
Harro ! alas ! that ever shope this tide !
How came we hither ? Nay, he said, abide,
Worse is coming ; here sole wole I thee leave
Wild beasts shallen thee devoure or eave.

For thou my ring and broach hast fro' me holden.
O reverend sir ! have upon me pity.
Quoth she, if ye this grace do me wolden,
As bring me home again to the city
Where as I this day was, but if that ye
Them have again, of soul death do me dye :
Your bounty on me kythe, I mercy cry.

This Jonathas could nothing beware,
Ne take ensample of the deceites twaine
That she did him before, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on death's pain
From such offences thenceforth her restrain :
She swore, and made thereto foreward,
But hearkneth how she bore her afterward.

When she saw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and past,
And all was well ; she thought him est to fire,

In her malice aye stood she stedfast,
And to enquire of him was not aghast,
In so short time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her country.

Such virtue hath this cloth on which we sit,
Said he, that where in this world us be list,
Suddenly with the thought shallen thither flit,
And how thither come unto us unwist :
As thing from far, unknown in the mist.
And therewith, to this woman fraudulent,
To sleep, he said, have I good talent.

Let see, quoth he, stretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head lay down and rest.
So was it done, and ne anon gan nap :
Nay ? nay, he slept right well, at best :
What doth this woman, one the ficklest
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Under him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan she it had all : would God, quoth she,
I were as I was this day morning !
And therewith this root of iniquity
Had her wist, and sole left him there sleeping.
O Jonathas ! like to thy perishing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakest, cause hast thou to be ferd.

But thou shalt do full well, thou shalt obtain
Victory on her, thou has done some deed
Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite shall thy meed,
And thee deliver out of thy woful dread.
The child whom that the mother useth blifs,
Full often fythe is eased in distrefs.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
Woman, ne cloth, he wept bitterly,
And said, alas ! now is there in no lond
Man worse I know begon then am I ;
On every side his look he cast, and fy
Nothing but birds in the air flying,
And wild beasts about him running.

Of whose sight he full sore was agryfed,
He thought all this well deserved I have,
What ailed me to be so evil avised,
That my counsel could I not keep and save ?
Who can fool play ? who can mad and rave ?
But he that to a woman his secree
Discovereth, the smart cleaveth now on me.

He thus departeth as God would harmles,
And forth of a venture his way he is went,
But witherward he draw, he conceitless
Was, he not knew to what place he was bent.
He past a water which was so fervent
That flesh upon his feet left it him none,
All clean was departed from the bone.

It shope so that he had a little glafs
Which with that water anon filled he :
And when he further in his way gone was,

Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That fair fruit bore, and in great plenty :
He eat thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through become a foul mesel.

For which unto the ground for sorrow and wo
He fell, and said, cursed be that day
That I was born, and time and hour also
That my mother conceived me, for ay
Now am I lost; alas, and well away !
And when some deel flaked his heaviness,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another water before him he fye,
Which (sore) to comen in he was adrad :
But natheless, since thereby, other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought so straitly am I bestad,
That though it sore me affese or gaste,
Assoile it wole I, and through it he paste.

And right as the first water his flesh
Departed from his feet, so the second
Restored it, and made all whole and fresh :
And glad was he, and joyful that stownd,
When he felt his feet whole were and found :
A viol of the water of that brook
He fill'd, and fruit of the tree with him took.

Forth his journey this Jonathas held,
And as he his look about him cast,
Another tree from afar he beheld,
To which he hasted, and him hied fast ;
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrust
Into his mouth, and eat of it sadly,
And of the leproy he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone,
And a fair castle from afar saw he,
In compass of which, heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well see,
But not for that he shun would, or flee,
He thither him dresseth the streight way
In that ever that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him againe,
And saiden thus : dear friend, we you pray
What man be ye ? sirs, quoth he, certain
A leech I am; and though myself it say,
Can for the health of sick folkes well purvey.
They said to him, of yonder castle the king
A leper is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath been many a sundry leech,
That undertook him well to cure and heal
On pain of their heads, but all to seech
Their art was, ware that thou not with him
deal,
But if thou canst the charter of health enseal :
Lest that thou lese thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wise thou find it shall no play.

Sirs, said he, you thank I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit :

But I not dread to loose mine head,
By God's help full safe keep I will it,
God of his grace such cunning and wit
Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure.
Full well dare I me put in aventure.

They to the king's presence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the second tree
He gave to eat, and bad him to be glad,
And said; anon your health han shall ye :
Eke of the second water him gave he
To drink, and when he those two had received
His leproy from him voided was and weived.

The king (as unto his high dignity
Convenient was) gave him largely,
And to him said, if that it like thee
Abiden here, I more abundantly
Thee give wole. My lord sicklerly,
Quoth he, fain would I your pleasure fulfil,
And in your high presence abide still.

But I no while may with you abide,
So mochil have I to done elsewhere.
Jonathas every day to the sea side
Which was nigh, went to look and inquire
If any ship drawing thither were,
Which him home to his country lead might,
And on a day of ships had he sight.

Well a thirty toward the castle draw,
And at a time of evensong, they all
Arriveden, of which he was full faw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call ;
And said, if it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my country
Me bring would, well quit should he be.

And told them whither that they shoulde go.
One of the shipmen forth start at last,
And to him said, my ship and no moe
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast
Thither to wend; let see, tell on fast,
Quoth the shipman, that thou for my travel
Me give wilt, if that I thither fail.

They were accorded, Jonathas forth goeth
Unto the king to ask him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And natheless with his benevolence,
This Jonathas from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the shipman
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as b'live
As wind and wether good hope to be,
Thither as he purposed him arrive
They sailed forth, and came to the city
In which this serpentine woman was, she
That had him terned with false deceites,
But where no remedy followeth, streit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpose, she deemed he had

Been devoured with beasts many a day
Gone, she thought he delivered was for ay.
Folk of the city knew not Jonathas,
So many a year was past, that he there was :

Misliking and thought changed eke in his face,
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the city, he hired him a place,
And therein exercised his cunning
Of physie, to whom weren repairing
Many a sick wight, and all were healed :
Well was the sick man that with him dealed.

Now shap it thus that this Fellicula,
(The well of deceivable doubleness,
Follower of the steps of Dallida)
Was then exalted unto high riches,
But she was fallen into great sickness
And heard seine, for not might it been hid
How masterful a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemn to him she sent,
Praying him to do so mochil labour
As come and see her ; and he thither went :
When he her saw, that she his paramour
Had been, he well knew, and for that debtor
To her he was, her he thought to quit
Or he went, and no longer it respite.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat,
He saw her urine, and eke fell her pous,
And said, the sooth is this plain and flat,
A sickness han ye strange and marvellous,
Which to avoid is wonder dangerous :
To heal you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can find none.

Aviseeth you whether you list it take
Or not, for I told have you my wit.
Ah ! sir, said she, for God's sake,
That way me shew, and I shall follow it
Whatever it be ; for this sickness fit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how,
Me to demean : tell on I pray you.

Lady ye must openly you confesse,
And if against good conscience and right,
Any good han ye take more or less,
Before this hour, of any manner wight,
Yield it anon ; else not in the might
Of man is it, to give a medicine
That you may heal of your sickness and pine.

If any such thing be, tell it out reed,
And ye shall been all whole I you beheet ;
Else mine art is nought withouten dread.
O Lord she thought health is a thing full sweet,
Therewith desire I sovereignly to meet :
Since I it by confession may recover,
A fool am I but I my guilt discover.

How falsely to the son of th' emperor
Jonathas, had she done, before them all
As ye han heard above, all that error
By knew she, O Fellicula thee call,

Well may I so, for of the bitter gall
Thou takest the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Then said Jonathas, where are those three
Jewels, that thee fro' the clerk withdrew ?
Sir in a coffer, at my bed's feet, ye
Shall find them ; open it, and so pray I you.
He thought not to make it quaint and tow
And said nay, and strain courtesy,
But with right good will thither he gan hie.

The coffer he opened, and them there fond,
Who was a glad man but Jonathas ? who
The ring upon a finger of his hand
He put, and the broach on his breast also.
The cloth eke under his arm held he tho' ;
And to her him dresseth to done his cure.
Cure mortal, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and forethink
That she her had unto him misbore :
And of that water her he gave to drink,
Which that his flesh from his bones before
Had twined, where through he was almost lore
Nad he relieved been, as ye above
Han heard, and this he did eke for her love,

Of the fruit of the tree he gave her ete,
Which that him made into the leper stert,
And as b'live in her womb gan they fret
And gnaw so, that change gan her heart,
Now heark'neth how it her made smart :
Her womb opened, and out fell each entrail
That in her was, thus it is said fans fail.

Thus wretchedly (lo !) this guileman dy'd,
And Jonathas with jewels three
No longer there thought to abide,
But home to the empress his mother hasteeth he,
Whereas in joy, and in prosperity
His life led he to his dying day,
And so God us grant that we do may.

WILLIE.

By my hook this is a tale
Would besit our Whitson-ale :
Better cannot be I wist,
Descant on it he that list.
And full gladly give I wold
The best cosset in my fold,
And a mazor for a fee,
If this song thou'lt teachen me.
'Tis so quaint and fine a lay,
That upon our revel day
If I sung it, I might chance
(For my pains) be took to dance
With our lady of the May.

ROGET.

Roget will not say thee nay,
If thou deem'st it worth thy pains.
'Tis a song not many swains
Singen can, and though it be
Not so deckt with nicety
Of sweet words full neatly choosed,
As are now by shepherds used :

Yet if well you sound the sense,
 And the moral's excellence,
 You shall find it quit the while,
 And excuse the homely stile.
 Well I wot, the man that first
 Sung this lay, did quench his thirst,
 Deeply as did ever one
 In the muses Helicon.
 Many times he hath been seen
 With the fairies on the green,
 And to them his pipe did sound,
 Whilst they danced in a round.
 Meikle solace would they make him,
 And at midnight often wake him,
 And convey him from his room
 To a field of yellow broom;
 Or into the meadows, where
 Mints perfume the gentle air,
 And where Flora spends her treasure,
 There they would begin their measure.
 If it chanc'd night's fable shrouds
 Muffled Cynthia up in clouds;
 Safely home, they then would see him,
 And from brakes and quagmires free him.
 There are few such swains as he
 Now a-days for harmony,

WILLIE,

What was he thou praifest thus?

ROGET.

Scholar unto Tityrus,
 Tityrus the bravest swain
 Ever lived on the plain,

Taught him how to feed his lambs,
 How to cure them, and their dams:
 How to pitch the fold, and then,
 How he should remove again:
 Taught him when the corn was ripe,
 How to make an oaten pipe,
 How to join them, how to cut them,
 When to open, when to shut them,
 And with all the skill he had
 Did instruct this willing lad.

WILLIE.

Happy surely was that swain,
 And he was not taught in vain:
 Many a one that prouder is,
 Han not such a song as this:
 And have garlands for their meed
 That but jar as Skelton's reed.

ROGET.

'Tis too true: but see the sun
 Hath his journey fully run;
 And his horses all in sweat,
 In the ocean cool their heat:
 Sever we our sheep and fold them,
 'Twill be night ere we have told them.

Thomas Occleeve, one of the Privy Seal, composed this first tale, and was never till now imprinted, As this shall please, I may be drawn to publish the rest of his works, being all perfect in my hands. He wrote in Chaucer's time.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE II.

The Argument.

Two Shepherds here complain the wrong
Done by a swinish lout,
That brings his hogs their sheep among,
And spoil the plain throughout.

WILLIE. JOCKIE.

WILLIE.

JOCKIE, say : What might he be
That sits on yonder hill :
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So uncouth and so shrill ?

JOCKIE.

Notes of glee ? bad ones I trow,
I have not heard before
One so mistook as Willie now,
'Tis some sow-gelders borne.
And well thou asken might'st if I
Do know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his minstrelsie
Requires such patience.
He is a swinward, but I think
No swinward of the best :
For much he reketh of his swink.
And carketh for his rest.

WILLIE.

Harm take the swine ? what makes he here ?
What luckless planet frowns
Have drawn him and his hogs in feere
To root out daised downs.
Ill mote he thrive ! and may his hogs,
And all that e'er they breed,
Be ever worried by our dogs,
For so presumptuous deed.
Why kept he not amongst the fens ?
Or in the copses by,
Or in the woods, and braky glens,
Where haws and acorns lie ?
About the ditches of the town,
Or hedge rows he might bring them.

JOCKIE.

But then some pence 'twould cost the clown
To yoke and cke to ring them
Vol. IV.

And well I weene he loves no cost
But what is for his back :
To go full gay him pleaseth most,
And lets his belly lack.
Two suits he hath, the one of blue,
The other home-spun gray :
And yet he means to make a new
Against next revel day ;
And though our May lord at the feast
Seem'd very trimly clad,
In cloth by his own mother drest,
Yet comes not near this lad.
His bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
His shoes with strings of leather red,
And stocking to his fop.
And yet for all it comes to pass,
He not our gibing scapes :
Some like him to a trimmed ass,
And some to Jackanapes.

WILLIE.

It seemeth then by what is said,
That Jockey knows the boor ;
I would my scrip and hook have laid
Thou knew'st him not before.

JOCKIE.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell,
(If fortune ought can do)
Not kend him ? Yes : I ken him well
And sometime paid for't too.

WILLIE.

Would Jockie ever stoop so low,
As conisance to take
Of sic a churl ? Full well I know
No nymph of spring or lake,

No herdeſſ, nor no ſhepherd's girl
 But fain would ſit by thee,
 And ſea-nymphs offer ſhells of pearl
 For thy ſweet melody.
 The ſatyrs bring thee from the woods
 The ſtrawberry for hire,
 And all the firſt fruits of the buds
 To woo thee to their quire.
 Silvanus ſongſters learn thy ſtrain,
 For by a neighbour ſpring
 The nightingale records again
 What thou doſt primely ſing.
 Nor canſt thou tune a madrigall,
 Or any dreary moan,
 But nymphs, or ſwains, or birds, or all
 Permit thee not alone.
 And yet (as though devoid of theſe)
 Canſt thou ſo low decline,
 As leave the lovely Naides
 For one that keepeth ſwine?
 But how befell it?

JOCKIE.

T'other day
 As to the field I ſet me,
 Near to the May-pole on the way
 This ſluggiſh ſwinward met me:
 And ſeeing Weptol with him there,
 Our fellow-ſwain and friend,
 I bad, good day, ſo on did fare
 To my propoſed end.
 But as back from my wintring ground
 I came the way before,
 This rude groom all alone I found
 Stand by the alehouſe door.
 There was no nay, but I muſt in
 And taſte a cup of ale;
 Where on his pot he did begin
 To ſtammer out a tale.
 He told me how he much deſir'd
 Th' acquaintance of us ſwains,
 And from the foreſt was retir'd
 To graze upon our plains:
 But for what cauſe I cannot tell,
 He cannot pipe nor ſing,

Nor knows he how to dig a well,
 Nor neatly dreſs a ſpring:
 Nor knows a trap nor ſnare to till,
 He ſits as in a dream;
 Nor ſcarce hath ſo much whiſtling ſkill
 Will hearten on a team.
 Well, we ſo long together were,
 I gan to haſte away,
 He licenc'd me to leave him there,
 And gave me leave to pay.

WILLIE.

Done like a ſwinward; may you all
 That cloſe with ſuch as he,
 Be uſed ſo! that gladly fall
 Into like company.
 But if I fail not in mine art
 I'll ſend him to his yard,
 And make him from our plains depart
 With all his durty herd,
 I wonder he hath ſuff' red been
 Upon our common here,
 His hogs do root our yonger treen
 And ſpoil the ſmelling brier.
 Our pureſt wells they wallow in,
 All overſpread with durt,
 Nor will they from our arbours lin,
 But all our pleaſures hurt.
 Our curious benches that we build
 Beneath a ſhady tree,
 Shall be o'erthrown, or ſo defil'd
 As we would lothe to ſee.
 Then join we Jockie; for the reſt
 Of all our fellow ſwains,
 I am aſſur'd will do their beſt
 To rid him fro' our plains.

JOCKIE.

What is in me ſhall never fail
 To forward ſuch a deed;
 And ſure I thinke we might prevail
 By ſome ſatyric reed.

WILLIE.

If that will do, I know a lad
 Can hit the maſter vein.
 But let us home, the ſkies are ſad,
 And clouds diſtill in rain.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE III.

The Argument.

Old Neddy's poverty they moan,
Who whilome was a swain
That had more sheep himself alone,
Than ten upon the plain,

PIERS. THOMALIN.

THOMALIN.

WHERE is every piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white sheep?
Tell me: Is it holiday,
Or if in the month of May
Use they long to sleep?

PIERS.

Thomalin, 'tis not too late
For the turtle and her mate
Sitten yet in nest;
And the thrush hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green,
But attends her rest.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
In the shady grove:
But the nightingale in dark
Singing, woke the mounting lark
She records her love.
Not the sun hath with his beams
Gilded yet our crystal streams
Rising from the sea.
Mists do crown the mountains tops,
And each pretty myrtle drops,
'Tis but newly day.
Yet see yonder (though unwise)
Some man cometh in the mist;
Hast thou him beheld?
See, he crosseth o'er the land
With a dog and staff in hand,
Limping for his eld.

THOMALIN.

Yes, I see him, and do know him,
And we all do reverence owe him,

'Tis the aged fire
Neddy, that was wont to make
Such great feasting at the wake,
And the * blessing-fire.
Good old man! see how he walks
Painful and among the balks
Picking locks of wool:
I have known the day when he
Had as much as any three,
When their lofts were full.
Underneath yond hanging rocks,
All the valley with his flocks
Was whilome overspread:
He had milch-goats without peers,
Well-hung kine, and fatt'ned steers
Many hundred head.
Wilkin's cote his dairy was,
For a dwelling it may pass
With the best in town.
Curds and cream with other cheer,
Have I had there in the year
For a greeny gown.
Lasses kept it, as again
Were not fitted on the plain
For a lusty dance:
And at parting, home would take us,
Flawns or syllabubs to make us
For our jousance.
And though some in spite would tell,
Yet old Neddy took it well;
Bidding us again
Never at his cote be strange:
Unto him that wrought this change
Mickle be the pain!

* The midsummer fires are termed so in the West part
of England.

PIERS.

What disaster, Thomalin,
 This mischance hath cloth'd him in,
 Quickly tellen me :
 Rue I do his state the more,
 That he clipped heretofore
 Some felicity.
 Han by night accursed thieves
 Slain his lambs, or stol'n his beeves?
 Or consuming fire
 Brent his shearing-house, or stall,
 Or a deluge drowned all?
 Tell me it entire.
 Have the winters been so set
 To rain, and snow, they have wet
 All his driest laire :
 By which means his sheep have got
 Such a deadly cureless rot,
 That none living are?

THOMALIN.

Neither waves, nor thieves, nor fire,
 Nor have rots impover'd this fire,
 Suretyship, nor yet
 Was the usurer helping on
 With his damn'd extortion,
 Nor the chains of debt.
 But deceit that ever lies
 Strongest arm'd for treacheries
 In a bosom'd friend :
 That (and only that) hath brought it,
 Curfed be the head that wrought it!
 And the basest end.
 Grooms he had, and he did send them
 With his herds a-field to tend them,
 Had they further been :
 Sluggish, lazy, thriftless elves,
 Sheep had better kept themselves
 From the foxes teen.
 Some would kill their sheep, and then
 Bring their master home again
 Nothing but the skin ;
 Telling him, how in the morn
 In the fold they found them torn,
 And near lying lin.
 If they went unto the fair
 With a score of fatt'ned ware,
 And did chance to sell,
 If old Neddy had again
 Half his own ; I dare well fain,
 That but seldom fell.
 They at their return would say,
 Such a man, or such would pay,

5

Well known of your hyne.

Alas, poor man ! that subtil knave
 Undid him, and vaunts it brave,
 Though his master pine.
 Of his master he would beg
 Such a lamb that broke his leg :
 And if there were none,
 To the fold by night he'd hie,
 And them hurt full rufully,
 Or with the staff or stone.
 He would have petitions new,
 And for desp'rate debts would sue
 Neddy had forgot :
 He would grant : the other then
 Tares from poor and aged men :
 Or in jails they rot.
 Neddy lately rich in store,
 Giving much, deceived more,
 On a sudden fell.
 Then the steward lent him gold
 Yet no more than might be told
 Worth his master's cell.
 That is gone, and all beside,
 (Well-a-day, alack the tide)
 In a hollow den,
 Underneath yond gloomy wood
 Wons he now, and wails the brood
 Of ungrateful men.

PIERS.

But alas ! now he is old,
 Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
 Wat is left him ?
 Or to succour, or relieve him,
 Or from wants of to reprice him.

THOMALIN.

All's bereft him,
 Save he hath a little crowd,
 (He in youth was of it proud)
 And a dog to dance ;
 With them, he on holidays
 In the farmer's houses plays
 For his sustenance.

PIERS.

See ; he's near, let's rise and meet him,
 And with dues to old age greet him,
 It is fitting so.

THOMALIN.

'Tis a motion good and sage,
 Honour still is due to age ;
 Up, and let us go.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE IV.

The Argument.

In this the author bewails the death of one whom he shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greek words φίλος and ἀρετή, a lover of virtue; a name well befitting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loved (and now as much lamented) friend, Mr. Thomas Manwood, son to the worthy Sir Peter Manhood, Knight.

UNDER an aged oak was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rocks
To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he play'd,
And from their master's woo'd the neighb'ring
flocks:

But now o'ercome with dolours deep
That nigh his heart-strings rent:
Ne car'd he for his silly sheep,
Ne car'd for merriment

But chang'd his wonted walks
For uncouth paths unknown,
Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
And echo rue his moan.

Autumn it was, when dropt the sweetest flow'rs,
And rivers (swoln with pride) o'erlook'd the banks,
Poor grew the day of summer's golden hours,
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar ranks,

The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweets
By rising fountains, or as they
Fear'd winter's wasteful threats.

Against the broad-spread oak,
Each wind in fury bears:
Yet fell their leaves not half so fast
As did the shepherd's tears.

As was his feat so was his gentle heart,
Meek, and dejected, but his thoughts as high
As those aye wand'ring lights, who both impart
Their beams on us, and heaven still beautify.

Sad was his look (O heavy fate!
That swain should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorn mate
With greatest pleasure clad.)

Broke was his tuneful pipe
That charm'd the crystal floods,
And thus his grief took airy wings
And flew about the woods.

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too sparing of a wished stay,
Ye wand'ring lamps: O be ye fix a space!
Some other hemisphere grace with your ray.

Great Phœbus! Daphne is not here,
Nor Hyacinthus fair;
Phœbe! Endymion and thy dear
Hath long since cleft the air,
But ye have surely seen
(Whom we in sorrow miss)
A swain whom Phœbe thought her love,
And Titan deemed his.

But he is gone; then inwards turn your light,
Behold him there; here never shall you more
O'erhang this sad plain with eternal night!
Or change the gaudy green she whilom wore

To fenny black. Hyperion great
To ashy paleness turn her!
Green well befits a lover's heat,
But black befits a mourner.

Yet neither this thou canst,
Nor see his second birth,
His brightness blinds thine eye more now,
Than thine did his on earth.

Let not a shepherd on our hapless plains,
Tune notes of glee, as used were of yore:
For Philarete is dead, let mirthful strains
With Philarete cease for evermore!

And if a fellow swain do live
A niggard of his tears;
The shepherdesses all will give
To store him, part of theirs.

Or I would lend him some,
But that the store I have
Will all be spent before I pay
The debt I owe his grave.

O what is left can make me leave to moan!
Or what remains but doth increase it more?
Look on his sheep: Alas! their master's gone,
Look on the place where we two heretofore
With locked arms have vow'd our love
(Our love which time shall see
In shepherd's songs for ever move,
And grace their harmony),

In solitary seems.

Behold our flow'ry beds;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For sorrow hang their heads.
'Tis not a cypress bough, a count'nance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing elegy,
A stauding herse in sable vesture clad,
A tomb built to his name's eternity,
Although the shepherds all should strive
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keep thy fame alive
In spite of destinies
That can suppress my grief:
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vain to recompence
My greatest loss of thee.

Cypress may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an elegy forgotten,
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tomb pluck'd down, or elsethrough age be rotten:
All things th' impartial hand of fate
Can raze out with a thought:
These have a sev'ral fixed date,
Which ended, turn to nought.

Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of time
Shall fan and sweep away.
Look as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
Bewrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn,
Until some keen blast from the envious north,
Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born,
Or else her rarest smells delighting
Make her, herself betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To pluck her thence away.
So stands my mournful case;
For had he been less good,
He yet (uncorrupt) had kept the stock
Whereon he fairly stood.

Yet though so long he liv'd, not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him given.
Who liveth but the space of one poor night,
His birth, his youth, his age, is in that even.
Whoever doth the period see
Of days by heav'n forth plotted,
Dies full of age, as well as he
That had more years allotted.

In sad tones then my verse
Shall with incessant tears
Bemoan my hapless loss of him
And not his want of years.
In deepest passions of my grief-swoln breast
(Sweet soul!) this only comfort seizeth me,
That so few years should make thee so much blest,
And gave such wings to reach eternity.
Is this to die? no; as a ship
Well built, with easy wind
A lazy hulk doth far outstrip,
And soonest harbour find:
So Philarete fled,
Quick was his passage given,
When others must have longer time
To make them fit for heavens.

Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
But as the nightingale against the brier,
'Tis for myself I moan, and do lament,
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me
here;

Here, where without thee all delights
Fail of their pleasing pow'r;
All glorious days seem ugly nights;
Methinks no April show'r
Embroider should the earth,
But briny tears distill,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.
And ye his sheep (in token of his lack)
Whilome the fairest flock on all the plain:
Yeane never lamb, but be it cloth'd in black.
Ye shady sycamore! when any swain,
To carve his name upon your rind
Doth come, where his doth stand,
Shed drops, if he be so unkind
To raze it with his hand.
And thou my loved muse,
No more should'st numbers move,
But that his name should ever live,
And after death my love.

This said, he sigh'd, and with o'er-drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the heavens for what he miss'd on earth;
Then from the earth, full sadly 'gan arise
As far from future hope, as present mirth,
Unto his cot with heavy pace
As ever sorrow trod,
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful swains abode;
And as he spent the day,
The night he past alone;
Was never shepherd lov'd more dear,
Nor made a truer moan.

*To the Virtuous and much lamenting Sisters of my ever-
admired Friend,*

MASTER THOMAS MANWOOD.

To me more known than you, is your sad chance,
Oh! had I still enjoy'd such ignorance;
Then, I by these spent tears had not been known,
Nor left another's grief to sing mine own.
Yet since his fate hath wrought these throes,
Permit a partner in your woes:
The cause doth yield, and still may do,
Enough for you, and others too:
But if such plaints for you are kept,
Yet may I grieve since you have wept.
For he more perfect grows to be
That feels another's misery:
And though these drops which mourning run
From several fountains first begun,
And some far off, some nearer fleet;
They will (at last) in one stream meet.
Mine shall with yours, yours mix with mine,
And make one off'ring at his shrine;
For whose eternity on earth, my muse
To build this altar, did her best skill use;
And that you, I, and all that held him dear,
Our tears and sighs might freely offer here.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE V.

To his ingenious Friend,

MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

The Argument.

Willie incites his friend to write
Things of a higher fame
Than silly shepherd's use endite
Veil'd in a shepherd's name.

WILLIE. CUTTY.

MORN had got the start of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their shovels and their spades
For the field, and (as their trades)
Or at hedging wrought, or ditching,
For their food more than enriching.
When the shepherds from their fold
All their bleating charges told,
And (full careful) search'd if one
Of all their flock were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cull'd)
Any had their fleeces pull'd:
'Mongst the rest (not least in care)
Cutty to his fold 'gan fare;
And young Willie (that had given
To his flock the latest even
Neighbourhood with Cutty's sheep)
Shaking off refreshing sleep,
Hy'd him to his charge that bled,
Where he (busied) Cutty met:
Both their sheep told, and none miss'd
Of their number; then they blest
Pan, and all the gods of plains
For respecting of their trains
Of silly sheep; and in a song
Praise gave to that holy throng.
Thus they drove their flocks to graze,
Whose white fleeces did amaze
All the lilies as they pass
Where their usual feeding was.
Lilies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleasing feature

Then a sheep, by nature's duty
Should be crown'd with far more beauty
Then a lily; and the pow'r
Of white in sheep, outgo a flow'r:
From the middle of their sprout
(Like a fury's sting) thrust out
Dart-like sorts in death to steep them:
But great Pan did safely keep them;
And afforded kind repair
To their dry and wanted laze,
Where their masters (that did eye them)
Underneath a hawthorn by them,
On their pipes thus 'gan to play,
And with rhymes wear out the day.

WILLIE.

Cease, Cutty! cease to feed these simple flocks,
And for a trumpet change thine oaten reeds;
O'erlook the vallies as aspiring rocks,
And rather march in steel, than shepherd's weeds.
Believe me, Cutty! for heroic deeds
Thy verse is fit; not for the lives of swains,
(Though both thou canst do well) and none pro-
ceeds
To leave high pitches for the lowly plains:
Take thou a harp in hand, strive with Apollo:
Thy muse was made to lead, then scorn to fol-
low.

CUTTY.

Willie, to follow sheep I ne'er shall scorn;
Much less to follow any deity: [morn]
Who 'gainst the sun (though weaken'd by the
Would vie with looks, needeth an eagle's eye;

I dare not search the hidden mystery
Of tragic scenes; nor in a buskin'd style
Through death and horror march, nor their height
fly,

Whose pens were fed with blood of this fair isle.
It shall content me, on these happy downs
To sing the strife for garlands, not for crowns.

WILLIE.

O who would not aspire, and by his wing
Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly jar
Another lesson teach the spheres to sing?
Who would a shepherd that might be a star?
See, learned Cutty, on yond mountains are
Clear springs arising, and the climbing goat
That can get up, hath water clearer far
Than when the streams do in the vallies float.
What madman would a race by torch-light run
That might his steps have usher'd by the sun?

We shepherds tune our lays of shepherds loves,
Or in the praise of shady groves, or springs;
We seldom hear of Cytherea's doves,
Except when some more learned shepherd sings;
An equal meed have to our sonnettings:
A belt, a sheep hook, or a wreath of flow'rs,
Is all we seek, and all our versing brings;
And more deserts than these are seldom ours.

But thou whose muse a falcon's pitch can fore
May'st share the bays even with a conqueror.

CUTTY.

Why doth not Willie then produce such lines
Of men and arms as might accord with these?

WILLIE.

'Cause Cutty's spirit not in Willie shines,
Pan cannot wield the club of Hercules,
Nor dare a Merlin on a heron seize.
Scarce know I how to fit a shepherd's ear;
Far more unable shall I be to please
In ought, which none but semi-gods must hear;
When by thy verse (more able) time shall see
Thou canst give more to kings, than kings to
thee.

CUTTY.

But (well-a-day) who loves the muses now?
Or helps the climber of the sacred hill?

None lean to them; but strive to disallow
All heavenly dews the goddesses distill.

WILLIE.

Let earthly minds base muck for ever fill,
Whose music only is the chime of gold,
Deaf be their ears to each harmonious quill!
As they of learning think, so of them hold.
And if there's none deserves what thou canst do,
Be then the poet and the patron too.

I tell thee, Cutty, had I all the sheep
With thrice as many moe, as on these plains,
Or shepherd, or fair maiden fits to keep,
I would them all forego, so I thy strains
Could equalize. O how our neatest swains
Do trim themselves, when on a holiday
They haste to hear thee sing, knowing the trains
Of fairest nymphs will come to learn thy lay.
Well may they run and wish a parting never,
So thy sweet tongue might charm their ears for
ever.

CUTTY.

These attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Bestow them where true merit hath assign'd;

WILLIE.

And do I not? bestowing them on thee:
Believe me, Cutty, I do bear this mind,
That wherefoe'er we true deserving find,
To give a silent praise is to detract;
Obscure thy verses (more than most refin'd)
From any one, of dulness so compact.
And rather sing to trees, than to such men,
Who know not how to crown a poet's pen.

CUTTY.

Willie, by thy incitement I'll essay
To raise my subject higher than tofore,
And sing it to our swains next holiday,
Which (as approv'd) shall fill them with the store
Of such rare accents: if dislik'd, no more
Will I a higher strain than shepherd's use,
But sing of woods and rivers as before.

WILLIE.

Thou wilt be ever happy in thy muse.
But see, the radiant sun is gotten high,
Let's seek for shadow in the grove hereby.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE VI.

The Argument.

Philos of his dog doth brag
For having many feats :
The while the cur undoes his bag,
And all his dinner eats.

WILLIE. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

WILLIE.

STAY, Jockie, let us rest here by this spring,
And Philos too, since we so well are met;
This spreading oak will yield us shadowing
Till Phœbus' steeds be in the ocean wet.

JOCKIE.

Gladly (kind swain) I yield, so thou wilt play
And make us merry with a roundelay.

PHILOS.

No, Jockie, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and filberd's waxen ripe;
Let's go and fray the squirrel from his food;
We will another time hear Willie pipe.

WILLIE.

But who shall keep our flocks when we are gone?
I dare not go and let them feed alone.

JOCKIE.

Nor I: since but the other day it fell,
Leaving my sheep to graze on yonder plain,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And e'er I could return, two lambs were slain.

PHILOS.

Then was thy dog ill taught, or else asleep;
Such curs as those shall never watch my sheep.

WILLIE.

Yet Philos hath a dog not of the best;
He seems too lazy, and will take no pains;
More fit to lie at home and take his rest,
Than catch a wand'ring sheep upon the plains.

JOCKIE.

'Tis true, indeed; and Philos wot ye what?
I think he plays the fox, he grows so fat.

PHILOS.

Yet hath not Jockie nor yet Willie seen
A dog more nimble than is this of mine,
Nor any of the fox more heedful been
When in the shade I slept, or list to dine.
And though I say't, hath better tricks in store
Than both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often have the maidens strove to take him,
When he hath cross'd the plain to bark at
crows?

How many lasses have I known to make him
Garlands to gird his neck, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands so wond'rous trim,
That not a dog of yours durst bark at him.
And when I list (as often times I use)
To tune a horn-pipe, or a morris-dance,
The dog (as he by nature could not choose)
Seeming asleep before, will leap and dance.

WILLIE.

Belike your dog came of a pedler's brood,
Or Philos' music is exceeding good.

PHILOS.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my reed,
(Though of my reed, and him I well may boast)
Yet if you will adventure that some meed
Shall be to him that is in action most,
As for a collar of shrill sounding bells,
My dog shall strive with yours, or any's else.

JOCKIE.

Philos, in truth, I must confess your Wag
(For so you call him) hath of tricks good store,

To steal the victuals from his master's bag
More cunningly, I ne'er saw dog before.

See, Willy, see! I prithee, Philos, note
How fast thy bread and cheese goes down his
throat.

WILLIE.

Now, Philos, see how mannerly your cur,
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many tricks,
Devours your dinner.

PHILOS.

I wish 'twere a bur
To choke the mungrel!

JOCKIE.

See how he licks
Your butter box; by Pan, I do not meanly
Love Philos' dog, that loves to be so cleanly.

PHILOS.

Well flouted Jockie.

WILLIE.

Philos, run amain,
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head
So far, he cannot get it forth again;
See how he blindfold strags along the mead;

And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I think:
He loves your meat, but cares not for your drink.

JOCKIE.

I, so it seems: and Philos now may go
Unto the wood, or home for other cheer.

PHILOS.

'Twere better he had never serv'd me so,
Sweet meat, sow'r sauce, he shall abye it dear.
What, must he be aforehand with his master?

WILLIE.

Only in kindness he would be your taster:

PHILOS.

Well, Willie, you may laugh, and urge my
spleen:

But by my hook I swear he shall it rue,
And had far'd better had he fasting been.
But I must home for my allowance new.
So farewell lads. Look to my fleeced train
Till my return.

JOCKIE.

We will.

WILLIE.

Make haste again.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE VII.

The Argument.

Palinode intreats his friend
To leave a wanton lass;
Yet he pursues her to his end
And lets all counsel pass.

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

WHITHER wends Hobbinol so early day?
What be thy lambkins broken fro' the fold
And on the plains all night have run astray?
Or are thy sheep and sheep-walks both yfold?
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the
field
Without thy sheep? thou wert not wont to yield
To idle sport,
But did resort
As early to thy charge from drowsy bed,
As any shepherd that his flock hath fed
Upon these downs.

HOBBINOL.

Such heavy frowns
Fortune for others keeps; but bends on me
Smiles would besit the seat of majesty.
Hath Palinode
Made his abode
Upon our plains, or in some uncouth cell?
That hears not what to Hobbinol befel;
Phyllis the fair, and fairer is there none,
To-morrow must be link'd in marriage bands,
'Tis I that must undo her virgin zone.
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

PALINODE.

Behold the man! nay, then the woman too,
Though both of them are very small beholding
To any pow'r that set them on to woo;
Ah, Hobbinol! it is not worth unfolding
What shepherds say of her; thou canst not choose
But hear what language all of Phyllis use;
Yet, than such tongues,
To her belongs

More than to fate her lust; unhappy elf;
That wilt be bound to her to lose thyself.
For sake her first.

HOBBINOL.

Thou most accurs'd!
Durst thou to slander thus the innocent,
The graces' pattern, virtue's president?
She, in whose eye
Shines modesty:
Upon whose brow lust never looks with hope,
Venus rul'd not in Phyllis' horoscope:
'Tis not the vapour of a hemlock stem
Can spoil the perfume of sweet cinnamon;
Nor vile aspersions, or by thee or them
Cast on her name, can stay my going on.

PALINODE.

On may'st thou go, but not with such a one,
Whom (I dare swear) thou know'st is not a
maid:
Remember when I met her last alone
As we to yonder grove for filberts stray'd,
Like to a new-struck doe from out the bushes,
Lacing herself, and red with gamesome blushes,
Made towards the green,
Loth to be seen:
And after in the grove the goat-herd met:
What saidst thou then? If this prevail not, yet
I'll tell thee more.
Not long ago
Too long I lov'd her, and as thou dost now
Would swear Diana was less chaste than she,
That Jupiter would court her, knew he how
To find a shape might tempt such chastity:

And that her thoughts were pure as new-fall'n
snow,
Or silver swans that trace the banks of Po,
And free within
From spot of sin :
Yet like the flint her lust-swoln breast conceal'd
A hidden fire ; and thus it was reveal'd :
Cladon, the lad
Who whilome had
The garland given for throwing best the bar,
I know not by what chance or lucky star,
Was chosen late
To be the mate
Unto our lady of our gleeesome May,
And was the first that danc'd each holiday ;
None would he take but Phillis forth to dance ;
Nor any could with Phyllis dance but he,
On Palinode she thenceforth not a glance
Bestows, but hates him and his poverty,
Cladon had sheep and limbs for stronger load
Then ere she saw in simple Palinode :
He was the man
Must clip her than ;
For him she wreathes of flowers and chaplets
made ;
To strawberrries invites him in the shade,
In shearing time,
And in the prime
Would help to clip his sheep, and guard his
lambs ;
And at a need lend him her choicest rams,
And on each stock
Work such a cloke
With twisted coloured thread ; as not a swain
On all these downs could shew the like again.
But as it seems, the well grew dry at last,
Her fire unquench'd, and she hath Cladon lost ;
Nor was I sorry ; nor do wish to taste
The flesh whereto so many flies have cleft.
Oh Hobbinol ! Canst thou imagine she
That hath so oft been try'd, so oft misdone,
Can from all other men be true to thee ?
Thou know'st with me, with Cladon, she hath
gone
Beyond the limits that a maiden may,
And can the name of wife those rovings stay ?
She hath not ought
That's hid, unfought ;
These eyes, these hands, so much know of that
woman,
As more thou canst not ; Can that please that's
common ?
No : Should I wed,
My marriage bed,
And all that it contains, should as my heart
Be known but to myself ; if we impart
What golden rings
The fairy brings,
We lose the gem, nor will they give us more :
Wives lose their value, if once known before :
Behold this violet that cropped lies,
I know not by what hand first from the stem,
With what I pluck myself shall I it prize ?
I scorn the offals of a diadem.
A virgin's bed hath millions of delights
If then goods parents please she know no more :

Nor hath her servants nor her favourites
That wait her husband's issuing at door :
She that is free both from the act and eye
Only deserves the due of chastity.
But Phyllis is
As far from this,
As are the poles in distance from each other,
She well beseems the daughter of her mother.
Is there a brake
By hill or lake
In all our plains that hath not guilty been,
In keeping close her stealths ; the Paphian queen
Ne'er us'd her skill
To win her will
Of young Adonis, with more heart than she
Hath her allurements spent to work on me.
Leave, leave her, Hobbinol ; she is so ill
That any one is good that's nought of her, [till
Though she be fair, the ground which oft we
Grows with his burden old and barrener.

HOBBINOL.

With much ado, and with no little pain
Have I out-heard thy railing 'gainst my love :
But it is common, what we cannot gain
We oft disvalue ; sooner shalt thou move
Yon lofty mountain from the place it stands,
Or count the meadow's flowers, or Isis' sands,
'Then stir one thought
In me, that ought
Can be in Phillis, which Diana fair,
And all the goddesses would not wish their.
Fond man then cease
To cross that peace
Which Phillis's virtue and this heart of mine
Have well begun ; and for those words of thine
I do forgive
If thou wilt live
Hereafter free from such reproaches mo,
Since goodness never was without her foe.

PALINODE.

Believe me, Hobbinol, what I have said
Was more in love to thee than hate to her :
Think on thy liberty ; let that be weigh'd ;
Great good may oft betide if we defer
And use some short delays e'er marriage rites ;
Wedlock hath days of toil as joyfome nights.
Canst thou be free
From jealousy ?
Oh no : That plague will so infect thy brain,
That only death must work thy peace again.
Thou canst not dwell
One minute well [gate,
From whence thou leav'st her ; lock on her thy
Yet will her mind be still adulterate.
Not Argos' eyes
Nor ten such spies
Can make her only thine ; for she will do
With those, that shall make thee mistrust them
too.

HOBBINOL.

Wilt thou not leave to taint a virgin's name ?

PALINODE.

A virgin ! yes : as sure as is her mother.
Dost thou not hear her good report by fame ?

HOBBINOL.

Fame is a liar, and was never other.

PALINODE.

Nay, if she ever spoke true, now she did;
 And thou wilt once confess what I foretold,
 The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,
 Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
 Yet may she (if that possible can fall)
 Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

HOBBINOL.

So pierce the rocks
 A red-breasts knocks
 As the belief of ought thou tell'st me now.
 Yet be my guest to-morrow.

PALINODE.

Speed your plough.
 I fear e'er long
 You'll sing a song

Like that was sung hereby not long ago;
 Where there is carrion, never wants a crow.

HOBBINOL.

Ill-tutor'd swain,
 If on the plain
 Thy sheep henceforward come where mine do
 feed,
 They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

PALINODE.

Such are the thanks a friend's forewarning
 brings.
 Now by the love I ever bore thee, stay!
 Meet not mishaps! themselves have speedy
 wings.

HOBBINOL.

It is in vain. Farewell. I must away.

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

TO THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN,

I GIVE you but your own : If you refuse to foster it, I know not who will : By your means it may live. If it degenerate in kind from those other the society hath produced, blame yourselves for not seeking a happier muse. I know it is not without faults; yet such as your loves, or at least *Poetica Licentia* (the common salve) will make tolerable. What is good in it, that is yours; what bad, mine; what indifferent, both; and that will suffice, since it was done to please ourselves in private, by him that is

All yours,

W. BROWNE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST SCENE.

On one side the hall, towards the lower end, was discovered a cliff of the sea, done over in part white, according to that of Virgil, lib. v.

Jamque adeo scopulos Syrenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos.

*Upon it were seated two Syrens, as they are described by Hyginus and Servius, with their upper parts like women, to the navel, and the rest like a hen. One of these, at the first discovery of the scene (a sea being done in perspective on one side the cliff) began to sing this song, being as lascivious and proper to them, and beginning as that of theirs in Hom. lib. μ. Ὀδ. Διὸς ἄγ' ἰὼν πάλαισι
Ὀδυσσεύ μιν γὰρ κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν.*

STEER hither, steer, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lie love's undiscov' red mines,
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips,

But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

The last two lines were repeated as from a grove near, by a full chorus, and the Syren about to sing again, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius, lib. 4. Argonaut. shows him) was seen interrupting her thus :

TRITON.

Leave, leave, alluring Syren, with thy song
To haste what the fates would fain prolong :
Your sweetest tunes but groans of mandrakes be ;
He his own traitor is that heareth thee.
Tethis commands, nor is it fit that you
Should ever glory you did him subdue
By wiles, whose policies were never spread
Till flaming Troy gave light to have them read.
Ulysses now furrows the liquid plain,
Doubtful of seeing Ithaca again ;
For in his way more stops are thrust by time,
Than in the path where virtue comes to climb :
She that with silver springs for ever fills
The shady groves, sweet meadows, and the hills,
From whose continual store such pools are fed,
As in the land for seas are famoused.
'Tis she whose favour to this Grecian tends,
And to remove his ruin Triton sends.

SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethis, nor a greater pow'r,
Cynthia, that rules the wayes; scarce he (each
hour)
That wields the thunderbolts, can things begun
By mighty Circe (daughter to the sun)
Check or controul; she that by charms can make
The scaled fish to leave the briny lake,
And on the seas walk as on land she were;
She that can pull the pale moon from her sphere,
And at mid-day the world's all-glorious eye
Muffle with clouds in long obscurity;
She that can cold December set on fire,
And from the grave bodies with life inspire;
She that cleave the centre, and with ease
A prospect make to our Antipodes;
Whose mystic spells have fearful thunders made,
And forc'd brave rivers to run retrograde;
She, without storms, that sturdy oaks can tear,
And turn their roots where late their curl'd topes
were ;
She that can with the winter solstice bring
All Flora's dainties. Circe bids me sing ;
And till some greater hand her pow'r can stay
Whoe'er command, I none but her obey.

TRITON.

Then * Nereus' daughter thus you'll have me tell.

SYREN.

You may.

TRITON.

Think on her wrath.

SYREN.

I shall. Triton! farewell.
Vain was thy message, vain her haste, for I
Must tune again my wanton melody.

Here she went on with her Song thus :

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be a while our guests :
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass, love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,

* Hom. Ἀλλὰ ἰ Νηρῶς θυγατρὶς, &c.

We will not miss

To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

CHORUS.

Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

At the end of this song Circe was seen upon the rock, quaintly attired, her hair loose about her shoulders, an anadem of flowers on her head, with a wand in her hand, and then making towards the Syrens, called them thence with this speech :

Syrens, ynowk; cease; Circe hath prevail'd,
The Greeks which on the dancing billows sail'd,
About whose ships a hundred dolphins clung,
Wrapt with the music of Ulysses' tongue,
Have, with their guide, by pow'rful Circe's hand,
Cast their hook'd anchors on Ææ's strand.
Yonde stands a hill, crown'd with high waving
trees,
Whose gallant tops each neighb'ring country sees,
Under whose shade an hundred sylvans play,
With gaudy nymphs far fairer than the day;
Where everlasting spring with silver show'rs,
Sweet roses doth increase to grace our bow'rs;
Where lavish Flora, prodigal in pride,
Spends what might well enrich all earth beside,
And to adorn this place she loves so dear,
Stays in some climates scarcely half the year.
When, would she to the world indifferent be,
They should continual April have as we.

Midway the wood, and from the levell'd lands,
A spacious, yet a curious arbour stands,
Wherein should Phœbus once to pry begin,
I would benight him e'er he get his inn,
Or turn his steeds awry, so draw him on
To burn all lands but this, like Phaëton.

Ulysses near his mates, by my strange charms,
Lies there till my return in sleep's soft arms :
Then Syrens quickly wend me to the bow'r,
To fit their welcome, and shew Circe's pow'r.

SYREN.

What all the elements do owe to thee,
In their obedience is perform'd in me.

CIRCE.

Circe drinks not of Lethe, then away
To help the nymphs who now begin their lay.

SCENE II.

While Circe was speaking her first speech, and at these words, " Yonde stands a hill, &c." a traverse was drawn at the lower end of the hall, and gave way for the discovery of an artificial wood, so near imitating nature, that, I think, had there been a grove like that in the open plain, birds would have been faster drawn to that than to Zeuxis' grapes. The trees stood at the climbing of an hill, and left at their feet a little plain, which they circled like a crescent. In this space, upon hillocks, were seen eight musicians in crimson taffety robes, with chaplets of laurel on

their heads, their lutes by them, which being by them touched as a warning to the nymphs of the wood, from among the trees was heard this song :

The Song in the Wood.

WHAT sing the sweet birds in each grove?
Nought but love.
What sound our echo, day and night?
All delight.
What doth each wind breathe us that fleets?
Endless sweets.

CHORUS.

Is there a place on earth this isle excels,
Or any nymphs more happy live than we,
When all our songs, our sounds, and breathings
be,
That here all love, delight, and sweetness dwells.

By this time Circe and the Syrens being come into the wood, Ulysses was seen lying as asleep, under the covert of a fair tree, towards whom Circe coming, bespake thus :

CIRCE.

Yet holds soft sleep his course. Now Ithacus,
Ajax would offer hecatombs to us,
And Ilium's ravish'd wives, and childless fires,
With incense dim the bright æthereal fires,
To have thee bound in chains of sleep as here;
But that thou may'st behold, and know how dear
Thou art to Circe, with my magic deep,
And powerful verses, thus I banish sleep :

The Charm.

Son of Erebus and Night,
Hie away ; and aim thy flight
Where comfort none other fowl,
Than the bat, and fullen owl :
Where upon the limber grass,
Poppy and mandragoras,
With like simples not a few,
Hang for ever drops of dew ;
Where flows Lethe, without coil,
Softly like a stream of oil.
Hie thee thither, gentle sleep,
With this Greek no longer keep :
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
Thrice with Mocy from my hand,
Do I to touch Ulysses' eyes,
And with the Jaspis : Then arise,
Sagest Greek.

Ulysses (as by the power of Circe) awaking, thus began :

ULYSSES.

Thou more than mortal maid,
Who, when thou list, canst make (as if afraid)
The mountains tremble, and with terror shake
The seat of Dis ; and from Avernus' lake
Grim Hecate with all the furies bring,
To work revenge ; or to thy questioning
Disclose the secrets of the infernal shades,
Or raise the ghosts that walk the under-glades,

To thee, whom all obey, Ulysses bends,
But may I ask (great Circe) whereto tends
Thy never-failing hands ? Shall we be free ?
Or must thine anger crush my mates and me ?

CIRCE.

Neither, Laertes' son, with wings of love,
To thee, and none but thee, my actions move.
My art went with thee, and thou me may'st
thank,
In winning Rheseus' horses, ere they drank
Of Xanthus' stream ; and when with human gore,
Clear Hebrus' channel was all stain'd o'er ;
When some brave Greeks, companions then with
thee,

Forgot their country through the Lotos tree ;
I tyn'd the firebrand that (beside thy flight)
Left Polyphemus in eternal night ;
And, lastly, to Æœa brought thee on,
Safe from the man-devouring Læstrygon.
This for Ulysses' love hath Circe done,
And if to live with me thou shalt be won ;
Aurora's hand shall never draw away
The fable vail that hides the gladsome day
But we new pleasures will begin to taste,
And better still, those we enjoyed last,
To instance what I can : Music, thy voice,
And of all those have felt our wrath, the choice
Appear : and in a dance 'gin that delight
Which with the minutes shall grow infinite.

Here one attir'd like a woodman, in all points, came forth of the wood, and, going towards the stage, sung this song to call away the antimosque :

SONG. *

COME ye whose horns the cuckold wears,
The whittol too, with ass's ears ;
Let the wolf leave howling,
The baboon his scowling,
And grillus hie
Out of his sty.
Though grunting, though barking, though bray-
ing ye come,
We'll make ye dance quiet, and so send ye home.
Nor gin shall snare you,
Nor mastiff scare you,
Nor learn the baboon's tricks,
Nor grillus' scoff,
From the hog trough,
But turn again unto the thicks.
Here's none ('tis hop'd) so foolish, scorn'd
That any else should wear the horns.
Here's no cur with howling,
Nor an ape with scowling,
Shall mock or moe,
At what you show.
In jumping, in skipping, in turning, or ought,
You shall do to please us how well or how nought
If there be any
Among this many,

* The music was composed of treble violins, with all the inward parts, a bass viol, bass lute, sagbute cornamute, and a tabor and pipe.

Whom such an humour steers,
May he still lie,
In Grillus' styce,
Or wear for ever the ass's ears.

While the staff of this song was singing, out of the thickets on either side of the passage came rushing the anti-masque, being such as by Circe, were supposed to have been transformed (having the minds of men still) into these shapes following:

Two with hearts, heads, and bodies, as AÆdon is pictur'd.
Two like Midas, with asses ears.
Two like wolves, as Lycaon is drawn.
Two like baboons.
Grillus (of whom Plutarch writes in his morals) in the shape of a hog.

These together dancing an antique measure, towards the latter end of it missed Grillus, who was newly slipt away, and whilst they were at a stand, wond'ring what was become of him, the woodman slept forth and sung this

SONG.

GRILLUS is gone, belike he hath heard
The dairy-maid knock at the trough in the yard:
Through thick and thin he wallows,
And weighs not depths nor shallows.
Hark! how he whines,
Run all ere he dines,
Then serve him a trick
For being so quick.
And let him for all his pains
Behold you turn clean of
His trough,
And spill all his * wash and his grains.

With this the triplex of their tune was plaid twice or thrice over, and by turns brought them from the stage; when the woodman sung this other staff of the last song, and then ran after them.

And now 'tis wish'd that all such as he,
Were rutting with him at the trough or the tree,
Fly, fly, from our pure fountains,
To the dark vales or the mountains,
Lift some one whines
With voice like a swine's,
As angry that none
With Grillus is gone,
Or that he is left behind.
O let there be no stay
In his way.
To hinder the boar from his kind.

CIRCE.

How likes Ulysses this!

ULYSSES.

Much like to one
Who in a shepwreck being cast upon
The frothy shores, and safe beholds his mates
Equally cross'd by Neptune and the fates.

* Ovid. Metam. lib. 14.
VOL. IV.

You might as well have ask'd how I would like
A strain whose equal Orpheus could not strike,
Upon a harp whose strings none other be,
Than of the heart of chaste Penelope.
O let it be enough that thou in these,
Hast made most wretched Lærtiades:
Let yet the sad chance of distressed Greeks,
With other tears than sorrow's dew your cheeks!
Most abject baseness hath enthrall'd that breast
Which laughs at men by misery oppress'd.

CIRCE.

In this, as lilies, or the new-fall'n snow,
Is Circe spotless yet, what though the bow
Which Iris bends, appeareth to each sight
In various hews and colours infinite:
The learned know that in itself is free,
And light and shade make that variety.
Things far off seen seem not the same they are,
Fame is not ever truth's discoverer;
For still where envy meeteth a report,
Ill she makes worse, and what is good come short.
In whatsoe'er this land hath passing been,
Or she that here o'er other reigneth queen,
Let wise Ulysses judge. Some I confess,
That tow'rd's this isle not long since did address
Their stretched oars, no sooner landed were,
But (careless of themselves) they here and there
Fed on strange fruits, invenoming their bloods
And now like monsters range about the woods.
If those thy mates were, yet is Circe free,
For their misfortunes have not birth from me.
Who in the apothecary's shop hath ta'en
(Whilst he is wanting) that which breeds his bane,
Should never blame the man who there had plac'd it,
But his own folly urging him to taste it.

ULYSSES.

Æœa's queen, and great Hyperion's pride,
Pardon misdoubts, and we are satisfy'd.

CIRCE.

Swifter the lightning comes not from above,
Than do our grants born on the wings of love;
And since what's past doth not Ulysses please,
Call to a dance the fair Neriades,
With other nymphs, which do in every creek,
In woods, on plains, on mountains simples seek
For powerful Circe, and let in a song
Echoes be aiding, that they may prolong
My now command to each place where they be,
To bring them hither all more speedily.

Presently in the wood was heard a full music of lutes, which descending to the stage, had to them sung this following song, the echoes being placed in several parts of the passage.

SONG

CIRCE bids you come away,
Echo. Come away, come away.
From the rivers, from the sea.
Echo. From the sea, from the sea.
From the green woods every one.
Echo. Every one, every one.
Of her maids be missing none.
Echo. Missing none, missing none.
No longer stay, except it be to bring
A medicine for love's sting.

A a

That would excuse you, and be held more dear,
Than wit or magic, for both they are here.
Echo. They are here, they are here.

The echo had no sooner answered to the last line of the song, They are here, but the second antimasque came in, being seven nymphs, and were thus attired:

Four in white taffeta robes, long tresses, and chaplets of flowers, herbs, and weeds, on their heads, with little wicker baskets in their hands, neatly painted. These were supposed to be maids attending upon Circe, and used in gathering simples for their mistress's incantments.—(Pausanius in prioribus Eliacis.)

*Three in sea-green robes, * greenish hair hanging loose, with leaves of coral and shells intermixed upon it. These are, by Ovid, affirmed to help the nymphs of Circe in their collections †.*

These having danced a most curious measure to a softer tune than the first antimasque, as most fitting, returned as they came; the Nereides towards the cliffs, and the other maids of Circe to the woods and plains. After which Ulysses, thus:

ULYSSES.

Fame adds not to thy joys, I see in this,
But like a high and stately pyramis
Grows least at farthest: now, fair Circe, grant,
Although the fair-hair'd Greeks do never vaunt,
That they in measur'd paces ought have done,
But where the god of battles led them on;
Give leave (that freed from sleep) the small remain

Of my companions, on the under plain,
May in a dance strive how to pleasure thee,
Either with skill or with variety.

CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd: Ulysses, take my wand,
And from their eyes each child of sleep command,
Whilst my choice maids, with their harmonious voices

(Whereat each bird and dancing spring rejoices)
Harming the winds when they contrary meet,
Shall make their spirits as nimble as their feet.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

Circe, with this speech, delivering her wand to Ulysses, rests on the lower part of the hill, while he going up the hill, and striking the trees with his wand, suddenly two great gates flew open, making, as it were, a large glade through the wood, and along the glade a fair walk; two seeming brick walls on either side,

* *Hor. lib. 3. carmin.*

† *Nereides nymphaeque simul quis vellera motis
Nulla trabunt digitos, nec fila sequentia ducunt,
Gramina disponunt; sparsosque sine ordine flores
Secernunt Galatbis, variisque coloribus herbas.
Ipsa quod he faciunt opus exigit, &c.*

Ovid, lib. 14. Metam.

over which the trets wantonly hung; a great light (as the sun's sudden unmasking) being seen upon this discovery. At the further end was described an arbour, very curiously done, having one entrance under an architrave, borne up by two pillars, with their capitals and bases gilt; the top of the entrance beautified with postures of Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, and other antique work; as also the sides and corners of the covering archwise, interwove with boughs. the back of it girt round with a vine, and artificially done up in knots towards the top: beyond it was a wood-scene in perspective, the fore-part of it opening at Ulysses's approach, the maskers were discovered in several seats, leaning as asleep.

THEIR ATTIRE.

Doublets of green taffeta, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of silver; their skirts and wings cut into leaves, deep round hose of the same, both lined with sprig lace spangled; long white silk stockings; green pumps, and roses done over with silver leaves; hats of the same stuff, and cut narrow-brimmed, and rising smaller compass at the crown; white wreath hatbands; white plumes; egrets with a green fall; ruff bands and cuffs.

Ulysses severally came and touched every one of them with the wand, while this was sung.

SONG.

SHAKE off sleep ye worthy knights,
Though ye dream of all delights;
Shew that Venus doth resort
To the camp as well as court.
By some well-timed measure,
And on your gestures and your paces,
Let the well-composed graces,
Looking like, and part with pleasure.

By this the knights being all risen from their seats, were, by Ulysses (the loud music sounding) brought to the stage; and then to the violins danced their first measure; after which this song brought them to the second.

SONG.

ON and imitate the sun,
Stay not to breath till you have done:
Earth doth think as other where
Do some women she doth bear.
Those wives whose husbands only threaten,
Are not lov'd like those are beaten:
Then with your feet to suff'ring move her,
For whilst you beat earth thus, you love her.

Here they danc'd their second measure, and then this song was sung, during which time they take out the ladies.

SONG.

CHOOSE now among this fairest number,
Upon whose breasts love would for ever slumber:
Choose not amiss, since you may where you will,
Or blame yourselves for choosing ill.

Then do not leave, though oft the music closes,
Till lilies in their cheeks be turned to roses.

CHORUS.

And if it lay in Circe's power,
Your blifs might so persevere,
That those you choofe but for an hour,
You should enjoy for ever.

The knights, with their ladies, dance here the old measures, galliards, corantoes, the branles, &c. and then (having led them again to their places) danced their last measure; after which this song called them away.

SONG.

Who but time so hasty were,
To fly away and leave you here.
Here where delight
Might well allure
A very stoic, from this night
To turn an epicure.

But since he calls away; and time will soon repent,
He stay'd not longer here, but ran to be more idly spent.

A a ij

P O E M S.

THIRSI'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

From a Collection of Poems, called
ENGLAND'S HELICON;

OR,
THE MUSE'S HARMONY.

ON a hill that grac'd the plain
Thirsis sat, a comely swain,
Comelier swain ne'er grac'd a hill:
Whilst his flock, that wand'ring nigh,
Crop'd the green grass busily;
Thus he tun'd his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many several odours yield,
Odours aromatic:
From fair Astræa's cherry lip,
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
They in pleasing passing all.

Leavy groves now mainly ring,
With each sweet bird's sonneting,
Notes that make the echoes long:
But when Astræa tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are list'ning to her song.

Fairly spreads the damask rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, penrills cannot fain.
Yet if Astræa pass the bush,
Roses have been seen to blush.
She doth all their beauties stain.

Phœbus shining bright in sky,
Gilds the floods, heats mountains high
With his beams all-quick'ning fire:
Astræa's eyes (most sparkling ones)
Strikes a heat in hearts of stones,
And inflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flow'ry wreath,
Air is blest when she doth breath,
Birds make happy ev'ry grove,
She each bird when she doth sing,
Phœbus' heat to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.

Those blessings of the earth we swains do call,
Astræa can bless those blessings, earth and all.

A P O E M,

Attributed by PRINCE, in his Worthies of Devon,
TO WILLIAM BROWNE.

I.
I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How, in the morn, they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But since I find the reason such,
As it deserves no laughter.

II.
They have a castle on a hill,
I took it for an old wind-mill,
The vanes blown off by weather;
To lie therein one night, 'tis guess'd,
'Twere better to be ston'd and press'd,
Or hang'd, now choose you whether.

III.
Ten men less room within this cave,
Than five mice in a lanthorn have,
The keepers they are fly ones;
If any could devise by art,
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lions.

IV.
When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lydford! When I saw all,
I know none gladly there would stay,
But rather hang out of the way,
Then tarry for a trial.

V.
The prince an hundred pounds hath sent
To mend the leads, and planchens wrent,
Within this living tomb,
Some forty-five pounds more hath paid
The debts of all that shall be laid
There till the day of doom.

VI.
One lies there for a seam of malt,
Another for a peck of salt,
Two sureties for a noble.
If this be true, or else false news,
You may go ask of Master Crews*,
John Vaughan, or John Doble†.

* Steward.

† Attorney of the court.

VII.

Tore, to these men that lie in lurch,
Here is a bridge, there is a church;
Seven ashes, and one oak;
Three houses standing, and ten down;
They say the parson hath a gown.
But I saw ne'er a cloak.

VIII.

Whereby you may consider well,
That plain simplicity doth dwell
At Lydford, without bravery.
And in the town both young and grave,
Do love the naked truth to have,
No cloak to hide their knavery.

XI.

The people all within this clime,
Are frozen in the winter time,
For sure I do not fain;
And when the summer is begun,
They lie like silk-worms in the sun,
And come to life again.

X.

One told me in King Cæsar's time,
The town was built with stone and lime;
But sure the walls were clay,
And they are fall'n, for ought I see,
And since the houses are got free,
The town is run away.

XI.

Oh! Cæsar, if thou there didst reign,
While one house stands come there again;
Come quickly while there is one.
If thou stay but a little fit,
But five years more, they will commit
The whole town to a prison.

XII.

To see it thus much griev'd was I,
The proverb saith, "Sorrows be dry,"
So was I at the matter.
Now by good luck, I know not how,
There thither came a strange stray cow,
And we had milk and water.

XIII.

To nine good stomachs, with our wig,
At last we got a roasting pig;
This diet was our bounds,
And this was just as if 'twere known,
A pound of butter had been thrown
Among a pack of hounds.

XIV.

One glass of drink I got by chance,
'Twas claret when it was in France,
But now from it much wider;
I think a man might make as good
With green crabs boil'd, and Brazil wood,
And half a pint of cyder.

XV.

I kiss'd the Mayor's hand of the town,
Who, though he wears no scarlet gown,
Honours the rose and thistle.
A piece of corel to the mace,
Which there I saw to serve in place,
Would make a good child's whistle.

XVI.

At six o'clock I came away,
And pray'd for those that were to stay
Within a place so arrant.
Wide and ope the winds so roar,
By God's grace I'll come there no more,
Unless by some tin warrant.

Prefixed to "RICHARD THE THIRD, his Character, Legend, and Tragedy," a Poem, 4to, 1614. To his worthy and ingenious friend the Author.

So far as can a swain (who than a round
On oaten pipe no further boasts his skill)
I dare to censure the shrill trumpet's sound,
Or other music of the sacred hill:
The popular applause hath not so fell
(Like Nile's loud cataract), possess'd mine ears,
But others songs I can distinguish well,
And chant their praise, despised virtue rears;
Nor shall thy buskin'd muse be heard alone
In stately palaces; the shady woods
By me shall learn'd, and echoes one by one
Teach it the hills, and they the silver floods.
Our learned shepherds that have us'd 'tore
Their hasty gifts in notes that woo the plains,
By rural ditties will be known no more,
But reach at fame by such as are thy strains.
And I would gladly (if the sisters spring
Had me enabled) bear a part with thee,
And for sweet groves of brave * heroes sing,
But since it fits not my weak melody,
It shall suffice that thou such means dost give,
That my harsh lines among the best may live.

* *Quere? braver.*

A GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

A.

ADRAD, } afraid.
Adread

Affese, to affright.

Agryze, horror, fear.

Algate, every way, wholly.

Apparceived, perceived, beheld.

Asoile, free.

Astained, astonished.

Ay, always.

B.

Balke, a ridge of land between two furrows.

Beheet, to promise.

Bet, better.

Bewraye, to discover, to betray.

Blent, blind, blinded.

Blet, bleated, like a lamb.

Blift, blessed.

Blive, ready, readily.

Breere, a brier.

Brent, burnt.

Brooch, a jewel.

C.

Carke, care.

Cheese, to choose.

Chiertee, joy.

Clipped, possessed, enjoyed, embraced.

Coffet, a lamb brought up by hand.

Crowd, a fiddle.

Cure, care.

D.

Deal, as every deal, entirely, every bit.

Dell, a valley.

Dight, dressed, decked, adorned, prepared.

E.

Eft, again.

Eftsoons, soon afterwards.

Eke, also, likewise.

Eld, old, old age.

Eritage, inheritance.

F.

Fallace, deceit, disappointment.

Feere, company, a companion.

Ferd, afraid.

Fet, fetched, to fetch.

Fier, fire.

Flawne, a custard.

G.

Gybe, to sneer.

Gybing, sneering.

L.

Janiweere, January.

Joui ance, playfulness, merriment, festivity.

K.

Kid, to acquire, to engross.

Knap, a hillock.

Kythe, to cast, to bestow.

L.

Laire, a barn, a stall for cattle.

Leech, a physician, a surgeon

Leefe, dear, beloved.

Leere, to learn.

Leefe, to lose.

Lepry, a leprosy.

Lever, rather.

Lin, to stop, to give over, to leave off.

M.

Mesel, a leper.

Mickle,

Mockhill, } much.

Muckle,

Minstralsie, instrumental harmony.

Mot, must.

Moxor, a maple cup.

Mucke, dirt.

N.

Nathless, nevertheless.

P.

Percase, perhaps, because.

Piked, pricked up, dressed out.

Pine, pain; so spelt for the sake of the rhyme.

Pistle, an epistle.

Pleneere, full, fullness.

Purway, to provide.

R.

Raught, reached.

Reed, warning, advice.

Rish, a rush.

Rokes, reeks or smokes.

Rowned, whispered.

S.

Seech, to seek.

Shope, shaped, happened, befell.

Sickerly, surely, certainly.

Sike, such.

Sin, since.

Stownd, a while, a season, a time.

Swinke, sweat.

Swythe, soon.

Sythes, times; oft sythes, oftentimes.

T.

Teen, sorrow, grief.

Thrustle, a thrush.

Tyred, attired.

U.

Unneth, scarcely.

Unwisfe, unknown.

W.

Ware, beware.

Ween, to think, to imagine, to suppose.

Weeing, imagining.

Whilome, formerly.

Wight, a person.

Won, to dwell.

Wull, wool.

Y.

Yalde, yielded.

Yee, give.

Ynow, enough.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Containing

THE PURPLE ISLAND,
EPISTLES,

||
||

PISCATORY ECLOGUES,
ELEGIES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For thou art poet born ; who know thee know it ;
Thy brother, fire, thy very name's a poet ;
Thy very name will make these poems take,
These very poems else thy name will make.

BENLOWES'S VERSES TO P. FLETCHER.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF
PHINEAS FLETCHER
OF
POETICAL WORKS

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

EDINBURGH

THE LIFE OF P. FLETCHER.

OF the personal history of PHINEAS FLETCHER, who was called "the Spenser of the age," few particulars have descended to posterity.

He belonged to a family poetical in many of its branches. His father, Dr. Giles Fletcher, was born in Kent, bred at Eton, and elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1565, where he took the degree of Doctor of Laws, in 1581. Wood says "he was a learned man and an excellent poet." His abilities recommending him to Queen Elizabeth, he was employed by her as a commissioner into Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries. In 1588 he was sent ambassador to Muscovy, and published a curious account "of the Russe Commonwealth, &c." in 1591, which was suppressed, lest it should give offence; but afterwards reprinted in 1643. Camden styles it "*libellum in quo plurima observanda*." He was afterwards made Master of the Requests, and Secretary to the City of London. He died in 1610. Giles Fletcher, author of "Christ's Victory and Triumph," was his brother, and "equally beloved of the Muses and Graces."

John Fletcher, the celebrated dramatic poet, was his cousin, the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, successively Bishop of Bristol, Worcester, and London; whose memory will be execrated as long as the manly and pathetic pages of Dr. Stuart shall endure, for embittering, with officious zeal, the last moments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. "At which time," says Wood, "he being the person appointed to pray with and for her, did persuade her to renounce her religion, contrary to all Christianity (as it was by many then present so taken), to her great disturbance."

He was educated at Eton, and, in 1600, was elected to King's College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, in 1604, and of Master of Arts, in 1608.

He afterwards entered into holy orders, and was beneficed at Hilgay, in Norfolk, on the presentation of Sir Henry Willoughby, Bart. in 1621. It appears from Blomefield's "Norfolk," that he held the living of Hilgay twenty-nine years, where it seems probable that he died.

This is all that is known of Phineas Fletcher; a man whose fame is not equal to his merit, and whose works deserve to be better known than they are at present.

He has left behind him *Sicelides*, a piscatory drama, acted at King's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1631, without any author's name. It was originally intended to be performed before King James, on the 13th March 1614; but his Majesty leaving the university sooner, it was not then represented. The serious parts of it are mostly written in rhyme, with chorusses between the acts; the scene lies in Sicily.

Like his contemporary, Browne, he cultivated literary biography as well as poetry; and printed at Cambridge, in 1632, his book *De Literatis antiquæ Britanniae, præsertim qui doctrina claruerunt, quique collegia Cantabrigiæ fundarunt*, 12mo.

In 1633, his *Purple Island*, *Piscatory Eclogues*, and *Miscellanies*, were printed at Cambridge, in one volume, 4to, with recommendatory verses by Quarles, and other contemporary poets. From the dedication to his friend Edward Benlowes, Esq. it seems that they were written very early, as he calls them "raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood."

In 1772, his *Piscatory Eclogues* were reprinted at Edinburgh in an elegant edition, 12mo, with an introduction, arguments to each Eclogue, and notes, by an anonymous Editor; who merits the thanks of every poetical reader, for his efforts to revive the beauties of those neglected compositions.

In 1783, the *Purple Island* was reprinted at London, in 8vo. In this edition many unwarrantable liberties are taken with the text; nor is the least apology for the proceeding offered, or even the circumstance itself mentioned. In almost every page injuries are done to the sense, where improvements were intended. The republication seems to have originated in a letter of Hervey's (Let. II. 2d vol.) and to have been executed upon the ridiculous plan he there proposes. Such a republication of an ancient poet is not merely defective, but dangerous, as it leads to an infinity of mistakes, and can answer no possible end, but that of multiplying the number of books, without adding to the sources of information. Whoever, therefore, takes up this edition for the purpose of enjoying the poetry, making an extract, or a reference, can never be safe as to the authenticity of a single stanza.

His *Miscellanies* have been but once printed in a hundred and fifty years, and are almost unknown. They are now admitted, with his other poems, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Phineas Fletcher appears to have been amiable and respectable. His contemporaries bestow very liberal encomiums on his learning and piety. His poetry also received from them a fuller compliment of praise, than it has gained from their successors. He is complimented with the title of "the Spenser of this age" by Quarles, the most popular poet of his time, and a man of true poetical genius; whose memory has been branded with more than common abuse, and whose writings have been censured merely from the want of being read. Pope mentions him with Blackmore, as a miserable rhymers; and, at the same time, in a note, abuses Benlowes for being his patron. Quarles too often, no doubt, mistook the enthusiasm of devotion, for the inspiration of fancy; but notwithstanding some gross deficiencies of judgment, and the infelicity of his subjects, he has a great deal of genuine fire, is frequently happy in similes, admirable in epithets and compound words, and superior to almost all his contemporaries in the unstudied flow of his versification.

The best pieces of Quarles would bear republication, and were selected for that purpose; but could not be received into this collection, without enlarging the proportion originally assigned by the proprietors, to the works of our older poets.

The critic must be more fastidious than clear-sighted, who can be displeased with the following description of the "Goddesse of Night," in his "Argalus and Parthenia," which rivals the fanciful and sublime manner of Milton.

————— her body was confinde
Within a coale-black mantle, thorowe linde
With sable furs; her tresses were of hew
Like ebony, on which a perly dew
Hung, like a spider's web; her face did shroud
A swarth complexion, underneath a cloud
Of blacke curld cypresse; on her head she wore
A crown of burnisht gold, beshaded o'er
With foggs and rory mist; her hand did bear
A scepter and a sable hemisphere;
She sternly shooke her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy smile—————

The modern testimonies to the merits of P. Fletcher are few, when compared with his deserts. It is to his honour, that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover.

Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxford, was one of the earliest admirers of his poetry in the present century. In the preface to his beautiful "Hymn to May," printed among his poems, 1757, he declares he intended that composition as an imitation of P. Fletcher and Spenser.

He afterwards found a friend in the Edinburgh Editor; not equal, indeed, to the task of turning a tide that has been flowing for a hundred years against him; not equal to his wishes for giving him his due share of reputation; but capable of laying the first stone of his Temple of Fame. The superstructure has been considerably advanced by the late amiable and ingenious Mr. Headly; whose laudable endeavours to do justice to neglected genius, the writer of these slight narratives professes more willingness to imitate than ability to surpass.

The popularity of Spenser's works may be supposed to have biased the mind of P. Fletcher to the pursuit of poetry. From the perusal of the "Faery Queen," he derived his general taste for allegory and personification; nor has he himself been backward in due acknowledgment.

Two shepherds most I love with just adoring,
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed
To trumpets martial voice, and warre's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus, derring deed;
And next our home-bred COLIN's sweetest firing,
Their steps not following close, but farre admiring;
To lackey one of these is all my pride's aspiring.

The *Purple Island* is the noblest production of his genius. The first five cantos are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the course of which the reader forgets the poet, and

is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of his subject, was a material error in judgment; for which, however, ample amends is made in what follows. Nor is he wholly undeserving of praise, for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of versification. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured; and notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are too arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters by no means sufficiently kept apart; yet, amidst such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that rarely mark our modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass, every thing of the kind, even in Spenser, from whom he caught his inspiration.

After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the virtues, and better qualities of the heart, under their leader ECLECTA, or Intellect, are attacked by the vices; a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interposition of an angel, who appears at the prayers of ECLECTA. He here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable compliment to James the First (Cant. 12. St. 55.), on that account, perhaps, the most unpalatable passage in the poem.

The whole description is animated, discriminative, and forcible; yet it must be acknowledged, that some of the circumstances are heightened too much; for it is his fault to indulge himself in every aggravation that poetry allows, and to stretch his prerogative of *quidlibet audendi* to the utmost.

Though it may somewhat detract from his invention, it must also be owned, that in some instances he has adopted imagery, and particular figures, from Spenser. The eulogium to Spenser's memory, Canto I. Stanza 19. does equal credit to his heart and abilities. He again touches on the misfortunes of Spenser, Canto VI. Stanza 52. But to come more immediately to the parallel passages, let the reader compare Fletcher's *Gluttony*, Canto VII. Stanza 80. with Spenser's, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 21. and 22, *Faery Queen*; compare Fletcher's *Atimus*, Canto VIII. Stanza 42. with Spenser's *Idleness*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 18; compare Fletcher's *Thumos*, Canto VII. Stanza 55. with Spenser's *Wrath*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 33; compare Fletcher's *Afelges*, Canto VII. Stanza 23. with Spenser's *Lechery*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 24; compare Fletcher's *Pleconectes*, Canto VIII. Stanza 24. with Spenser's *Avarice*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 27; compare Fletcher's *Envy*, Canto VII. Stanza 66. with Spenser's *Envie*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 30; likewise with another description, Book V. Canto XII. Stanza 31. Some of Fletcher's lines well express what Pope, with great felicity, styles, "damning with faint praise."

When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises;
So marreth what he makes, and, praising most, dispraises.

Compare Fletcher's *Deilos*, Canto VIII. Stanza 10. with Spenser's *Fear*, Book III. Canto XII. Stanza 12. There seems to be more nature, and real poetry, in Fletcher's describing him as but *starting* at the sight of his arms, than in Spenser, who represents him as *flying fast away*; but perhaps Spenser has heightened the image, by making him equally terrified with the *sound* of them as the *sight*. This is omitted in Fletcher. No one of Fletcher's figures is more consistently habited than his *Death*:

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead;
Some more, some less fear his *all-frighting* face;
But most, who sleep in downie pleasure's bed. Canto XII. Stanza 38.

Yet the first of these terrific attributes is suggested by Spenser, who has given it to *Me-leager*:

Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight. B. II. Can. XI. St. 22.

In the preceding part of this canto of Spenser, in which the foes of Temperance besiege her dwelling-place, we find Sight, Hearing, Smell, and Taste personified, which remind us of Fletcher,

but disgrace Spenser. A painter of taste might extract from the *Purple Island* a series of allegorical figures, which, if well executed, might do honour to his pencil; though in some instances he would find Fletcher *nimis poeta*, in others he would have little to do but to supply the colours. The mottos and impresses, which, in general, are very happily adapted, give his figures an air of life, which, in that particular, renders them superior to those of Sackville and Spenser. The following rich figure of *Hope* (which is represented as masculine) is among Fletcher's best pieces; the attitude of his leaning on his attendant *Pollicita*, to whom every female grace might be given, seems worthy the notice of a painter.

Next went *Elpinus*, clad in sky-like blue,
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That, rock'd in clouds, they softly seem'd to sleep.
This rugged shield was like a rocky mold,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold;
I bold with being held was written round in gold.
Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face
As was his brother *Fido's*: fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace
And went and came, that sure all was not well;
Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain;
Pollicita she hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

Can. IX. Stan. 36.

The same figure is thus delineated by Spenser, with greater chastity than usual.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dew;
With which she sprinkl'd favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few. B. III. Can. XII. St. 13.

Though many of his allegorical personifications are inconsistent, complicated and overdone, this figure is simple, and the attributes new. Hope is here divested of her usual emblem, the anchor, (which Fletcher has preserved), and the water-sprinkle substituted in its room, which gives a religious air to the image.

The *Piscatory Eclogues*, his next great work, do equal credit to his abilities, and equally deserve being brought forward to notice. However unfavourably the name of *Piscatory Eclogue* may be regarded, after the censure of Addison, it cannot be denied that he has imitated the eclogues of Sannazarius, who first attempted this species of composition, with admirable success.

"Were it necessary," says the Edinburgh Editor, "to say any thing in commendation of piscatory eclogue, we might assert, perhaps, its advantages over pastoral. The life of a fisherman admits often of scenes as delightful as those which the shepherd enjoys; and those scenes are much more varied. The nature of the occupation of the former gives rise to a greater variety of accidents, and those likewise more interesting than that of the latter can furnish. A subject often handled must become trite; and piscatory eclogue has the advantage over pastoral, in displaying a field less beaten and frequented. But Fletcher's eclogues will speak for themselves, and sufficiently vindicate both the nature of the composition, and their own peculiar merit."

A modern poet, Moses Browne, author of "Sunday Thoughts," &c. has recommended this species of composition by his "*Piscatory Eclogues*," which have considerable merit.

His *Miscellanies* consist chiefly of familiar *Epistles* and pastoral *Elegies*, all of which have their brighter passages, but little that can employ or require particular criticism.

It is but doing justice to the effusions of a real poetical mind, to acknowledge, that, however thwarted by untowardness of subject, or corrupted by false taste, the compositions of P. Fletcher entitle him to a high rank among our old English classics.

DEDICATIONS.

To my most Worthy and Learned Friend,

EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq.

SIR,

As some optic glasse, if we look one way, increase the object; if the other, lessen the quantity: Such is an eye that looks through affection; it doubles any good, and extenuates what is amiss. Pardon me, Sir, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed these raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood. How unseasonable are blossoms in autumn! (unless perhaps in this age, where are more flowers than fruit). I am entering upon my winter, and yet these blooms of my first spring, must now shew themselves to our ripe wits, which certainly will give them no other entertainment, but derision. For myself, I cannot account that worthy of your patronage, which comes forth so short of my desires, thereby meriting no other light than the fire. But since you

please to have them see more day, than their credit can well endure, marvel not if they fly under your shadow, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious (yet more censorious) age. In letting them abroad, I desire only to testify how much I prefer your desires before mine own, and how much I owe to you more than any other. This if they witness for me, it is all the service I require. Sir, I leave them to your tuition, and entreat you to love him, who will contend with you in nothing but to outlove you, and would be known to the world by no other name, than

Your True Friend,

HILGAY, May 1. }
1633.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

TO THE
LEARNED AUTHOR,

SON and BROTHER to two judicious Poets, himself the third, not second to either.

GRAVE father of this muse, thou deem'st too light
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthful brain
It seems a sportful child; resembling right,
Thy witty childhood, not thy graver strain,
Which now esteems these works of fancy vain:
Let not thy child, thee living, orphan be;
Who, when thou'rt dead, will give a life to thee.

How many barren wits would gladly own,
How few o' th' pregnantest own such another!
Thou father art, yet blushest to be known;
And though 't may call the best of Muses
mother,
Yet thy severer judgment would it smother.

O judge not *thou*, let *readers* judge thy book:
Such Cates should rather please the *guest*, than
cook.

O! but thou fear'st 'twill stain the reverend gown
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to shew it:
For were't a stain, 'twere nature's, not thine own:
For thou art poet-born; who know thee, know
it:

Thy brother, fire, thy very name's a poet.
Thy very name will make these poems take,
These very poems else thy name will make.

W. BENLOWES

To the Ingenious Composer of this Pastoral,

THE SPENSER OF THIS AGE.

I vow (sweet stranger) if my lazy quill
Had not been disobedient to fulfil
My quick desires, this glory which is thine
Had but the muses pleased, had been mine.
My *genius* jump't with thine; the very same
Was our *foundation*: in the very *frame*
Thy *genius* jump't with mine; it got the start
In nothing, but *priority* and *art*.

If (my ingenious rival) these dull times [*rhymes*]
Should want the present strength to prize thy
The time-instructed children of the next
Shall fill thy margin, and admire the text;
Whose well-read lines will teach them how to be
The happy knowers of themselves, and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES,

MAN's *body's* like a *house*: his greater bones
Are the main *timber*; and the lesser ones
Are smaller *splints*: his *ribs* are *latbs*, daub'd o'er,
Plaster'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his *mouth's* the
door,
His throat's the narrow entry; and his heart
Is the *great chamber*, full of curious art:
His *midriff* is a large *partition wall*
'Twixt the *great chamber* and the *spacious hall*:
His *stomach* is the *kitchen*, where the meat
Is often but half sod, for want of heat:
His *spleen's* a *vessel* nature does allot
To take the *scum* that rises from the pot:
His *lungs* are like the *bellows* that respire
In ev'ry *office*, quick'ning ev'ry fire:
His *nose* the *chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such *fumes* as with the *bellows* are augmented:
His *bowels* are the *sink*, whose part's to drain
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchen clean:

His *eyes* are crystal *windows*, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the *timber* is, or great, or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:
Yet is the likeliest *building* sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Oftimes by *tempests*, by the full-mouth'd blasts
Of Heav'n; sometimes by *fire*; sometimes it wastes
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: put case, the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough
To conquer time, and age; put case, it should
Ne'er know an end, alas! our leaves would.
What hast thou then, *proud flesh* and *blood*, to
boast?

Thy days are evil, at best; but few, at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

FRAN. QUARLES,

THE PURPLE ISLAND;

OR,

THE ISLE OF MAN.

CANTO I.

THE warmer sun the golden bull outran,
And with the twins made haste to inn and play:

Scatt'ring ten thousand flow'rs, he new began

To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:

() (The world more aged by new youth's accruing) [suing,

Ah, wretched man! this wretched world pursue
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing.

II.

The shepherd-boys, who with the muses dwell,
Met in the plain their may-lords new to choose

(For two they yearly choose) to order well

Their rural sports and year that next ensues:

Now were they sat, where by the orchard walls

X The learned Chame with stealing water
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

III.

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,

Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud:

Well could they pipe and sing, but yet their strains

Were only known unto the silent wood:

Their nearest blood from self-same fountains flow,

Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow:

O So seem'd two join'd in one, or one disjoin'd in two.

IV.

Now when the shepherd lads, with common voice

Their first consent had firmly ratify'd,

A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice:

This fil, said he, though yet thy muse untry'd,

Hath only learn'd in private shades to feign
Soft sighs of love, unto a looser strain,
Or thy poor Thelgon's wrong, in mournful verse
to 'plain.

V.

Yet since the shepherd swains do all consent,

To make thee lord of them, and of their art;

And that choice lad (to give a full content)

Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart;

Wake, wake thy long, thy too long, sleeping muse,

And thank them with a song, as is the use:
Such honour thus confer'd, thou may'st not well refuse.

VI.

Sing what thou list, be it of Cupid's spite,

(Ah, lovely spite and spiteful loveliness! O

Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy sprite:

Begin thou loved swain, with good success.

Ah, said the bashful boy, such wanton toys,

A better mind and sacred vow destroys,

Since in a higher love I settled all my joys.

VII.

New light, new love, new life hath bred;

A life that lives by love, and loves by light: O

A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;

A light, to whom the sun is darkest night:

Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life he is:

Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his: // *thus*

He eye, light, heart, love, soul; he all my joy and bliss.

VIII.

But if you deign my ruder pipe to hear,

(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing) ()

These infantine beginnings gently bear,

Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.

X But you, O muses, by soft Chamus sitting,
Your dainty songs unto his murmurs fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your cheerful
dittyng.

IX.

Tell me, ye muses, what our father-ages,
Have left succeeding times to play upon :
What now remains unthought on by those sages,
Where a new muse may try her pinion ?
What lightning heroes, like great Peleus'
heir [air]
(Darting his beams through our hard frozen
May stir up gentle heat, and virtue's wane repair ?

X.

b Who knows not Jason ? or bold Tiphys hand,
That durst unite what nature's self would part ?
He makes isles continent, and all one land ;
O'er seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art :
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorn-
eth all [fall :
Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his
He death defies, fenc'd with a thin, low, wooden
wall.

XI.

c Who has not often read Troy's twice sung fires,
And at the second time twice better sung ?
Who has not heard th' Arcadian shepherd's
quires, [tongue ;
Which now have gladly chang'd their native
And fitting by flow Mincius, sport their fill,
With sweeter voice and never equal'd skill,
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill ?

XII.

And thou, choice wit, love's scholar, and love's
master,
Art known to all, where love himself is known :
Whether thou bid'st Ulysses hie him faster,
Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan ;
Who has not seen upon the mourning stage,
Dire Atreus feast, and wrong'd Medea's rage,
Marching in tragic state, and buskin'd equipage.

XIII.

And now of late (a) th' Italian fisher swain
Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line,
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
By Nefis fair, and fairer Mergiline :
While his thin net, upon his ears twin'd,
With wanton strife catches the sun and wind ;
Which still do slip away, and still remain behind.

XIV.

And that (b) French muses eagle eye and wing,
Hath soar'd to heaven, and there hath learn'd
the art
To frame angelic strains, and canzons sing :
Too high and deep for every shallow heart.
Ah, blessed soul ! in those celestial rays,
Which gave thee light, these lower works to
blaze,

Thou sit'st imparadis'd, and chant'st eternal lays.

XV.

Thrice happy wits, which in your springing May,
(Warm'd with the sun of well deserved favours)
Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,
Perfume the air with your rich fragrant favours !

(a) Sannazar.

(b) Bargas.

Nor may, nor ever shall, those honour'd
flow'rs [show'rs,
Be spoil'd by summer's heat, or winter's
But last, when eating time shall gnaw the proud-
est tow'rs.

XVI.

Happy, thrice happy times in silver age !
When generous plants advanc'd their lofty crest ;
When honour stoop'd to be learn'd wisdom's page ;
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest ;
When th' highest flying muse still highest
climbs ; [crimes :
And virtue's rise, keeps down all rising
Happy, thrice happy age ! happy, thrice happy times.

XVII.

But wretched we, to whom these iron days,
(Hard days) afford nor matter, nor reward !
Sings Maro ? Men deride high Maro's lays,
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is
bar'd,
Sing Linus, or his father, as he uses,
Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verse re-
fuses. [muses.

What cares an ass for arts ? he brays at sacred

XVIII.

But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song,
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel
charm ;
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like summer flies about their dunghill swarm :
They sneer, they grin.—Like to his like will
move.

Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Than this, *Who bates not one, may be the other love.*

XIX.

Witness our (c) Colin ; whom though all the
graces, [song,
And all the muses nurs'd ; whose well taught
Parnassus' self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's
throng ; [ny'd ;
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits de-
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd :
Poorly, poor man, he liv'd : poorly, poor man,
he died.

XX.

And had not that great Hart, (whose honour'd head
Ah lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight ;
There had'st thou lain unwept, unburied,
Unblest'd, nor grac'd with any common rite :
Yet shalt thou live when thy great foe shall
sink ; [stink :
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall
And time his blacker name shall blurre with black-
est ink.

XXI.

O let th' Iambic muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead :
Let thy abused honour cry as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read :
On his rank name let thine own votes be
turn'd, [scorn'd,
" Oh may that man that hath the muses
" Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muse adorn'd."

(c) Spenser.

XXII.

Oft therefore have I chid my tender muse;
Oft my chill breast beats off her flutt'ring wing:
Yet when new spring her gentle rays infuse,
All storms are laid, again to chirp and sing:
At length soft fires dispers'd in every vein,
Yield open passage to the thronging train,
And swelling numbers tide, rolls like the surging
main.

XXIII.

So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis' son,
Pays tribute to his king, the mantling stream,
Encounter'd by the tide's (now rushing on
With equal force) of 's way doth doubtful seem,
At length the full grown sea, and water's
king [ing:
Chid the bold waves with hollow murmur-
Back fly the streams to shroud them in their mo-
ther spring.

XXIV.

Yet thou sweet numerous muse, why should'st
thou droop,
That every vulgar ear thy music scorns?
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop;
No seed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy
wing
With thy stel'n plumes, their notes through
th' air fling;
Oh shame! they howl and croak, whilst fond they
strain to sing.

XXV.

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy nest;
(Far be dull thoughts of winning dunghill
praise)
Enough, if kings enthrone thee in their breast,
And crown their golden crowns with higher
bays: [kings,
Enough that those who wear the crown of
(Great Israel's princes) strike thy sweetest
strings:
Heaven's dove, when high'st he flies, flies with
thy heav'nly wings.

XXVI.

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,
Search either Ind', vaunt of their scars and
wounds:
Let others their dear breath (nay, silence) sell ()
To fools, and (swol'n, not rich) stretch out
their bounds
By spoiling those that live, and wronging
dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch
their head [bed.
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restless.

XXVII.

O, let them in their gold quaff dropies down!
O, let them surfeits feast in silver bright!
Whilst sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul, to
sell;
Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell.
Death weds, and beds them; first in grave, and
then in hell.

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XXVIII.

But, ah! let me under some Kentish hill,
Near rolling Medway 'mong my shepherd peers,
With fearless merry-make, and piping still,
Securely pass my few and flow-pac'd years:
While yet the great Augustus of our nation,
Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure
vacation.

XXIX.

There may I, master of a little flock, [fare:
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing flock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
Whose love, and look, shall speak their father
plain. [my gain;
Health be my feast, heaven hope, content
So in my little house, my lesser heart shall reign.

XXX.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chant to th' echoing
wood:
Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!
So by fair Thames, or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples
pierce, [verse,
In music's strains breathes out her life and
And chanting her own dirge, tides on her wat'ry
hearse.

XXXI.

What shall I then need seek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes:
To fence my song against the vulgar rout;
Or shine upon me with her geminines?
What care I, if they praise my slender song?
Or reck I, if they do me right, or wrong?
A shepherd's bliss, nor stands, nor falls to ev'ry
tongue.

XXXII.

Great Prince of shepherds, than thy heav'n's more
high,
Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;
Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die;
Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds
would'st bear; [hell;
Who reigned'st in thy heaven, yet felt'st our
Who (God) bought'st man, whom man
(though God) did sell,
Who in our flesh, our graves, and worse, our
hearts would'st dwell.

XXXIII.

Great Prince of shepherds, thou who late didst
deign
To lodge thyself within this wretched breast,
(Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
Yet, oh, most happy lodge in such a guest!)
Thou first and last, inspire thy sacred skill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artless
quill;
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

XXXIV.

Hark then, ah hark! you gentle shepherd crew;
An isle I fain would sing, an island fair;
A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view;
Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;

B b

Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
A foreign home, a strange, though native
coast;
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

xxxv.

Coeval with the world in her nativity,
Which though it now hath pass'd through
many ages,
And still retain'd a natural proclivity
To ruin, compass'd with a thousand rages
Of foe-mens spite, which still this island tosses;
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses,
By with'ring, springing fresh, and rich by often
losses.

xxxvi.

Vain men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,
With dang'rous pains another earth to find;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,
The earth's vast limits daily more unbind!
The aged world though now it falling shews,
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows.
Whole lives are spent to win, what one death's
hour must lose.

xxxvii.

How like's the world unto a tragic stage!
Where ev'ry changing scene the actors change;
Some subject crouch and fawn; some reign and
rage: [strange,
And new strange plots, brings scenes as new and
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have
done: [groan,
So here, some laugh and play, some weep and
Till all put off their robes; and stage, and actors
gone.

xxxviii.

Yet this fair isle, scited so nearly near,
That from our sides, nor place, nor time, may
sev'r; [dear,
Though to yourselves, yourselves are not more
Yet with strange carelessness you travel nev'r:
Thus while yourselves, and native home for-
getting, [sweating,
You search for distant worlds, with needless
You never find yourselves; so lose ye more by
getting.

xxxix.

When that Great Pow'r, that All, far more than all,
(When now his time fore-set was fully come)
Brought into act this indigested ball,
Which in himself, till then, had only room;
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;
But bid each kind, their several places fill:
He bid and they obey'd, their action was his
will.

xl.

First slept the light, and spread his cheerful rays
Through all the chaos; darkness headlong fell,
Frighten'd with sudden beams, and new-born days;
And plung'd her ugly head in deepest hell:
Not that he meant to help his feeble fight
To frame the rest; he made the day of night,
All else but darkness; he the true, the only light.

xli.

Fire, water, earth, and air (that fiercely strove)
His sov'reign hand in strong alliance ty'd,

Binding their deadly hate in constant love:
So that Great Wisdom temper'd all their pride,
(Commanding strife and love should never
cease) [peace,
That by their peaceful fight, and fighting
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

xlii.

Thus earth's cold arm, cold water friendly holds,
But with his dry the others wet defies:
Warm air with mutual love, hot fire unfolds,
As moist, his drought abhors, dry earth allies
With fire, but heats with cold new wars pre-
pare: [air;
Yet earth drencht water proves, which boil'd turns
Hot air makes fire condens'd, all change, and
home repair.

xliii.

Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
And this world built, and richly furnished;
To store heaven's courts, and steer earth's regi-
ment,
He cast to frame an isle, the heart and head
Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
Which like an index briefly should impart
The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

xliv.

That trine-one with himself, in council sits,
And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;
Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
With aptness thereto, as seem'd him best;
And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it
blest'd.

xlv.

Then plac'd it in the calm pacific seas, [it;
And bid nor waves, nor troublous winds offend
Then peopled it with subjects apt to please
So wise a prince, made able to defend it
Against all outward force, or inward spite;
Him framing like himself, all shining bright;
A little living sun, son of the living light.

xlvi.

Nor made he this like other isles; but gave it
Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,
To move itself whither itself would have it,
And know what falls, within the verge of no-
tion:
No time might change it, but as ages went,
So still return'd; still spending, never spent;
More rising in their fall, more rich in detriment.

xlvii.

So once the (c) cradle of that double light,
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,
(Till sad Latona flying Juno's spite,
Her double burthen there did safely lay)
Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,
With every wave, and every wind removing;
But since, to those fair twins hath left her ever
moving.

xlviii.

Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather
Many large volumes in a narrow place;

(d) Delos.

So that Great Wisdom, all this all together,
 Confin'd unto this island's little space;
 And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;
 And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it;
 The little Isle of Man, or Purple Island nam'd it.

XLIX.

Thrice happy was the world's first infancy;
 Nor knowing yet, nor curious, ill to know:
 Joy without grief, love without jealousy:
 None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:
 The willing earth brought tribute to her
 king;
 Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
 Of big swell'd grapes; their drink was every silver
 spring.

L.

Of all the winds there was no difference:
 None knew mild Zephyrs from cold Eurus'
 mouth;
 Nor Orithya's lover's violence
 Distinguish'd from the ever-dropping south:
 But either gentle west winds reign'd alone,
 Or else no wind, or harmful wind was none:
 But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

LI.

None knew the sea; oh, blessed ignorance! [race,
 None nam'd the stars, the north cars constant
 Taurus' bright horns, or fishes happy chance:
 Astrea yet chang'd not her name or place;
 Her ev'n pois'd balance, heav'n yet never
 try'd: [describ'd;
 None sought new coasts, nor foreign lands
 But in their own they liv'd, and in their own
 they dy'd.

LII.

But, ah! what liveth long in happiness?
 Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies,
 And cannot be remov'd for weightiness;
 But joy of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
 And seldom comes, and soon away will go:
 Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
 That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe.

LIII.

Witness this glorious isle; which not content
 To be confin'd in bounds of happiness,
 Would try whate'er is in the continent;
 And seek out ill, and search for wretchedness.
 Ah, fond to seek what then was in thy will!
 That needs no curious search; 'tis next us
 still.

'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

LIV.

That old fly serpent (fly, but spiteful more)
 Vex'd with the glory of this happy isle,
 Allures it subtly from the peaceful shore,
 And with fair painted lies, and colour'd guile,
 Drench'd in dead (e) seas; whose dark streams
 full of fright,
 Empty their sulphur waves in endless night;
 Where thousand deaths, and hells, torment the
 damned sprite.

(e) *Mare mortuum.*

LV.

So when a fisher swain by chance hath spy'd
 A big-grown pike pursue the lesser fry,
 He sets a withy labyrinth beside,
 And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
 Which he invading with outstretched fin,
 All suddenly is compass'd with the gin;
 Where there is no way out, but easy passage in.

LVI.

That deathful lake hath these three properties;
 No turning path, or issue thence is found:
 The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
 It endless sinks, yet never comes to ground:
 Hell's self is pictur'd in that brimstone
 wave;
 For what retiring from that hellish grave?
 Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending
 have?

LVII.

For ever had this Isle in that foul ditch
 With cureless grief, and endless error stray'd,
 Boiling in sulphur and hot-bubbling pitch;
 Had not the king, whose laws he (fool!) be-
 tray'd,
 Unsnarl'd that chain, then firm that lake se-
 cur'd;
 For which ten thousand tortures he en-
 dur'd:
 So hard was this lost isle, so hard to be recur'd.

LVIII.

O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,
 (More deep, more wide, than widest deepest
 seas)
 Who dying, death to endless death didst prove,
 To work this wilful rebel island's ease;
 Thy love no time began, no time decays;
 But still increaseth with decreasing days:
 Where then may we begin, where may we end
 thy praise?

LIX.

My callow wing, that newly left the nest,
 How can it make so high a tow'ring flight?
 O depth without a depth! in humble breast,
 With praises I admire so wondrous height:
 But thou my sister muse (f), may'st well go
 high'r,
 And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions
 tire:

Thereto may he his grace, and gentle heat aspire,

LX.

Then let me end my easier taken story,
 And sing this island's new recover'd seat:
 But see, the eye of noon, its brightest glory,
 Teaching great men, is ne'er so little, great:
 Our panting flocks retire into the glade;
 They crouch, and close to th' earth their
 horns have laid:
 Vain we our scorched heads in that thick beech's
 shade.

(f) *A Bask called Christ's Victory and Triumph.*

B b ij

CANTO II.

DECLINING Phœbus, as he larger grows.
 (Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth still;
 Never less fierce, than when he greatest shows:
 When Thirfil on a gentle rising hill
 (Where all his flock he round might feeding
 view)
 Sits down, and circled with a lovely crew
 Of nymphs, and shepherd-boys, thus 'gan his song
 renew.

Now was this isle pull'd from that horrid main,
 Which bears the fearful looks, and name of
 death;
 And settled new with blood and dreadful pain
 By Him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit)
 breath:
 A baser state than what was first assign'd;
 Wherein (to curb the too-aspiring mind)
 The better things were lost, the worst were left
 behind:

That glorious image of himself was raz'd;
 Ah! scarce the place of that best part we find:
 And that bright sun-like knowledge much defac'd;
 Only some twinkling stars remain behind:
 Then mortal made; yet as one fainting dies,
 Two other in its place succeeding rise;
 And drooping stock, with branches fresh immorta-
 lize.

So that lone bird, in fruitful Arabic,
 When now her strength, and waning life de-
 cays,
 Upon some airy rock, or mountain high,
 In spicy bed (fir'd by near Phœbus' rays)
 Herself, and all her crooked age consumes:
 Straight from the ashes, and those rich per-
 fumes,
 A new-born Phœnix flies, and widow'd place re-
 sumes.

It grounded lies upon a sure (b) foundation,
 Compact and hard; whose matter, cold and dry,
 To marble turns in strongest congelation;
 Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,

(b) The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones
 are a similar part of the body, most dry or cold; made
 by the virtue generative through heat of the thicker por-
 tion of seed, which is most earthy and fat for the esta-
 blishment and figure of the whole.

Through all the isle, and every part extent,
 To give just form to ev'ry regiment;
 Imparting to each part, due strength and 'stee-
 blishment.

Whose looser ends are glew'd with brother earth (c),
 Of nature like, and of a near relation;
 Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth;
 That oft itself stands for a good foundation (d):
 Both these (e) a third doth folder fast, and
 bind;

Softer than both, yet of the self-same kind;
 All instruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

Upon this base (f) a curious work is rais'd,
 Like undivided brick, entire and one,
 Though soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd;
 Distributed with due proportion: [seen,
 And that the rougher frame might lurk un-
 All fair is hung with coverings slight and
 thin;

Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen;

As when a virgin her snow-circled breast
 Displaying, hides, and hiding sweet displays;
 The greater segments cover'd, and the rest
 The vail transparent willingly betrays; [light;
 Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows
 Left eyes should surfeit with two greedy sight,
 Transparent lawns with-hold more to increase de-
 light.

Nor is there any part in all this land,
 But is a little isle: for thousand brooks (g)

(c) A cartilage, or gristle, is of a middle nature be-
 twixt bones, and ligaments, or sinews, made of the same
 matter, and in the same manner as bones, for a variety
 and safety in motion.

(d) Some of these (even as bones) sustain and uphold
 some parts.

(e) Both these are knit with ligaments: a ligament,
 or sinew, is of a nature between gristles and nerves, fram-
 ed of a tough and clammy portion of the seed, for biting
 and holding the bones together, and fitting them for mo-
 tion.

(f) Upon the bones, as the foundation, is built the
 flesh. Flesh is a similar part of the body, soft, ruddy,
 made of blood, and differently dried, covered with the
 common membrane of skin.

(g) The whole body is as it were watered with
 great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.

In azure channels glide on silver sand;
 Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,
 Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
 Empty themselves into th' all-drinking main;
 And creeping forward slide, but never turn again,

Three diff'ring streams, from fountains different,
 Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,
 (Yet each with other, friendly ever went)
 Give to this Isle his fruitfulness and being;
 The first in single channels (g) sky-like blue,
 With luke-warm waters dy'd in porphry hue,
 Sprinkle this crimson Isle with purple-colour'd
 dew.

The (b) next, though from the same springs first it
 rise,
 Yet passing through another greater fountain,
 Doth lose his former name and qualities:
 Through many a dale it flows, and many a
 mountain:
 More fiery light, and needful more than all;
 And therefore fenced with a double wall;
 All froths his yellow streams, with many a sud-
 den fall.

The (i) last, in all things diff'ring from the other,
 Fall from an hill, and close together go,
 Embracing as they run; each with his brother
 Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:
 The coldest spring, yet nature, best they have;
 And like the lacteal stones which heaven pave;
 Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky
 wave.

These with a thousand (k) streams through th'
 Island roving,
 Bring tribute in; the first gives nourishment;
 Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving:
 For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,
 The nimble posts quick down the river run,
 And end their journey, though but now begun;
 But now the mandate came, and now the man-
 date's done.

(g) A vein is a vessel, long, round, hollow, rising
 from the liver, appointed to contain, concoct, and dis-
 tribute the blood: it bath but one tunic, and that thin;
 the colour of this blood is purple.

(b) An artery is a vessel long, round, hollow, formed
 for conveyance of that more sprightly blood, which is e-
 laborate in the heart.—This blood is frothy, yellowish,
 full of spirits, therefore compassed with a double tunic,
 that it might not exhale or sweat out by reason of the
 thinness.

(i) A nerve is a spermatical part rising from the
 brain and the pith of the back-bone: the outside skin,
 the inside full of pith; carrying the animal spirits for
 sense and motion, and therefore doubly skinned, as the
 brain; none of them single, but run in couples.

(k) The veins convey the nourishment from the liver;
 the arteries, life, and heat from the heart; the nerves,
 sense, and motion from the brain: will commands, the
 nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate, all al-
 most in an instant.

The whole isle, parted in three regiments (l),
 By three metropolis's jointly sway'd;
 Ord'ring in peace and war their governments,
 With loving concord, and with mutual aid:
 The lowest hath the worst, but largest see;
 The middle less, of greater dignity:
 The highest least, but holds the greatest sov'reignty.

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
 With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd;
 And for a fence from foreign enmity, [round;
 With five strong builded walls (m) encompass'd
 Which my rude pencil will in limning stain;
 A work, more curious than which poets feign
 Neptune and Phæbus built, and pulled down again.

The first of these, is that round spreading fence (n),
 Which like a sea, girts th' isle in ev'ry part;
 Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,
 Of common matter fram'd with special art;
 Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
 To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall:
 The same a fence, and spy; a watchman and a
 wall.

His native beauty is a lily white (o);
 Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth;
 Lest like itself, with divers stainings dight,
 The inward disposition it detecteth:
 If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
 If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire;
 Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tire.

It cover'd stands with silken flourishing (p),
 Which as it oft decays, renews again,

(l) The whole body may be parted into three regions:
 the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest,
 or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose
 regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the
 heart reigns, most necessary. The brain obtains the
 highest place, and is, as the least in compass, so the greatest
 in dignity.

(m) The parts of the lower region, are either the
 contained or containing; the containing either common or
 proper; the common are the skin, the fleshy panicle, and
 the fat; the proper are the muscles of the belly-piece, or
 the inner rim of the belly.

(n) The skin is a membrane of all the rest the most
 large, and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and
 blood; the covering and ornament of parts that are un-
 der it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of out-
 ward touching (say Physicians).

(o) The native colour of the skin is white, but (as
 Hippocrates changed into the same colour which is
 brought by the humour predominant. Where melan-
 choly abounds, it is swartby; where phlegm, it is white
 and pale; where choler reigns, it is red and fiery; but
 in sanguine, of a rosy colour.

(p) The skin is covered with the cuticle, or flourish-
 ing of the skin; it is the mean of touching, without
 which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skin,
 which many times is changed, and (as it is with snakes)
 put off, and a new and more amiable brought in.

The others sense and beauty perfecting;
Which else would feel, but with unusual pain:
Whose pleasing sweetness, and resplendent
shine, [cyn,
Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring
Doth oft the prince himself with witch'ries un-
dermine.

XX.

The second (q) rampier of a softer matter,
Cast up by the purple river's overflowing:
Whose airy wave, and swelling waters, fatter
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker grow-
ing,
The wand'ring heat (r) (which quiet ne'er
subsisteth)
Sends back again to what confine it listeth;
And outward enemies, by yielding, most resisteth.

XXI.

The (s) third more inward, firmer than the best,
May seem at first, but thinly built, and slight;
But yet of more defence than all the rest;
Of thick and stubborn substance strongly dight.
These three (three common fences round
impile)
This regiment, and all the other ile;
And saving inward friends, their outward foes
beguile.

XXII.

Beside these three, two (t) more appropriate
guards, [ment;
With constant watch compass this govern-
The first eight companies in several wards,
(To each his station in this regiment)
On each side four continual watch observe,
And under one great captain jointly serve;
Two fore-right stand, two cross, and four ob-
liquely swerve.

XXIII.

The (u) other fram'd of common matter, all
This lower region girts with strong defence;
More long than round, with double-built wall,
Though single often seems to slighter sense;
With many gates, whose strangest properties
Protect this coast from all conspiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

XXIII.

(q) The fat cometh from the airy portion of the
blood; which when it flows to the membranes, by their
weak heat (which physicians account, and call cold)
grows thick and close.

(r) The fat increaseth inward heat, by keeping it
from outward parts; and defends the parts subject to it
from bruises.

(s) The fleshy panicle, is a membrane very thick,
finewy, woven in with little veins.

(t) The proper parts in folding this lower region, are
two; the first, the muscles of the belly-piece, which are
eight; four side-long, two right, and two across.

(u) Peritoneum (called the rim of the belly) is a
thin membrane, taking his name from compassing the
bowels; round, but longer: every where double, yet so
thin that it seems but single. It hath many holes, that
the veins, arteries, and other needful vessels might have
passage both in and out.

Between this fence's double-walled sides (u).

Four slender brooks run creeping o'er the lea;
The first is call'd the nurse, and rising slides
From this low region's metropolis:

Two from th' heart-city bend their silent
pace;

The last from urine-lake with waters base,
In the allantoid sea empties his flowing race.

XXIV.

Down in a (x) vale, where these two parted walls
Differ from each with wide distending space,
Into a lake the urine-river falls,

Which at the nephros hill begins his race:

Crooking his banks he often runs astray,

Lest his ill streams might backward find a
way:

Thereto some say, was built a curious framed bay.

XXV.

The urine-lake (y) drinking his colour'd brook,

By little swells, and fills his stretching sides:

But when the stream the brink 'gins overlook,

A sturdy groom empties the swelling tides;

Sphincter some call; who if he loosed be,

Or stiff with cold, out flows the senseless sea,

And rushing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

XXVI.

From thence with blinder (z) passage (flying
name)

These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys;

Which though we term the hidden parts of shame,

Yet for the skill deserve no lesser praise

Than they, to which we honour'd names im-
part.

O, Powerful Wisdom! with what wondrous
art

Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the
vilest part.

XXVII.

Six (a) goodly cities, built with suburbs round,

Do fair adorn this lower region;

(u) The double tunic of the rim, is plainly parted
into a large space, that with a double wall it might
fence the bladder, where the vessels of the navel are
contained. These are four, first the nurse, which is a
vein nourishing the infant in the womb; second, two
arteries, in which the infant breathes; the fourth, the
Ourachos, a pipe whereby (while the child is in the
womb) the urine is carried into the allantoid, or rather
amnion, which is a membrane receiving the sweat and
urine.

(x) The passages carrying the urine from the kidneys
to the bladder. Some affirm that in the passage stands
a curious lid or cover.

(y) The bladder endeth in a neck of flesh, and is
girded with a muscle which is called sphincter: which
holds in the urine lest it flow away without our permis-
sion. If this be loosened, or cold, the urine goes away
from us, of itself, without any feeling.

(z) Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordi-
nary passages, and cast out.

(a) Besides the bladder there are six special parts
contained in this lower region; the liver, the stomach,
with the guts; the gall, the spleen, or milt; the kidneys
and parts for generation.

The first (*b*) Koilia, whose extremest bound
On this side's border'd by the Splenion,
On that by sovereign Hepar's large com-
mands,
The merry Diazome above it stands.
To both these join'd in league, and never failing
bands.

xxxiii.

The form (as when with breath our bagpipes
rise (*c*),
And swell) round-wise, and long, yet long-wise
more;
Fram'd to the most capacious figure's guise;
For 'tis the island's garner; here its store
Lies treasur'd up, which well prepar'd, it
sends
By secret path, that to th' arch-city bends;
Which making it more fit, to all the isle dis-
pends.

xxxix.

Far hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills,
This city's (*d*) steward dwells in vaulted stone;
And twice a day Koilia's storehouse fills
With certain rent and due provision:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,
Which to describe I better time shall have,
When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy
wave.

xxx.

At that cave's mouth, twice sixteen porters (*e*)
stand,
Receivers of the customary rent;
On each side four (the foremost of the band)
Whose office to divide what in is sent;
Straight other four break it in pieces small;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding
all,
Fit it for convoy, and this city's arsenal.

xxxi.

From thence a (*f*) groom of wondrous volu-
bility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himself, and like agility;
At each side four, that are the governors
To see the victuals shipp'd at fittest tide;
Which straight from thence with prosp'rous
channel slide,
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

(*b*) The stomach (or Koilia) is the first in order,
though not in dignity.

(*c*) Koila, or the stomach, is long and round like a
bagpipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to
perfect the chyle, or white juice which riseth from the
meat concocted.

(*d*) Gustus, the taste, is the catarer, or steward to
the stomach, which has its place in Cephal, that is, the
head.

(*e*) In either chap, are sixteen teeth, four cutters, two
dog-teeth, or breakers, and ten grinders.

(*f*) The tongue with great agility delivers up the
meat (well chewed) to the instruments of swallowing:
eight muscles serving to this purpose, which instantly
send the meat through the oesophagus or meat-pipe in to the
stomach.

xxxii.

The (*g*) haven fram'd with wondrous sense and art,
Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek;
But when the rent is slack, it rages rise,
And mut'nies in itself with civil strife: [knife.
Thereto a (*b*) little groom eggs it with sharpest

xxxiii.

Below (*i*) dwells in this city's market-place,
The island's common cook, concoction;
Common to all, therefore in middle space
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;
Whence never from his labour he retires,
No rest he asks, or better change requires:
Both night and day, he works, ne'er sleeps, nor
sleep desires.

xxxiv.

That (*k*) heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;
But moist'ning flames, a gentle heat inspire;
Which sure some in-born neighbour to him
lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
And oft the rising fume, which down again de-
scendeth.

xxxv.

Like to a pot, where under hovering
Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,
Above is stopp'd with close laid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow straights confining;
So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth:
Such is the fire concoction's vessel needeth,
Who daily all the isle with fit provision feedeth.

xxxvi.

There many a groom, the busy cook attends
In under offices, and several place:
This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends
To be cast out; another, liquor's base;
Another garbage, which the kitchen cloyes;
And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,
By divers secret ways in under links convoys.

xxxvii.

Therefore a second (*l*) port, is sidelong fram'd,
To let out what unfavoury there remains;

(*g*) The upper mouth of the stomach bath little veins,
or circular strings, to shut in the meat, and keep it from
returning.

(*b*) Vos breve, or the short vessel, which sending in a
melancholy humor, sharpens the appetite.

(*i*) In the bottom of the stomach (which is placed in
the middle of the belly) is concoction perfected.

(*k*) The concoction of meats in the stomach, is perfect-
ed as by an innate property and special virtue; so also
by the outward heat of parts adjoining, for it is on eve-
ry side compassed with hotter parts, which, as fire to a
cauldron, helps to seethe, and concoct; and the hot steams
within it do not a little further digestion.

(*l*) The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomach, is not
placed at the very bottom, but at the side, and is called
the Janitor (or porter) as sending out the food now
concocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full
of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through

There fits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,
Which soon the full grown kitchen cleanly
drains. [ing,
By divers pipes with hundred turnings gir-
Lest that the food too speedily retiring,
Shou'd whet the appetite, still cloy'd, and still de-
siring;

XXXVIII.

So Erichon, once fir'd (as men say)
With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;
Ten thousand dishes sever'd in ev'ry day,
Yet in ten thousand thousand dishes needing;
In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:
A whole camp's meet he in his gorge inhum'd,
And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

XXXIX.

Such would the state of this whole Island be,
If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacity,
With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
These (m) pipes are seven-fold longer than the
Yet all are folded in a little pile, [ile,
Whereof three noble are, and thin; three thick,
and vile.

XL.

The (n) first is narrow'd, and down-right doth
look,
Lest that his charge discharg'd, might back retire;
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
That when the channel's stop't with stifling mire,
Through th' idle pipe, with piercing waters
foaking; [ing,
His tender sides with sharpest stream provok-
Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry
choaking.

XLI.

The (o) second lean and lank, still pil'd, and har-
ried
By mighty bord'ers oft his barns invading:
Away his food, and new-inn'd store is carry'd;
Therefore an angry colour, never fading
Purples his cheek: the (p) third for length
exceeds, [leads:
And down his stream in hundred turnings
These three most noble are, adorned with silken
threads.

the, body should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

(m) It is approved, that the entrails dried and blown,
are seven times longer than the body, they are all one en-
tire body; yet their differing substance hath distinguished them
into the thin and thick: the thin have the more noble office.

(n) The first is straight, without any winding, that
the chyle may not return; and most narrow, that it
might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little
passage from the gall, which there purges his choler, to
provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out
the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve
fingers) from his length.

(o) The second, is called the lank, or hungry gut,
as being more empty than the rest, for the liver being
near, it sucks out his juice, or cream; it is known from
the rest by the red colour.

(p) The third is called Ilion (or winding) from his
many folds and turnings; is of all the longest.

XLII.

The (q) foremost of the bale half blind appears;
And where his broad way in an isthmus ends,
There he examines all his passengers,
And those who ought not 'scape, he backward
sends: [raging,
The (r) second Ælos court, where tempests
Shut close within a cave the winds encaging,
With earthquakes shakes the Island, thunders sad
prelaging.

XLIII.

The (s) last downright falls to port Esquiline,
More straight above, beneath still broader
growing,
Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,
Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:
This gate endow'd with many properties,
Yet for his office, sight, and naming, flies:
Therefore between two hills in darkest valley lies.

XLIV.

To that (t) arch-city of this government,
The three first pipes the ready least convoy:
The other three in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs, which elie the kitchen cloy.
In (u) every one the Hepar keeps his spies,
Who if ought good, with evil blended lies;
Thence bring it back again to Hepar's treasuries.

XLV.

Two several covers fence these twice three pipes:
The first from over swimming (x) takes his
name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:
The second (y) strengthen'd with a double
frame,
From foreign enmity the pipes maintains:
Close by the (z) Pancreas stands, who ne'er
complains;
Though press'd by all his neighbours, he their
state sustains.

(q) The first, of the baser sort, is called blind, at
whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle
do chance to escape, it is stopp'd, and by the veins of the
midriff suckt out.

(r) The second is Colon (or the tormentor) because
of the wind there staying, and vexing the body.

(s) The last, called Rectum (or straight) hath no
windings. short, larger toward the end, that the excre-
ment may more easily be ejected, and retained also upon
occasion.

(t) The thin entrails serve for the carrying and
the thorough concocting the chyle; the thicker for the ga-
thering, and containing the excrements.

(u) They are all sprinkled with numberless little
veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till all be
brought to the liver.

(x) Epiplon (or over-swimmer) descends below the
navel, and ascends above the highest entrails; of skinny
substance, all interlaced with fat.

(y) The Mesenterium (or midst amongst the entrails)
whence it takes the name, lies and knits the entrails to-
gethe; it hath a double tunicle.

(z) Pancreas (or all-flesh) for so it seems, is laid
as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the veins,
that are disspread from the gate vein.

XLVI.

Next Hepar, chief of all these lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the least.
But see the sun, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.

Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long
Will wet the mothers and their tender young
To-morrow with the day we may renew our
song.

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CANTO III.

THE morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
(Vext at the ling'ring shades that long had
left her,

In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses;
And chasing night, of rule and heaven bereft
her:

The sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

Thirfil from withy prison, as he uses,
Lets out his flock, and on an hill flood heeding,
Which bites the grass, and which his meat re-
fuses;

So his glad eyes fed with their greedy feeding,
Straight flock a shoal of nymphs, and shep-
herd-swains,

While all their lambs rang'd on the flow'ry
plains;

Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their cir-
cling trains.

III.

You gentle shepherds, and you snowy fires.

That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;
How may I hope to quit your strong desires,
In verse uncomb'd, such wonders comprehending?

Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit

To frame this curious Isle, whose framing
yet

Was never thoroughly known to any human wit.

IV.

Thou shepherd-god, who only know'st it right,

And hid'st that art from all the world beside;

Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,

And in this fog, my erring footsteps guide:

Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake
it:

Else how shall my weak hand dare under-
take it,

When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to
make it.

V.

Next to Koilia, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,

The (a) arch city Hepar, stretching her commands,
To all within this lower region;

Fenc'd with sure bars, and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreigners invasion:

Hence are the (b) walls, slight, thin; built but for
fight and fashion.

VI.

To th' heart, and to th' head city surely tied (c)

With firmest league, and mutual reference:

His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,

To take up strife, and casual difference:

Built (d) all alike, seeming like rubies shewn,

Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,

As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

VII.

Much like a (e) mount, it easily ascendeth;

The upper parts all smooth as slipp'ry glass:

But on the lower many a crag dependeth;

Like to the hangings of some rocky mass:

Here first the (f) purple fountain making
vent,

By thousand rivers through the Isle dispent,

Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourish-
ment.

VIII.

In this (g) fair town the Isle's great steward dwells;

His porphyry house glitters in purple dye

(a) Of all this lower region, the Hepar, or liver, is
the principal. The situation strong and safe, walled in
by the ribs.

(b) It is covered with one single tunicle, and that
very thin and slight.

(c) The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the
head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.

(d) The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a
kind proper to itself.

(e) The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently;
is very smooth and even; the lower in the outside like
to an hollow rock, rugged and craggy.

(f) From it rise all the springs of blood which runs
in the veins.

(g) The steward of the whole Isle, is here fitly
placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted
and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.

In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store, to all the Isle's necessity:
And though the rent he daily, duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

IX.

And like that golden star, which cuts his way
Through Saturn's ice, and Mars his fiery ball;
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:
So 'tween the Splenion's frost, and th' angry
gall,
The jovial Hepar sits; with great expence
Cheering the Isle by his sweet influence;
So flakes their envious rage, and endless differ-
ence.

X.

Within, some say, (b) love hath his habitation,
Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother;
For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,
But this, more sure, much chaster than the
other;
By whose command, we either love our kind,
Or with most perfect love, affect the mind;
With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

XI.

Two (i) purple streams, here raise their boiling
heads;
The first, and least, in th' hollow cavern breed
His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads:
The next fair river all the rest exceeding,
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce eva-
sion,
And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;
So gives to all the Isle their food and vegetation;

XII.

Yet these from other streams much different;
For others, as they longer, broader grow;
These as they run in narrow banks impent;
Are then at least, when in the main they flow:
Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,
That all the trunk in his full body hides;
Which straight, his stem to thousand branches
subdivides.

XIII.

Yet lest these (k) streams might hap to be infected,
With other liquors in the well abounding;
Before their flowing channels are detected,

(b) Here Plato disposed the seat of love. And cer-
tainly though lust (which some perversely call love) be
otherwise seated, yet that affection whereby we wish,
and do well to others, may seem to be better fitted in the
liver, than in the heart, (where most do place it) be-
cause this moderate heat appears more apt for this af-
fection; and fires of the heart where (as a salamander)
anger lives, seems not so fit to entertain it.

(i) Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of
which all the rest are lesser streams; the first is porta,
or the gate vein issuing from the hollow part, and is
shed toward the stomach, spleen, guts, and the epiploon.
The second is cava, the hollow vein, spreading his river
over all the body.

(k) The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the sto-
mach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by rea-
son of the divers kinds of humours in it; therefore there

Some lesser delfts, the fountains bottom found-
ing, [ing.
Suck out the baser streams, the springs annoy-
An hundred pipes unto that end employing;
Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load
convoying.

XIV.

Such is fair Hepar (l), which with great dissension
Of all the rest pleads most antiquity;
But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,
And justest challenge, claims priority:
But sure the Hepar was the elder bore;
For that small river call'd the nurse, of yore,
Laid boths foundation, yet Hepar built afore.

XV.

Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well,
Rise with the native streams; (m) the first like fire
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell;
The spring of dire debate, and civil ire;
Which wer't not surely held with strong re-
tention,
Would stir domestic strife, and fierce conten-
tion. [sension

And waste the weary Isle with never ceas'd dis-

XVI.

Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,
Choledochus (n), that drags this poison hence,
And safely locks it up in prison bands;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;
A needful fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the straights, all closely
barr'd,
Lest some might back escape, and break the
prison ward.

XVII.

The (o) next ill stream the wholesome fount of-
All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd
By divers drains, unto the Splenion tending,
The Splenion o'er against the Hepar laid,

are three kinds of excremental liquors suckt away by
little vessels, and carried to their appointed places; one
too light and fiery; another too earthy, and heavy;
a third wheyish and watry.

(l) Famous is the controversy between the peripate-
ticks and physicians; one holding the heart the other
the liver to be first. That the liver is first in time, and
making, is manifest; because the nurse (the vein that
feeds the infant yet in the womb) empties itself upon the
liver.

(m) The first excrement drawn from the liver to the
gall, is choleric, bitter, like flame in colour; which,
were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill
all the body with bitterness and gnawing.

(n) Choledochus, or the gall, is of a membranous
substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It
hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the li-
ver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and
so emptying the gall; and this fence hath a double gate,
to keep the liquor from returning.

(o) The second ill humour is earthy and heavy,
which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels, unto the
spleen; the native seat of melancholy, here some have
placed laughter: But the spleen seems rather the seat of
malice and heaviness.

Built long, and square : some say that laughter here

Keeps residence ; but laughter fits not there,
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

xviii.

And should these (p) ways, stopt by ill accident,
To th' Hepar's streams turn back their muddy humours,

The clondy Isle with hellish dreariment [mours :
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful ru-
Fear hides him here, lock'd deep in earthy cell ;
Dark, doleful, deadly-dull, a little hell ;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrors dwell.

xix.

If this black town in (q) over-growth increases,
With too much strength his neighbours over-
bearing :

The Hepar daily, and whole Isle decreases,
Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing :
But when it pines, th' Isle thrives ; its curse,
his blessing ;

So when a (r) tyrant raves, his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their loss, his treasure there distressing.

xx.

The third bad (s) water, bubbling from this fountain,

Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors ment,
Is drawn into the double Nephro's mountain ;

Which suck the best for growth and nourishment ;

The worst as through a little (t) pap distilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to th' urine lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

xxi.

These (u) mountains differ but in situation,
In form and matter like : the left is higher,
Left even height might slack their operation :
Both like the moon (which now wants half her fire)

Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
Both strongly with a double wall defended ;
And both have walls of mud before those walls extended.

(p) If the spleen should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrors.

(q) Where the spleen flourishes, all the body decays, and withers ; and where the spleen is kept down, the body flourishes. Hence Stratonicus merrily said, that in Crete dead men walked, because they were so splenetic, and pale coloured.

(r) Trajan compared the spleen to his exchequer, because, as his coffers being full, drained his subjects purses ; so the full spleen makes the body sapless.

(s) The watry humour with some good blood (which is spent for the nourishment of those parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

(t) The Ureters receive the waters separated from blood, as distilled from the little fleshy substances in the kidneys, like to teats.

(u) The kidneys are both alike ; the left somewhat higher : Both have a double skin, and both compassed with fat.

xxii.

The sixth and last town in this region,
With largest stretch'd precincts, and compass wide,

Is that, where Venus and her wanton son
(Her wanton Cupid) will in youth reside :
For though his arrows, and his golden bow,
On other hills he frankly does bestow,
Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart doth glow.

xxiii.

For that Great Providence, their course foreseeing

Too eas'ly led into the sea of death ;
After this first, gave them a second being,
Which in their offspring newly flourisheth :
He, therefore, made the fire of generation,
To burn in Venus' courts without cessation ;
Out of whose ashes comes another Island nation.

xxiv.

For from the first a fellow Isle he fram'd,
(For what alone, can live, or fruitful be ?)
Arren the first, the second Thelu nam'd ;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see :
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where Venus and her wanton have their being ;

For nothing is produc'd of two, in all agreeing.

xxv.

But though some few in these hid parts would see
Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame ;
Yet for the most would turn to luxury,
And what they should lament, would make their game :

Fly then those parts, which best are undescri'd ;

Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide,
What th' Isle, and nature's self, doth ever strive to hide.

xxvi.

These two fair Isles distinct in their creation,
Yet one extracted from the other's side,
Are oft made one, by love's firm combination ;
And from this unity are multiply'd :
Strange it may seem, such their condition,
That they are more dispread by union ;
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

xxvii.

For from these two in love's delight agreeing,
Another little Isle is soon proceeding ;
At first of unlike frame and matter being,
In Venus' temple takes its form and breeding ;
Till at full time the tedious prison flying
It breaks all lets, its ready way denying ;
And shakes the trembling Isle with often painful dying.

xxviii.

So by the Bosphorus straights, in Euxine seas,
Not far from old Byzantium, closely stand
Two neighbour islands, call'd Symplegades,
Which sometime seem but one combined land ;
For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,
They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd again.

XXIX.

Here oft, not lust, but sweeter chastity,
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;
Now link'd with love, to quench lust's tyranny;
Now Phoenix-like, alone in narrow cells:
Such Phoenix one, but one at once may be;
In Albion's hills, thee (x) *Basilissa*, thee,
Such only have I seen, such shall I never see.

XXX.

What nymph was this, said fairest Rosaleen,
Whom thou admirest thus above so many?
She, while she was, ah! was the shepherd's queen;
Sure such a shepherd's queen, was never any:
But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,
Since she a dear Deer's side unwilling rent-
ed;
Whose death she all too late, too much repent-
ed.

XXXI.

Ah, royal maid! why should'st thou thus lament
thee?
Thy little fault, was but too much believing:
It is too much, so much thou should'st repent
thee;
His joyous soul at rest deserves no grieving.
These words (vain words!) fond comforters
did lend her;
But, ah! no words, no prayers, might ever
bend her
To give an end to grief; till endless grief did end
her.

(x) *Queen Elizabeth.*

XXXII.

But how should I those sorrows dare display?
Or how limme forth her virtues wonderment!
She was, ay me! she was, the sweetest May,
That ever flow'r'd in Albion's regiment:
Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame shall
keep
Her name awake, when others silent sleep;
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back,
and weep.

XXXIII.

And though the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd
in Spain,
Learn of fell Geryon to snarl and brawl)
Have vow'd and strove her virgin tomb to stain;
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and
bawl:
Yet shall our Cynthia's high triumphing
light
Deride their howling throats, and toothless
spite;
And sail through heav'n, whilst they sink down
in endless night.

XXXIV.

So is this Island's lower region:
Yet ah! much better is it sure than so.
But my poor reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the shepherd's state, my song as low)
Mar what they make:—but now in yon-
der shade
Rest me, while sun have longer shadows made:
See how, our panting flocks run to the cooler
glade.

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CANTO IV.

THE shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted,
With simple cates, such as the country yields;
And while from scorching beams secure they rest-
ed.

The nymphs, dispers'd along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their stalks the blushing straw-
berries,
Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking
eyes;
Shewing that sweetness, oft both low, and hidden
lies.

II.

But when the day had his meridian run
Between his highest throne and low declin-
ing;
Thirfil again his forced task begun,
His wonted audience his sides entwining,

X The middle province next this lower stands,
Where th' Isle's heart-city spreads his large
commands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and
friendly bands.

III.

Such as that star, which sets his glorious chair
In midst of heaven, and to dead darkness,
here
Gives light, and life; such is this city fair:
Their ends, place, office, state, so nearly near,
That those wise ancients, from their nature's
sight,
And likeness, turn'd their names, and call'd a-
right
The sun, the great world's heart, the heart the
less world's light.

Andith

IV.

This (a) middle coast, to all the isle depends
 All heat, and life: hence it another guard
 (Beside these common to the first) defends;
 Built whole of massy stone, cold, dry, and
 hard
 Which stretching round about his circling
 arms,
 Warrants these parts from all exterior harms;
 Repelling angry force, securing all alarms.

V.

But in the front (b) two fair twin-bulwarks rise;
 In th' Arren built for strength and ornament;
 In Thelu of more use, and larger size;
 For hence the young isle draws his nourishment:
 Here lurking Cupid hides his bended bow;
 Here milky springs in sugared rivers flow;
 Which first gave th' infant isle to be, and then to
 grow.

VI.

For (c) when the lesser island (still increasing
 In Venus' temple) to some greatness swells,
 Now larger rooms, and bigger spaces seizing,
 It stops the Hepar rivers; backward reels
 The stream, and to these hills bears up his
 flight,
 And in these founts (by some strange hidden
 might)
 Dies his fair rosy waves into a lily white.

VII.

So where fair Medway down the Kentish dales,
 To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
 Lading her banks into wide Thamis falls;
 The big-grown main with foamy billows swell-
 ling,
 Stops there the sudden stream: her steady race
 Staggers a while, at length flows back apace;
 And to the parent fount returns its fearful pace.

VIII.

These two fair (d) mounts are like two hemis-
 pheres,
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
 Whose tops two little purple hillocks rears,
 Much like the poles in heaven's axeltrees:
 And round about two circling altars gire
 In blushing red, the rest in snowy tire,
 Like Thracian Hæmus looks, which ne'er feels
 Phæbus' fire.

IX.

That mighty hand, in these dissected wreaths,
 (Where moves our sun) his throne's fair picture
 gives;

(a) The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore
 walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

(b) The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength
 and ornament; to women for milk and nursery also.

(c) When the infant grows big, the blood vessels are
 so oppressed, that partly through the readiness of the pas-
 sage, but especially by the providence of God, the blood
 turns back to the breast; and there, by an innate, but
 wonderful faculty, is turned into milk.

(d) The breasts are in figure hemispherical; whose
 tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddish
 circles, called (Areolæ, or) little altars.

The pattern breathless, but the picture breathes;
 His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:
 Nor scorns that Lofty One, this low to dwell:
 Here his best stars he sets, and glorious cell;
 And fills with faintly spirits, so turns to heav'n
 from hell.

About this region round in compass stands
 A guard, both for defence, and respiration,
 Of (e) sixty-four, parted in several bands;
 Half to let out the smoky exhalation;
 The other half to draw in fresher winds:
 Beside both these, a third of both their kinds,
 That lets both out, and in; which no enforcement
 binds.

X.

This third the merry (f) Diazome we call,
 A border-city these two coasts removing;
 Which like a balk with his cross-built wall,
 Disparts the terms of anger, and of loving;
 Keeps from th' heart-city fuming kitchen
 fires,
 And to his neighbour's gentle winds inspires;
 Loose (g) when he sucks in air, contract when he
 expires.

XI.

The (h) Diazome of sev'ral matters fram'd:
 The first, moist, soft; harder the next, and
 drier:
 His fashion like the fish a raia nam'd;
 Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other
 higher;
 By eight streams water'd; two from Hepar low,
 And from th' heart-town as many higher go;
 But two twice told, down from the Cephal moun-
 tain flow.

XII.

Here (i) sportful laughter dwells, here ever sitting,
 Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care;
 And twenty merry-mates mirth causes fitting,
 And smiles, which laughter's sons, yet infants
 are.
 But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
 With self-same flames high Cephal's towers
 fry;
 Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathy.

(e) In the Thorax, or breast, are sixty-five muscles
 for respiration, or breathing, which are either free or
 forced: the instruments of forced breathing are sixty-four,
 whereof thirty-two distend, and as many contract it.

(f) The instrument of the free breathing is the Dia-
 zome or Diaphragma, which we call the Midriff, as
 a wall, parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a
 partition between the seats of desire and anger: Aristotle,
 a bar to keep the noisome odour of the stomach from the
 heart.

(g) The Midriff dilates itself when it draws in,
 and contracts itself when it puffs out the air.

(h) The Midriff consists of two circles, one skinny,
 the other fleshy; it hath two tunics, as many veins and
 arteries, and four nerves.

(i) Here most men have placed the seat of laughter;
 it hath much sympathy with the brain, so that if the
 Midriff be inflamed, present madness ensues it.

xiv.

This coast stands girt with a (*k*) peculiar wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defend-
ing:
The (*l*) chiefest city, and imperial,
Is fair Kerdia, far his bounds extending;
Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:
How then should my rude pen this wonder
write,
Which thou, who only mad'st it, only know'st
aright?

xv.

In middle of this middle regiment
Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole isle, and of this government:
If not the chiefest this, yet needful'st seem'd,
Therefore obtain'd an equal distant seat,
More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,
And with his yellow streams the fruitful island
wet.

xvi.

Flank'd (*m*) with two several walls (for more de-
fence);
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;
In whose soft waves, and circling profluence,
This city, like an isle, might safely float:
In motion still (a motion fix'd, not roving)
Most like to heav'n, in his most constant
moving:
Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active
loving.

xvii.

Built of a substance like smooth porphyry;
His (*n*) matter hid, and, like itself, unknown:
Two rivers of his own; another by,
That from the Hepar rises, like a crown,
Infolds the narrow part: for that great all
That his works glory made pyramic'al,
Then crown'd with triple wreath, and cloth'd in
scarlet pall.

xviii.

The city's self in two (*o*) partitions rest,
That on the right, this on the other side:
The (*p*) right (made tributary to the left)
Brings in his pension at his certain tide,

(*k*) Within the Pleura or skin, which clotheth the ribs
on the inside, compasses this middle region.

(*l*) The chiefest part of this middle region is the heart,
placed in the midst of this province, and of the whole bo-
dy: fitly was it placed in the midst of all, as being of all
the most needful.

(*m*) The heart is immured, partly by a membrane go-
ing round about it (thence receiv'ing his name), and a
peculiar tunicle, partly with an humour, like whey or
urine; as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

(*n*) The flesh of the heart is proper, and peculiar to
itself; not like other muscles, of a figure pyramical.
The point of the heart is (as with a diadem) girt with
two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

(*o*) Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is se-
vered into two partitions, the right and left; of which,
the left is more excellent and noble.

(*p*) The right receives into his hollowness, the blood
flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

A pension of liquors strangely wrought;
Which first by Hepar's streams are hither
brought,
And here distill'd with art, beyond or words,
or thought.

xix.

The (*q*) grosser waves of these life-streams (which
here
With much, yet much less labour is prepar'd)
A doubtful channel doth to Pneumon bear:
But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd
As through (*r*) a wall, with hidden passage
slide;
Where many secret gates (gates hardly spy'd)
With safe convoy, give passage to the other side.

xx.

At each hand of the left, (*s*) two streets stand by,
Of several stuff, and several working fram'd,
With hundred crooks, and deep wrought cavity:
Both like the ears in form, and so are nam'd,
I' th' right-hand street, the tribute liquor sit-
teth:
The left, forc'd air into his concave getteth;
Which subtle wrought, and thin, for future work-
men sitteth.

xxi.

The city's (*t*) left side (by some hid direction)
Of this thin air, and of that right side's rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confee-
tion;
And in one vessel both together meint, *miaer*
Stills them with equal, never quenched firing:
Then in small streams (through all the isle
wiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

xxii.

In this (*u*) heart-city, four main streams appear;
One from the Hepar, where the tribute land-
eth,
Largely pours out his purple river here;
At whose wide mouth, a band of Tritons stand-
eth,
(Three Tritons stand) who with their three-
fork'd mace,
Drive on, and speed the river's flowing race;
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repass.

(*q*) This right side sends down to the lungs that part
of the blood which is less labour'd, and thicker; but the
thinner part, it sweats through a fleshy partition into the
left side.

(*r*) This fleshy partition severs the right side from
the left; at first it seems thick, but if it be well view-
ed, we shall see it full of many pores or passages.

(*s*) Two skinny additions (from their likeness called
the ears) receive, the one the thicker blood, that called
the right; the other, called the left, takes in the air sent
by the lungs.

(*t*) The left side of the heart takes in the air and
blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosom,
sends them out by the great artery into the whole body.

(*u*) In the heart are four great vessels; the first is the
hollow vein, bringing in blood from the liver; at whose
mouth stand three little folding doors, with three forks,
giving passage, but no return to the blood.

XXIII.

The (v) second is that doubtful channel, lending
Some of this tribute to the Pneumon nigh;
Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, that
sending

From thence the waters, all regrefs deny.

The (x) third unlike to this, from Pneumon
flowing,

And his due air—tribute here bestowing,
Is kept by gates, and bars, which stop all back-
ward going.

XXIV.

The (y) last full spring, out of this left side rises,
Where three fair nymphs, like Cynthia's self
appearing,

Draw down the stream which all the isle suffices;
But stop backways, some ill revolture fearing.

This river still itself to less dividing,

At length with thousand little brooks runs
sliding [guiding.

His fellow course along with Hepar channels

XXV.

Within this city is the (z) palace fram'd,

Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;

And their attendants, passions untam'd:

(Oft very hell, in this straight room resideth)

And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs in-
spiring,

Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,

Heat, all (itself and all) would burn with quench-
less firing.

XXVI.

Yet that Great Light, by whom all heaven shines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,
And to this lowly seat himself confines.

Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:

Cease earth, ah! cease, proud Babel earth, to
swell:

Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low
roof'd cell;

First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in
heav'n shall dwell.

XXVII.

Close to Kerdia, (a) Pneumon takes his seat,

Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:

Hence rise fresh airs, to fan Kerdia's heat, [cold:

Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate

(v) The second vessel is called the artery vein; which
rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the
blood here prepared to the lungs for their nourishment:
here also is the like three folding door, made like half
cles, giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

(x) The third is called the veiny artery, rising from
the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

(y) The fourth is the great artery: this hath also a
flood-gate, and made of three semi-circular membranes,
to give out load to the vital spirits, and stop their re-
grefs.

(z) The heart is the fountain of life and heat to
the whole body, and the seat of the passions.

(a) The Pneumon, or lungs, is nearest the heart;
whose flesh is light and spongy, and very large. it is
the instrument of breathing and speaking, divided into
many parcels, yet all united into one body.

Itself of larger size, distended wide,
In diverse streets, and outways multiply'd;
Yet in one corporation all are jointly ty'd.

XXVIII.

Fitly 'tis cloth'd with (b) hangings thin and light,
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:

His chiefest use, to frame the voice aright;

(The voice which publisheth each hidden notion)

And for that end a long pipe (c) down de-
scends

(Which here itself, in many lesser spends)

Until, how at the foot of Cephal mount it ends.

XXIX.

This pipe was built for th' air's safe purveyance,

To fit each several voice with perfect sound:

Therefore of divers matter the conveyance

Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,

In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,

(For watry softness is sound's enemy)

Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

XXX.

The second's drith and hardness somewhat less,

But smooth, and pliable, made for extending,

Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;

All in one body jointly comprehending:

The (d) last most soft, which where the circle's
scanted,

Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted;

Not hurting under parts, which next to this are
painted.

XXXI.

Upon the top there stands the pipes safe (e) co-
vering,

Made for the voice's better modulation:

Above it fourteen careful warders hov'ring,

Which shut and open it at all occasion:

The cov'r in four parts itself dividing,

Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding;

One still unmov'd (in Thelu double oft) residing.

XXXII.

Close (f) by this pipe, runs that great channel
down, [day

Which from high Cephal's mount, twice every

Brings to Koilia due provision: [the way.

Straight at whose (g) mouth a flood-gate stops

(b) The lungs are covered with a light, and very
thin tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the motion.

(c) The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of car-
tilage, or gristly matter, because the voice is perfected
with hard and smooth things (these cartilages are com-
passed like a ring) and partly of skin, which tie the
gristles together.

(d) And because the rings of the gristles do not wholly
meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-
pipe adjoining, might not be galled or hurt.

(e) The Larynx, or covering of the wind-pipe, is a
gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of which the
first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

(f) Adjoining to it, is the Oesophagus, or meat-pipe,
conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

(g) At whose end is the Epiglottis or cover of the
throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and apting
the voice; and therefore gristly, that it might sooner fall
when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.

Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;
Of matter hard, fitting his operation,
For swallowing, soon to fall, and rise for inspira-
tion.

XXXIII.

But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet air;

And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:
Bright Vesper now hath chang'd his name,
and place, [face:
And twinkles in the heav'n with doubtful
Home then, my full fed lambs; the night comes,
home apace.

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CANTO V.

By this the old night's head (grown hoary gray)
Foretold that her approaching end was near;
And glad some birth of young succeeding day,
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere;
The early swains salute the infant ray,
Then drove the dams to feed, the lambs to
play: [ing lay.
And Thirfil with night's death, revives his mourn-

The highest region, in this little isle,
Is both the island's, and Creator's glory:
(Ah! then, my creeping muse, and rugged style,
How dare you pencil out this wond'rous story?
Oh Thou! that mad'st this goodly regiment
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse, thy glory's instrument.

So shall my flagging muse to heav'n aspire,
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire;
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Content we here low in this humble vale,
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compass, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like heav'n spherical,
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:
Though shap'd at first, the (a) least of all the
three;
Yet highest set in place, as in degree;
And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

So of three parts, fair Europe is the least,
In which this earthly ball was first divided;
Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,
Where victory, and learned arts resided;

(a) The head, of these three regions is the least, but
noblest in frame and office, most like to heaven, as well in
site, being highest in this little world, as also, in figure,
being round.

And by the Greek and Roman monarchy
Sway'd both the rest; now prest by slavery
Of Moscow, and the big-swoln Turkish tyranny.

Here all the (b) senses dwell, and all the arts;
Here learned muses by their silver spring;
The (c) city sever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring:
The suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill, and great ex-
pence; [dence.
And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief resi-

And sure for ornament, and buildings rare,
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,
Not all the isle or world, with this can pair;
But in the Thelu is the fairer sight:
These suburbs many call the island's face;
Whose charming beauty, and bewitching grace,
Oftimes the prince himself inthralls in fetters base.

For as this isle is a short summary
Of all that in this All is wide dispread;
So th' island's face is the isle's epitome,
Where ev'n the prince's thoughts are often read:
For when that ALL had finish'd every kind,
And all his works would in less volume bind,
Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

Fair are the suburbs; yet to clearer sight,
The city's self more fair and excellent:
A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,
Yields it some fence, but greater ornament:
The divers colour'd trees and fresh array
Much grace the town, but most the Thelu gay:
Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices,
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,

(b) The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.

(c) The head is divided into the city and suburbs;
the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face
without.

The gazer's eye still more and more entices,
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight;
Whose beauty much more wins his ravish'd
heart,
That now he only thinks the outward part,
To be a worthy cov'ring of so fair an art.

Four sev'ral (*d*) walls, beside the common guard,
For more defence the city round embrace:
The first thick, soft; the second, dry and hard;
As when soft earth before hard stone we place:
The second all the city round enlases,
And, like a rock with thicker sides, embraces;
For here the prince, his court, and standing palace
places.

The other (*e*) two, of matter thin and light;
And yet the first much harder than the other;
Both cherish all the city: therefore right,
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mo-
ther [wries,
The (*f*) first with divers crooks, and turnings
Cutting the town in four quaternities;
But both join to resist invading enemies.

Next these, the buildings yield themselves to fight;
The (*g*) outward soft, and pale, like ashes look;
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:
Their matter both, from th' Isle's first matter
took;
Nor cold, nor hot: heats, needful sleeps infest,
Cold numbs the workmen; middle temper's
best;
When kindly warmth speeds work, and cool gives
timely rest.

Within the (*b*) centre (as a market-place)
Two caverns stand, made like the moon half
spent;
Of special use, for in their hollow space
All odours to their judge themselves present:
Here first are born the spirits animal,
Whose matter, almost immaterial,
Resembles heavens matter quintessential.

Hard by an (*i*) hundred nimble workmen stand,
These noble spirits readily preparing;

(*d*) Beside the common tunics of the whole body,
the brain is covered, first with the bone of the skull;
secondly, with the pericranium, or skin, covering the
skull; and thirdly, with two inward skins.

(*e*) These two are called the hard and tender mother.

(*f*) The whole substance of the brain is divided into
four parts, by divers folds of the inward skin.

(*g*) The outside of the brain is softer, and of ashy
colour; the inward part white and harder, framed of
sac.

(*b*) Almost in the midst of the brain, are two hollow
places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the
spirits, emptying rheum, receiving odours, &c.

(*i*) Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved to-
gether; by which the animal spirits are concocted,
thinned, and fitted for service: and close by, are two
little bunches, like teats, the instruments of smelling.

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Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,
With never ended work, and sleepless caring:
Hereby two little hillocks jointly rise,
Where sit two judges clad in seemly guise.
That cite all odours here, as to their just assize.

Next these a (*k*) wall, built all of sapphires, shining
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;
By which the (*l*) third cave lies, his sides combin-
ing
To th' other two, and from them hath his
frame;
(A meeting of those former cavities)
Vaulted by three fair arches safe it (*m*) lies,
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

By this (*n*) third cave, the humid city drains
Base noisome streams, the milky streets an-
noying;
And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly strains,
Unto a bibbing substance down conveying;
Which these foul dropping humours largely
swills,
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills,
And then through other sinks, by little, soft distills.

Between (*o*) this and the fourth cave lies a vale,
(The fourth; the first in worth, in rank the
last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasing dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past:
Those here refin'd, their full perfection have,
And therefore close by this (*p*) fourth won-
drous cave,
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milky way.

Not that bright spring, where fair Hermaphrodite
Grew into one with wanton Salmasis;
Nor that where Biblis dropt, too fondly light;
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this;
Which (*q*) here beginning, down a lake de-
scends,
Whose rocky channel these fair streams de-
fends,
Till it the precious wave through all the Isle
dispend.

(*k*) Next is that *Septum Lucidum*, or bright wall,
severing these hollow caverns.

(*l*) The third cavity is nothing else but a meeting of
the two former.

(*m*) It lies under *Corpus Cametatum*, or the chamber
substance, which with three arches, bears up the whole
weight of the brain.

(*n*) By the third cavity are two passages, and at the
end of the first is the (*infundibulum* or) tunnel, under
which is (*glans pituitaria*, or) rheum kernel, as a sponge
sucking the rheum, and disfilling them into the palate.

(*o*) The other passage reaches to the fourth cavity,
which yields a safe way for the spirits.

(*p*) The fourth cavity is most noble, where all the
spirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or marrow, the
fountain of these spirits.

(*q*) This pith, or marrow, springing in the brain,
flows down through the back bone.

C c

Primer?
2

xx.
Many fair (r) rivers take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)
Which still in loving channels run together,
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel:

Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

xxi.
This (s) silver lake, first from th' head-city springing,

To that bright fount four little channels sends;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,

Straight all again to every place dispends:
Such is th' head city, such the prince's hall;
Such, and much more, which strangely liberal,
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

xxii.
Of other stuff the suburbs have their framing;
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:
First (t) stands an arch, pale Cynthia's brightness
shaming,

The city's fore-front, cast in silver bright:
At whose proud base, are built two watching
tow'rs, [pow'rs,
Whence hate and love skirmish with equal
When smiling gladness shines, and sullen sorrow
show'rs.

xxiii.
Here (u) sits retir'd the silent reverence;
And when the prince incens'd with anger's fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence:
Here dusky reddish clouds foretell his ire;
Of nothing can this life more boast aright:
A twin-born sun, a double seeing light;
With much delight they see; are seen with much
delight.

xxiv.
That (x) Thracian shepherd call'd them nature's
glafs;
Yet than a glafs, in this much worthier being:
Blind glasses represent some near set face,
But this a living glafs, both seen and seeing:
Like (y) heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly
firing: [spiring:
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame in-
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they scorch with hot
desiring.

(r) All the nerves imparting all sense and motion to the whole body, have their root partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

(s) The pith of the back bone, springing from the brain, whence, by four passages, it is conveyed into the back, and there all four join in one, and again are thence divided into divers others.

(t) The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

(u) The eyes are the index of the mind, discovering every affection.

(c) Orpheus, called the looking glafs of nature.

(y) Plato affirmed them lighted up with heavenly fire, not burning, but shining.

xxv.
They mounted high, sit on a lofty hill;
(For they the prince's best intelligence,
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense:
Here (z) Visus keeps, whose court, than
crystal smoother. [brother,
And clearer seems; he, though a younger
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

xxvi.
Six (a) hands are set to stir the moving tow'r:
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it
high'r;
The next the humble band, that shoves it low'r;
The bibbing third, draws it together nigh'r;
The fourth disdainful, oft away is moving:
The other two, helping the compass roving,
Are called the circling trains and wanton bands
of loving.

xxvii.
Above, (b) two compass groves (love's bended bows)
Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher
place:
Before, a (c) wall, deluding rushing foes,
That shuts and opens in a moment's space:
The low part fix'd, the higher quick de-
scending; [tending,
Upon whose tops, spearmen their pikes in-
Watch there both night and day, the castle's port
defending.

xxviii.
Three (d) divers lakes within these bulwarks lie,
The noblest parts, and instruments of sight:
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
Daunting his rash, and forcible invasion;
And with a clear and whitish inundation,
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick
evasion.

xxix.
In midst of both is plac'd the (e) crystal pond;
Whose living water thick, and brightly shining,
Like sapphires, or the sparkling diamond,
His inward beams with outward light com-
bining,
Alt'ring itself to every shape's aspect;
The divers forms doth further still direct,
Till by the nimble post they're brought to th'
intellect.

(z) Visus, or the sight, is the most noble above all the senses.

(a) There are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by anatomists.

(b) Above the eye-brows, keeping off the sweat, that it fall not into the eyes.

(c) The eye-lids shutting the eye are two; the lower ever unmoved in man; and hairs keeping off dust, flies, &c.

(d) There are three humours in the eye: the first the watery, breaking the too vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

(e) The second is the crystalline, and most noble, seated and compassed between the other two, and being altered by the entering shapes, is the chief instrument of sight.

xxx.

The (f) third, like molten glass, all clear and white,

Both round embrace the noble crystalline.

Six (g) inward walls fence in this tow'r of sight:

The first, most thick, doth all the frame enshrine,

And girts the castle with a close embrace,

Save in the midst, is left a circle's space,

Where light, and hundred shapes, flock out and in apace.

xxxi.

The (h) second not so massy as the oth'r,

Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,

Takes his beginning from that harder moth'r;

The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd; [borne

Through whose translucent sides much light is

Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn;

Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy morn.

xxxii.

The (i) third of softer mold, is like a grape,

Which all entwines with his encircling side:

In midst, a window lets in every shape;

Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:

His inmost side more black than starless night;

But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)

As painted Iris looks, with various colours dight.

xxxiii.

The (k) fourth of finest work, more slight and

Than, or Arachne (which in silken twine

With Pallas strove) or Pallas' self could spin:

This round enwraps the fountain crystalline.

The (l) next is made out of that milky spring,

That from the Cephal mount his waves doth fling,

Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

xxxiv.

His substance as the head-spring perfect white;

Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:

The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,

And to his eye are lively pourtrayed. [cacing

The (m) last the glassy wall that round en-

The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing.

The white and glassy wells parts with his strict embracing.

(f) The third, from the likeness, is called the glassy humour.

(g) There are six tunicles belonging to the eye; the first, called the conjunctive, solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, but only the black window.

(h) The second is cornea or horny tunic, transparent, and made of the hard mother.

(i) The third is uvea, or grapy, made of the tender mother, thin and pervious by a little and round window; it is diversely coloured without, but exceedingly black within.

(k) The fourth is more thin than any cobweb, and thence so called, immediately compassing the crystalline humour.

(l) The fifth, reticularis; is a netty tunic, framed of the substance of the brain: This diffuseth the vital spirits, and perceives the alteration of the crystalline; and here is the mean of sight.

(m) The sixth is called the glassy tunic, clasping in the glassy humour.

xxxv.

Thus then is fram'd the noble Visus' bow'r;

Th' outward light by the first wall's circle sending

His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,

The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending,

Is light'ned by the brightest crystalline,

And fully view'd in that white netty shine

From thence with speedy haste is posted to the mind.

xxxvi.

Much as an one-eyed room, hung all with night,

(Only that side, which adverse to his eye

Gives but one narrow passage to the light,

Is spread with some white shining tapestry)

An hundred shapes that through flit ayers stray,

Shove boldly in, crowding that narrow way,

And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing play

xxxvii.

Two (n) pair of rivers from the head spring flow,

To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race

(The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,

Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.

The (o) other pair, these walking tow'rs are moving:

At first but one, then in two channels roving:

And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

xxxviii.

Auditus (p), second of the Pentarchy,

Is next, not all so noble as his brother;

Yet of more need, and more commodity:

His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other:

Of each side of the mount a double cave;

Both which a goodly portal doth embrace,

And winding entrance, like Mæander's erring wave.

xxxix.

The (q) portal hard and dry, all hung around

With silken, thin, carnation tapestry;

Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,

That through the shaken air passes by:

The entrance winding, lest some violence

Might fright the judge with sudden influence,

Or some unwelcome guest, might vex the busy sense,

xl.

This (r) cave's first part, fram'd with a steep ascent,

(For in four parts 'tis fitly severed)

(n) The eye hath two nerves, the optic or seeing nerve, and moving. The optic separate in their root, in the midst of their progress meet, and strengthen one the other.

(o) The moving, rising from the same stem, are at length severed; therefore as one move, so moves the other.

(p) Hearing is the second sense, less noble than the eye, more needful.

(q) The outward ear is of a grisly matter, covered with the common tunic; it is framed with many crooks, lest the air should enter too forcibly.

(r) The inward ear consists of four passages; the first is sleepy, lest any thing should creep in.

C c ij

Makes th' entrance hard, but easy the descent :
Where stands a braced drum, whose sounding
head
(Obliquely plac'd) struck by the circling air,
Gives instant warning of each sound's repair,
Which soon is thence convey'd into the judgment
chair.

XLI.

The (s) drum is made of substance hard and thin :
Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,
The loudest sound is hardly heard within :
But if it once grows thick, with stubborn let.
It bars all passage to the inner room ;
No sounding voice unto his seat may come :
The lazy sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his
drum.

XLII.

This (t) drum divides the first and second part,
In which three hearing instruments reside ;
Three instruments compact by wondrous art,
With slender string knit to th' drum's inner side ;
Their native temper being hard and dry,
Fitting the sound with their firm quality,
Continue still the same in age and infancy.

XLIII.

The first an (u) hammer call'd, whose out-grown
sides
Lie on the drum ; but with his swelling end.
Fix'd in the hollow stithe, there fast abides :
The stithe's short foot, doth on the drum de-
pend,
His longer in the stirrup surely plac'd :
The stirrup's sharp side by the stithe embrac'd ;
But his broad base ty'd to a little window fast.

XLIV.

Two (x) little windows ever open lie,
The sound unto the cave's third part conveying ;
And slender pipe, whose narrow cavity
Doth purge the inborn air, that idle staying,
Would else corrupt, and still supplies the
spending :
The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bend-
ing,
Is call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascend-
ing.

XLV.

Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which crafty Dædal with a cunning hand
Built to empound the Cretan prince's shame :
Such was that Woodstock cave, where Rosa-
mond,

(s) If the drum be wet with falling of rheum, we
are hard of hearing ; but if it grows thick, we are
irrecoverably deaf.

(t) The drum parteth the first and second passage.
To it are joined three little bones, the instruments of bear-
ing ; which never grow, or decrease, in childhood or
age ; they are all in the second passage.

(u) The first of these bones is called the hammer, the
second the stithe, the third the stirrup : all taking their
names from their likenesses ; all tied to the drum, by a
little string.

(x) These are two small passages, admitting the
sounds into the head, and cleansing the air.

Fair Rosamond, fled jealous Ellenore,
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,
That woods and hardest rocks, her harder fate de-
plore.

XLVI.

The third part with his narrow rocky straits
Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp ac-
centing ;
Then sends it to the (y) fourth ; where ready waits
A nimble post, who ne'er his haste relenting,
Things to the judgment seat with speedy
flight ;
There the equal judge attending day and night,
Receives the ent'ring sounds, and dooms each
voice aright.

XLVII.

As when a stone troubling the quiet waters,
Prints in the angry stream a wrinkle round,
Which soon another and another scatters,
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd :
All so the air struck with some violence
nigh,
Begets a world of circles in the sky ;
All which infected move with sounding quality.

XLVIII.

These at Auditus' palace soon arriving,
Enter the gate, and strike the warning drum ;
To those, three instruments fit motion giving,
Which every voice discern : then that third
room [it thence ;
Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys
Till by the flying post 'tis hurry'd hence,
And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

XLIX.

This sense is made the master of request,
Prefers petitions to the prince's ear ;
Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest ;
And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not hear ;
Oft times he lets in anger-stirring lies,
Oft melts the prince with oily flatteries.
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his master's ene-
mies !

L.

'Twixt Vifus' double court a tower stands,
Plac'd in the suburbs centre ; whose high top,
And lofty raised ridge the rest commands :
Low at his foot a double door stands ope,
Admitting passage to the air's ascending ;
And divers odours to the city sending,
Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral sweets dispend-
ing.

LI.

This vaulted tower's half built of massy stone,
The other half of stuff less hard and dry,
Fit for distending, or compression,
The outward wall may seem all porphery.
Olfactus (z) dwells within his lofty fort ;
But in the city is his chief resort,
Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging
court.

(y) The last passage is called the Cochlea (snail, or
periwinkle) where the nerves of hearing plainly ap-
pear.

(z) The sense of smelling.

LII.

[hills,

By these two great caves are plac'd these (a) little
Most like the nipples of a virgin's breast;
By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,
Into the city passeth: with the rest
The odours pressing in, are here all stay'd;
Till by the sense impartially weigh'd,
Unto the common judge they are with speed convey'd.

LIII.

At each side of that tow'r, stand two fair plains,
More fair than that which in rich Theffaly
Was once frequented by the Muse's trains:
Here ever sits sweet blushing modesty;
Here in two colours beauty shining bright,
Dressing her white with red, her red with
white,
With pleasing chain enthral'd, and binds loose wand'ring fight.

LIV.

Below a cave, roof'd with an heav'n-like plaster,
And under strew'd with purple tapestry,
Where Gustus (b) dwells, the Isle's and prince's
taster,
Koilia's steward, one of the Pentarchy;
Whom (c) Tactus (so some say) got of his
mother:
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

LV.

Tactus (d) the last, but yet the eldest brother;
(Whose office meanest, yet of all the race
The first and last, more needful than the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:
Through all the Isle distended is his dwelling,
He rules the streams that from the Cephal
swelling, [dealing.
Run all along the Isle, both sense and motion

LVI.

With Gystus, Lingua dwells, his prattling wife,
Endow'd with strange and adverse qualities:
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife;
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies,
Or best, or worst; no mean; made all of fire,
Which sometimes hell, and sometimes heav'n's inspire,
By whom oft truth self speaks, oft that first murder'ring liar.

LVII.

The idle sun stood still at her command,
Breathing his fiery steeds in Gibeon:
And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made stand,
Resting her couch in vales of Ajalon.
Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,
And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppliant cries
Her voice tears open hell with horrid blasphemies.

(a) These are two little bunches like paps or teats
spoken of in the xvth stanza of this canto.

(b) Gustus, or the taste, is in the palate, which in the
Greek is called the heaven.

(c) Taste is a kind of touch, nor can it exist but by
touching.

(d) Tactus, or the sense of touching.

LVIII.

Therefore that great Creator, well foreseeing
To what a monster she would soon be changing,
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd with her iron (e) bit, and held from
ranging; [chaining,
And with strong bonds her looser steps en-
bridled her course, too many words refrain-
ing.

And doubled all his guards, bold liberty restraining.

LIX.

For close within he sets twice sixteen (f) guarders,
Whose harden'd temper could not soon be mov'd:
Without the gate he plac'd two other warders
To shut and ope the door, as it behov'd:
But such strange force hath her enchanting
art,
That she hath made her keepers of her part,
And they to all her flights all furtherance impart.

LX.

Thus (with their help) by her the sacred muses
Refresh the prince, dull'd with much business;
By her the prince, unto his Prince oft uses,
In heav'nly throne, from hell to find access.
She heav'n to earth in music often brings,
And earth to heav'n:—but oh, how sweet she
sings, [strings.
When in rich grace's key, she tunes poor nature's

LXI.

Thus Orpheus won his lost Euridice;
Whom some deaf snake, that cou'd no music
hear,
Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,
Thinking to kifs, kill'd with his forked spear:
He, when his 'plaints on earth were vainly
spent,
Down to Avernus' river boldly went,
And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful
blandishment.

LXII.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,
From Phœbus' harp and muses spring had
brought him;
What sharpest grief for his Euridice,
And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught
him,
He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell
Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of stubborn hell:
He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to
dwell.

LXIII.

Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,
Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford:
All hell came running there (an hideous rout)
And dropp'd a silent tear for ev'ry word:
The aged ferry man shov'd out his boat;
But that without his help did thither float,
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the
moat.

(e) The tongue is held with a ligament, ordinarily
called the bridle.

(f) The tongue is guarded with thirty-two teeth,
and with the lips; all which do not a little help the
speech, and sweeten the voice

LXIV.

The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,
And with large draughts swill'd in the stand-
ing pool:
The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,
Forgetting hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)
Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:
Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still:
But he was rapt as much with pow'rful music's
skill.

LXV.

Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever;
The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver.
The furies flung their snaky whips away,
And melt in tears at his enchanting lay;
No shrieks now were heard; all hell kept holi-
day.

LXVI.

That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears
All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell;
Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
And softly whining pity'd much his wrongs;
And now first silent at those dainty songs,
Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths
and tongues.

LXVII.

At length return'd with his Euridyce;
But with this law, not to return his eyes,
Till he was past the laws of Tartary:
(Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?
Love is love's law; love but to love is ty'd)
Now when the dawns of neighbour day he
spy'd,
Ah, wretch!—Euridice he saw,—and lost,—and
died.

June I Tail

LXVIII.

All so who strives from grave of hellish night,
To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
He turns again to hell his yielding eye,
And longs to see what he had left; his sore
Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than afore:
His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judg-
ment more.

LXIX.

But why do I enlarge my tedious song,
And tire my flagging muse with weary flight?
Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.
The outward parts be plain to every sight:
But to describe the people of this Isle,
And that great prince, these reeds are all too
vile. [style.
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty

LXX.

See, Phlegon drenched in the hissing main,
Allays his thirst, and cools the flaming car;
Vesper fair Cynthia ushers, and her train:
See, th' apish earth hath lighted many a star,
Sparkling in dewy globes—all home invite:
Home then my flocks, home shepherds home,
'tis night:
My song with day is done; my muse is fet with
light.

LXXI.

By this the gentle boys had framed well
A myrtle garland mix'd with conq'ring bay,
From whose fit march issu'd a pleasing smell,
And all enamell'd it with roses gay;
With which they crown'd their honour'd
Thirfil's head;
Ah, blessed shepherd swain! ah, happy meed!
While all his fellows chant on slender pipes of
reed.

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CANTO VI.

E THE hours had now unlock'd the gate of day,
When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthful Cephalus to play,
Unmask'd her face and rosy beauties spread:
Tithonus' silver age was much despis'd.
Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd, [priz'd.
That old love's little worth, and new too highly
II.
The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,
(Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd;
Then down they sit, while Thenot 'gan the
round;

Thenot! was never fairer boy among
The gentle lads, that in the muses throng
By Camus' yellow streams, learn tune their pipe
and song.

III.

See, Thirfil, see the shepherd's expectation;
Why then, ah! why sitt'st thou so silent there?
We long to know that Island's happy nation;
Oh, do not leave thy Isle unpeopled here.
Tell us who brought, and whence these co-
lonics;
Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;
What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and
victories?

iv

Thenot, my dear; that simple fisher-swain,
Whose little boat in some small river strays;
Yet fondly launches in the swelling main,
Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish plays:
How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,
Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds;
A narrow compass best my ungrown muse em-
pounds.

v.

Two shepherds most I love, with just adoring,
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender
reed,
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;
And next our home-bred Colin sweetest firing;
Their steps not following close, but far ad-
miring:
To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspir-
ing.

vi.

Then you, my peers, whose quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;
Deign gently, hear this Purple Island's nation,
A people never seen, yet still in sight;
Our daily guests and natives, yet unknown:
Our servants born, but now commanders
grown.
Our friends, and enemies; aliens,—yet still our
own.

vii.

Not like those heroes, who in better times
This happy Island first inhabited
In joy and peace;—when no rebellious crimes,
That godlike nation yet dispeopled:
Those claim'd their birth from that eternal
light,
Held th' Isle, and rul'd it in their father's
right;
And in their faces bore their parent's image bright.

viii.

For when the Isle that main would fond forsake,
In which at first it found a happy place,
And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;
Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,
And left the Isle forlorn and desolate;
That now with fear, and wishes all too late,
Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker
fate.

ix.

How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
Climb to th' empyreal court, where these states
reign,
And there take view of what heav'n's self exceeds?
The sun less stars, these lights the sun distain:
Their beams divine, and beauties do excell
What here on earth, in air, or heav'n do
dwell:
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can
tell.

x.

Soon as these saints the treach'rous Isle forsook,
Rush'd in a false, foul, fiend-like company,
And every fort, and every castle took,
All to this rabble yield the sov'reignty:

The goodly temples which those heroes plac'd,
By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,
And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks
raz'd.

xi.

So where the neatest badger most abides;
Deep in the earth she frames her pretty cell,
And into halls and closets divides:
But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell
Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
So hates her inmate and rank smelling guest,
That far away she flies, and leaves her loathed
nest.

xii.

But when those graces (at their father's throne)
Arriv'd in heav'n's high court to justice 'plain'd,
How they were wrong'd and forced from their
own,
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;
How th' earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd
in good;
So full ripe vice; how blasted virtue's bud:
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in veng-
ful flood:

xiii.

Forth stepp'd the just Dicaea full of rage
(The first born daughter of th' Almighty King);
Ah, sacred maid! thy kindled ire assuage;
Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?
Soon as her voice, but father only, spake,
The faultless heav'ns, like leaves in autumn,
shake; [quake!
And all that glorious throng, with horrid palsies

xiv.

Heard you not (a) late, with what loud trumpets
sound,
Her breath awak'd her father's sleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flam'd, earth shook, heav'n
frown'd, [fire!
And heav'ns dread king call'd for his three-fork'd
Hark! how the pow'rful words strikethrough
the ear;
The frighten'd sense shoots up the staring hair,
And shakes the trembling soul with fright
shudd'ring fear.

xv.

So have I seen the earth, strong winds detaining
In prison close; they scorning to be under
Her dull subjection, and her pow'r disdain,ing,
With horrid strugglings tear their bonds in sun-
der.
Meanwhile the wounded earth, that forc'd
their stay,
With terror reels, the hills run far away;
And frighted world, fears hell breaks out upon the
day.

xvi.

But see, how 'twixt her sister and her fire,
Soft hearted mercy sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloos-
ing:

(a) See that sweet poem, intituled *Christ's Victory
and Triumph*, part 1. stanza 18.

Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
The striking Thunderer recalls his blows
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

XVII.

So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,
Puts out the sun, anon the rattling hail
On earth pours down his shot with fell despite;
His powder spent, the sun puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps;
The ploughman from his bushes gladly peeps;
And hidden traveller, out of his covert creeps.

XVIII.

Ah, fairest maid! best essence of thy father,
Equal unto thy never-equall'd fire;
How in low verse shall thy poor shepherd gather,
What all the world can ne'er enough admire?
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in cheerful light,
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,
And heav'n's bright burning eye loses his blinded
light.

XIX.

Who then those sugared strains can understand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand.
That all unawares it dropt in melting tears?
Then thou dear (b) swain, thy heav'nly load
unfraught;

For she herself hath thee her speeches taught,
So near her heav'n they be, so far from human
[thought.

XX.

But let my lighter skiff return again
Unto that little Isle which late it left,
Nor dare to enter in that boundless main,
Or tell the nation from this Island rest;
But sing that civil strife and home dissension
'Twixt two strong factions with like fierce
contention, [tion.

Where never peace is heard nor ever peace is men-

XXI.

For that foul rout, which from the Stygian brook,
(Where first they dwelt in midst of death and
night)

By force the left and empty Island took;
Claim hence full conquest, and possession's right:
But that fair band which mercy sent new,
The ashes of that first heroic crew,
From their forefathers claim their right, and
Island's due.

XXII.

In their fair look their parents grace appears,
Yet their renowned fires were much more glo-
rious,

For what decays not with decaying years?
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,
(In loss and conquest angry) fresh they fight:
Nor can the other cease or day or night,
While th' Isle is doubly rent with endless war and
fright.

XXIII.

As when the Britain, and Iberian fleet,
With resolute and fearless expectation,
On trembling seas with equal fury meet,
The shore resounds with diverse acclamation;

(b) A book intituled *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, &c.

Till now at length Spain's fiery Dons' gins shrink
Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage
sink: [drink.

Courage, life, hope, and ships, the gaping surges

XXIV.

But who, alas! shall teach my ruder breast
The names and deeds of these heroic kings;
Or downy muse, which now but left the nest,
Mount from her bush to heav'n with new born
wings?

Thou sacred maid! which from fair Palestine.
Through all the world hast spread thy bright-
est shine, [flaming een.

Kindle thy shepherd-swain with thy light

XXV.

Sacred Thespio! which in Sinai's grove
First took'st thy being and immortal breath,
And vaunt'st thy offspring from the highest Jove,
Yet deign'st to dwell with mortals here be-
neath,

With vilest earth, and men more vile residing;
Come, holy virgin, in my bosom sliding;
With thy glad angel light my blindfold footsteps
guiding.

XXVI.

And thou, dread spirit! which at first didst spread
On those dark waters thy all-opening light;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head)
This nest of hellish fogs, and Stygian night,
With thy bright orient sun hast fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd;
Which late, both day, and thee, and most itself
eschew'd.

XXVII.

Dread spirit! do thou those sev'ral bands unfold;
Both which thou sent'st, a needful supplement
To this lost Isle, and which with courage bold,
Hourly assail thy rightful regiment;
And with strong hand oppress and keep them
under.

Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That heav'n and earth may sound, resound thy
praise with wonder.

XXVIII.

The Island's prince, of frame more than celestial,
Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing intellect;
All glorious bright, such nothing is terrestrial;
Whose sun-like face, and most divine aspect,
No human sight may ever hope descry:
For when himself on's self reflects his eye,
Dull and amaz'd he stands at so bright majesty.

XXIX.

Look as the sun, whose ray and searching light
Here, there, and every where itself displays,
No nook or corner flies his piercing light;
Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring
gleam; [stream;
Down to the earth the flames all broken
Such is this famous prince, such his unpierced beam.

XXX.

His strangest body is not bodily,
But matter without matter; never fill'd,
Nor filling; though within his compals high,
All heav'n and earth, and all in both are held;

Yet thousand thousand heavens he could contain,
And still as empty as at first remain :
And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

XXXI.

Though travelling all places, changing none :
Bid him soar up to heav'n, and thence down
throwing,
The centre search, and Dis dark realm ; he's
gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going :
And while his weary kingdom safely sleeps,
All restless night he watch and warding keeps :
Never his careful head on resting pillow sleeps.

XXXII.

In ev'ry quarter of this blessed Isle
Himself both present is, and president ;
Nor once retires (ah, happy realm the while,
That by no officers lewd lavishment,
With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art !)
He all in all, and all in ev'ry part,
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole im-
part.

XXXIII.

He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age ;
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows :
And when his kingdom by intestine rage,
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes ;
And batter'd scone now flat and even lies ;
Sooner than thought to that great Judge he
flies,
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

XXXIV.

For he the judge's viceroy here is plac'd ;
Where if he live, as knowing he may die ;
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac'd,
Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity ;
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal
crew.

XXXV.

There golden stars set in the crystal snow ;
There dainty joys, laugh at white-headed
caring
There day, no night, delight no end shall know ;
Sweets without surfeit ; fulness without sparing ;
And by its spending, growing happiness :
There God himself in glories lavishness
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

XXXVI.

But if he here neglect his master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,
Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw ;
Deeps, where night, death, despair, and horror
dwells,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears :
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears :
And still increasing grief, and torment never
wears.

XXXVII.

Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain ;
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die :
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain ;
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh :

The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies ;
The body frying roars, and roaring cries :
There's life that never lives, there's death that
never dies.

XXXVIII.

Hence while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a to'wr where thousand enemies
Assault the fort ; with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
Searcheth into his foes and friends designs :
For most he fears his subjects wavering minds :
This tower then only falls, when treason under-
mines.

XXXIX.

Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire :
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than
skies ;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes.

XL.

So curl'd-head Thetis, waters feared queen,
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to fight ;
And planet's glorious king may best be seen,
When some thin cloud dims his too piercing
light,
And neither none, nor all his face discloses :
For when his bright eye full our eye oppo-
ses, [he loses.
None gains his glorious fight, but his own fight

XLI.

Within the castle sit eight counsellors,
That help him in this tent to govern well ;
Each in his room a sev'ral office bears :
Three of his inmost private council deal
In great affairs : five of less dignity
Have outward courts, and in all actions pry,
But still refer the doom to courts more fit and
high.

XLII.

Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,
For their just number called the Pemptur-
chy (c) ;
The other three, three pillars of the state : [lie,
The (d) first in midst of that high tow'r doth
(The chiefest mansion of this glorious king)
The judge and arbiter of every thing,
Which those five brethren's posts into his office
bring.

XLIII.

Of middle years, and seemly personage,
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right ;
Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight :
Not those sev'n sages might him parallel ;
Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome
tell [dwell.
To be the wisest man, that then on earth did

XLIV.

As Neptune's cistern sucks in tribute tides,
(Yet never full) which every channel brings,

(c) The five senses.

(d) The common sense.

And thirsty drinks, and drinking, thirsty bides;
For by some hidden way, back to the springs
It sends the streams in erring conduits spread,
Which, with a circling duty still are led;
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed.

XLV.

Ev'n so the first of these three counsellors,
Gives to the five the pow'r of all descrying;
Which back to him with mutual duty bears
All there informings, and the causes trying:
For through straightways the nimble post
ascends
Unto his hall; there up his message sends,
Which to the next well scann'd, he straightway
recommends.

XLVI.

The next that in the castle's front is plac'd,
Phantastes (e) hight; his years are fresh and
green;
His visage old, his face too much defac'd
With ashes pale; his eyes deep sunken been
With often thoughts, and never slack'd in-
tention:
Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick in-
vention.

XLVII.

But in his private thoughts and busy brain
Thousand thin forms and idle fancies flit;
The three-shap'd Sphinx, and direful Harpy's
train,
Which in the world had never being yet;
Oft dreams of fire, and water, loose delight,
And oft arrested by some ghastly spright,
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move for great
affright.

XLVIII.

Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,
In new habiliments can quickly dight;
Of all material and gross parts depriving,
Fits them unto the noble prince's sight;
Which soon as he hath view'd with searching
eye,
He straight commits them to his treasury,
Which old Eumnestes keeps, father of memory.

XLIX.

Eumnestes old, who in his living screen
(His mindful breast) the rolls and records bears
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,
And keeps lock'd up in faithful registers:
Well he recalls Nimrod's first tyranny;
And Babel's pride, daring the lofty sky;
Well he recalls the earth's twice growing infancy.

L.

Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,
But mind more fresh and strong; (ah, better
fate!)
And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able state:
Only on him a nimble page attends.
Who when for ought the aged grandfire
sends [ance lends.
With swift, yet backward steps, his helping aid-

(e) The fancy.

LI.

But let my song pass from these worthy sages
Unto this Island's highest (f) sovereign;
And those hard wars which all the year he wages:
For these three late a gentle shepherd swain
Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen
In Alma's house: his memory yet green
Lives in his well tun'd songs; whose leaves im-
mortal been.

LII.

Nor can I guess, whether his muse divine,
Or gives to those, or takes from them his
grace;
Therefore Eumnestes in his lasting shrine
Hath justly him enroll'd in second place;
Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest;
There shall our Colin live for ever blest,
'Spite of those thousand spites, which living him
oppress'd.

LIII.

The prince his time in double office spends:
For first those forms and fancies he admits,
Which to his court busy Phantastes sends,
And for the easier discerning fits:
For shedding round about his sparkling light,
He clears their dusky shades, and cloudy
night,
Producing like himself their shapes all shining
bright.

LIV.

As when the sun restores the glitt'ring day,
The world late cloth'd in night's black livery,
Doth now a thousand colours fair display,
And paints itself in choice variety;
Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving:
All so this prince those shapes obscure re-
ceiving, [ing.
Which his suffused light makes ready to conceiv-

LV.

This first, is call'd the active faculty,
Which to an higher pow'r the object leaves:
That takes it in itself, and cunningly
Changing itself, the object soon perceives:
For straight itself in self-same shape adorning,
Becomes the same with quick and strange
transforming;
So is all things itself, to all itself conforming.

LVI.

Thus when the eye through Visus' jetty ports
Lets in the wand'ring shapes, the crystal strange
Quickly itself to ev'ry sort consorts,
So is whate'er it sees by wondrous change:
Thrice happy then, when on that mirror (g)
bright
He ever fastens his unmoved sight,
So is what there he views, divine, full, glorious
light.

LVII.

Soon as the prince, these forms hath clearly seen,
Parting the false from true, the wrong from
right,
He straight presents them to his beauteous queen,
Whose courts are lower, yet of equal might;

(f) The understanding.

(g) 2 Cor. iii. 18.

Voletta (*b*) fair, who with him lives, and reigns;

Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God constrains:

Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

LXVIII.

Not that great sovereign of the fairy land,

Whom late our Colin hath eternized;

(Though graces decking her with plenteous hand
Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;

Though in her breast the virtue's temple bare,

The fairest temple of a guest so fair):

Not that great Glorian's self, with this might e'er compare.

LIX.

Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,

Strikes blind the daring sense; her sparkling face

Her husband's self now cannot well descry:

With such strange brightness, such immortal grace,

Hath that great parent in her cradle made,

That Cynthia's silver cheek wou'd quickly fade,

And light itself to her, wou'd seem a painted shade.

LX.

But, ah! entic'd by her own worth and pride,

She stain'd her beauty with most loathsome spot;

Her lord's fixt law, and spouse's light deny'd,

So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot:

And now all dark is their first morning ray.

What verse might then their former light display,

When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest day?

LXI.

On her a royal damsel still attends,

And faithful counsellor, (*i*) Synteresis:

For though Voletta ever good intends,

Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is,

By ills so fairly dress'd with cunning flight,

That virtue's self they well may seem to fight,

But that bright virtue's self oft seems not half so bright.

LXII.

Therefore Synteresis of nimble fight.

Oft helps her doubtful hand, and erring eye;

Else mought she ever stumbling in this night,

Fall down as deep as deepest Tartary.

Nay, thence a sad fair maid, Repentance, rears,

And in her arms her fainting lady bears,

Washing her often stains with ever-falling tears.

LXIII.

Thereto she adds a water sovereign,

Of wondrous force, and skilful composition:

For first she pricks the heart in tender vein;

Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,

(*b*) *The Will.*

(*i*) *Conscience.*

With lips confession, and with pickled cries,
Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

LXIV.

These cordial drops, these spirit-healing balms,

Cure all her sinful bruises, clear her eyes;

Unlock her ears; recover fainting qualms:

And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her rise,

And glass of unmask'd sin, she bright displays,

Whereby she sees, loaths, mends her former ways;

[rays.

So soon repairs her light, trebling her new-born

LXV.

But, ah! why do we (simple as we been)

With curious labour, dim, and veiled sight,

Pry in the nature of this king and queen,

Groping in darkness for so clear a light?

A light, which once could not be thought or told.

But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,
Press'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mould.

LXVI.

Rather lament we this their wretched fate,

(Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedness!)

Unlike those former days, and first estate,

When he espous'd with melting happiness,

To fair Voletta, both their lights conspiring,

He saw what'er was fit for her requiring,

And she to his clear sight, wou'd temper her desiring.

LXVII.

When both replenish'd with celestial light,

All coming evils cou'd foresee and fly;

When both with clearest eye, and perfect sight,

Could every nature's difference descry:

Whose pictures now they scarcely see with pain,

Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,

Which thin and empty glide along Avernus' plain.

LXVIII.

The flow'rs that frighten'd with sharp winter's dread

Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,

Yet in the spring in troops new mustered

Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:

The early violet will fresh arise,

And spreading his flow'r'd purple to the skies;

Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

LXIX.

The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays;

The Heliotrope unto cloth of gold aspires;

In hundred-colour'd filks the tulip plays;

Th' imperial flow'r, his neck with pearl attires;

The lily, high her silver program rears;

The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears;

The red rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask wears.

LXX.

How falls it then, that such an heav'nly light,

As this great king's shou'd sink so wondrous low,

That scarce he can suspect his former height?
 Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,
 And steal away his beauty glittering fair?
 One only blot, so great a light to impair
 That never cou'd he hope his waning to repair?

LXXI.

Ah! never cou'd he hope once to repair
 So great a wane, shou'd not that new-born
 sun,
 Adopt him both his brother and his heir;
 Who through base life, and death, and hell,
 wou'd run,
 To seat him in his lost now surer cell.
 That he may mount to heav'n, he sunk to
 hell;
 That he might live, he died; that he might rise,
 he fell?

LXXII.

A perfect virgin breeds and bears a son,
 Th' immortal father of his mortal mother;
 Earth, heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, are met in
 one;
 His younger brother's child, his children's bro-
 ther,
 Eternity, who yet was born and died;
 His own creator, earth's scorn, heav'n's
 pride;
 Who th' Deity, inflesht, and man's flesh deified.

LXXIII.

Thou uncreated sun, heav'n's glory bright!
 Whom we with hearts and knees, low bent,
 adore;
 At rising, perfect, and now falling light;
 Ah, what reward, what thanks shall we re-
 store!
 Thou wretched waft, that we might happy
 be:
 O all the good we hope, and all we see;
 That we thee know and love, comes from thy love
 and thee.

LXXIV.

Receive, which we can only back return,
 (Yet that we may return, thou first must give)
 A heart, which fain wou'd smoke, which fain
 wou'd burn
 In praise; for thee, to thee, wou'd only live:
 And thou (who satt'st in night to give us
 day)
 Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
 That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light re-
 pay.

LXXV.

So we beholding with immortal eye,
 The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
 In his first beauty and true majesty,
 May shake from our dull souls these fetters
 base: [sphere,
 And mounting up to that bright crystal
 Whence thou strik'st all the world with
 shudd'ring fear, [dear.
 May not be held by earth, nor hold vile earth so

LXXVI.

Then shou'd thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing
 A thousand cantos in thy heav'nly praise,
 And rouse his flagging muse, and flutt'ring wing,
 To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;
 (Which once thou wrought'st, when Nilus'
 slimy shore,
 Or Jordan's banks thy mighty hand adore)
 Thy judgments and thy mercies; but thy mercies
 more.

LXXVIII.

But see, the stealing night with softly pace,
 To fly the western sun, creeps up the east;
 Cold Hesper 'gins unmask his evening face,
 And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest:
 Home then, my lambs; the falling drops
 eschew:
 To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new,
 And with the rising sun banquet on pearled dew.

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C A N T O VII.

I.

THE rising morn lifts up his orient head,
 And spangled heav'ns in golden robes invests;
 Thirfil upstarting from his fearless bed,
 Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,
 Unhous'd his bleating flock, and quickly
 thence
 Hastening to his expecting audience,
 Thus with sad verse began their griev'd minds
 incense.

II.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
 And here long seeks what here is never found!
 For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
 With many forfeits and conditions bound;
 Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
 Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'
 anew,
 Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

III.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss against heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound
feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty
steads.

IV.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling
pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which 'twixt a lion, and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions
far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms
shar'd.

V.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life, and glory fades,
And sinks at length in times obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

VI.

That monstrous beast, which nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yok-
ed stands.

VII.

And that black (a) vulture, which with deathful
wing
O'er shadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance,
change, and death;
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

VIII.

Ne mought this prince escape, though he as far
All these excels in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brightest Phœbus does the dimmest star:
The deepest falls are from the highest place.
There lies he now, bruis'd with so sore a
fall,
To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with a frail
yielding wall.

IX.

Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy muse!
Sacred Thespio! what the cause may be
Of such despite; so many foemen use
To persecute unpitied misery?

(a) *The Turk.*

Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin
stay?

X.

When that great Lord his standing court would
build, [lights,
The outward walls with gems and glorious
But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprights:
But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;
So down were flung—(oft bliss is double
pain):
In heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in hell
they reign.

XI.

There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and
hate;
Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spite,
To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,
Tempts them to lust and pride; prevails by
flight:
To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.
Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to
snakes;
To make them gods he boasts, but beasts, and devils
makes.

XII.

But that great (b) Lion, who in Judah's plains
The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;
The dragon's craft, and base-got spoil disdains,
And folds this captive prince in his protection;
Breaks ope the jail, and brings the pris'ners
thence (c):
Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,
Where they might trust and seek an higher pro-
vidence.

XIII.

So now spread round about this little hold,
With armies infinite, encamped lie
Th' enraged dragon, and his serpents bold:
And knowing well his time grows short and
nigh,
He swells with venom'd gore (d), and pois-
nous heat;
His tail unfolded, heav'n itself doth beat,
And sweeps the mighty stars from their tran-
scendent seat.

XIV.

With him goes (e) Caro, cursed dam of sin,
Foul, filthy dam, of fouler progeny;
Yet seems (skin-deep) most fair by witching gin
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye
Looks like (nay, worse than) hell's infernal
hags:
Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:
And Iris' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

XV.

Therefore her loathsome shape in steel array'd;
All rust within, the outside polish'd bright:

(b) *Revelations*, v. 5.

(c) *Luke*, iv. 18.

(d) *Revelations*, xii. 4.

(e) *The flesh*.

And on her shield a mermaid sung and play'd,
Whose human beauties lure the wand'ring fight;
But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:
She chants, she smiles, so draws the ear, the
eye,

And whom she wins, she kills:—the word, *Hear,*
gaze, and die.

xvi.

And after march her fruitful serpent fry,
Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;
Marshall'd in sev'ral ranks their colours fly:
Four (*f*) to Anagnus, four this painted whore
To loathsome Asebie brought forth to light;
Twice four got Adicus, a hateful wight:
But swol'n Acrates two, born in one bed and night.

xvii.

Mæchus (*g*) the first, of blushless bold aspect;
Yet with him doubt and fear still trembling go:
Oft look'd he back, as if he did suspect
Th' approach of some unwish'd, unwelcome foe:
Behind, fell jealousy his steps observ'd,
And sure revenge with dart that never
swerv'd:

Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but
more deserv'd.

xviii.

His armour black as hell, or starless night,
And in his shield he lively portray'd bare
Mars fast impound in arms of Venus' light,
And ty'd as fast in Vulcan's subtil snare:
She feign'd to blush for shame, now all too
late;

But his red colour seem'd to sparkle hate:
Sweet are stol'n waters, round about the marge he
wrate.

xix.

Porneius (*b*) next him pac'd, a meagre wight;
Whose leaden eyes sunk deep in swimming head,
And joyless look, like some pale ashy spright;
Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:
And with him wastefulness, that all expended,
And want, that still in theft, and prison ended,
A hundred foul diseases close at's back attended.

xx.

His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,
Yet sooth, nought was it but a foolish fire;
And all his arms were of that burning frame,
That flesh and bones were gnaw'n with hot de-
fire,
About his wrist his blazing shield did fry
With sweltring hearts in flames of luxury:
His word, *In fire I live, in fire I burn, and die.*

xxi.

With him (*i*) Acatharus, in Tuscan dress;
A thing that neither man will own, nor beast:
Upon a boy he lean'd in wantonwise,
On whose fair limbs his eyes still greedy feast;

(*f*) *The fruits of the flesh are described, Gal. v. 19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into four companies; 1st, of unchastity; 2d, of irreligion; 3d, of unrighteousness; 4th, of intemperance.*

(*g*) *Adultery, Gal. v. 19.*

(*b*) *Fornication.*

(*i*) *Sodomy, Rom. i. 26, 27. Lev. xx. 15, 16.*

He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:
Behind, reproach and thousand devils pace:
Before, bold impudence, that cannot change her
grace.

xxii.

His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boys,
Which all about their wanton sportings play'd;
Al's would himself heap out their childish toys,
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
In his broad targe the bird her wings dispread,
Which trussing wafts the Trojan Ganymede:
And round was writ, *Like with his like is coupled.*

xxiii.

Aselges (*k*) follow'd next, the boldest boy
That ever play'd in Venus' wanton court:
He little cares who notes his lavish joy;
Broad were his jests, wild his uncivil sport;
His fashion too, too fond, and loosely light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight;
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's
spright.

xxiv.

Lust in strange nests this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;
Which nurs'd with surfeits, dress'd with fond
disguises,
In fancy's school his breeding first receiv'd:
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;
And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he
fires,
There blows up pride, vain mirth, and loose
desires;
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame
inspires.

xxv.

There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,
Oft takes (his mistress by) the bitter bob:
There learns her each day's change of Gules,
Verd, Or,
(His sampler); if she pouts, her slave must sob:
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling sky;
Her love his heav'n, her sight eternity:
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll
die.

xxvi.

Upon his arm a tinsel scarf he wore,
Forsooth his madam's favour, spangled fair:
Light as himself, a fan his helmet bore,
With ribbons dress'd, begg'd from his mistress'
hair:
On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;
His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind:
The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lover's
mind.*

xxvii.

These four, Anagnus and foul Caro's sons,
Who led a diff'rent and disorder'd rout;
Fancy, a lad that all in feathers wons,
And loose desire, and danger link'd with doubt;
And thousand wanton thoughts still budding
new:
But lazy ease usher'd the idle crew;
And lame disease shuts up their troops with tor-
ments due.

(*k*) *Lasciviousness.*

XXVIII.

Next band, by Asebie was boldly led,
And his four sons begot in Stygian night :
First (l) Idololatros, whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars; the rest all different :
For to his shape some part each creature lent;
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

XXIX.

Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipp'd; but the Christ that
died
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends, de-
ified :
He makes mere pageants of the saving (m) rock,
Puppet-like trimming his almighty stock :
Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier
block ?

XXX.

Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress'd :
And yet the greater part (his vassals being)
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest :
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs
adore,
Idols are laymen's books, he round all wrote in ore.

XXXI.

Next (n) Pharmakeus, of gashly, wild aspect ;
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey :
Full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guesses forefay,
By slain beasts entrails, and fowls marked
flight :
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the sun and moon, and chang'd the
day and night.

XXXII.

So when the south (dipping his fablest wings
In humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard
Th' air, earth, and seas; his lips loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard :
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are
met :
The sun but now is rising, now is set ;
And finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

XXXIII.

By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells ;
Oft brings from shades his grandfires damned
ghost ;
Of stolen goods forces out by wicked spells :
His frightful shield with thousand fiends em-
boss'd,
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play :
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write,
or say.

(l) Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God by
false worship, as by images, against the second command-
ment : or giving away his worship to any thing that is
not God, against the first.

(m) Psalm lxii. 7.

(n) Witchcraft, and curious arts.

XXXIV.

The third (o) Hæreticus, a wrangling carl,
Who in the way to heav'n would wilful err ;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarl :
His Crambe oft repeats ;—all tongue, no ear ;
Him obstinacy, pride, and scorn attended :
On's shield, with truth error disguis'd con-
tended :

His motto this, *Rather thus err, than be amended.*

XXXV.

Last march'd Hypocrisy, false form of grace,
That vaunts the shew of all, has truth of none :
A rotten heart he masks with painted face ;
Among the beasts, a mule, 'mong bees, a drone,
'Mongst stars, a meteor :—all the world ne-
glects him ;
Nor good, nor bad, nor heav'n, nor earth,
affects him : [rejects him.
The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heav'n

XXXVI.

His wanton heart he vails with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives :
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies :
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime, he leaves :
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint ;
Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint :
A faint abroad, at home a fiend ; and worst, a saint.

XXXVII.

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die ;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound
the smell :
So Sodom apples please the ravish'd eye,
But sulphur taste proclaim their roots in hell :
So airy flames to heav'nly seem ally'd,
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into gelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

XXXVIII.

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spongy light ;
So their rag'd stones in velvet peaches grown ;
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night ;
So quagmires false, their mire with em'rals
crown :
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame ;
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame ;
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire, a
voice, a name.

XXXIX.

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy ;
Glitt'ring with glassy stones, and fine deceit :
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-
conceit :
On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd
his bed [head,
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome
With gold, and gems :—his word, *More gorgeous*
when dead.

XL.

Before them went their nurse, bold Ignorance ;
A loathsome monster, light, slight 'mendment
scorning ;
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout ; her silver heads adorning,

(o) Heresy.

(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd;
For by false tallies many years she gain'd.
Wife youth is honour'd age;—Fond age's with dotage stain'd.

XL

Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd;
(Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each side
Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to wield;
Both like their mother, dull, and beetle ey'd:
The first was error false, who multiplies
Her num'rous race in endless progenies:
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

XLII.

Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite;
Which she to see herself, amazed stood,
So often got with child and big with spite:
Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed;
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, and seditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe.—How soon prospers the vicious weed.

XLIII.

The other owl-ey'd Superstition,
Deform'd, distorted, blind in shining light;
Yet styles herself holy Devotion,
And so is call'd, and seems in shady night:
Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind;
Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses sign'd:
No custom would she break, or change her settled mind.

XLIV.

If hare, or snake, her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her mazed steps; sad fears affright her
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle quite her:
Her only bible is an Erra Pater;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water:
If th' dark, all lights are sp'rits, all noises, chains that clatter.

XLV.

With them march'd sunk (in deep security)
Profaneness, to be fear'd, for never fearing;
And by him, new oaths coining Blasphemy,
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swearing:
And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station:
Under, hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew damnation.

XLVI.

Next Adicus his son's;—first (*p*) Ecstros fly,
Whose prick'd-up ears kept open house for lies;
And fleering eyes still watch, and wait to spy
When to return still-living injuries:

(*p*) *Hatred.*

Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face.
And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place,

Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of rancour base.

XLVII.

So when a fable cloud, with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky jail),
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair;
But soon 'gins low'r: straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter, earth's o'er-silvered.

XLVIII.

His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests: on his lofty crest
Asleep the spotted panther couching lies,
And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly drest,
Draws on her prey: upon his shield he bears
The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears;
(The weeping crocodile) his word, *I kill with tears.*

XLIX.

With him Dissemblance went, his paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected;
Arms of offence he feld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected;
But clasping close his foe, as loath to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's heart.

L.

Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing
In love's sweet twines, his target broad display'd;
One th' other's beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
Which unawares through th' other's ribs he smites,
There lay the wretch without all burial rites:
His word, *He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.*

LI.

Eris (*q*) the next, of sex unfit for war:
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jar;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And *Non-obstantes* force with courage bold:
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

LII.

She is the trumpet to this angry train,
And whets their fury with loud-railling spite:
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves, themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:
Her shield no word could find, her tongue engross'd them all.

(*q*) *Variance.*

LIII.

Zelos (*r*) the third, whose spiteful emulation
 Could not endure a fellow in excelling;
 Yet slow in any virtue's imitation;
 At easy rate that fair possession selling:
 Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,
 Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
 And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction
 drew.

LIV.

Upon his shield lay that Tirothian swain,
 Swelt'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,
 His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain:
 Well could he bulls, snakes, hell, all monsters
 tame;
 Well could he heav'n support, and prop alone;
 But by fell jealousy soon overthrown,
 Without a foe, or sword: his motto, *First, or
 none.*

LV.

Thumos (*s*) the fourth, a dire revengeful swain;
 Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of
 fire;
 Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!
 Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
 But when dead paleness in his cheek took
 seizure,
 And all the blood in 's boiling heart did trea-
 sure,
 Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor
 measure.

LVI.

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath,
 Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common
 foe;
 The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
 Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious
 grow;
 Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,
 Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'er-
 flow:
 So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry
 brow.

LVII.

For in his face, red heat, and ashy cold;
 Strove which should paint revenge in proper
 colours:
 That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;
 This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours;
 His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
 Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
 His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain
 defac'd.

LVIII.

Next him Erithius (*t*), most unquiet swain,
 That all in law, and fond contention spent;
 Not one was found in all this num'rous train,
 With whom in any thing he would consent:
 His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or
 right;
 Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a
 spite: [hight.
 Patience, he, th' asses load, and coward's virtue

LIX.

His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
 Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:
 Thus would he right from right by force with-
 hold, [stand:
 Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his flights with-
 Ah, pow'rful weapon! how dost thou bewitch
 Great, but baseminds, and spott'ft with leprous
 itch,
 That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

LX.

Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)
 Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper swords,
 Fill'd up with writs, subpoenas, trial-cases;
 This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:
 Fit his device, and well his shield became,
 A salamander drawn in lively frame:
 His word was this, *I live, I breathe, I feed on flame.*

LXI.

Next after him march'd proud Dichostasis (*u*),
 That wont but in the factious court to dwell;
 But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;
 And taught them (fools!) to change their hum-
 ble cell,
 And lowly weed, for courts, and purple gay,
 To sit aloft, and states, and princes sway:
 A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

LXII.

A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore;
 For heav'n, earth, hell, he claims with lofty
 pride:
 Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
 Heav'n's doors and hell's to shut, and open wide:
 But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:
 For hell he cannot shut, but opens light;
 Nor heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buys, but sells
 by flight.

LXIII.

Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
 Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:
 What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;
 As different in rule, as nature being:
 The body to them both, and neither prone,
 Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;
 Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing
 none.

LXIV.

As when the pow'rful wind, and adverse tide,
 Strive which should most command the subject
 main;
 The scornful waves swelling with angry pride
 Yielding to neither, all their force disdain:
 Mean time the shaken vessel doubtful plays,
 And on the flagg'ring billow trembling
 stays,
 And wou'd obey them both, and none of both
 obeys.

LXV.

A subtle craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,
 Forg'd in the shop of wrangling sophistry;
 And wrought with curious arts, and mighty
 charms,
 Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:

(*r*) Emulation. (*s*) Wrath. (*t*) Strife.

(*u*) Sedition, or Schism.

Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.
His sev'n-fold targe a field of gules did stain;
In which two swords he bore: his word, *Divide*
and reign.

LXVI.

Ant. Envy the next, envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health:
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his
fill;

[will:
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

LXVII.

Ant. Each eye through divers optics sily leers,
Which both his sight, and object's self bely;
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he
praises;

Somewhat the deed, much more the means
he raises:

Ant. So marreth what he makes, and praising most,
dispraises.

LXVIII.

Upon his shield that cruel herd-groom play'd.
Fit instrument of Juno's jealous spite;
His hundred eyes stood fixed on the maid;
He pip'd, she sigh'd: his word, *Her day, my*
night.

His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung:
That all the world with noise, and foul blaspheming rung.

LXIX.

Last of this rout the savage Phonos (y) went,
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human
blood; [lent,
And when more age and strength more fierceness
She taught him in a dark and desert wood
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst al-
lay.

LXX.

So when the never settled Scythian
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain:
When now the sun hath half his journey ran,
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein,
So from the wound quenches his thirsty heat;
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his
meat. [eat.

Monster! the rav'nous bear his kind will never

LXXI.

scar Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited,
Some fear'd his harden'd soul with Stygian brand:
Some with black terrors his faint conscience baited,
That wide he star'd, and starched hair did
stand:

The first born man still in his mind he bore,
Foully array'd in guiltless brother's gore,
Which for revenge to heav'n, from earth did loud-
ly roar.

(c) Murder.

LXXII.

His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare;
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of hell:
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To save his flesh, oft he himself would quell)
For shew, not use: on it a viper swelling
The dam's spilt gore; his empty bowels fil-
ling
With flesh that gave him life: his word, *I live by*
killing.

LXXIII.

And last, his brutish sons, Acrates sent,
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed,
Methos (z) the first, whose paunch his feet out-
went,
As if it usher'd his unsettled head;
His soul quite sowced lay in grapy blood,
In all his parts the idle dropfy stood;
Which though already drown'd, still thirsted for
the flood.

LXXIV.

This thing, nor man, nor beast, tuns all his wealth
In drink; his days, his years, in liquor drench-
ing:
So quaffs he sickness down, by quaffing health;
Firing his cheeks with quenching; strangely
quenching
His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
But, nimble lips, known things and hid unfold;
Belchings oft sips, large spits point the long tale he
told.

LXXV.

His armour green might seem a fruitful vine;
The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,
Yet oft between the bloody grape did shine;
And peeping forth, his jailor's spite deceives:
Among the boughs did swelling Bacchus ride,
Whom wild grown Mœnad's bore, and ev'ry
stride,
Bacche, Iô Bacche, loud with madding voice they
cry'd.

LXXVI.

On's shield, the goatish satyrs dance around,
(Their heads much lighter than their nimble
heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,
Clos'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting)
reels:
Under his arm a bag-pipe swol'n he held,
(Yet wine-swol'n cheeks the windy bag out-
swell'd)
So loudly pipes: his word, *But full, no mirth I*
yield.

LXXVII.

Insatiate sink, how with so general stain
Thy spu'd out puddles, court, town, fields en-
tice!
Ay me! the shepherd's selves thee entertain,
And to thy Curtian gulf do sacrifice:
All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.
Sour swill-tub sin, of all the rest the sink,
How can'st thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred
stink?

(z) Drunkenness.

LXXVIII.

The eyethou wrong'st with vomit'sreeking streams,
The ear with belching; touch thou drown'dt
in wine;
The taste thou surfeit; smell with spewing streams
Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid
swine; [flaketh;
Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou
The mind and will thou (wits bane) captive
takest;
Senseless thy hoggish filth, and sense thou sense-
less makest.

LXXIX.

Thy fellow sins, and all the rest of vices
With seeming good, are fairly cloth'd to fight;
Their feigned sweet, the blear-ey'd will entices
Coz'ning the dazzled sense with borrow'd light:
Thee, neither true, nor yet false good com-
mends;
Profit, nor pleasure on thy steps attends:
Folly begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

LXXX.

With Methos, Gluttony, his guttling broth'r,
Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line;
So foully like was either to the oth'r,
And both most like a monstrous paunched swine:
His life was either a continued feast,
Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd;
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

LXXXI.

Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddy
chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands;
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns,
Or rather serves strong appetite's commands:
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-
down store,
And porter wanting room had shut the door,
The glutton sigh'd, that he could gormandise no
more.

LXXXII.

His crane-like neck was long unlac'd; his breast,
This gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,
As broad as long; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to
bear,
Else would they ill so huge a burden steer:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he
wear.

LXXXIII.

Only a target light, upon his arm
He careless bore, on which old Gryll was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;
In head and paunch, and soul itself a brawn:
Half drown'd within; without, yet still did
hunt
In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont;
Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word; Gryll could
but grunt.

LXXXIV.

Him serv'd sweet seeming lusts, self pleasing lies,
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sin:
And at the rear of these in secret guise
Crept Thievery and Detraction, near akin:
No twins more like: they seem'd almost the
same;
One stole the goods, the other the good
name:

The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

LXXXV.

Their boon companions in their jovial feasting
Were new-shap'd oaths, and damning perju-
ries;
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting;
Sauc'd with the salt of hell, dire blasphemies.
But till th' ambitious fun, yet still aspiring,
Allays his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'll rest our weary song, in that thick grove
retiring.

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C A N T O VIII.

I.

THE sun began to slack his beaded bow,
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
When cooler airs gently 'gan to blow,
And fan the fields, parch'd with the scorching
day;
The shedherds to their wonted-seats repair;
Thirstil, refresh'd with this soft breathing air,
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repiar.

II.

What watchful care must fence that weary state,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruel siege;

And frailest wall of glass, and trait'rous gate
Strive which should first yield up their woful
liege?
By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himself refuses aid:
By weakness' self his strength is foil'd and over-
lay'd.

III.

How comes it then, that in so near decay
We deadly sleep in deep security,
When every hour is ready to betray
Our lives to that still watching enemy?

D d ij

Wake then, thy soul, that deadly slumbereth;
For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive
breath,
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

IV.

1.) Caro the vanguard with the Dragon led,
Cosmos (a) the battle guides, with loud alarms;
Cosmos the first son to the Dragon red,
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms:
Well might he seem a strong and gentle
knight,
As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright;
But was a recreant base, a foul, false cheating
spright.

V.

And as himself, such were his arms; appearing
Bright burnish'd gold, indeed base alchymy,
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy wordlings blearing;
His shield was dress'd in night's sad livery,
Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass
round,
Glad that in wintry night they fire had found:
Busy they puff and blow: the word, *Mistake the
ground.*

VI.

() Mistake points all his darts; his sun shines bright,
(Mistaken) light appear, sad lightning prove:
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn'd to
light;

And His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion;
His honours, pleasures, joys, are all vexation:
His wages, glorious care, sweet surfeits, woo'd
damnation.

VII.

His lib'ral favours, complimentary arts;
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry straits;
His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no
tears!

Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world of fears.

VIII.

Pure Essence! who hast made a stone desery
'Twixt nature's hid, and check that metal's
pride

That dares aspire to gold's high sov'reignty;
Ah, leave some touchstone erring eyes to guide,
And judge dissemblance! see by what devices,
Sin with fair gloss our mole-ey'd sight en-
tices,

And That vices virtues seem to most; and virtues vices.

IX.

Strip thou their meretricious seemliness,
And tinfold glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry fight,
That we may loath their inward ugliness;
Or else uncloud the soul, whose shady light
Adds a fair lustre to false earthly bliss:
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;
Theirs what it is not, seems; thine seems not what
it is.

(a) *The World, or Mammon.*

X.

Next to the captain, coward (b) Deilos far'd
Him right before he as his shield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard:
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) sus-
pected:

And sending often back his doubtful eye,
By fearing, taught unthought of treachery;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

XI.

Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
Fearing such hap as never man befell:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as hell.
His sense, he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor
ears);
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless
fears.

XII.

Harnes'd with massy steel, for fence, not fight;
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
At sudden shine of his own armour bright,
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:
He shrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:
His word: *Safer, that all, than be that nothing fears.*

XIII.

[sure;
With him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps un-
That every way, and neither way inclin'd;
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure:
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:
He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful
lies.

XIV.

Fond Deilos all; Tolmetes (c) nothing fears;
Just frights he laughs, all terrors counteth base;
And when of danger or sad news he hears,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
Yet oft in words he spends his boist'rous
threat;
That his hot blood driv'n from the native seat,
Leaves his faint (d) coward heart empty of lively
heat.

XV.

Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;
He scorns low ebbs, but swims in highest rises:
His limbs with arms or shield he would not fence,
Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises:
Ev'n for his single sword the world seems
scant; [daunt:
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could
Much would he boldly do; but much more bold-
ly vaunt.

XVI.

With him went self-admiring Arrogance;
And Brag; his deeds without an-helper prais-
ing;

(b) *Fearfulness.*

(c) *Over-boldness, or fool-hardiness.*

(d) *The philosopher nightly calls such $\theta\epsilon\mu\sigma\upsilon\delta\iota\lambda\alpha\varsigma$,
Ellic. 3. cap. 7. not only fool-hardy, but faint-hardy.*

Blind Carelessness before would lead the dance;
 Fear stole behind, those vaunts in balance
 paying, [lence,
 Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their vio-
 'Fore danger spent with lavish diffidence,
 Was none, or weak, in time of greatest exigence.

XVII.

As when a fiery courser ready bent,
 Puts forth himself at first with swiftest pace;
 Till with too sudden flash his spirits spent,
 Already fails now in the middle race:
 His hanging crest far from his wonted pride,
 No longer now obeys his angry guide;
 Rivers of sweat and blood flow from his gored side.

XVIII.

Thus ran the rash Tolmetes, never viewing
 The fearful fiends that duly him attended;
 Destruction close his steps in post pursuing;
 And certain ruins heavy weights depended
 Over his cursed head; and smooth-fac'd guile,
 That with him oft would loosely play and
 smile; [wile.

Till in his snare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous

XIX.

Next march'd Afotus (e), careless spending swain;
 Who with a fork went spreading all around,
 Which his old fire with sweating toil and pain,
 Long time was raking from his racked ground:
 In giving he observ'd nor form nor matter,
 But best reward he got (f), that best could
 flatter.

Thus what he thought to give, he did not give,
 but scatter.

XX.

Before array'd in sumptuous bravery,
 Deck'd court-like in the choice, and newest guise;
 But all behind like drudging slavery,
 With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,
 His shameful parts, that shun the hated light,
 Were naked left; (ah, foul dishonest fight!)
 Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched
 plight.

XXI.

His shield presents to life, death's latest rites,
 A sad black hearse borne up with fable swains;
 Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
 (Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the
 plains [brow,
 To endless darkness; while the sun's bright
 With fiery beams, quenches their smoking tow,
 And wastes their idle cost: the word, *Not need, but*
show.

XXII.

A vagrant rout (a shoal of tattling daws)
 Strew him with vain spent pray'rs and idle
 lays;
 And flatt'ry to his sin close curtains draws,
 Clawing his itching ear with tickling praise.
 Behind fond pity much his fall lamented,
 And misery that former waste repented:
 The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones in-
 dented.

(e) *Prodigality.*(f) *Arist. Eth. 4.*

XXIII.

His steward was his kinsman, vain expence,
 Who proudly strove in matters light, to shew
 Heroic mind in braggart affluence;
 So lost his treasure, getting nought in lieu,
 But ostentation of a foolish pride,
 While women fond, and boys stood gaping
 wide;
 But wise men all his waste, and needless cost deride.

XXIV.

Next Pleonectes (g) went, his gold admiring,
 His servants drudge, slave to his basest slave;
 Never enough, and still too much desiring:
 His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
 Himself protects his god from noisome rust-
 ing; [lusting;
 Much fears to keep, much more to loose his
 Himself and golden god, and every god mistrust-
 ing.

XXV.

Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread;
 That silver badge his near end plainly proves:
 Yet as to earth (h) he nearer bows his head,
 So loves it more; for *Like his like still loves.*
 Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest
 gain,
 And deep into the earth digs back with pain:
 From hell his gold he brings, and hoards in hell
 again.

XXVI.

His clothes all patch'd with more than honest
 thrift, [ing;
 And clouted shoes were nail'd for fear of walt-
 fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift;
 And when he eats, his food is worse than falling:
 Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine;
 Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of mine,
 He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving
 shine.

XXVII.

O, hungry metal! false deceitful ray,
 Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in th' earth's hid-
 den womb;
 Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,
 We drag thy buried corse from hellish tomb;
 The merchant from his wife and home de-
 parts,
 Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts;
 While death and life a wall of thin planks only
 parts.

XXVIII.

Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
 With so much costly toil and painful sweat,
 Durst rob thy palace bord'ring next to hell?
 Well may'st thou come from that infernal seat,
 Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost
 fill. [ill!
 Fond men, that with such pain do woo your
 Needless to send for grief, for he is next us still.

XXIX.

His arms were light and cheap, as made to save
 His purse, not limbs; the money, not the man:

(g) *Covetousness.*(h) *Arist. Eth.*

Rather he dies, than spends : his helmet brave,
An old brass pot ; breast-plate, a dripping-pan :
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smoky plain a chalk'd imprese fill'd ;
A bag sure seal'd : his word, *Much better sav'd than spill'd.*

xxx. 10

By Pleonectes, shameless Sparing went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day ;
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent ;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay :
His cares to lessen cost with cunning base ;
But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he cry, and howl, while others laugh apace.

xxxI.

Long after went Pusillus (i), weakest heart ;
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part ;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell :
Loneness his heav'n, and bus'ness was his hell.
A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.

xxxII.

His goodly arms, eaten with shameful rust,
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using ;
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must ;
His goodly gifts with little use abusing :
Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain,
That loth to change his love and quiet feign,
For glorious war-like deeds, did crafty madness feign.

xxxIII.

Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair ;
While he with busy hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrow's end, his dearest heir [still
Did helpless lie ; and Greek lords watching,
Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will :
About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

xxxIV.

By him went Idleness, his loved friend,
And Shame with both ; with all, ragg'd Poverty :
Behind sure Punishment did close attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunity ;
And taking 'count of hours mispent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guilty corse, late grief, and helpless pain.

xxxV.

This dull cold earth with standing water froze ;
At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease ;
His soul like Ahaz's dial, while it goes
Not forward, posseth backward ten degrees :
In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal ;
He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal :
He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to steal.

xxxVI.

All opposite, though he his brother were,
Was Chaurus (k), that too high himself esteem'd :

(i) Feeble-mindedness.

(k) Arrogancy.

All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength mis-
deem'd ;
With his own praise, like windy bladder blown :
His eyes too little, or too much his own :
For (l) known to all men weak, was to himself unknown.

xxxVII.

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath ;
So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd :
On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,
Aiming his arrow at his purest light :
But soon the thin reed, fir'd with lightning bright,
Fell idly on the strand : his word, *Yet high, and right.*

xxxVIII.

Next brave Philotimus (m) in post did ride :
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind ;
His high-flown thoughts, had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd ;
His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst :
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst,
Down would he fling the steps by which he clam-
ber'd first.

xxxIX.

His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state :
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which, in spite of heav'n, he weaves his fate ;
Honour his web : thus works he day and night,
Till fates cut off his thread ; so heapeth sins,
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins ;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

XL.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself !—thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves :—in iron bands
Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.
Wouldst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing ;
To reason's yoke, thy furious passions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.

XLI.

Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the sun's bright flaming team ;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam ;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd ;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd :
His motto written thus, *Yet bad what he desir'd.*

XLII.

But Atimus (n), a careless, idle swain,
Though glory offer'd him her sweet embrace,
And fair occasion, with little pain,
Reach'd him her ivory hand ; yet (lozel base !)

(l) The arrogant are more stupid. *Arist. Eth.* 4. 7.

(m) Ambition.

(n) Baseness of mind.

E Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degen'rous mind:
Base were his resty thoughts; base was his dunghill kind.

XLIII.

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams, swam down through ease to hell;

His work to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins.

He left his heart behind him with his feast:

His target with a flying dart was dress'd,

Posting unto his mark: the word, *I move to rest*.

XLIV.

Next Colax (*p*), all his words with sugar spices;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' name,

Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices;

He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame;

He temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides;

Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,
More dangerous within his lurking poison hides.

XLV.

So echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breast for one will two repay;

So like the rock it holds, itself transforming,

That subtil fish hunts for her headless prey:

So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits

Allure the hungry bird; so fisher waits

To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

XLVI.

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore;

To nourish pride, to strangle conscience;

To drain the rich, his own dry pits to store;

To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense:

A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,

The rich coat's moth, the court's bane, trencher's slave,

Sin's and hell's winning bawd, the devil's factoring knave.

XLVII.

A mist he casts before his patron's sight,

That blackest vices never once appear;

But greater than it is seems virtue's light;

His lord's displeasure is his only fear:

His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail

To death, make open way where force would fail.

Less hurts the lion's paw, than foxes softest tail.

XLVIII.

His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,

(The mint of lies) guilt, fil'd, the sense to please;

His sword, which in his mouth close sheathed lay,

Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with ease.

Ah, cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!

The Sardoin herb, with many branches filling

His shield, was his device: the word, *I please in killing*.

(*p*) Flattery.

XLIX.

Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,

Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,
And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?

Nobles of thee their courtship learn; of thee

Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:

(Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

L.

Close to him Pleasing went, with painted face,

And Honour by some hidden cunning made;

Not Honour's self, but Honour's semblance base,

For soon it vanish'd like an empty shade:

Behind, his parents duly him attend;

With them he forced is his age to spend:

Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

LI.

Next follow'd Dyscolus (*q*) a froward wight;

His lips all swol'n, and eye-brows ever bent;

With sooty locks, swart looks, and scouling sight;

His face a tell-tale to his fowl intent:

He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended

What every one beside himself commended.

Humours of tongues imposthum'd, purg'd with shame, are mended.

LII.

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides

Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,

With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides;

Nor fears he gods on earth, or heav'n to wrong;

Upon his shield was fairly drawn to fight,

A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite:

The word to his device, *Impartial all I bite*,

LIII.

Geloios (*r*) next ensu'd, a merry Greek,

Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplaced;

His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;

Nac car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac'd;

Salt, round about he flung upon the sand

If in his way his friend or father stand,

His father and his friend he spreads with careless hand.

LIV.

His foul jests, steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain

And rotten speech (ah!) was not mirth, but madness:

His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain

With golden fires (emblem of foppish gladness):

Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,

(In number he the third, first in degree)

At which himself would laugh, and sneer; his word, *We three*.

LV.

And after Agrios (*f*) a sullen swain;

All mirth that in himself and others hated;

(*q*) Morosity. (*r*) Mad laughter, Eccles. ii. 2.

(*f*) Rusticity, or severity.

Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerless vein;
His weary sense he never recreated;
And now he march'd as if he somewhat
dream'd:

All honest joy, but madness he esteem'd,
Refreshing's idleness; but sport, he folly deem'd.

LVI.

In's arms, his mind the workman fit express'd,
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking
yet

And foully stinking, were full quaintly dress'd
To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:
Upon his shield an heap of fenny mire,
In flags and turfs (with suns yet never drier)
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, *Smoke*
without fire.

LVIII.

Last Impudence, whose never changing face
Knew but one colour; with some brass-brow'd
lie,
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:
About her all the fiends in armies fly:

Her feather'd beaver sidelong cock'd, in guise
Of roaring boys; set look, with fixed eyes
Out-looks all shame-fac'd forms, all modesty de-
fies.

LVIII.

And as her thoughts, so arms all black as hell,
Her brazen shield two fable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell:
Beneath the word was set, *All change I scorn.*
But if I all this rout in foul array
Should muster up, and place in battle ray.
Too long yourselves and flocks my tedious song
would stay.

LIX.

The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls:
The parting sun (man's state describing well)
Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:
So we by falling rose, by rising fell.
The shady cloud of night 'gins softly creep,
And all our world with fable tincture steep:
Home now ye shepherd-swains; home now my lov-
ed sheep.

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CANTO IX.

THE bridegroom sun, who late the earth had
spous'd,

Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east
He hook his sparkling locks, head lively rous'd,
While morn his couch with blushing roses
drest;

His shines the earth soon latcht to gild her
flow'rs:

Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in
their bow'rs,

Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympic
tow'rs.

II.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light;

The earth she left, and up to heav'n is fled;

There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.

Earth seems a mole-hill, men but ants to be;

Teaching proud men, that soar to high de-
gree,

The further up they climb, the less they seem
and see.

III.

The shepherds met, and Thomalin began;

Young Thomalin, whose notes and silver string

Silence the rising lark, and falling swan:

Come Thirsil, end thy lay, and cheerly sing;

Hearst how the lark give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay;
Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer
stay?

IV.

Well sett'st thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes,
Much easier to hear than imitate;

Her wings lift up her notes to lofty skies;

But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state,

Down to the centre ties with captive string;

Well might I follow here her note and wing;

Singing she lofty mounts; ah! mounting should
I sing.

V.

Oh, thou dread king of that heroic band!

Which by thy pow'r beats back these hellish
sprites,

Rescuing this state from death and base command.

Tell me, dread king! what are those warlike
knights?

What force? what arms? where lies their
strength's increase,

That though so few in number, never cease

To keep this sieged town, 'gainst numbers num-
berless?

VI.

The first commanders in this holy train,

Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;

Long since sure link'd in wedlock's sweetest chain;
His name Spirito, she Urania (a) fair:
Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mighty warrior was,
Both now more fair, and strong, which prov'd
their heav'nly race.

VII.

His arms, with flaming tongues all sparkled bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections part-
ed;

His piercing sword, edg'd with their fiery light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit dis-
parted.

Upon his shield was drawn a glorious dove,
'Gainst whom the proudest eagle dares not
move;

Glitt'ring in beams; his word, *Conqu'ring by
peace and love.*

VIII.

But she, Amazon-like, in azure arms,
Silver'd with stars, and gilt with sunny rays;
Her mighty spouse in fight, and fierce alarms,
Attends, and equals in these bloody frays;

And on her shield an heav'nly globe (dis-
playing
The constellations, lower bodies swaying,
Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, *I rule
obeying.*

IX.

About them swarm'd their fruitful progeny;
An heav'nly offspring of an heav'nly bed;
Well mought you in their looks his stoutness see,
With her sweet graces lovely tempered.

Fit youths they seem'd to play in princes
hall,

(But ah! long since they thence were ban-
ish'd all)

Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce war
doth call.

X.

The first in order (nor in worth the last)

Is Knowledge, drawn from peace, and muse's
spring,

Where shaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taste
He feasts with words, and works of heav'nly
king;

But now to bloody field is fully bent;
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went;
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight pa-
pers lent.

XI.

His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,
Garnish'd with golden suns, and radiant
flow'rs;

Which turn their bending heads to Phœbus' ray,
And when he falls, shut up their leafy bow'rs;

Upon his shield the silver moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows
spend;

His word in silver wrote, *I borrow what I lend.*

XII.

All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read, and learn'd his Maker's will;

(a) *Heaven*

Most on his word, but much on heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workman's
skill.

Close to him went still-musing Contempla-
tion,
That made good use of ills by meditation;
So to him ill itself was good, by strange mutation.

XIII.

And Care, who never from his sides would part,
Of Knowledge oft the ways and means inquir-
ing,

To practice what he learn'd from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring
Aid from that Sovereign guide, whose ways
so steep,

Though fain he would, yet weak, he could
not keep;

But when he could not go, yet forward would he
creep.

XIV.

Next Tapinus, (b) whose sweet, though lowly
grace,

All other higher than himself esteem'd;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,

Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd;
All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
His heart a low-roof'd house, but sweetly
wrought,

Where God himself would dwell, though he it
dearly bought.

XV.

Honour he shuns, yet is the way unto him;

As hell, he hates advancement won with
bribes;

But public place, and charge are forc'd to woo him;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:

Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed virgin's
womb,

The next a cratch, the third a cross, the fourth a
tomb.

XVI.

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;

So precious gold in deepest centre dwells;

So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground;

So richest pearls lie clos'd in vilest shells;

So lowest dales we let at highest rates;

So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates.

The highest highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

XVII.

Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,

Who with a sling threw down faint Israel's
fears;

And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,

The monster's sword and head, he bravely
bears:

Plain in his lovely face you might behold

A blushing meekness met with courage bold;

Little, not little worth, was fairly wrote in gold.

XVIII.

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,

Obedience, taught by many bitter show'rs

In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,

And low submit unto the higher pow'rs;

(b) *Humility.*

But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands;
For ty'd in such an holy service bands,
In this obedience rules, and serving thus com-
mands.

XIX.

By them went Fido (c), marshal of the field;
Weak was his mother when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly child,
As e'er with tears welcom'd the sunny ray;
Yet when more years afford more growth
and might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

XX.

So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelp'd, a weak and tender thing,
Despis'd by ev'ry beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times, full strength and courage
bring; [dore,
The beasts all crouching low, their king a-
And dare not see what they contemn'd be-
fore;
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting
roar.

XXI.

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the sun's impetuous course;
Nature breaks nature's laws at his command;
No force of hell or heav'n withstands his force;
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Ant. Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

XXII.

His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descry'd
The lively semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was
gor'd;
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would
afford.

XXIII.

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest pow'rs to it from heav'n im-
part:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield;
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd
dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall;
No final loss his courage might appal;
Ant. Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by
his fall.

XXIV.

So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mo-
ther;
Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another;
For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
And though herself was dead, yet ransom'd him
from death.

(c) Faith.

XXV.

With him his nurse, went careful Acoë; (d)
Whose hands first from his mother's womb
did take him,
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:
She never might, she never would forsake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutual band;
For by her needful help he oft did stand,
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemens
hand.

XXVI.

With both, sweet Meditation ever pac'd,
His nurse's daughter, and his foster sister;
Dear as his soul, he in his soul her plac'd,
And oft embrac'd, and oft by stealth he kiss'd
her;
For she had taught him by her silent talk
To tread the safe, and dang'rous ways to
balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God
to walk. Int.

XXVII.

Behind him Penitence did sadly go,
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining;
Her swelling tears, which, e'vn in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the sinful puddles draining:
Much seem'd she in her pensive thought mo-
lest, [fest; [fest;
And much the mocking world her soul in-
More she the hateful world, and most herself de-
tested.

XXVIII.

She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
The squint-ey'd wrie-mouth'd scoff of carnal
hearts;
Yet smiling heav'n delights to kiss her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful
smarts:
Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrash'd;
Sharp circumcision's knife her heart had
flash'd;
Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was
mash'd.

XXIX.

With her a troop of mournful grooms abiding
Help with their fullen blacks their mistress' woe;
Amendment still (but his own faults) chiding,
And Penance arm'd with smarting whips did
go:
Then sad Remorse came fighting all the way;
Last Satisfaction, giving all away:
Much surely did he owe, much more he would re-
pay.

XXX.

Next went Elpinus, (e) clad in sky-like blue;
And through his arms few stars did seem to
peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem to sleep:
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold,
I bold by being held, was written round in gold.

(d) Hearing.

(e) Hope.

xxxI.

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
As was his broth'r Fido's:—fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not
well:

Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita (f) she hight, which ne'er could lie or
feign.

xxxII.

Next to Elpinus march'd his brother Love;
Nor that GREAT LOVE which cloth'd his God-
head bright

With rags of flesh, and now again above
Hath dress'd his flesh in heav'n's eternal light:
Much less the brat of that false Cyprian dame,
Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of shame,
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustful
flame.

xxxIII.

But this from heav'n brings his immortal race,
And nurs'd by gratitude, whose careful arms
Long held, and hold him still in kind embrace:
But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,
He grew to wond'rous strength and beauty
rare:

Next that God Love, from whom his off-
springs are. [compare.
No match in earth or heav'n may with this love

xxxIV.

His page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books recit-
ing

The famous passions of that highest love,
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:
Deep would he sigh, and seem epassion'd
fore,

And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that love no
more.

xxxV.

Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear [spy'd
That glorious Name; for when, or where he
Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did hear,
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defy'd,

And forc'd him eat the words he foully spake:
But if for Him, he grief or death did take,
Ant That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his
sake.

xxxVI.

His glitt'ring arms, dress'd all with fiery hearts
Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:
And on his shield kind Jonathan imparts
To his soul's friend, his robes, and princely name,
And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.

xxxVII.

These led the vanguard; and an hundred more
Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train:
But first in middleward did justly go
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely swain,

(f) Promise.

Vaunting himself Love's twin, but younger
brother:

Well mought it be, for e'en their very mother,
With pleasing error oft mistook the one for th'
other.

xxxVIII.

As when fair Paris gave that golden ball,
A thousand doubts ran in his stagg'ring breast:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all?
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;
The more he looks, the more his judgment
err'd:

So she first this, then that, then none, then both
preferr'd.

xxxIX.

Like them, their armour seem'd full near of kin:
In this they only differ; th' elder bent
His higher soul to heav'n; the younger twin
'Mong mortals here his love and kindness spent;
Teaching (strange alchymy) to get a living,
By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying, filling bags, so heav'n by earth at-
chieving.

XL.

About him troop the poor with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,
With kindest words, and succour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
His wardrobe serves to clothe the naked side,
And shameful parts of bared bodies hide;
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he would divide.

xLI.

To rogues, his gate was shut; but open lay
Kindly the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore angels hid in mortal clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to visit him would not disdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;
Whom heav'n, and earth, and all the world can-
not contain.

xLII.

His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
Their earnest vows open heav'n's wide
door;

That not in vain sweet plenty evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

xLIII.

Behind attend him in an uncooth wife,
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;
Such whilome was enfranchis'd bondmen's guise,
New freed from cruel masters servile dread:
These had he lately bought from captive
chain;
Hence they his triumph sing with joyful strain,
And on his head due praise, and thousand bles-
sings rain.

xLIV.

He was a father to the fatherless,
To widows he supply'd an husband's care;
Nor would he heap up woe to their distress,
Or by a guardian's name their state impair.

But rescue them from strong oppressor's might;
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy
spite.

Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortal wight.

XLV.

Once ev'ry week he on his progress went,
The sick to visit, and those meagre swains,
Which all their weary life in darkness spent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, press'd with heavy
chains: [spend it,

He hoards not wealth for his loose heir to
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.

Good then is only good when to our God we lend it.

XLVI.

And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearful heart pitying that wretched sight,
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
And strew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly
hearse;

Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

XLVII.

So once that royal maid (g) fierce Thebes beguil'd,
Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her;
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,
(While willing night in darkness safely hid
her)

(g) *Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, contrary to the
edict of Creon, buries Polynices.*

She lowly laid in earth's all-covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

XLVIII.

Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finished;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his gored side,
With hundred varied 'plaints she often cry'd,
Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!

XLIX.

Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banish'd brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breast so just complaining smother?
To thy sad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb thee gave:
Oh, no! such little room thou must not have.
But for thy banish'd bones, I (wretch) must steal
a grave.

L.

But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints
With fellow-passion drawn my feeling moan?
But thus this Love deals with those murder'd
faints;
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that
groan. [play
But now in that beech grove we'll safely,
And in those shadows mock the boiling ray;
Which yet increases more with the decreasing
day.

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CANTO X.

I.

THE shepherds to the woody mount withdrew,
Where hillock seats, shades yield a canopy;
Whose tops with violets dy'd all in blue,
Might seem to make a little azure sky;
And that round hill, which their weak heads
maintain'd,

A lesser Atlas seem'd, whose neck sustain'd
The weight of all the heav'ns, which sore his
shoulders pain'd.

II.

And here and there sweet primrose scattered,
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;
Some other wink'd, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac'd, and set in order due:
Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true
A little heav'n on earth in narrow space she drew.

III.

Upon this earthly heav'n the shepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;

Till the declining sun, and elder day
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:
The sheep had left the shades, to mind their
meat;

Then all returning to their former seat,
Thirfil again began his weary song repeat.

IV.

Great pow'r of love! with what commanding fire
Dost thou inflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!

Nothing is free from thy sweet government;
Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons
prove;

By thee dead elements and heav'ns move; *Ant.*
Which void of sense itself, yet are not void of love.

V.

But those twin loves, which from thy seas of light,
To us on earth derive their lesser streams,
Though in their force they shew thy wond'rous
might,

On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;

Yet here encounter'd with so mighty foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help
foreflow.

VI.

Next to the younger Love, Irenus (a) went,
Whose frosty head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battles had he spent;
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
Upon a loped tree he idly pight;
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endless night.

VII.

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:
The word in letters large was fair express'd,
Thrice happy author of a happy peace.
Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores
his will, [fill:
Will ends in works, good works his treasures
Earth's slave, (b) heav'n's heir he is—as God,
pays good for ill.

VIII.

By him Andreos (c) pac'd, of middle age,
His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'rate rage:
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:
Nor will he death, or life, or seek or fly,
Ready for both.—He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

IX.

Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
He with himself, till passion yields or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grim, but
stout:
His flame had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;
His rage well-temper'd is; no fear can daunt
His reason; but cold blood is valiant;
Well may he strength in death; but never cou-
rage want.

X. V.

But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous north wind
rides;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar,
and rave;
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trum-
pets strain:
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;
Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken,
whining plain.

XI.

Such was this knight's undaunted constancy;
No mischief wakens his resolved mind;
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.
His shield an even ballast ship embraces,
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly
raves: [waves.
His word was this, *I fear but heav'n, nor winds, nor*

(a) Peaceableness.

(b) Matt. v. 9.

(c) Fortitude.

XII.

And next Macrothumus, (d) whose quiet face
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;
Nor could hot anger reason's rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red;
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:
For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchange'd for
spite. Ant.

XIII.

Was never yet a more undaunted spirit;
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain;
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:
Yielding itself to him a winning were:
And though he dy'd, yet dead, he rose a con-
queror. Ant.

XIV.

His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretched;
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;
And happy most, because he can be wretched. } Ant.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth
break;
Rejoicing most when most he is tormented:
In greatest discontents he rests contented:
By conquering himself, all conquests he prevented. "

XV.

His rocky arms of massy adamant,
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade;
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,
Of such strange mould and temper was he made:
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,
Though many weights his rising arms de-
press'd:
His word was, *Rising most, by being most oppress'd.* Ant.

XVI.

Next him Androphilus, (e) whose sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind:
Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart:
To baser men fair looks he would impart; [art.
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental

XVII.

His enemies knew not how to discommend him;
All others dearly lov'd; fell ranc'rous spite,
And vile detraction vain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues
abusing.

XVIII.

His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide,
Affords the weary traveller cheerful light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide;
Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine
Had drawn the sun, whose eye did ne'er re-
pine
To look on good and ill: his word, *To all I shint,*

(c) Long-suffering.

(d) Gentleness, or courtesy.

xix.

Fair virtue, where stay'st thou in poor exile,
Leaving the court from whence thou took'st
thy name?
While in thy place is steep disdaining vile,
And flattery, base son of need and shame;
And with them surly scorn, and hateful pride;
Whose artificial face false colours dy'd,
Which more display her shame, than lothsome
foulness hide.

xx.

Late, there thou livedst with a gentle swain,
(As gentle swain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart and all thy train,
Where hundred other graces quartered were :
But he, alas! untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,
That few were ever such ; and now those few are
none.

xxi.

By him the stout Encrates (i) boldly went,
Assailed oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite mispent ;
For he whole armies single bold defies ;
With him nor might, nor cunning flights
prevail ;
All force on him they try, all forces fail ;
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

xxii.

His body full of vigour, full of health ;
His table feeds not lust, but strength and need :
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed :
On's shield an hand from heav'n an orchard
dressing, [sing ;
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppress-
A. So adding fruit : his word, *By lessening increasing.*

xxiii.

His settled mind was written in his face :
For on his forehead cheerful gravity
False joys and apish vanities doth chase :
And watchful care did wake in either eye.
His heritage he would not lavish sell,
Nor yet his treasure hide by neighbouring
hell : [well.
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten

xxiv.

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side :
Not those in heav'n, the flow'ry Gemini's,
Are half so lovely bright ; the one his bride,
Agneia (k) chaste, was join'd in Hymen's ties,
And love, as pure as heav'n's conjunction :
Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone :
So were they two in sight ; in truth entirely one.

xxv.

Upon her arched brow, unarmed love
Triumphing sat in peaceful victory ;
And in her eyes thousand chaste graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty :
Ten thousand more her fairer breast contains ;
Where quiet meekness every ill restrains,
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reigns.

(i) *Temperance.*

(k) *Chastity in the married.*

xxvi.

Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning
hearts :
The scalding ray with his reflected streams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts :
Upon her shield a pair of turtles shone ;
A loving pair, still coupled, ne'er alone :
Her word, *Though one when two, yet either two, or
none.* A

xxvii.

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia (l), all in steel, and gilded arms ;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which in bloody fields, and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted
spear.

xxviii.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new :
Itself unto itself was only mate ;
Ever the same, but new in newer date :
And underneath was writ, *Such is chaste single
state.*

xxix.

Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise ;
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise :
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

xxx.

Choice nymph ! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth ;
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection stain :
Sure heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew ;
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

xxxi.

Upon her forehead love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying ;
And in the midst himself full proudly fits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying :
Upon her brows lies his bent ebony bow,
And ready shafts : deadly those weapons
shew :
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly
blow.

xxxii.

And at the foot of this celestial frame,
Two radiant stars, than stars yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame ;
Yet with heav'n's stars in this too near agreeing :
They timely warmth, themselves not warm,
inspire ;
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

(l) *Chastity in the single.*

XXXIII.

Ye matchless stars (yet each the others match)
 Heav'n's richest diamonds, set in amel white,
 From whose bright spheres all grace the graces
 catch,
 And will not move but by your loadstars bright;
 How have you stol'n, and stor'd your armoury
 With love's and death's strong shafts, and
 from your sky
 Pour down thick show'rs of darts to force whole
 armies fly?

XXXIV.

Above those suns, two rainbows high aspire,
 Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;
 Fair Iris seem'd to mourn in fable 'tire;
 Yet thus more sweet the greedy eye they feast:
 And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
 Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair rainbows
 shew'd
 Above their sparkling suns, without or rain or
 cloud.

XXXV.

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
 And in the midst was set a circling rose;
 Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
 New liveries, and fresher colours choose
 To deck his beaut'ous head in snowy 'tire;
 But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
 To such a fair, which none attain, but all ad-
 mire?

XXXVI.

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
 A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
 But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
 Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,
 And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
 Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest
 fears:
 The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

XXXVII.

Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose
 From green silk fillets yet not all unbound,
 Began their little rising heads disclose,
 And fairly spread their silver circlets round:
 From those two bulwarks love doth safely
 fight;
 Which swelling easily, may seem to fight
 To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

XXXVIII.

Yet all these stars which deck this beaut'ous sky,
 By force of th' inward sun both shine and move:
 Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
 In highest majesty the highest love.

As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
 The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring
 flame, [dame.
 So does that brightest love brighten this lovely

XXXIX.

Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia
 Glitt'ring in arms, herself presents to fight;
 As when th' Amazon queen, Hippolyta,
 With Theseus enter'd lifts in single fight,
 With equal arms her mighty foe opposing;
 Till now her bared head her face disclosing,
 Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by
 losing.

XL.

A thousand knights woo'd her with busy pain,
 To thousands she her virgin-grant deny'd;
 Although her dear-sought love to entertain,
 They all their wit, and all their strength ap-
 ply'd: [sway'd,
 Yet in her heart, love close his sceptre
 That to an Heavenly Spouse her thoughts
 betray'd, [maid.
 Where she a maiden wife might live, and wisely

XLI.

Upon her steps a virgin page attended,
 Fair Erythre, (m), whose often blushing face
 Sweetly her in-burn shame-fac'd thoughts com-
 mended;
 The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged
 grace,

Which she a shrine to purity devotes:
 So when clear ivory, vermeil fitly blots,
 By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

XLII.

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
 Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;
 But neck and breast no man might bare descry,
 So sweetly modest was this bashful girl:
 But that sweet paradise, ah! could we see,
 On these white mountlets daintier apples be,
 Than those we bought so dear on Eden's tempting
 tree.

XLIII.

These noble knights this threaten'd fort defend;
 These, and a thousand more heroic swains,
 That to this 'stressed state their service lend,
 To free from force, and save from captive chains.
 But now too late the battle to recite;
 For Hesperus heav'n's tapers 'gins to light,
 And warns each star to wait upon their mistress
 night.

(m) Modesty.

C A N T O XI.

a **T**HE early morn lets out the peeping day,
And strew'd his paths with golden marigolds:
The moon grows wan, and stars flie all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds
Till light is quench'd, and heav'n in seas
hath flung
The headlong day:—to th' hill the shep-
herds throng,
And Thirfil now began to end his task and song.

y **W**ho now, alas! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade,
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtle's shade?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With graceful majesty, and lofty rising skill?

y **A**h, thou dread spirit! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:
Teach my low muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

u w f **S**uch as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king;
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing:
Or as those holy fishers, once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted
tongues;
And brought'st down heav'n to earth in those
all-conqu'ring songs.

c **T**hese mighty heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms, and goodly equipage,
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent
To fall out, and meet the enemy:
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hateful war, and deadly enmity.

Thither repairs the careful intellect
With his fair spouse Voletta, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much im-
pair,

Yet through those clouds did shine so glo-
rious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding
light.

VII.
But who may hope to paint such majesty,
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face;
Such beaut'ous face, unseen to mortal eye?
Whose pow'rful looks, and more than mortal
grace [throne,
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely moan
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his
only one. *A*

VIII.
Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,
Fairest Eccecta, to describe thy beauty,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble duty:
But who to view such blaze of beauty longs,
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his song
of songs.

IX.
The Island's King with sober countenance
Aggrates the knights who thus his right de-
fended;
And with grave speech, and comely amenance,
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them com-
mended:
His lovely child, that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands;
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he
commands.

X.
The God-like maid awhile all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;
But soon to quench the heat, that lordly
reigns,
From her fair eye a show'r of crystal rains,
Which with his silver streams, o'er-runs the beau-
t'ous plains.

Comp. **XI.**
As when the sun in midst of summer's heat
Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:

Till coldest air, soon melted into show'rs,
Upon the earth his welcome anger pours,
And heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her
former low'rs.

xii.

At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart in her face to rise;
And first in th' eye, then in the lip thus spake;
"Ah, gentle knights, how many a simple maid,
With justest grief, and wrong so ill appay'd,
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly
aid?"

xiii.

But if my princely spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed;
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must
prevail."

xiv.

By this the long-shut gate was open laid;
Soon out they rush in order well arrang'd:
And fast'ning in their eyes that heav'nly maid,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and
state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles
hate.

xv.

Long at the gate the thoughtful intellect
Stay'd with his fearful queen, and daughter
fair;
But when the knights were past their dim aspect,
They follow them with vows, and many a pray'r,
At last they climb up to the castle's height;
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry
knight.
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine
fight.

xvi.

As when a youth bound for the Belgic war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so far
They see not now, and now are seen no more:
Yet far off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks of her vails,
And shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

xvii.

Mean time these champions march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in sight:
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.
Sound now ye trumpets, sound alarms loud;
Hark how their clamours whet their anger
proud;
See, yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud!

xviii.

So oft the south with civil enmity
Musters his watry forces 'gainst the west;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the sky
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:
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At length the flame breaks from th' impris-
ning cold
With horrid noise tearing the limber mold:
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours
roll'd.

xix.

First did that warlike maid herself advance;
And riding from amidst her company,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudest enemy:
Porneius, soon his ready spear addrest,
And kicking with his heel his hasty beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty
breast.

xx.

In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,
Where Love himself oft entrance sought in vain:
But much unlike the martial virgin's spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,
Broaching with bloody point his breast be-
fore;
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling
And bid pale death come in at that red gaping
door.

xxi.

There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,
Breathing together out his life and lust,
Which from his breast swam in the steaming
flood:
In maids his joy, now by a maid defy'd
His life he lost, and all his former pride:
With women would he live, now by a woman
died.

xxii.

Aselges, struck with such a heavy fight,
Greedy to 'venge his brother's sad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despight,
And met the Virgin in the middle way;
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers
flew.

xxiii.

The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,
That he had learnt the liquid air dispart,
And swim along the heav'ns with pinions light:
Now that fair Maid taught him this nimble
art;
For from his saddle far away she sent,
Flying along the empty element
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was
bent.

xxiv.

The rest that saw with fear the ill success
Of single fight, durst not like fortune try;
But round beset her with their num'rous press:
Before, beside, behind, they on her fly,
And every part with coward odds assail;
But she redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with
iron flail.

xxv.

As when a gentle greyhound set around
With little curs, which dare his way molest,

E c

napping behind; soon as the angry hound
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh
slain;
The rest, fear'd with his crying run amain,
And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in
vain.

XXVI.

The subtil Dragon, that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this Maiden
Knight,
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might;
A crafty swain well taught to cunning
harms, [charms,
Call'd False Delight, he chang'd with hellish
That true delight he seem'd, the self same shape
and arms.

XXVII.

The watchfull'st sight, no difference could descry;
The same his face, his voice, his gait the same;
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guileful
word,
Till she less careful did fit time afford;
Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful
sword.

XXVIII.

You pow'rful heav'ns! and Thou their Governor!
With what eyes can you view this doleful sight:
How can you see your fairest conqueror
So nigh her end by so unmanly flight?
The dreadful weapon through the air doth
glide;
But sure you turn'd the harmful edge aside:
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor
died.

XXIX.

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains:
From that wide spring long rivers took their
flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains:
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recall,
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft
would fall.

XXX.

All so a lily press'd with heavy rain, [brinks;
Which fills her cup with show'rs up to the
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks:
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite dis-
arrays; [cays.
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet de-

XXXI.

Th' undaunted Maid, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry,
As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

XXXII.

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to lift'ning heaven her trembling eyes:
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent;
Thou chastest Love! that rul'st the wand'ring
skies,

More pure than purest heavens by thee mov'd;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd;
If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd.

XXXIII.

Let not this temple of thy spotless love
Be with foul hand, and beastly rage defil'd:
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
Thy humble votary with loathsome sport to foil.

XXXIV.

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
That much high love seem'd passion'd with those
cries;
Much more those streams his heart and patience
break:
Straight he the charge gives to a winged
swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause main-
tain.

XXXV.

Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought:
See, see! he cries, where your Parthenia fair,
The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about
With thousand enemies now fainting stands,
Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands:
Hie ye, oh, hie ye fast! the highest love com-
mands.

XXXVI.

They casting round about their angry eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spy'd;
They prick their steeds, which straight like light-
ning fly:
Their brother Continnence runs by their side:
Fair Continnence, that truly long before,
As his heart's liege, this lady did adore:
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the
more.

XXXVII.

Encrates and his spouse with flashing sword
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly:
While Continnence a precious liquor pour'd
Into the wound, and suppled tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

XXXVIII.

So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
Fainting through heat, hang down her droop-
ing head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

XXXIX.

Now rush they all into the flying trains,
Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles
fight :

The wretched vulgar on the purple plains P
Fall down as thick, as when a rustic wight
From laden oaks the plent'ous acorns pours;
Or when the blubb'ring air that sadly lowers,
And melts his fullen brow, and weeps sweet April
show'rs.

XL.

The greedy dragon that aloof did spy
So ill success of this renewed fray;
More vex'd with loss of certain victory,
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,
Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:
The burning sparks leap from his flaming
light,
And forth his smoking jaws steams out a smoul-
d'ring night.

XLI.

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply;
The swelling band that drunken Methos led;
And all the rout his brother Gluttony
Commands, in lawless bands disordered:
So now they hold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shameful flight:
While both with former loss sharpen their raging
spite.

XLII.

Freshly these knights assault these fresher hands,
And with new battle all their strength renew:
Down fell Geloios by Encrate's hands;
Agneia, Mœchus, and Anagnus flew;
And spying Methos fenc'd in 's iron vine,
Pierc'd his swoln paunch:—there lies the
grunting swine, P
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

XLIII.

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmless folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
He drags the silly beasts: nothing controuls
The victory proud; he spoils, devours, and
tears;
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers:
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent
fears.

XLIV.

Such was the slaughter these three champions made;
But most Encrates, whose unconquer'd hands
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernal shade,
With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands:
Oft were they succour'd fresh with new sup-
plies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon grown more wise
By former loss, began another way devise.

XLV.

Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent:
For easy skirmish clad in armour light:

Their golden bows in hand stood ready bent,
And painted quivers furnish'd well for fight,
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison
stains;
Which dipp'd in Phlegethon by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand dead-
ly pains.

XLVI.

Thereto of substance strange, so thin, and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye could see:
Far off they stood, and flung their darts around
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So safely, others hurt, and never wounded wound.

XLVII.

Much were the knights encumber'd with these
foes;
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd
blows,
The light-foot troop, away more swiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows through the
wind:
And in their course oft would they turn be-
hind,
And with their glancing darts their hot pursuers
blind.

XLVIII.

As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks,
The false-back Tartars, fear, with cunning
seign,
And posting fast away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bows down
rain
Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight;
And what by force they lose, they win by flight;
flight.

Conquer'd by standing out, and conquerors by

XLIX.

Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew:
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,
And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue!
So would they deeper wound in nearer space:
In such a fight, he wins that fastest flies.
Fly, fly, chaste knights, such subtil enemies:
The vanquish'd cannot live, and conqu'ror surely
dies.

L.

The knights oppress'd with wounds, and travel
past,
Began retire, and now were near to fainting:
With that a winged post him speeded fast,
The general with these heavy news acquaint-
ing: [tire.
He soon refresh'd their hearts that 'gan to
But, let our weary muse awhile respire;
Shade we our scorched heads from Phœbus' parch-
ing fire.

R c ij

CANTO XII.

I.

THE shepherds guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks,
(Where various flow'rs damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
At length, thus Thirfil ends his broken lay,
Lest that the stealing night his later song might
stay.

II.

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud fortune, with her scorns and
fawns:

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

III.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their
thread

Draw out their filken lives:—nor filken pride:
His lamb's warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

IV.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first-salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural muses;
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

V.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive
him
With coolest shades, till noon-tides rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God
can please.

VI.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps
The lively picture of his father's face:

Never his humble house or state torment him;
Lest he could like, if less his God had sent
him;

And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb
content him.

VII.

The world's great Light his lowly state hath
blest'd,

And left his heav'n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran a-
pace;

And serpents flew, to hear his softest strains:
He fed his flock, where rolling Jordan reigns;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore
our pains.

VIII.

Then thou high Light! whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh, do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor!

Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain;
That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring
might; [flight.

And 'twixt the golden stars cut out her tow'ring
d)

IX.

The Mighty General moved with the news
Of those four famous knights so near decay,
With hasty speed the conqu'ring foe pursues;
At last he spies where they were led away,
Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands:
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
And cut the slavish cords from their captived
hands.

X.

And for the knights were faint, he quickly sent
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art;
Which she had eak'd with long experiment:

For many a soul, and many a wounded heart
Had she restor'd, and brought to life again:
The broken spirit, with grief and horror
slain,

That oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with smarting
pain.

XI.

For she in sev'ral baths their wounds did steep;
The first of rue which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:
Then would she make another strange consec-

tion,

And mix it with Nepenthe sovereign;
Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling
pain : [sinful stain.

Thus she the knights recur'd, and wash'd from
XII.

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever :
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two Twin-Loves whom no place mought dis-
sever ;

And Knowledge with his train begins anew
To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms :
In midst great Fido, clad in sun-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former
harms.

Comp. XIII.
So when the sun shines in bright Taurus' head.
Returning tempests all with winter fill ;
And still successive storms fresh mustered,
The timely year in his first springings kill :
And oft it breathes a while, then straight
again

Doubly pours out his spite in smoking rain :
The country's vows and hopes swim on the
drowned plain.

f XIV.
The Lovely Twins ride 'gainst the Cyprian
bands, [flight :
Chasing their troops, now with no feigned
Their broken shafts lie scattered on the sands,
Themselves for fear quite vanish'd out of
flight :

Against these conquerors Hypocrisy,
And Cosmo's hated bands, with Eethros fly,
And all that rout do march, and bold the Twins
defy.

XV.
Elpinus, mighty enemies assail ;
But Doubt of all the other most infested ;
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft than odds of force molested :
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon
light,
And sudden altr'd his first kind of fight ;
And oft himself and shape transform'd with cun-
ning flight.

Comp. XVI.
So that great river, with Alcides striving
In Ceneus' court for the Ætolian maid,
To divers shapes his fluent limbs contriving,
From manly form in serpent's frame he stay'd,
Sweeping with speckled breast the dusty
land ;

Then like a bull with horns did armed stand :
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

XVII.
Such shapes and changing fashions much dismay'd
him,

That oft he stagger'd with unwonted fright ;
And but his brother Fido oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacquainted fight :

But he would still his wavering strength
maintain, [plain ;
And chace that monster through the sandy
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd
again.

XVIII.

Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defy'd :
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-ey'd band ;
Oft starting Fear, Distrust ne'er satisfy'd,
And fond suspect, and thousand other foes ;
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows,
And with his flaming sword their fainting army
mows.

Comp.

XIX.

As when blood-guilty earth for vengeance cries,
(If greatest things with less we may compare)
The Mighty Thunderer through the air flies,
While snatching whirlwinds open ways pre-
pare :
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains
o'er him ; [him :
And angels on their flaming wings up bore
Mean time the guilty heav'ns for fear fly fast be-
fore him.

XX.

There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throws,
And fills the low vale with his ruined sides ;
Or on some church his three-fork'd dart be-
flows ;
(Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes)
Down falls the spire, the body fearful quakes ;
Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtful tremb-
ling shakes.

XXI.

With Fido, Knowledge went, who order'd right
His mighty bands ; so now his scatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight :
While with new change the Dragon's army
droops.
And from the following victor's headlong run :
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done ;
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly
won.

XXII.

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps :
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew *Comp. as*
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder
claps ;
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day :
The wavering Ætna shakes and fain would run
away.

XXIII.

Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see
In this dark chaos : they the seed of night :
But these not so, who night and darkness flee ;
For they the sons of day, and joy in light :
But Knowledge soon began a way devise,
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes :
So open'd Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

XXIV.

Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was
made ;
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western
shade

And lightsome day beget before his time;
Fram'd in heaven, without all earthly crime,
Dipp'd in the fiery sun, which burnt the baser
flime.

Impar'd

xxv.

As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright morning's
face;

At length the piercing sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chase:

The broken mist lies melted all in tears:

So this bright shield the stinking darkness
tears, [fears,

And giving back the day, dissolves their former

xxvi.

Which when afar, the fiery Dragon spies

His flights deluded with so little pain;

To his last refuge now at length he flies:

Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to
strain; [spew

At length, with loathly sight, he up doth

From stinking paunch a most deformed crew;

That heaven itself did fly from their most ugly
view.

xxvii.

The first that crept from his detested maw,

Was Hamartia (a) foul deformed wight;

More foul, deform'd, the sun yet never saw;

Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:

A woman seem'd she in her upper part:

To which she could such lying gloss impart,

That thousands she had slain with her deceiving
art.

xxviii.

The rest (though hid) in serpent's form array'd,

With iron scales, like to a plaited mail;

Over her back her knotty tail display'd,

Along the empty air did lofty sail;

The end was pointed with a double sting,

Which with such dreaded might she wont to
sting,

That nought could help the wound, but blood of
heav'nly King.

xxix.

Of that first woman, her the Dragon got,

(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)

Whom when she saw so fill'd with monstrous
spot,

She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother;

But she well nigh her mother's self had slain;

And all that dare her kindly entertain:

So some parts of her dam, more of her fire re-
main.

xxx.

Her viperous locks hung loose about her ears:

Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,

Which like a border on her head she wears:

About her neck hang down long adder chains,

In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded
round,

Which in her anger lightly she unbound,

And darting far away would sure and deadly
wound.

(a) Sin.

xxxii.

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools dim eyes;

But hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair

Appears, when her true form true light descries:

Her loathsome face, blancht skin, and snaky
hair;

A. Her shapeless shape, dead life, her carrion
smell;

The devil's dung, the child, and dam of hell;

Is chaffer fit for fools, their precious souls to sell.

xxxiii.

The second in this rank was black Despair,

Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night:

His looks fast nail'd to Sin; long sooty hair

Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide staring
fright:

His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head;

Light, heav'n, and earth, himself, and all

A. things fled:

A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living
lead.

xxxiiii.

His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,

And heavy mould; yet earth could not content
him:

Heav'n fast he flies, and heav'n fled him as fast;

Though kin to hell, yet hell did much torment
him;

His very soul was nought but ghastly fright;

With him went many a fiend, and ugly

sprite, [spite.
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of

xxxv.

Instead of feathers on his dangling crest

A luckless raven spread her blackest wings;

And to her croaking throat gave never rest,

But deathful verses and sad dirges sings;

His hellish arms were all with fiends emboss'd,

Who damned souls with endless torments

roast, [ghost.
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd

xxxvi.

Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,

Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly
darts;

Sin at his side, a two-edg'd sword he wore,

With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts;

Upon his shield Alceio with a wreath

Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth:

And round about was wrote, *Reward of sin is
death.*

xxxvii.

The last two brethren were far different,

Only in common name of death agreeing;

The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went;

Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;

Born deaf, and blind; nothing might stop

his way: [stay,

No pray'rs, no vows his keenest scythe could

Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

xxxviii.

No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;

Down falls the young, and old, the boy and maid;

Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him;

All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh array'd;

The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horror brings in midst of loves alarms :
Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd harms.

XXXVIII

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place.
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead :
Some more, some less, fear his all frightening face ;
But most, who sleep in downy pleasure's bed :
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high ;
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie.

XXXIX.

The second far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphur streams ;
Which creeping round about him fill'd with
His curst limbs, that direly he blasphemes ;
Most strange it seems, that burning thus forever,
No rest, no time, no place these flames may
fever : [never
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth

XL.

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
The sun his eye in jetty vapours drown'd,
Scar'd at such hell-hounds view ; heaven's 'ma-
zed light
Sets in an early evening ; earth astound,
Bids dogs with howls give warning : at which
found
The fearful air starts, seas break their bound,
And frightened fled away ; no sands might them
impound.

XLI.

The palsied troop first like asps shaken fare,
Till now their heart congeal'd in icy blood,
Candied the ghastly face :—locks stand and stare :
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshal'd
stood :
Their usefess swords fell idly on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain ;
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with
flavish chain.

Comp.

XLII.

As when proud Phineus in his brother's feast
Fill'd all with tumult and intestine broil ;
Wife Perseus with such multitudes oppress'd,
Before him bore the snaky Gorgons spoil :
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks, in rocky order rang'd ;
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage
estrang'd.

XLIII.

The fair Eclecta, who with grief had stood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field swim in her champion's blood,
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd ;
Limning true sorrow in sad silent art.
*Light grief floats on the tongue ; but heavy smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.*

XLIV.

What Dædal art such griefs can truly shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, and burning
prayers,

Baptising ever limb in weeping dew ?
Whose swollen eyes, pickled up in briny tears,
Crystalline rocks ; coral, the lid appears ;
Compass'd about with tides of grief and fears :
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores
grief with tears.

XLV.

At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud breath'd sighs, his leaden weight appears ;
And vents itself in softest whisperings,
Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears :
While her fair hands, and watry shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
Which seem'd with cloudy brow her grief to
sympathize.

XLVI.

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears, her words, and eyes, her
tongue ;
Till faith, experiences, hope, assistance lent
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong :
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some
comforts borrow
From firmest truth ; then glimps'd the hope-
ful morrow : [sorrow,
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of

XLVII.

Ah dearest Lord ! my heart's sole Sovereign,
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne ;
Hark from thy heav'ns, where thou dost safely
reign,
Cloth'd with the golden-sun, and silver moon :
Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming Majesty,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad misery.

XLVIII.

To thee, dear Lord ! I lift this watry eye,
Thiseye which thou so oft in love (b) hast prais'd ;
This eye with which thou (i) wounded oft wouldst
die ; [rais'd :
To thee, dear Lord ! these suppliant hands are
These to be lilies thou hast often told me ;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold thee.

XLIX.

Seest how thy foes despicable trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays ;
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest dear !
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring
bays, [clay ?
And all thy foes trod down and spread as
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray ?
Too long thou stay'st my love ; come love, no
longer stay.

L.

Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lockt thy sweetness up in fierce disdain ?
In vain didst thou those thousand mischiefs prove ?
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death, in vain ?
Oh ! no ;—of ill thou only dost repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies most content thee :
Then why, with stay so long, so long dost thou
torment me ?

(b) Cant. i. 15.

(i) Cant. iv. 2.

E c iiij

LI.

Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain;
Ah! now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hell's troops my sole beleaguer; bow thine
ears;
And hear my cries pierce through my groans
and fears:
Sweet Spouse! see not my sins, but through my
plaints and tears.

LII.

Let frailty favour; sorrow, succour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:
Be thou my rock, though I poor changeling rove,
Toft up and down in waves of worldly flood:
Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails
misguide;
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

LIII.

Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice, [woes:
Wash'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in
See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes!
Dear Spouse! unless thy right hand even
steers; [fears;
Oh if thou anchor not these threat'ning
Thy ark will fail as deep in blood, as now in tears.

LIV.

With that a thund'ring noise seem'd shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,
Puff'd up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling
shore, [part door.
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks earth's ram-

LV.

And straight an angel (*k*) full of heav'nly might,
(Three sev'ral crowns circled his royal head)
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams dis-
pread,
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame;
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous
name.

LVI.

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great Babel lies as low as hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heav'n exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as
ground.

LVII.

The broken heav'ns dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
Straight shrilling trumpet with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight;

(*k*) Our late most learned sovereign in his Remon-
strance and Complaint on the Apokalypse.

Well knew the dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his
troops aghast.

LVIII.

Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride, [oft,
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd:
And mounted on his flaggy sails afloat,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd
in vain.

LIX.

So up he arose upon his stretched sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,
And over pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth
shroud:

LX.

Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glitt'ring skies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;
Like thousand suns in one:—such is their
light,
A subject only for immortal sprite;
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

LXI.

His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heav'n could under-
stand:
A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around
His conq'ring head: well may they there
abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly
crown'd.

LXII.

His armour all was dy'd in purple blood;
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood:
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph
brings, [swords:
And breaks their spears, and cracks their traitor
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, *The KING of KINGS, and LORD of*
LORDS.

LXIII.

His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
And (which his foes with fear and horror fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he
darts: [parts,
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow
And with his keenest point unbreasts the naked
hearts.

LXIV.

The Dragon, wounded with this flaming brand,
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:

Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is his victory.

So now he's bound in adamant chain :
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain :
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

LXV.

Thence by a mighty swain he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings :
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,
Now stretch'd at length, close to his belly clings :
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, resumes :
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icy fires.

LXVI.

Comp. As when Alcides from forc'd hell had drawn
The three-head dog, and master'd all his pride ;
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side :
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out of his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

LXVII.

Comp. Soon at this fight the knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flow'rs from winter tomb
(When now the sun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb :
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery
rays : [plays.
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive

LXVIII.

The prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never-ending liberty ;
To meet the Victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise :
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy, his never-spending days.

LXIX.

A The fair Eclecta, that with widow'd brow
Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad array,
Now filken (l) cloth'd like frozen snow,
Whose silver spangles sparkle 'gainst the day :
This shining robe her Lord himself had
wrought, [fought,
While he her love with hundred presents
And it with many a wound, and many a torment
bought !

LXX.

And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd
(Drawing their beams from this most glorious face)
Like to a precious jasper (m), pure refin'd,
Which with a crystal mix'd, much mends his
grace :

The golden stars a garland fair did frame
To crown her locks; the sun lay hid for shame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious
flame.

LXXI.

Ah ! who that flame can tell ? Ah ! who can see ?
Enough is me with silence to admire ;
While bolder joy, and humble majesty
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire :

(l) Rev. xix. 8.

(m) Rev. xxi. 11.

Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in sliding tears ;
That like a watry sun her gladsome face appears,

LXXII.

At length when joys had left her closer heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue :
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth i' th' music of her voice they throng ;
My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss,
(Whom to enjoy is heav'n, but hell to miss)
What are the world's false joys, what heav'n's true
joys to this ?

LXXIII.

Psychomach
Ah, dearest Lord ! does my rapt soul behold thee ?
Am I awake ? and sure I do not dream ?
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee ?
Too much delight makes true things feigned
seem.
Thee, thee I see ; thou, thou thus folded art :
For deep thy stamp is printed on my heart,
And thousand ne'er-felt joys stream in each melt-
ing part.

LXXIV.

Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly 'plain her
Upon his neck a welcome load depending ;
While he, with equal joy did entertain her,
Herself, her champions, highly all commend-
ing :
So all in triumph to his palace went ;
Whose work in narrow words may not be
pent : [tent.

LXXV.

For boundless thought is less than is that glorious
There sweet delights, which know nor end, nor
measure ;
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding ;
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure ;
Pleasure full grown, yet ev'r freshly breeding :
Fulness of sweets excludes not more receiv-
ing :
The soul still big of joy, yet still conceiving ;
Beyond flow tongues report, beyond quick thoughts
perceiving.

LXXVI.

There are they gone ; there will they ever bide ;
Swimming in waves of joys, and heav'nly loves :
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride ;
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant
moving ;

No change, no grief, no age can them befall :
Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

LXXVII.

And as in his state they thus in triumph ride,
The boys and damsels their just praises chant ;
The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the bride,
While all the hills glad Hymens loudly vaunt :
Heav'n's winged shoals, greeting this glori-
ous spring,

Attune their higher notes, and Hymens sing :
Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's
loftiest wing.

LXXVIII.

Upon his lightning brow love proudly sitting
Flames out in pow'r, shines out in majesty ;

There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting;
 Displays the marks of highest Deity;
 There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,
 And every heart, and every soul commands:
 No heart, no soul, his strength and lordly force
 withstands.

LXXIX.

Upon her forehead thousand cheerful graces,
 Seated on thrones of spotless ivory;
 There gentle love his armed hand unbraces;
 His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny;
 There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
 Persuading more by simple modest smiles,
 Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

LXXX

Upon her cheek doth beauty's self implant
 The freshest garden of her choicest flow'rs;
 On which, if Envy might but glance ascant,
 Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in
 show'rs:
 Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd;
 Heav'n never such a bridegroom yet descry'd;
 Nor ever earth so fair, so undefil'd a bride.

LXXXI.

Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
 As far the sun surpassing in his light,
 As doth the sun the earth, with flaming blaze:
 Sweet influence streams from his quick'ning sight:
 His beams from nought did all this *All* dis-
 play;
 And when to less than nought they fell away,
 He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

LXXXII

All heav'n shines forth in her sweet face's frame:
 Her seeing stars (which we miscall bright eyes)
 More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,
 More fruitful than the May-time Gemines:
 These, back restore the timely summer's fire;
 Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts
 inspire,
 Inspiring dead souls, and quick'ning warm desire.

LXXXIII.

These two fair suns in heav'nly spheres are plac'd,
 Where in the centre, joy triumphing sits:
 Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,
 Her mid-day bliss no future night admits:
 But in the mirrors of her Spouse's eyes
 Her fairest self she dresses; there where lies
 All sweets, a glorious beauty to emparadise.

LXXXIV.

His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet,
 Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;
 Within their circlets hundred graces set, [deck:
 And with love-knots their comely hangings

His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain,
 All heav'n and earth, and all in both sustain;
 Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

LXXXV.

Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,
 With gold enamels fair the silver white;
 There heav'nly loves their pretty sportings play,
 Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
 Her dainty neck, spread with that silver mold,
 Where double beauty doth itself unfold,
 In th' own fair silver shines, and fairer borrow'd
 gold.

LXXXVI.

His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
 Where loves self-failing, shipwreck'd often sit-
 teth.
 Her's a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;
 Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
 Where better could her love than here have
 nest'd? [feasted?
 Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly
 Then both their love and thoughts in each are
 ever rested.

LXXXVII.

Run now you shepherd swains; ah! run you thi-
 ther, [way:
 Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed
 And haste you lovely maids, haste you together
 With this sweet bride, while yet the sunshine
 day
 Guides your blind steps; while yet loud sum-
 mons call,
 That every wood and hill resounds withal,
 Come Hymen, Hymen come, dress'd in thy golden
 pall.

LXXXVIII.

The sounding echo back the music flung,
 While heav'nly spheres unto the voices play'd.
 But see! the day is ended with my song,
 And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid:
 Stoop now thy wing, my muse, now stoop
 thee low: [now;
 Hence may'st thou freely play, and rest thee
 While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

LXXXIX.

So up they rose, while all the shepherds throng
 With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,
 And led their Thirfil home with joyful song:
 Mean time the lovely nymphs with garlands
 new, [bound,
 His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree
 With lilies set, and hyacinths around;
 And lord of all the year, and their May-sportings
 crown'd.

PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

AMYNTAS.

I.
It was the time faithful Halcyone,
Once more enjoying new-liv'd Cēyx' bed,
Had left her young birds to the wavering sea.
Bidding him calm his proud white-curl'd head,
And change his mountains to a champion lea;
The time when gentle Flora's lover reigns,
Soft creeping all along green Neptune's smoothest
plains.

II.
When hapless Thelgon (a poor fisher swain)
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his 'plain-
ing :
In rocks he found, and the high-swell'g main :
More sense, more pity far, more love remain-
ing,
Than in the great Amynta's fierce disdain :
Was not his peer for song 'mong all the lads
Whose shrilling pipe, or voice, the sea-born maid-
en glads.

III.
About his head a rocky canopy,
And craggy hangings, round a shadow threw,
Rebutting Phœbus' parching fervency ;
Into his bosom Zephyr softly flew ;
Hard by his feet the sea came waving by ;
The while to seas and rocks (poor swain !) he
sang ;
The while the seas and rocks ans'ring loud echoes
rang.

IV.
You goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell
In spending never spend your sportful days,
Or, when you list, in pearled boats of shell
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping plays
About the wanton skiff ; and you that dwell
In Neptune's court, the ocean's plenteous throng,
Deign you to gently hear sad Thelgon's plaining
song.

V.
When the raw blossom of my youth was yet
In my first childhood's green inclosure bound,

Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,
And guide my boat where Thame and Isis
heir
By lowly Eaton slides, and Windsor proudly fair.

VI.
There, while our thin nets dangling in the wind
Hung on our oars tops, I learnt to sing
Among my peers, apt words to fitly bind
In num'rous verse : witness thou crystal spring
Where all the lads were pebbles wont to find ;
And you thick hassles, that on Tham's brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters drink.

VII.
But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
I chang'd large Thames for Chamus' narrower
seas :
There, as my years, so skill with years did grow ;
And now my pipe the better sort did please ;
So that with Limnus, and with Belgio,
I durst to challenge all my fisher peers,
That by learn'd Chamus' banks did spend their
youthful years.

VIII.
And Janus' self, that oft with me compar'd ;
With his oft losses rais'd my victory ;
That afterward in song he never dar'd
Provoke my conqu'ring pipe ; but enviously
Deprave the songs, which first his songs had marr'd ;
And closely bite when now he durst not bark,
Hating all others' light, because himself was dark.

IX.
And whether nature, join'd with art, had wrought
me,
Or I too much believ'd the fisher's praise ;
Or whether Phœbus' self, or muses, taught me,
Too much inclin'd to verse, and music plays ;
So far credulity and youth had brought me,
I sang sad Telethusa's frustrate plaint,
And rustic Daphnis' wrong, and magic's vain re-
straint.

420
322
338
337
497
546
595
413
350
311
350
623
4996

x.

And then appeas'd young Myrtilus, repining
 At general contempt of shepherd's life;
 And rais'd my rhyme, to sing of Richard's climb-
 ing;
 And taught our Chame to end the old-bred
 strife,
 Mythicus' claim to Nicias resigning:
 The while his goodly nymphs with song de-
 lighted,
 My notes with choicest flowers, and garlands
 sweet, requited.

xi.

From thence a shepherd great, pleas'd with my
 song,
 Drew me to Basilissa's courtly place;
 Fair Basilissa, fairest maid among [grace.
 The nymphs that white-cliff Albion's forests
 Her errand drove my slender bark along
 The seas which wash the fruitful German's
 land,
 And swelling Rhine, whose wines run swiftly o'er
 the sand.

xii.

But after bolden'd with my first success,
 I durst essay the new-found paths, that led
 To slavish Moscow's dullard sluggishness;
 Whose slothful sun all winter keeps his bed,
 But never sleeps in summer's wakefulness:
 Yet all for nought: another took the gain:
 Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of another's pain!

xiii.

And travelling along the northern plains,
 At her command I pass'd the bounding Tweed,
 And liv'd a while with Caledonian swains:
 My life with fair Amyntas there I led:
 Amyntas fair, whom still my fore heart plains.
 Yet seem'd he then to love as he was lov'd;
 But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never
 prov'd.

xiv.

And now he haunts th' infamous woods and
 downs
 And on Napean nymphs doth wholly doat:
 What cares be for poor Thelgon's plaintful sounds?
 Thelgon, poor master of a poorer boat.
 Janus is crept from his wont prison bounds,
 And sits the porter to his ear and mind:
 What hope Amyntas' love a fisher swain should
 find?

xv.

Yet once he said, (which I, then fool, believ'd),
 (The woods of it, and Damon, witness be;)
 When in fair Albion's fields he first arriv'd,
 "When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,
 "The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;
 "The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks re-
 move:"
 He said, and I believ'd; so credulous is love.

xvi.

You steady rocks, why yet do you stand still?
 You fleeting waves, why do you never stand?
 Amyntas hath forgot his Thelgon's quill;
 His promise and his love are writ in sand:
 But rocks are firm though Neptune rage his fill;

When thou, Amyntas, like the fire-drake ran-
 gest;
 The sea keeps on his course, when like the wind
 thou changeest.

xvii.

Yet as I swiftly sail'd the other day,
 The settled rock seem'd from his seat remove,
 And standing waves seem'd doubtful of their
 way.
 And by their stop they wavering reprove:
 Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,
 Or else the rock and sea had heard my plain-
 ing;
 But thou (ay me!) art only constant in dis-
 daining.

xviii.

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were
 To 'bide among the simple fisher swains;
 No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
 Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains:
 Our sports begin with the beginning year;
 In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land;
 In roughs, to sing and dance along the golden
 sand.

xix.

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedst well,
 (Was never pipe that gave a better sound),
 Which oft to hear, fair Thetis from her cell,
 Thetis, the Queen of seas, attended round
 With hundred nymphs, and many powers that
 dwell
 In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to hear,
 And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded
 here.

xx.

Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtles grow,
 Where th' ocean's fair-check'd maidens oft re-
 pair;
 Here to my pipe they dancen on a row;
 No other swain may come to note their fair;
 Yet my Amyntas there with me shall go.
 Proteus himself pipes to his flock hereby,
 Whom thou shalt hear, ne'er seen by any jealous
 eye.

xxi.

But ah! both me and shepherds he disdains,
 While I sit piping to the gadding winds;
 Better that to the boist'rous sea complains;
 Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, than his hard
 mind.
 I'll to some rock far from our common mains,
 And in his bosom learn forget my smart,
 And blot Amyntas' name from Thelgon's wretch-
 ed heart.

xxii.

So up he rose, and launch'd into the deep,
 Dividing with his oar the surging main,
 Which, dropping, seem'd with tears his case to
 weep;
 The whistling winds join'd with the seas to
 plain,
 And o'er his boat in whines lamenting creep.
 Nought feared he fierce ocean's watry ire,
 Who in his heart of grief and love felt equal
 fire.

ECLOGUE II.

THIRFIL.

DORUS. MYRTILUS. THOMALIN. THIRFIL.

I.

Dorus.

MYRTIL, why idly sit we on the shore?
 Since stormy winds and waves intestine spite
 Impatient rage of sail or bending oar;
 Sit we, and sing, while winds and waters fight;
 And carol loud of love, and love's delight.

II.

Myrtilus.

Dorus, ah, rather stormy seas require,
 With sadder notes, the tempest's rage deplore:
 In calms let's sing of love and lover's fire.
 Tell me how Thirfil late our seas forswore,
 When forc'd he left our Chame, and desert shore.

III.

Dorus.

Now, as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
 Myrtil, his songs more please my ravish'd ear,
 Than rumbling brooks that with the pebbles
 play,
 Than murm'ring seas broke on the banks to hear,
 Or winds on rocks their whistling voices tear.

IV.

Myrtilus.

See'st thou that rock, which hanging o'er the
 main
 Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
 Thirfil, with Thomalin, I heard complain;
 Thomalin (who now goes fighting all the day),
 Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with Chamish
 boys to stay.

V.

Thomalin.

Thirfil, what wicked chance, or luckless star,
 From Chamus' streams removes thy boat and
 mind? [far;
 Far hence thy boat is bound, thy mind more
 More sweet or fruitful streams where canst thou
 find?
 Where fisher-lads, or nymphs, more fair or kind?
 The muses selves sit with the sliding Chame:
 Chame and the muses selves do love thy name.
 Where thou art lov'd so dear, so much to hate is
 shame.

VI.

Thirfil.

The muses me forsake, not I the muses;
 Thomalin, thou know'st how I them honour'd
 ever:

Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuses:
 His froward spites my strong affection sever;
 Else from his banks could I have parted never:
 But like his swans, when now their fate is nigh,
 Where singing sweet they liv'd, there dead they
 lie;

So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

VII.

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite:
 My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)

He causeless seiz'd, and, with ungrateful spite,
 Bestow'd upon a less deserving swain:
 The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.

My boat lies broke, my oars are crack'd and gone:
 Nought has he left me, but my pipe alone,
 Which, with his sadder notes, may help his master's
 moan.

VIII.

Thomalin.

Ungrateful Chame! how oft hath Thirfil crown'd
 With songs and garlands thy obscurer head!

That now thy name through Albion loud doth
 sound.

Ah, foolish Chame! who now in Thirfil's stead
 Shall chaunt thy praise, since Thelgon's lately
 dead?

He whom thou lov'st can neither sing nor play,
 His dusty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away:

Ah, foolish Chame! who now shall grace thy ho-
 liday?

IX.

Thirfil.

Too fond my former hopes! I still expected
 With my desert his love should grow the more:

Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected;
 Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his graceless shore,
 Than any swain that ever sang before.

Yet Gripus he prefer'd, when Thelgon strove:

I wish no other curse he ever prove; [love.
 Who Thelgon causeless hates, still may he Gripus

x.

Thomalin.

Thirfil, but that so long I know thee well,
I now should think thou speak'st of hate or spite :
Can such a wrong with Chame, or muses dwell,
That Thelgon's worth and love with hate they
quite ?

Thirfil.

Thomalin, judge thou ; and thou that judgest
right,
Great king of seas, that grasp'st the ocean, hear,
If ever thou thy Thelgon loved'st dear :
Though thou forbear a while, yet long thou canst
not bear.

xi.

When Thelgon here had spent his 'prentice
years,
Soon had he learn'd to sing as sweet a note
As ever strook the churlish Chamus' ears :
To him the river gives a costly boat,
That on his waters he might safely float :
The song's reward, which oft unto his shore
He sweetly tuned : then arm'd with sail and oar,
Dearly the gift he loved, but lov'd the giver more.

xii.

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possess'd,
When, with a mind more changing than his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wand'ring guest,
Whom then he only saw ; to him he gave
The sails and oars : in vain poor Thelgon strave,
The boat is under sail, no boot to plain :
Then banish'd him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himself were wrong'd, and did not wrong
the swain.

xiii.

From thence he furrow'd many a churlish sea ;
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's self did pass,
Who sleds doth suffer on his wat'ry lea,
And horses trampling on his icy face :
Where Phœbus, prison'd in the frozen glass,
All winter cannot move his quenched light,
Nor, in the heat, will drench his chariot bright :
Thereby the tedious year is all one day and night.

xiv.

Yet little thank, and less reward, he got ;
He never learn'd to soothe the itching ear :
One day (as chanc'd) he spied that painted
boat
Which once was his : though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it dear.
But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,
Gripus, the basest and most dung-hill swain,
That ever drew a net, or fish'd in fruitful main.

xv.

Go now, ye fisher-boys, go learn to play,
To play and sing along your Chamus' shore :
Go watch and toil, go spend the night and day,
While winds and waves, while storms and tem-
pests roar ;
And for your trade consume your life and store :
Lo your reward ; thus will your Chamus use you :
Why should you plain that lozel swains refuse
you ?
Chamus good fishers hates, the muses' selves abuse
you.

xvi.

Thomalin.

Ah, Thelgon ! poorest, but the worthiest swain
That ever grac'd unworthy poverty !
However here thou liv'st in joyless pain,
Prest down with grief and patient misery ;
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemy
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt oppress'd.
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest,
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee se-
molest.

xvii.

Thirfil.

Thomalin, mourn not for him ; he's sweetly
sleeping
In Neptune's court, whom here he sought to please ;
While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,
Rock soft his slumb'ring thoughts in quiet ease :
Mourn for thyself, here winds do never cease ;
Our dying life will better fit thy crying :
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

xviii.

Thomalin.

Can Thirfil then our Chame abandon ever ?
And never will our fishers see again ?

Thirfil.[*voûr*]

Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endea-
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain :
When fates command to go, to lag is vain.
As late upon the shore I chanc'd to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly say,
" Thirfil, why idly liv'st ? Thirfil, away, away !"

xix.

Thou god of seas, thy voice I gladly hear ;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey :
Only, do thou my wand'ring wherry steer ;
And when it errs (as it will eas'ly stray),
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor stay :
Then will I swim where's either sea or shore,
Where never swain or boat was seen afore :
My trunk shall be my boat, mine arm shall be my
oar.

xx.

Thomalin, methinks I hear thy speaking eye
Woo me my posting journey to delay :
But let thy love yield to necessity :
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay
And live, and die : were Thomalin away
(Though now I half unwilling leave his stream),
However Chame doth Thirfil lightly deem,
Yet would thy Thirfil less proud Chamus' scorn
esteem.

xxi.

Thomalin.

Who now with Thomalin shall sit and sing ?
Who left to play in lovely Myrt's shade ?
Or tune sweet ditties to so sweet a string ?
Who now those wounds shall swage in covert
glad,
Sweet-bitter wounds which cruel love hath made ?
You fisher-boys, and sea-maids' dainty crew,
Farewell ! for Thomalin will seek a new
And more respectful stream : ungrateful Chame,
adieu !

XXII.

Thirfil.

Thomalin, forsake not thou the fisher-swains,
Which hold thy stay and love at dearest rate :
Here may'st thou live among their sportful
trains,
Till better times afford thee better state :
Then may'st thou follow well thy guiding fate,
So live thou here with peace and quiet blest ;
So let thy love afford thee ease and rest ;
So let thy sweetest foe re-cure thy wounded
breast.

XXIII.

But thou, proud Chame, which thus hast wrought
me spite,
Some greater river drown thy hated name !
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight ;
But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,
Crown thy ungrateful shores with scorn and
shame !
Let dirt and mud thy lazy waters seize ;
Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease :
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever cease !

XXIV.

Farewell, ye streams, which once I loved dear ;
Farewell, ye boys, which on your Chame do float ;
Muses, farewell ; if there be muses here ;
Farewell, my nets ; farewell, my little boat :
Come, sadder pipe ; farewell, my merry note ;
My Thomalin, with thee all sweetness dwell ;
Think of thy Thirfil, Thirfil loves thee well.
Thomalin, my dearest dear, my Thomalin, farewell.

XXV.

Dorus.

Ah, hapless boy, the fisher's joy and pride !
Ah, wo is us, we cannot help thy wo !
Our pity vain : ill may that swain betide
Whose undeserved spite hath wrong'd thee so.
Thirfil, with thee our joy and wishes go.

XXVI.

Myrtilus.

Dorus, some greater power prevents thy curse :
So vile, so basely lives that hateful swain ;
So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.
But Thirfil much a better state doth gain ;
For never will he find so thankless main.

ECLOGUE III.

MYRTILUS.

I.

A FISHER-LAD (no higher dares he look),
Myrtil sat down by silver Medway's shore :
His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oar,
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
While madding winds the madder ocean shook.
Of Chamus had he learn'd to pipe and sing,
And frame low ditties to his humble string.

II.

There, as his boat late in the river stray'd,
A friendly fisher brought the boy to view
Celia the fair, whose lovely beauties drew
His heart from him into that heav'nly maid :
There all his wand'ring thoughts, there now they
staid.
All other fair, all other love defies,
In Celia he lives, for Celia dies.

III.

Nor durst the coward woo his high desiring,
(For low he was, lower himself accounts ;
And she the highest height in worth surmounts ;)
But sits alone in hell, his heaven admiring ;
And thinks with sighs to fan, but blows his firing.
Nor does he strive to cure his painful wound ;
For till this sickness never was he found.

IV.

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day ;
All sad he look'd, that sure all was not well ;
Deep in his heart was hid an heavenly hell :
Thick clouds upon his wat'ry eye-brows lay,
Which melting shower, and show'ring never stay :
So, sitting down upon the sandy plain,
Thus 'gan he vent his grief and hidden pain.

V.

" You sea-born maids, that in the ocean reign,
(If in your courts is known love's matchless pow'r,
Kindling his fire in your cold wat'ry bow'r ;)
Learn, by your own, to pity others pain.
Tryphon, thou know'st a thousand herbs in vain,
But know'st not one to cure a love sick heart ;
See here a wound, that far outgoes thy art.

VI.

Your stately seas (perhaps with love's fire) glow,
And over-seeth their banks with springing tide ;
Must'ring their white-plum'd waves with lordly
pride.
They soon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low ;
So sinking in themselves they backward go :
But in my breast full seas of grief remain,
Which ever flow, and never ebb again.

VII.

How well, fair Thetis, in thy glass I see,
As in a crystal, all my raging pains!
Late thy green fields slept in their even plains,
While smiling heav'ns spread round a canopy:
Now lost with blasts and civil enmity,
While whistling winds blow trumpets to their
fight,
And roaring waves, as drums, whet on their spite.

VIII.

Such cruel storms my restless heart command:
Late thousand joys securely lodged there,
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear:
But pull'd the prison'd fishes to the land;
Or (spite of winds) pip'd on the golden sand:
But since love sway'd my breast, these seas alarms
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

IX.

Love stirs desire; desire, like stormy wind,
Blows up high-swelling waves of hope and fear:
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear
Up to my heaven, but straight my lofty mind,
By fear sunk in despair, deep drown'd I find.
But, ah! your tempests cannot last for ever;
But, ah! my storms (I fear) will leave me never.

X.

Hapless and fond! too fond, more hapless swain,
Who lovest where th' art scorn'd, scorn'd where
th' art lov'd:
Or learn to hate where thou hast hatred prov'd;
Or learn to love where thou art lov'd again:
Ah, cease to love, or cease to woo thy pain!
Thy love thus scorn'd is hell; do not so earn it;
At least, learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

XI.

Ah, fond and hapless swain! but much more
fond,
How canst unlearn, by learning to forget it;
When thought of what thou should'st unlearn does
whet it;
And surer ties thy mind in captive bond?
Canst thou unlearn a ditty thou hast con'd?
Canst thou forget a song by oft repeating?
Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

XII.

Hapless and fond! most fond, more hapless
swain!
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,
(She hates thy love), love thou her hate for
ever:
In vain thou hop'st; hope yet, though still in vain:
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:
And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,
Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

XIII.

Fair, cruel maid! most cruel, fairer ever,
How hath foul rigour stoln into thy heart?
And, on a comic stage, hath learn'd thee art
To play a tyrant tragical deceiver?
To promise mercy, but perform it never?
To look more sweet, mask'd in thy looks dis-
guise,
Than Mercy's self can look with Pity's eyes?

XIV.

Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning
flight
To melt the ravish'd ear with music's strains?
And charm the sense with thousand pleasing pains?
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames and night,
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?
How rules therein thy breast so quiet state,
Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with loveless hate?

XV.

Ah, no, fair Celia! in thy sun-like eye
Heaven sweetly smiles; those stars, soft loving fire,
And living heat, not burning flames, inspire:
Love's self enthron'd in thy brow's ivory,
And every grace in heaven's livery.
My wants, not thine, me in despairing drown:
When hell presumes, no mar'l if heavens frown.

XVI.

Those graceful tunes, issuing from glorious
spheres,
Ravish the ear and soul with strange delight,
And with sweet nectar fill the thirsty sprite:
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted ears,
Still storms hearts, and quiets frights and fears:
My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder,
When earth so high aspires, if heaven thunder.

XVII.

See, see, fair Celia, seas are calmly laid,
And end their boist'rous threats in quiet peace;
The waves their drums, the winds their trumpets
cease:
But my sick love (ah love but ill appay'd),
Never can hope his storms may be allay'd;
But giving to his rage no end or leisure,
Still restless rests: love knows no mean nor mea-
sure.

XVIII.

Fond boy, she justly scorns thy proud desire,
While thou with singing wouldst forget thy pain:
Go strive to empty the still-flowing main:
Go fuel seek to quench thy growing fire:
Ah, foolish boy! scorn is thy music's hire.
Drown then these flames in seas: but ah! I fear
To fire the main, and to want water there.

XIX.

There first thy heaven I saw, there felt my hell;
The smooth calm seas rais'd storms of fierce de-
sires;
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,
Nor can the ocean quench them; in thy cell,
Full stor'd of pleasures, all my pleasures sell.
Die then, fond lad: ah, well my death may please
thee!
But love, thy love, not life, not death, must ease
me."

XX.

So down he swooning sinks, nor can remove,
Till fisher-boys (fond fisher-boys) revive him,
And back again his life and loving give him;
But he such woful gift doth much reprove:
Hopeless his life; for hopeless is his love.
Go, then, most loving, but most doleful swain;
Well may I pity; she must cure thy pain.

ECLOGUE IV.

CHROMIS.

THELGON. CHROMIS.

I.

Thelgon.

CHROMIS, my joy, why drop thy rainy eyes?
 And fullen clouds hang on thy heavy brow?
 Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
 Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
 But late thy time in hundred joys thou spent'st;
 Now time spends thee, while thou in vain lament'st.

II.

Chromis.

Thelgon, my pipe is whole, and nets are new;
 But nets and pipe condemn'd and idle lie:
 My little reed, that late so merry blew,
 Tunes sad notes to his master's misery.
 Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rhymes,
 And I as much hate both that hate and times.

III.

Thelgon.

What is it then that causeth thy unrest?
 Or wicked charms, or love's new-kindled fire?
 Ah! much I fear, love eats thy tender breast;
 Too well I know his never-quenched ire,
 Since I Amyntas lov'd, who me disdains;
 And loves in me nought but my grief and pains.

IV.

Chromis.

No lack of love did ever breed my smart;
 I only learn'd to pity others pain,
 And ward my breast from his deceiving art:
 But one I love, and he loves me again:
 In love this only is my greatest sore,
 He loves so much, and I can love no more.

V.

But when the fisher's trade once highly priz'd,
 And justly honour'd in those better times,
 By every lozel-groom I see despis'd;
 No marvel if I hate my jocund rhymes,
 And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:
 Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now?

VI.

Thelgon.

Ah, foolish boy! why shouldst thou so lament
 To be like him whom thou dost like so well?
 The prince of fishers thousand tortures rent.
 To heaven, lad, thou art bound; the way by hell.
 Wouldst thou ador'd, and great, and merry be,
 When he was mock'd, debas'd, and dead for thee?

VEL. IV

VII.

Men's scorns should rather joy than sorrow move!
 For then thou highest art when thou art down.
 Their storms of hate should more blow up my
 love;

Their laughters my applause, their mocks my
 crown.

Sorrow for him, and shame let me betide,
 Who for me, wretch, in shame and sorrow died.

VIII.

Chromis.

Thelgon, 'tis not myself for whom I plain;
 My private loss full easy could I bear,
 If private loss might help the public gain;
 But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,
 Since now the fisher's trade and honour'd name
 Is made the common badge of scorn and shame?

IX.

Little know they the fisher's toilsome pain,
 Whose labour with his age, still growing, spends
 not;

His care and watchings (oft mispent in vain)
 The early morn begins, dark evening ends not:
 Too foolish men, that think all labour stands
 In travel of the feet and tired hands!

X.

Ah, wretched fishers! born to hate and strife;
 To others good, but to your rape and spoil.
 This is the briefest sum of fisher's life,
 To sweat, to freeze, to watch, to fast, to toil;
 Hated to love, to live despis'd, forlorn;
 A sorrow to himself, all others' scorn.

XI.

Thelgon.

Too well I know the fisher's thankless pain;
 Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine:
 To grudge at loss is fond, (too fond and vain)
 When highest causes justly it assign.
 Who bites the stone, and yet the dog condemns,
 Much worse is than the beast he so contemns.

XII.

Chromis, how many fishers dost thou know,
 That rule their boats, and use their nets aright?
 That neither wind, nor time, nor tide foreflow?
 Such some have been; but, ah! by tempests' spite,
 Their boats are lost; while we may sit and moan,
 That few were such, and now those few are none.

F f

xiii.

Chromis.

Ah, cruel spite, and spiteful cruelty,
That thus hath robb'd our joy and desert shore)
No more our seas shall hear your melody;
Your songs and thrilling pipes shall sound no
more :
Silent our shores, our seas are vacant quite.
Ah, spiteful cruelty, and cruel spite !

xiv.

Thelgon.

Instead of these, a crew of idle grooms,
Idle and bold, that never saw the seas,
Fearless succeed, and fill their empty rooms :
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and ease :
Their floating boats with waves have leave to
play,
Their rusty hooks all year keep holiday.

xv.

Here stray their skiffs, themselves are never here ;
Ne'er saw their boats : ill mought they fishers
be :

Meantime some wanton boy the boat doth steer,
(Poor boat the while !) that cares as much as
he :

Who in a brook a wherry cannot row,
Now backs the seas, before the seas he know.

xvi.

Chromis.

Ah, foolish lads ! that think with waves to play,
And rule rough seas, which never knew com-
mand !

First in some river thy new skill essay,
Till time and practice teach thy weakly hand :
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vital breath :
Death ready waits. Fond boys, to play with death !

xvii.

Thelgon.

Some, stretching in their boats, supinely sleep,
Seasons in vain recall'd, and winds neglecting :
Others their hooks and baits in poison steep,
Neptune himself with deathful drugs infecting :
The fish their life and death together drink,
And dead pollute the seas with venom'd stink.

xviii.

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row :
Some will be eyes, but have no light to see :
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go :
Some deaf, yet ears ; some dumb, yet tongues
will be :

Dumb, deaf, lame, blind and maim'd ; yet fishers
Fit for no use, but store an hospital.

xix.

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boat,
In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do
dwell ;

Slaving the skiffs that in their seas do float ;
Their silken sails with winds do proudly swell :
Their narrow bottoms stretch they large and wide,
And make full room for luxury and pride.

xx.

'Self did I see a swain not long ago,
Whose lordly ship kept all the rest in awe :
About him thousand boats do waiting row ;
His frowns are death, his word is firmest law ;

While all the fisher boys their bonnets veil,
And far adore their lord with stricken sail.

xxi.

His ear is shut to simple fisher-swain ;
For Gemma's self (a sea-nymph great and high)
Upon his boat attended long in vain :

What hope poor fisher-boy may come him nigh ?
His speech to her and presence he denied.
Had Neptune come, Neptune he had defied.

xxii.

Where Tiber's swelling waves his banks o'erflow,
There princely fishers dwell in courtly halls :
The trade they scorn, their hands forget to row ;
Their trade to plot their rising, others falls ;
Into their seas to draw the lesser brooks,
And fish for steeples high, with golden hooks.

xxiii.

Chromis.

Thelgon, how canst thou well that fisher blame,
Who in his art so highly doth excell,
That with himself can raise the fisher's name ?

Well may he thrive, that spends his art so well.
Ah, little needs their honour to depress :
Little it is ; yet most would have it less.

xxiv.

Thelgon.

Alas, poor boy ! thy shallow-swimming sight
Can never dive into their deepest art,
Those silken shews so dim thy dazzled sight.
Couldst thou unmask their pomp, unbreast their
heart,

How would'st thou laugh at this rich beggary !
And learn to hate such happy misery !

xxv.

Panting ambition spurs their tired breast ;
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear link'd to pride and
threat,

(Too ill yok'd pairs) give them no time to rest ;
Tyrants to lesser boats, slaves to the great.

That man I rather pity than adore,
Who, fear'd by others much, fears others more.

xxvi.

Most cursed town, where but one tyrant reigns !
(Though less his single rage on many spent ;)
But much more misery that soul remains,

When many tyrants in one heart are pent :
When thus thou serv'st, the comfort thou canst
have

From greatness is, thou art a greater slave.

xxvii.

Chromis.

Ah, wretched swains, that live in fishers trade ;
With inward griefs and outward wants dis-
tress'd ;

While every day doth more your sorrow lade ;
By others scorn'd, and by yourselves oppress'd !
The great the greater serve, the lesser these :
And all their art is how to rise and please.

xxviii.

Thelgon.

Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth
flow,

That by the King of Seas their skill were taught,
As they their boats on Jordan wave did row,
And, catching fish, were by a fisher caught ;

(Ah, blessed chance!) much better was the trade,
That being fishers, thus were fishes made.

XXIX.

Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest,
Were scourg'd, were scorn'd; yet was this loss
their gain:

By land, by sea, in life, in death distress;
But now with King of Seas securely reign:
For that short woe in this base earthly dwelling,
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

XXX.

Then do not thou, my boy, cast down thy mind,
But seek to please, with all thy busy care,

The King of Seas; so shalt thou surely find
Rest, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.
Let not thy net, thy hook, thy fishing cease:
And pray these tempests may be turn'd to
peace.

XXXI.

Oh, Prince of waters! Sovereign of seas!
Whom storms and calms, whom winds and
waves obey;
If ever that great fisher did thee please,
Chide thou the winds, and furious waves allay:
So, on thy shores the fisher boys shall sing
Sweet songs of peace to our sweet peace's King.

ECLOGUE V.

NICÆA.

DAMON, ALGON, NICÆA.

I.

THE well-known fisher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah, for pity!) mirth had
chang'd;

Which from the muses' spring and churlish Chame
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his shame;

For he with spite the gentle boy estrang'd:)

Now 'long the Trent with his new fellows rang'd:

There Damon (friendly Damon) met the boy,

Where lordly Trent kisses the Darwin coy,
Bathing his liquid streams in lovers' melting joy.

II.

Damon.

Algon, what luckless star thy mirth hath blasted?

My joy in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.

The year, with winter storms all rent and wasted,
Hath now fresh youth and gentler seasons tasted:

The warmer sun his bride hath newly gown'd,

With fiery arms clipping the wanton ground,

And 'gets an heaven on earth: that primrose there,

Which 'mongst those v'lets sheds his golden hair,

Seems the sun's little son, fix'd in his azure sphere.

III.

Seest how the dancing lambs on flow'ry banks

Forget their food, to mind their sweeter play?

Seest how they skip, and, in their wanton pranks,

Bound o'er the hillocks set in sportful ranks?

They skip, they vault, full little caren they

To make their milky mothers bleating stay.

Seest how the salmons (water's colder nation)

Lately arriv'd from their sea-navigation,

How joy leaps in their heart, shew by their leap-
ing fashion.

IV.

What witch enchants thy mind with sudden mad-
ness [plaining.

When all things smile, thou only sitt'st com-

Algon.

Damon, I, only I, have cause of sadness:

The more my woe, to weep in common gladness:

When all eyes shine, mine only must be raining;

No winter now, but in my breast, remaining:

Yet feels this breast a summer's burning fever:

And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:

And yet (alas;) this fire eats and consumes me
ever.

V.

Damon.

Within our Darwin, in her rocky cell,

A nymph there lives, which thousand boys hath
harm'd;

All as she gliding rides in boats of shell,

Darting her eyes, (where spite and beauty dwell:

Ay me, that spite with beauty should be arm'd!)

Her witching eye the boy and boat hath charm'd.

No sooner drinks he down that pois'nous eye,

But mourns and pines: (ah piteous cruelty!)

With her he longs to live; for her he longs to
die.

VI.

Algon.

Damon, what Tryphon taught thine eye the art

By these few signs to search so soon, so well,

A wound deep hid, deep in my fester'd heart,

Pierc'd by her eye, Love's and Death's pleasing
dart?

Ah, she it is, an earthly heav'n and hell,
 Who thus hath charm'd my heart with sug'rd
 spell. [ease
 Ease thou my wound: but, ah! what hand can
 Or give a med'cine that such wound may please;
 When she, my sole physician, is my soul's disease?

VII.

Damon.

Poor boy! the wounds which spite and love im-
 part,

There is no ward to fence, no herb to ease.
 Heaven's circling folds lie open to his dart:
 Hell's Lethe's self cools not his burning smart:
 The fishes cold flame with this strong disease,
 And want their water in the midst of seas:
 All are his slaves, hell, earth, and heaven above.
 Strive not i' th' net, in vain thy force to prove.
 Give, woo, sigh, weep, and pray: Love's only
 cur'd by love.

VIII.

Algon.

If for thy love no other cure there be,
 Love, thou art cureless: gifts, pray'rs, vows,
 and art, [these:
 She scorns both you and me: nay, Love, even
 Thou sigh'st her prisoner, while she laughs as free.
 Whatever charms might move a gentle heart,
 I oft have tried, and shew'd the earnest smart
 Which eats my breast: she laughs at all my pain:
 Art, pray'rs, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does
 disdain:
 Grief, love, gifts, vows, pray'rs, art, ye all are
 spent in vain.

IX.

Damon.

Algon, oft hast thou fish'd, but sped not straight;
 With hook and net thou beat'st the water
 round:
 Oftimes the place thou change'st, oft the bait;
 And, catching nothing, still and still dost wait:
 Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath
 found
 In desp'rate cures a salve for ev'ry wound.
 The fish, long playing with the baited hook,
 At last is caught: thus many a nymph is took;
 Mocking the strokes of love, is with her striking
 strook.

X.

Algon.

The marble's self is pierc'd with drops of rain:
 Fires soften steel, and hardest metals try:
 But she more hard than both: such her disdain,
 That seas of tears, Ætnas of love are vain.
 In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die;)
 Still reigns a cold, coy, careless apathy.
 The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard
 stone
 With goats blood only soft'ned; she with none:
 More precious she, and, ah! more hard than
 diamond.

XI.

That rock I think her mother: thence she took
 Her name and nature. Damon, Damon, see!
 See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook:
 Tell me, perhaps thou think'st in that sweet look

The white is beauty's native tapestry?
 'Tis crystal, friend, yc'd in the frozen sea:
 The red is rubies; these two, join'd in one,
 Make up that beauteous frame; the difference none
 But this, she is a precious, living, speaking stone.

XII.

Damon.

No gem so costly but with cost is bought:
 The hardest stone is cut and fram'd by art:
 A diamond hid in rocks is found, if sought:
 Be she a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
 Thy fear congeals, thy fainting steels her heart.
 I'll be thy captain, boy, and take thy part:
 Alcides' self would never combat two.
 Take courage, Algon; I will teach thee woo.
 Cold beggars freeze our gifts: thy faint suit breeds
 her no.

XIII.

Speak to her boy.

Algon.

Love is more deaf than blind.

Damon.

She must be woo'd.

Algon.

Love's tongue is in the eyes.

Damon.

Speech is love's dart.

Algon.

Silence best speaks the mind.

Damon.

Her eye invites.

Algon.

Thence love and death I find.

Damon.

Her smiles speak peace.

Algon.

Storms breed in smiling skies.

Damon.

Who silent loves?

Algon.

Whom speech all hope denies.

Damon.

Why should'st thou fear?

Algon.

To Love, Fear's near a-kin.

Damon.

Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin,
 Spite of her scorn, thy fear, I'll make thee woo
 and win.

XIV.

What, ho! thou fairest maid, turn back thine oar,
 And gently deign to help a fisher's smart.

Nicea.

Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?
 If thou desir'st my help, unhide the fore.

Damon.

Ah, gentlest nymph! oft have I heard, thy art
 Can sov'reign herbs to ev'ry grief impart:
 So may'st thou live the fisher's song and joy,
 As thou wilt deign to cure this sickly boy.
 Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy!

XV.

His inward grief in outward change appears;
 His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming
 glow;

PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

Which, quench'd, end all in ashes: Storms of
tears [clears;
Becloud his eyes, which soon forc'd smiling
Thick tides of passions ever ebb and flow;
And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.

Nicæa.

Damon, the wounds deep-rankling in the mind
What herbs could ever cure? what art could find?
Blind are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul
most blind.

XVI.

Algon.

Hard maid! 'tis worse to mock than make a
wound: [see

Why should'st thou then (fair-cruel!) scorn to
What thou by seeing mad'st? my sorrow's ground
Was in thy eye, may by thine eye be found:

How can thine eye most sharp in wounding be,
In seeing dull? these two are one in thee,
To see and wound by sight: thine eye the dart.
Fair-cruel maid, thou well hast learnt the art,
With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my
heart.

XVII.

Nicæa.

What cures thy wounded heart?

Algon.

Thy heart so wounded.

Nicæa.

Is't love to wound thy love?

Algon.

Love's wounds are pleasing.

Nicæa.

Why plain'st thou then?

Algon.

Because thou art unwounded.

Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is
grounded.

Nicæa.

Cures are diseases, when the wounds are easing:
Why would'st thou have me please thee by
displeasing?

Algon.

Scorn'd love is death; love's mutual wounds de-
lighting:

Happy thy love, my love to thine uniting.

Love paying debts grows rich; requited in re-
quiting.

XVIII.

Damon.

What lives alone Nicea? stars most chaste
Have their conjunctions, spheres their mix'd
embraces,

And mutual folds. Nothing can single last:
But die in living, in increasing waste.

Nicæa.

Their joining perfects them, but us defaces.

Algon.

That's perfect which obtains his end: your
graces

Receive their end in love. She that's alone
Dies as she lives; no number is in one:

Thus while she's but herself, she's not herself, she's
none.

XIX.

Nicæa.

Why blam'st thou then, my stony hard confection,
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art.

Algon.

Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection,
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.

Nicæa.

Well, then, to pass our Tryphon in his art,
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;
If fairest Darwin, whom I serve, approve
Thy suit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove,
I'll join my heart to thine, and answer thee in
love.

XX.

The sun is set; adieu.

Algon.

'Tis set to me;

Thy parting is my ev'n thy presence light.

Nicæa.

Farewell.

Algon.

Thou giv'st thy wish; it is in thee;
Unless thou wilt, hapless I cannot be.

Damon.

Come, Algon, cheerly home; the thievish night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.
The silver streams grow black: home let us coast:
There of love's conquest may we safely boast:
Soonest in love he wins, that oft in love hath
lost.

F f iij

ECLOGUE VI.

THOMALIN.

THIRSIL. THOMALIN.

I.
A FISHER BOY, that never knew his peer
In dainty songs, the gentle Thomalin,
With folded arms, deep sighs, and heavy cheer,
Where hundred nymphs, and hundred muses in,
Sunk down by Chamus' brinks; with him his dear
Dear Thirfil lay; oft-times would he begin
To cure his grief, and better way advise;
But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,
Forfook his silent tongue, to speak in watry eyes.

II.
Under a sprouting vine they careless lie,
Whose tender leaves bit with the eastern blast,
But now were born, and now began to die;
The latter, warned by the former's haste,
Thinly for fear salute the envious sky:
Thus as they sat, Thirfil, embracing fast
His loved friend, feeling his panting heart
To give no rest to his increasing smart, [impart.
At length thus spake, while sighs words to his griefs

III.
Thirfil.
Thomalin, I see thy Thirfil thou neglectest,
Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear
Thy Thirfil's love and counsel thou rejectest;
Thy soul was wont to lodge within my ear:
But now that port no longer thou respectest;
Yet hath it still been safely harbour'd there,
My ear is not acquainted with my tongue,
That either tongue or ear should do thee wrong:
Why then should'st thou conceal thy hidden grief
so long?

IV.
Thomalin.
Thirfil, it is thy love that makes me hide [ear:
My smother'd grief from thy known faithful
May still my Thirfil safe and merry bide;
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:
For while thy breast in hav'n doth safely ride,
My greater half with thee rides safely there.

Thirfil.
So thou art well; but still my better part,
My Thomalin, sinks laden with his smart: [heart.
Thou my finger cur'st, and wound'st my bleeding

V.
How oft hath Thomalin to Thirfil vow'd,
That as his heart so he his love esteemed?
Where are those oaths? where is that heart be-
stow'd [deem'd,
Which hides it from that breast which dear it
And to that heart room in his heart allow'd?
That love was never love, but only seem'd.
Tell me, my Thomalin, what envious thief
Thus robs thy joy; tell me, my liefeft lief:
Thou little lov'st me, friend, if more thou lov'st
thy grief.

VI.
Thomalin.
Thirfil, my joyous spring is blasted quite,
And winter storms prevent the summer's ray;
All as this vine, whose green the eastern spite
Hath dy'd to black, his catching arms decay,
And letting go their hold for want of might,
Mar'l winter comes so soon, in first of May.

Thirfil.
Yet see, the leaves do freshly bud again;
Thou drooping still dy'st in this heavy strain;
Nor can I see or end or cause of all thy pain.

VII.
Thomalin.
No marvel, Thirfil, if thou dost not know
This grief which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:
My heart itself, though well it feels this wo,
Knows not the wo it feels: the worse my wound,
Which, though I rankling find, I cannot shew.
Thousand fond passions in my breast abound;
Fear leagu'd to joy, hope, and despair, together,
Sighs bound to smiles, my heart, though prone to
either, [neither,
While both it would obey, 'twixt both, obeyeth

VIII.
Oft blushing flames leap up into my face,
My guiltless cheek such purple flash admires:
Oft stealing tears slip from mine eyes apace,
As if they meant to quench those causeless fires.
My good I hate, my hurt I glad embrace:
My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy de-
fires:

I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing;
My wishes know no want, yet still desiring:
Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope
aspiring.

IX.

Thirfil.

Too true my fears: alas no wicked sprite,
No writhel'd witch, with spells of pow'ful
charms,
Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,
Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:
But love, too hateful love, with pleasing spite,
And spiteful pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms;
And seeks thy mirth with pleasure to destroy.
'Tis love, my Thomalin, my liefest boy;
'Tis love robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

X.

Thomalin.

Thirfil, I ken not what is hate or love,
Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;
Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove;
But often have I heard the fishers tell,
He's not inferior to the mighty Jove; [hell;
Jove heav'n rules, love, Jove, heav'n, earth, and
Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know;
Men say, he goes arm'd with his shafts and bow:
Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other flow.

XI.

Thirfil.

Ah, heedless boy! Love is not such a lad
As he is fancied by the idle swain;
With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad;
Such as Diana (with her bukin'd train
Of armed nymphs, along the forests glade
With golden quivers,) in Thessalian plain,
In level race outstrips the jumping deer,
With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear
Flings down a bristled boar, or else a squalid bear.

XII.

Love's sooner felt than seen: his substance thin
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle gin;
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear, fly fast, my Thomalin:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips!

XIII.

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the ear;
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair:
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire:
Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear:
And if all fail, yet virtue's self he'll hire:
Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When love and virtue's self become the darts of
love.

XIV.

Thomalin.

Sure love it is which breeds this burning fever:
For late (yet all too soon), on Venus' day,
I chanc'd, (oh cursed chance; yet blessed ever!)
As careless on the silent shores I stray,

Five nymphs to see, five fairer saw I never,
Upon the golden sand to dance and play:
The rest among, yet far above the rest,
Sweet Melite, by whom my wounded breast,
Though rankling still in grief, yet joys in his un-
rest.

XV.

There, to their sportings while I pipe and sing,
Out from her eyes I felt a fiery beam,
And pleasing heat (such as in first of spring
From Sol, inn'd in the Bull, do kindly stream),
To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting
Blow up desire; yet little did I dream
Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could
grow,

Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow;
For who could fire expect hid in an hill of snow

XVI.

But when those lips (those melting lips) I prest,
I lost my heart, which sure she stole away;
For with a blush she soon her guilt confess'd,
And sighs, which sweetest breath did soft convey,
Betray'd her theft: from thence my flaming breast,
Like thund'ring Ætna burns both night and day:
All day she present is, and, in the night,
My wakeful fancy paints her full to sight:
Absence her presence makes, darkness presents her
light.

XVII.

Thirfil.

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,
Since fair Nicæa bred my pleasing smart:
But better times did better reason shew, [art
And cur'd those burning wound with heav'nly
Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;
And higher love safe anchors in my heart:
So now a quiet calm does safely reign.
And if my friend think not my counsel vain,
Perhaps my art may cure, or much assuage thy pain.

XVIII.

Thomalin.

Thirfil, although this witching grief doth please
My captive heart, and love deth more detest
The cure and curer than the sweet disease;
Yet if my Thirfil doth the cure request, [ease,
This storm, which rocks my heart in slumb'ring
Spite of itself shall yield to thy behest.

Thirfil.

[ing

Then hark how Tryphon's self did salve my pain-
While in a rock I sat, of love complaining;
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel
sage restraining.

XIX.

But tell me first, why should thy partial mind
More Melite than all the rest approve?

Thomalin.

Thirfil, her beauty all the rest did blind,
That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.
Delight upon her face, and sweetness shin'd:
Her eyes do spark as stars, as stars do move:
Like those twin fires which on our masts appear;
And promise calms. Ah! that those flames so
clear, [fear.
To me alone should raise such storms of hope and
F f iiiij

XX.

Thirfil.

If that which to thy mind doth worthiest seem,
By thy well-temper'd soul is most affected;
Can'st thou a face worthy thy love esteem?
What in thy soul than love is more respected?
Those eyes which in their sphere thou, fond, dost deem.

Like living stars, with some disease infected,
Are dull as leaden dross: those beauteous rays,
So like a rose when she her breast displays,
Are like a rose indeed; as sweet, as soon decays.

XXI.

Art thou in love with words? her words are wind,

As fleet as is their matter, fleetest air.

Her beauty moves; can colours move thy mind?

Colours in scorned weeds more sweet and fair.
Some pleasing quality thy thoughts doth bind?

Love then thyself. Perhaps her golden hair?

False metal, which to silver soon descends!

Is't pleasure then which so thy fancy bends?

Poor pleasure, that in pain begins, in sorrow ends!

XXII.

What! is't her company so much contents thee?

How would she present stir up stormy weather,

When thus in absence present she torments thee?

Lo'st thou not one, but all these join'd together?

All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?

Light winds, light air; her love more light than either.

If then due worth thy true affection moves,

Here is no worth. Who some old hag approves,

And scorns a beauteous spouse, he rather doats than loves.

XXIII.

Then let thy love mount from these baser things,

And to the highest love and worth aspire:

Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings,

That, at his highest, he might wind him higher;

Base love, that to base earth so basely clings!

Look, as the beams of that celestial fire

Put out these earthly flames with purer ray;

So shall that love this baser heat allay.

And quench these coals of earth with his more heavenly day.

XXIV.

Raisethen thy prostrate love with tow'ring thought;

And clog it not in chains, and prison here:

The god of fishers dear thy love hath bought;

Most dear he loves: for shame, love thou as dear.

Next, love thou there, where best thy love is sought;

Myself, or else some other fitting peer.

Ah, might thy love with me for ever dwell!

Why should'st thou hate thy heaven and love thy hell?

She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

XXV.

Thus Tryphon once did wean my fond affection;

Then fits a salve unto th' infected place,

(A salve of sovereign and strange confection),

Nepenthe, mix'd with rue and herb-de-grace;

So did he quickly heal this strong infection,

And to myself restor'd myself apace.

Yet did he not my love extinguish quite;

I love with sweeter love, and more delight;

But most I love that love, which to my love has right.

XXVI.

Thomalin.

Thrice happy thou that could'st! my weaker mind

Can never learn to climb so lofty flight.

Thirfil.

If from this love thy will thou canst unbind,

To will is here to can: will gives thee might:

'Tis done if once thou wilt; 'tis done, I find.

Now let us home: for see, the creeping night

Steals from those further waves upon the land.

To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand,

Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

ECLOGUE VII.

THE PRIZE.

THIRSIL. DAPHNIS. THOMALIN.

I.

AURORA from old Tithon's frosty bed
 (Cold, wintry, wither'd Tithon) early creeps,
 Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,
 Out of her window close she blushing peeps;
 Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steep;
 Casting what sportless nights she ever led;
 She dying lives, to think he's living dead.
 Curst be, and curst is, that wretched fire [fire,
 That yokes green youth with age, want with de-
 Who ties the sun to snow, or marries frost to fire.

II.

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
 And to the green I post; for, on this day,
 Shepherd and fisher-boys had set a prize,
 Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
 Which of the two should sing the choicest lay.
 Daphnis, the shepherd-lad, whom Mira's eyes
 Had kill'd; yet with such wound he gladly
 dies:

Thomalin, the fisher, in whose heart did reign
 Stella, whose love his life, and whose disdain
 Seems worse than angry skies, or never-quiet
 main.

III.

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains
 March three by three, clad all in youthful green;
 And, while the sad recorder sweetly plains,
 Three lovely nymphs (each several row between,
 More lovely nymphs could no where else be
 seen,

Whose face's snow their snowy garments stains)
 With sweeter voices fit their pleasing strains.
 Their flocks flock round about; the horned rams
 And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambs,
 Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dams.

IV.

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in
 sight
 The fisher-boys came driving up the stream;
 Themselves in blue; and twenty sea-nymphs
 bright,
 In curious robes, that well the waves might seem;
 All dark below, the top like frothy cream:

Their boats and masts with flow'rs and garlands
 dight; [white:
 And round the swans guard them, with armies
 Their skiffs by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
 Which running cornets breathe to full plain
 grounds,
 That strikes the river's face, and thence more
 sweet rebounds.

V.

And now the nymphs and swains had took
 their place;
 First, those two boys; Thomalin the fisher's pride;
 Daphnis the shepherds: Nymphs their right
 hand grace;
 And choicest swains shut up the other side:
 So sit they down, in order sit apply'd:
 Thirsil betwixt them both, in middle space;
 Thirsil their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
 But late a fisher-swain; till envious Chame
 Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;
 So robb'd the boys of him, and him of all his
 game.

VI.

So, as they sit, thus Thirsil 'gins the lay;

Thirsil.

You lovely boys, the woods' and ocean's pride,
 Since I am judge of this sweet peaceful fray,
 First tell us, where and when your loves you spy'd;
 And when in long discourse you well are try'd,
 Then in short verse, by turns, we'll gently play:
 In love begin, in love we'll end the day.
 Daphnis, thou first; to me you both are dear:
 Ah! if I might, I would not judge, but hear:
 Nought have I of a judge but an impartial ear.

VII.

Daphnis.

Phœbus, if, as thy words, thy oaths are true,
 Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay
 (That verse which by thy promise now is due),
 To honour'd Daphne, in a sweet tun'd lay,
 (Daphne thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye;)
 Thou fangest late, when she, now better staid,
 More humane when a tree than when a maid,
 Bending her head, thy love with gentle sign repaid.

VIII.

What tongue, what thought, can paint my love's perfection?

So sweet hath nature pourtray'd ev'ry part,
That art will prove that artist's imperfection,
Who, when no eye dare view, dares lian her face:

Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light than thine; a light that never fell:
Thou tell'st what's done in heaven, in earth, and hell:

Her worth thou may'st admire; there are no words to tell.

IX.

She is like thee, or thou art like her rather:
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,
As her twin-suns: that creature then, I gather,
Twice heavenly is, where two suns shine so bright:

So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:
Thy absence is my night: her absence, hell.
Since then, in all, thyself she doth excel, [tell?
What is beyond thyself, how can'st thou hope to

X.

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toil,
In shady grove, spent with the weary chase;
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace,
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast inlace;
The air (my rival air) did coolly glide
Through ev'ry part; such when my love I spy'd.
So soon I saw my love, so soon I lov'd and dy'd.

XI.

Her face two colours paint: the first a flame;
(Yet she all cold); a flame in rosy dye,
Which sweetly blushes like the morning's shame:
The second snow; such as on Alps doth lie;
And safely there the sun doth bold defy.
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.
Thou miracle, mar'l not if I admire
How flame should coldly freeze, and snow should burn as fire.

XII.

Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair;
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,
In vain to speak, when words will more impair:
Of all the fairs, she is the fairest fair.

Cease then, vain words; well may you show affection,

But not her worth: the mind her sweet perfection
Admires; how should it then give the lame tongue direction?

XIII.

Thomalin.

Unless thy words be fleeting as thy wave,
Proteus, that song into my breast inspire
With which the seas, when loud they roar and rave,

Thou softly charm'st; and winds intestine ire,
When 'gainst heav'n, earth, and seas, they did conspire,

Thou quiet laid'st: Proteus, thy song to hear,
Seas list'ning stand, and winds to whistle fear;
The lively dolphins dance, and bristly seals give ear.

XIV.

Stella, my starlike love, my lovely star:

Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair; such her cheeks roses are:
Lovely her-lip, most lovely is her eye:
And as in each of these all love doth lie,
So thousand loves within her mind retiring,
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing. [ing.
Ah, let me love my love, not live in love's admir-

XV.

At Proteus' feast, where many a goodly boy,
And many a lovely lass, did lately meet;
There first I found, there first I lost my joy:
Her face mine eye, her voice mine ear did greet;
While ear and eye strove which should be most sweet,

That face, or voice: but when my lips at last
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,
Which most those lips did please; the eye, ear,
touch, or taste.

XVI.

The eye swears, never fairer lip was eyed;
The ear, with those sweet relishes delighted,
Thinks them the spheres; the taste, that nearer try'd

Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited;
The touch, with pressure soft more close united,
Wish'd ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed,
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

XVII.

Her hair all dark, more clear the white doth show,
And, with its night, her face's morn commends:
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow,
Which sporting love upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.
But most I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which those two blackest suns do fair display,
Should shine so bright, and night should make so sweet a day.

XVIII.

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night;
Her shining forehead Dian's silver light;
Her eyes the stars, their influence delight;
Her voice the spheres; her cheek Aurora bright;
Her breast the globes, where heaven's paths milky-white

Runs 'twixt those hills; her hand, Arion's touch,
As much delights the eye, the ear as much.
Such is my love; that but my love was never such.

XIX.

Thyfil.

The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide,
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face; [pride,
The stars their courses, flow'rs their springing
Days change their length, the sun his daily race.
Be constant when you love; love loves not ranging;
Change when you sing; muses delight in changing.

XX.

Daphnis.

Pan loves the pine-tree, Jove the oak approves,
High poplars Alcides' temples crown;
Phœbus, though in a tree, still Daphne loves,
And hyacinths, though living now in ground;

Shepherds, if you yourselves would victors see,
Gird then this head with Phœbus' flow'r and tree.

xxi.

Thomalin.

Alcinous pears, Pomona apples bore;
Bacchus the vine, the olive Pallas chose;
Venus loves myrtles, myrtles love the shore;
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blows,
Yet breathes no more; weave, lads, with myrtles
roses,
And bay and hyacinth the garland loses.

xxii.

Daphnis.

Mira, thine eyes are those twin heavenly powers
Which to the widow'd earth new offspring
bring;
No marvel, then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossoms freshly
springs:
So is thy face a never-fading May;
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

xxiii.

Thomalin.

Stella, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests flake, and promise quiet seas;
No marvel, then, if thy brown shady hair,
Like night, portend sweet rust and gentle ease:
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light;
Thus is thy hair a lover's ne'er-spent night.

xxiv.

Daphnis.

If sleepy poppies yield to lilies white;
If black to snowy lambs; if night to day;
If western shades to fair Aurora's light;
Stella must yield to Mira's shining ray.
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy;
The night for wolves; the light the shepherd's joy.

xxv.

Thomalin.

Who white-thorn equals with the violet?
What workman rest compares with painful light?
Who wears the glaring glass, and scorns the jet?
Day yield to her that is both day and night.
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night's lovers holiday.

xxvi.

Daphnis.

Fly thou the seas, fly far the dang'rous shore:
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spy,
He'll think Medusa sweeter than before,
With fairer hair, and doubly fairer eye,
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,
In his deep courts again will never flow.

xxvii.

Thomalin.

Stella, avoid both Phœbus' ear and eye:
His music he will scorn, if thee he hear:
Thee, Daphne, if thy face by chance he spy,
Daphne, now fairer chang'd, he'll rashly swear;
And, viewing thee, will later rise and fall;
Or, viewing thee, will never rise at all.

xxviii.

Daphnis.

Phœbus and Pan both strive my love to gain,
And seek by gifts to win my careless heart;

Pan vows with lambs to fill the fruitful plain;
Apollo offers skill and pleasing art:
But, Stella, if thou grant my suit, a kiss;
Phœbus and Pan their suit, my love, shall miss.

xxix.

Thomalin.

Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek unto me,
And twenty gifts to please my mind devise:
Proteus with songs, Glaucus with fish doth woo me;
Both strive to win me, but I them both despise:
For if my love my love will entertain,
Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek in vain.

xxx.

Daphnis.

Two twin, two spotted lambs (my song's reward),
With them a cup I got, where Jove assum'd
New shapes, to mock his wife's too jealous guard;
Full of Jove's fires it burns still unconsum'd:
But, Mira, if thou gently deign to shine,
Thine be the cup, the spotted lambs be thine.

xxxi.

Thomalin.

A pair of swans are mine, and all their train;
With them a cup, which Thetis' self bestow'd,
As she of love did hear me sadly plain;
A pearled cup, where nectar oft hath flow'd:
But if my love will love the gift and giver,
Thine be the cup, thine be the swans for ever.

xxxii.

Daphnis.

Thrice happy swains! thrice happy shepherd's
fate!

Thomalin.

Ah, blessed life! ah blessed fisher's state! [you.
Your pipes assuage your love, your nets maintain

Daphnis.

Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sus-
tain you.

You fear no stormy seas, nor tempests roaring.

Thomalin.

You sit not, rots or burning stars deploring:
In calms, you fish; in roughs, use songs and dances.

Daphnis.

More do you fear your love's sweet-bitter glances,
Than certain fate, or fortune ever changing.

Thomalin.

Ah! that the life in seas so safely ranging,
Should with love's weeping eye be sunk and
drown'd!

Daphnis.

The shepherd's life Phœbus, a shepherd, crown'd;
His snowy flocks by stately Peneus leading.

Thomalin.

What herb was that, on which old Glaucus feeding
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?

Daphnis.

Delia herself her rigour hard relenteth:
To play with shepherd's boy she's not ashamed.

Thomalin.

Venus, of frothy seas thou first was framed; [ed.
The waves thy cradle: now Love's Queen art nam-

xxxiii.

Daphnis.

[thee?

Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward
So slender gift as this not half requites thee.

May prosp'rous stars, and quiet seas regard thee;
 But most that pleasing star that most delights thee:
 May Proteus still, and Glaucus, dearest hold thee;
 But most her influence, all safe enfold thee:
 May she with gentle beams from her fair sphere
 behold thee.

xxxiv.

Thomalin.

[ing;

As whistling winds 'gainst rocks their voices tear:
 As rivers through the vallies softly gliding;
 As haven after cruel tempests fearing;
 Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses sliding:
 Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phœbus grace
 thee;
 Most, when thou most admir'st, may she embrace
 And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlace
 thee.

xxxv.

Thirfil.

You lovely boys, full well your art you guided;
 That with your striving songs your strife is
 ended:
 So you yourselves the cause have well decided;
 And by no judge can your award be mended.
 Then since the prize, for only one intended,
 You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,
 And as your offering in love's temple serve it;
 Since none of both deserve, when both so well de-
 serve it.

xxxvi.

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded;
 Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory clearest,
 Given me by Pan, when Pan my verse regarded;
 This fears the wolf, when most the wolf thou
 fearest.

But thou, my Thomalin, my love, my dearest,
 Take thou this pipe, which oft proud storms re-
 strained:
 Which, spite of Chamus' spite, I still retained:
 Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly
 plained.

xxxvii.

And you, fair troop, if Thirfil you disdain not,
 Vouchsafe with me to take some short refec-
 tion;
 Excess, or daints, my lowly roof maintain not;
 Pears, apples, plums; no sugared made confec-
 tion.
 So up they rose, and by love's sweet direction,
 Sea-nymphs with shepherd's sort: sea-boys com-
 plain not,
 That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain
 not.
 And all the day to songs and dances lending,
 Too swift it runs, and spends too fast in spending.
 With day their sports began, with day they take
 their ending.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

*An Hymn at the Marriage of my most dear Cousins,
Mr. W. and M. R.*

CHAMUS, that with thy yellow-fanded stream
Slid'st softly down where thousand muses dwell,
Gracing their bow'rs, but thou more grac'd by
them;
Mark Chamus, from thy low built greeny cell;
Hark, how our Kentish woods with Hymen
ring, [sing,
While all the nymphs; and all the shepherds
Hymen, oh Hymen, here thy saffron garment
bring.

With him a shoal of goodly shepherd-swains;
Yet he more goodly than the goodliest swain:
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymphs trains;
Yet she more fair than fairest of the train:
And all in course their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding echo
fling,
Hymen, come holy Hymen; Hymen loud they sing.

His high built forehead almost maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred nymphs her chance en-
vyng:
Her more than silver skin, and golden hair,
Cause of a thousand shepherds forced dying.
Where better could her love then here have
nested:
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feasted.
Hymen, come Hymen; here thy saffron coat is
refted.

His looks resembling humble majesty,
Rightly his fairest mothers grace befiteth:
In her face blushing, fearful modesty,
The queens of chastity and beauty, sitteth:
There cheerfulness all sadness far exileth:
Here love with bow unbent all gently smileth.
Hymen come, Hymen come; no spot thy gar-
ment 'fileth.

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,
And in his eyes a thousand darts of loving:
Her shining stars, which (fools) we oft call eyes,
As quick as heav'n itself in speedy moving;

And this in both the only difference being,
Other stars blind, these stars endued with
seeing.

Hymen, come Hymen; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster,
Where Love's self sailing often shipwreckt sit-
teth:

Hers a twin rock, unknown but to th' shipmaster;
Which though him safe receives, all other split-
teth: [beaten,

Both Love's high-way, yet by Love's self un-
Most like the milky path which crosses heaven.
Hymen, come Hymen; all their marriage joys are
even.

And yet all these but as gilt covers be;
Within, a book more fair we written find:
For nature, framing th' Alls epitome,
Set in the face the index of the mind.
Their bodies are but temples, built for state,
To shrine the graces in their silver plate:
Come Hymen, Hymen come, these temples con-
secrate.

Hymen, the tier of hearts already tied;
Hymen, the end of lovers never ending;
Hymen, the cause of joys, joys never tried;
Joys never to be spent, yet ever spending:
Hymen, that sow'st with men the desert
sands;
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sa-
cred bands:
Hymen, come Hymen, th' hearts are join'd, join
thou the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,
Sign'd with the face of joy; the holy knot,
That binds two hearts, and holds from slippery
moving;
A gainful loss, a stain without a blot;
That mak'st one soul as two, and two as one;
Yoke lightning burdens; love's foundation:
Hymen, come Hymen, now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'st man a brief of all thou mad'st,
A little living world, and mad'st him twain

Dividing him whom first thou one creat'st,
 And by this bond mad'st one of two again,
 Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
 And leave their parents, when no parents
 were: [here,
 Hymen, send Hymen from thy sacred bosom

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
 Clad with a saffron coat, in's hand a light;
 In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth:
 His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
 Now chant we Hymen, shepherds; Hymen
 sing:

See where he goes, as fresh as is the spring.
 Hymen, oh Hymen, Hymen, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
 Both having to content, and be contented;
 Fortune and nature being spare to neither!
 Ne'er may this bond of holy love be rented,
 But like two parallels, run a level race,
 In just proportion, and in even space.
 Hymen, thus Hymen will their spotless marriage
 grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd, and loving;
 As far from hate, as self-ill, jealousy:
 Moving like heav'n still in the self same moving;
 In motion ne'er forgetting constancy.
 Be all your days as this; no cause to plain:
 Free from satiety, or (but lovers) pain.
 Hymen, so Hymen still their present joys maintain.

*To my beloved Cousin, W. R. Esquire.
 Calend. Januar.*

COUSIN, day birds are silenc't, and those fowl
 Yet only sing, which hate warm Phœbus light;
 Th' unlucky parrot, and death-boding owl,
 Which ush'ring into heav'n their mistress night,
 Hollow their mates, triumphing o'er the quick
 spent night.

The wronged Philomel hath left to plain
 Tereus constraint and cruel ravishment:
 Seems the poor bird hath lost her tongue again.
 Progne long since is gone to banishment;
 And the loud tuned thrush leaves all her merri-
 ment.

All so my frozen muse, hid in my breast,
 To come into the open air refuses;
 And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft pro-
 test,
 This is no time for Phœbus loving muses;
 When the far distant sun our frozen coast disuses.

Then till the sun, which yet in fishes hasks,
 Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,
 'Twixt Taurus horns his warmer beam unmask,
 And sooner rises, latter goes to bed; [fled:
 Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother

Till Philomel resumes her tongue again,
 And Progne fierce returns from long exiling;
 Till the shrill blackbird chants his merry vein;
 And the day-birds the long liv'd sun beguiling,
 Renew their mirth, and the years pleasant smil-
 ing:

Here must I stay, in sullen study pent, [ing;
 Among our Cambridge fens my time mispend-
 But then revisit our long-long'd for Kent.
 Till then live happy, the time ever mending:
 Happy the first o' th' year, thrice happy be the
 ending.

TO MASTER W. C.

WILLY, my dear, that late by Haddam sitting,
 By little Haddam, in whose private shades,
 Unto thy fancy thousand pleasures sitting,
 With dainty nymphs, in those retired glades
 Didst spend thy time; (time that too quickly
 fades).
 Ah! much I fear that those so pleasing toys
 Have too much lull'd thy sense and mind in flum-
 b'ring joys.

Now art thou come to nearer Maddingly,
 Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth en-
 thrall thee;
 There new delights withdraw thy ear, thy eye;
 Too much I fear lest some ill chance befall thee:
 Hark how the Cambridge muses thence recall
 thee;
 Willy our dear, Willy his time abuses:
 But sure thou hast forgot our Chame and Cam-
 bridge muses.

Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:
 Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
 By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn
 thee,
 Will sit and sing among the muses nine;
 And, safely covered from the scalding shine,
 We'll read that Mantuan shepherd's sweet com-
 plaining, [daining.
 Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust dis-
 And, when we list, to lower notes descend;
 Hear Thirfil's moan, and Fusca's cruelty:
 He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;
 Fusca his care, but careless enemy:
 Hope oft he sees shine in her humble eye,
 But soon her angry words of hope deprives him:
 So often dies with love, but love as oft revives
 him.

To my ever honoured Cousin, W. R. Esquire.

STRANGE power of home, with how strong-twist-
 ed arms, [me
 And Gordian-twined knot, dost thou enchain

Never might fair Calisto's doubled charms,
Nor powerful Circe's whisp'ring so detain me,
Though all her art she spent to entertain me;
Their presence could not force a weak desire;
But, oh! thy powerful absence breeds still-grow-
ing fire.

By night thou try'st with strong imagination
To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it;
Methinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;
And though with fear, yet cannot well deny it,
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for spite
I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night.

But in the day my never-slack'd desire
Will cast to prove by welcome forgery,
That for my absence I am much the nigher;
Seeking to please with soothing flattery.
Love's wing is thought; and thought will soon-
est flie
Where it finds want; then as our love is dearer,
Absence yields presence, distance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in some humble Kentish dale
For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac'd hours:
Much should I scorn fair Æton's pleasant vale,
Or Windsor, Tempe's self, and proudest towers:
There would I sit, safe from the stormy showers,
And laugh the troublous winds and angry sky;
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die.

And would my lucky fortune so much grace me,
As in low Cranebrook or high Brenchly's-hill,
Or in some cabin near thy dwelling place me,
There would I gladly sport and sing my fill.
And teach my tender muse to raise her quill;
And that high Mantuan shepherd's self to dare;
If ought with that high Mantuan shepherd mought
compare.

There would I chant either thy Gemma's praise,
Or else my Fusca; fairest shepherdess!
Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,
Sing of Eliza's fixed mournfulness,
And much bewail such woful heaviness;
Whilst she a dear-lov'd hart (ah luckless!) flew,
Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much,
did rue.

But seeing now I am not as I would,
But here, among th' unhonour'd willow's shade,
The muddy Chame doth me enforced hold;
Here I forswear my merry piping trade:
My little pipe, of seven reeds ymade,
(Ah pleasing pipe!) I'll hang upon this bough:
Thou Chame, and Chamish nymphs, bear wit-
ness of my vow.

To E. C. in Cambridge, my Son by the University.

When first my mind call'd itself in to think,
There fell a strife not easy for to end;

Which name should first crown the white papers
brink,
An awing father, or an equal friend:
Fortune gives choice of either to my mind;
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move;
That of commanding, this of easy love.

The lines of love, which from a father's heart
Are drawn down to the son; and from the son
Ascend to th' father, drawn from every part,
Each other cut, and from the first transition
Still further wander with more wide partition:
But friends, like parallels, run a level race,
In just proportion, and most even space.

Then since a double choice, double affection
Hath plac'd itself in my twice loving breast;
No title then can add to this perfection,
Nor better that, which is already best:
So naming one, I must imply the rest,
The same a father, and a friend; or rather,
Both one; a father friend, and a friend father.

No marvel then the difference of the place
Makes in my mind at all no difference:
For love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,
Having i' th' soul his only residence.
Love's fire is thought; and thought is never
thance,
Where it feels want: then where a love is dear,
The mind in farthest distance is most near.

Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces;
(There mought I die with thee, there with thee
live?)
All in the shades, the nymphs and naked graces
Fresh joys and still succeeding pleasures give;
So much we sport, we have no time to grieve:
Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring;
And know no sorrow simple pleasures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs spread i' th' grassy
plain
Sit round about, no niggards of their faces;
Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain;
All to myself will they impart their graces:
Ah! not such joys find I in other places:
To them I often pipe, and often sing,
Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang the Hymen toys
Of two fair lovers, (fairer were there never)
That in one bed coupled their spousal joys;
Fortune and nature being scant to neither:
What other dare not wish, was full in either.
Thrice happy bed, thrice happy lovers firing,
Where present blessings have out-stript desiring!

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,
Pafilia's dirge, and Eupathus complaining;
And often while my pipe lies idle by me,
Read Fusca's deep disdain, and Thirsil's plaining;
Yet in that face is no room for disdaining;
Where cheerful kindness smiles in either eye,
And beauty still kisses humility.

Then do not marvel Kentish strong delights,
Stealing the time, do here so long detain me :
Not powerful Circe with her Hecate rites,
Nor pleasing Lotos thus could entertain me,
As Kentish powerful pleasures here enchain
me.
Meantime, the nymphs that in our Brenchly use,
Kindly salute your busy Cambridge muse.

To my beloved Thenot, in answer of his Verse.

THENOT my dear, how can a lofty hill
To lowly shepherds thoughts be rightly fitting ?
An humble dale well fits with humble quill :
There may I safely sing, all fearless fitting,
My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty dittyng ;
My loved loneness, and hid muse enjoying :
Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple
toying, [joying.
Well would fair Thenot like our sweet retired

But if my Thenot love my humble vein,
(Too lowly vein) ne'er let him Colin call me ;
He, while he was, was (ah !) the choicest swain,
That ever grac'd a reed : what e'er befall me,
Or Myrtill, (so 'for Fusca fair did thrall me,
Most was I known) or now poor Thirfil
name me,
Thirfil, for so my Fusca pleases frame me :
But never mounting Colin ; Colin's high style
will shame me.

Two shepherds I adore with humble love ;
Th' high-tow'ring swain, that by flow Mincius
waves
His well grown wings at first did lowly prove,
Where Corydon's sick love full sweetly raves ;
But after sung bold Turnus daring braves :
And next our nearer Colin's sweetest strain ;
Most, where he most his Rosalind doth plain.
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then speaks Thenot of the honour'd bay ?
Apollo's self, though fain, could not obtain her ;
She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,
Though all his art he spent to entertain her :
Wild beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.
Then sit we here within this willow glade :
Here for my Thenot I a garland made
With purple violets, and lovely myrtle shade.

Upon the Picture of Achmat the Turkish tyrant.

SUCH Achmat is, the Turks great emperor,
Third son to Mahomet, whose youthly spring
But now with blossom'd cheeks begins to flow'r ;
Out of his face you well may read a king :
Which who will thoroughly view, will eas'ly find
A perfect index to his haughty mind.

Within his breast, as in a palace, lie
Wakeful ambition leagu'd with hasty pride ;

Fierceness ally'd with Turkish majesty ;
Refts hate, in which his father living dy'd :
Deep in his heart such Turkish virtue lies,
And thus looks through the window of his eyes,

His pleasure (far from pleasure) is to see
His navy spread her wings unto the wind ;
Instead of gold, arms fill his treasury,
Which (numberless) fill not his greedy mind.
The sad Hungarian fears his tried might ;
And waning Persia trembles at his sight.

His greener youth, most with the heathen spent,
Gives Christian princes justest cause to fear
His riper age, whose childhood thus is bent.
A thousand trophies will he shortly rear,
Unless that God, who gave him first this
rage,
Bind his proud head in humble vassalage.

TO MR. JO. TOMKINS.

THOMALIN, my lief, thy music strains to hear,
More raps my soul than when the swelling
winds
On craggy rocks their whistling voices tear ;
Or when the sea, if stopt his course he finds,
With broken murmurs thinks weak shores to fear,
Scorning such sandy cords his proud head binds :
More than where rivers in the summer's ray,
Through covert glades cutting their shady way,
Run tumbling down the lawns, and with the
pebbles play.

Thy strains to hear, old Chamus from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs a-
round ;
An hundred nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock, with water-lilies crown'd.
For thee the muses leave their silver well,
And marvel where thou all their art hast found :
There sitting, they admire thy dainty strains,
And while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,
Feel thousand sugar'd joys creep in their melting
veins.

How oft have I, the muses bow'r frequenting,
Miss'd them at home, and found them all with
thee !
Whether thou sing'st sad Eupathus' lamenting,
Or tunest notes to sacred harmony,
The ravish'd soul with thy sweet notes consenting,
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extasy
Transcends the stars, and with the angels' train
Those courts surveys ; and now come back again,
Finds yet another heaven in thy delightful strain

Ah ! could'st thou here thy humble mind content,
Lowly with me to live in country cell,
And learn suspect the court's proud blandishment,
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly dwell.
Live Pallas in her tow'rs and marble tent ;
But, ah ! the country bow'rs please me as well :

There with my Thomalin I safe would sing,
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string;
There would we laugh at spite, and fortune's thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy, lodgeth there;
There no suspicion wall'd in proved steel,
Yet fearful of the arms herself doth wear;
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy music ear;
They know no change, nor wanton fortune's wheel;
Thousand fresh sports grow in those dainty places;
Light fawns and nymphs dance in the woody spaces, [Graces.
And little Love himself plays with the naked

But seeing fate my happy wish refuses,
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,
Only scorn'd poverty and fortune's hate
Common I find to me, and to the muses;
But with the muses welcome poorest fate.
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest;
And lifting up from my untainted breast
A quiet spirit to heaven, securely live and blest.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joys,
Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent:
Take from thy Thirfil these his idle toys;
Here I will end my looser merriment:
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton boys,
Among the courtly lasses blandishment,
Think of thy Thirfil's love that never spends;
And softly say, his love still better mends:
Ah! too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!

Go, little pipe; for ever I must leave thee,
My little, little pipe, but sweetest ever:
Go, go, for I have vow'd to see thee never:
Never, ah! never must I more receive thee;
But he in better love will still persevere;
Go, little pipe, for I must have a new.
Farewell, ye Norfolk maids, and Ida crew;
Thirfil will play no more; for ever now adieu!

TO THOMALIN.

THOMALIN, since Thirfil nothing has to leave thee,
And leave thee must; pardon me (gentle friend:)
If nothing but my love I only give thee;
Yet see how great this nothing is, I send
For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,
Nothing's more sweet than is this sweetest love.

The soldier nothing like his prey esteems;
Nothing tofs'd sailors equal with the shore:
Nothing before his health the sick man deems;
The pilgrim hugs his country; nothing more:
The miser hoarding up his golden wares,
This nothing with his precious wealth compares.

VOL. IV.

Our thoughts ambition only nothing ends;
Nothing fills up the golden-dropt mind:
The prodigal, that all so lavish spends,
Yet nothing cannot; nothing stays behind:
The king, that with his life a kingdom buys,
Than life or crown doth nothing higher prize.

Who all enjoys, yet nothing now desires;
Nothing is greater than the highest Jove:
Who dwells in heav'n, (then) nothing more requires; [love:
Love, more than honey; nothing more sweet than
Nothing is only better than the best;
Nothing is sure: nothing is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,
Thee, (dearest Thomalin) nothing above thee:
For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting ends,
When thy love fails, yet nothing still will love me:
When heav'n, and air, the earth, and floating mains
Are gone, yet nothing still untouch'd remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,
And spiteful Cham of all has quite bereft me;
Since muses selves (false muses) will forsake me,
And but this nothing, nothing else is left me;
Take thou my love, and keep it still in store:
That given, nothing now remaineth more.

Against a Rich Man despising Poverty.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity;
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch;
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess,
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:
Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store: [more.
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the

But seeing God himself descended down
To enrich the poor by his rich poverty;

G g

His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternity :
Let me be like my head, whom I adore ;
Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

CONTEMNMENT.

CONTINUAL burning, yet no fire or fuel,
Chill icy frosts in midst of summer's frying,
A hell most pleasing, and a heav'n most cruel,
A death still living, and a life still dying,
And whatsoever pains poor hearts can prove,
I feel, and utter, in one word, I Love.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,
And both upon one poor heart ever feeding :
Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,
In midst of fires his icy frosts is breeding :
So fires and frosts, to make a perfect hell,
Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toilsome way (my deep affection)
I ever forward run, and never ease me :
I dare not swerve, her eye is my direction :
A heavy grief, and weighty love oppresses me. [me ;
Desire and hope, two spurs, that forth compell'd
But awful fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and strove to cast
This double burden from my weary heart :
Fast though I run, and stop, they sit as fast :
Her looks my bait, which she doth feld' impart.
Thus fainting, still some inn I wish and crave ;
Either her maiden bosom, or my grave.

A V O W.

By hope and fear, by grief and joy oppress'd,
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected ;
Without, within, in body, soul, distress'd ;
Little by all, least by myself respected, [ed ;
But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglect-
Hated, and hating life, to death I call ;
Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,
Despised wretch, of friends, of all forlorn, [thee ?
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake
Poor soul, thy own tormenter, others scorn !
Whither, poor soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn ?
What inn, what host (scorn'd wretch) wilt thou
now choose thee ? [fuse thee.
The common host, and inn, death, grave, re-

To thee, great Love, to thee I prostrate fall,
That right'ft in love the heart in false love swerved :
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call ;
I, who am scorn'd, where with all truth I served,
On thee, so wrong'd, where thou hast so deserved :
Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to thee I plain me,
Who truly lovest those, who (fools) disdain thee.

Thou never-erring way, in thee direct me ; [me :
Thou death of death, oh, in thy death engrave
Thou hated love, with thy firm love respect me ;
Thou freest servant, from this yoke unslave me :
Glorious salvation, for thy glory save me.

So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall
move me ; [thee.
But with thy love, great Love, I still shall love

On Womens Lightness.

Who sows the sand ? or ploughs the easy shore ?
Or strives in nets to prison in the wind ?
Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and senseless more,
Thought in sure love a woman's thoughts to bind.
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love
to tie
One more inconstant than inconstancy !

Look as it is with some true April day,
Whose various weather stores the world with
flowers ;
The sun his glorious beams doth fair display,
Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowrs,
And twenty changes in one hour doth prove ;
So, and more changing is a woman's love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,
Which loosely fly, and play with every wind,
And with each blast turn round their golden threads ;
Such as their hair, such is their looser mind :
The difference this, their hair is often bound ;
But never bonds a woman might embound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading ;
False is their flattering tongue ; false every part,
Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading ;
False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart :
Then this in consequence must needs ensue ;
All must be false, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing
so vain !
Fond hopes, that anchor on so false a ground !
Fond love, to love what could not love again !
Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus
drown'd !
Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope ; but fond-
est I,
To grasp the wind, and love inconstancy !

A Reply upon the Fair M. S.

A DAINTY maid, that draws her double name
From bitter sweetness, (with sweet bitterness)
Did late my skill and faulty verses blame,
And to her loving friend did plain confess,
That I my former credit foul did shame,
And might no more a poet's name profess :
The cause that with my verse she was offended,
For womens levity I discommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,
And I confess it (fair) if that content ye,
That when I play'd the poet less than ever;
Not, for of such a verse I now repent me,
(Poets to feign, and make fine lies endeavour)
But I the truth, truth (ah!) too certain sent ye:
Then that I am no poet I deny not;
For when their lightness I condemn, I lie not.

But if my verse had lied against my mind,
And praised that which truth cannot approve;
And falsely said, they were as fair as kind,
As true as sweet, their faith could never move,
But sure is link'd where constant love they find,
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love;
If thus I write, it cannot be deny'd
But I a poet were, so foul I lied.

But give me leave to write as I have found:
Like ruddy apples at their outsides bright,
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound;
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,
But inward rottenness the taste doth wound:
Ah! were the taste so good as is the sight,
To pluck such apples (lost with self same price)
Would back restore us part of paradise.

But truth hath said it, (truth who dare deny?)
Men seldom are, more seldom women sure:
But if (fair sweet) thy truth and constancy
To better faith thy thoughts and mind procure,
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie,
If thy first love will first and last endure; [thee,
Thou more than woman art, if time so proves
And he more than a man, that loved loves thee.

An Apology for the Premises to the Lady Culpepper.

Who with a bridle strives to curb the waves?
Or in a cypress chest locks flaming fires?
So when love anger'd in thy bosom raves,
And grief with love a double flame inspires,
By silence thou may'st add, but never less it:
The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,
To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?
Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:
Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;
And therefore boyish love's too like a boy,
With a toy pleas'd, displeas'd with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or fought,
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,
Your pretty child, at first to lowr or pout,
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty;
Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,
Plays on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty child is childish love,
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,

And prays, and swears he never more will do it;
Such one is love: alas, that women know it!

But if so just excuse will not content ye,
But still you blame the words of angry love,
Here I recant, and of those words repent me:
In sign hereof I offer now to prove,
That changing womens love is constant ever,
And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions bind,
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs;
So as she alters, alters still their mind,
And with their fading loves their love impairs:
Therefore, still moving, as the fair they loved,
Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,
Affecting still the same in divers places;
So never change their love, but change their lovers:
Therefore their mind is firm and constant prov'd,
Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love tied to some virtue, cannot stray,
Shifting the outside oft, the inside never:
But men (when now their loves dissolv'd to clay
Indeed are nothing) still in love persevere:
How then can such fond men be constant made,
That nothing love, or but (a nothing) shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving?
Or blames the speedy heav'ns for ever ranging?
Cease then, fond men, to blaze your constant
loving;
Love's fiery, winged, light, and therefore changing:
Fond man, that thinks such fire and air to setter!
All change; men for the worse, women for better.

To my only chosen Valentine and Wife.

Anagram. { Mistress Elizabeth Vincent }
 { Is my breast's chaste Valentine. }

THINK not (fair love) that chance my hand direct-
ed [hands
To make my choice my chance; blind chance and
Could never see what most my mind affected;
But heav'n (that ever with chaste true love stands)
Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected:
Then do not thou resist what heav'n commands;
But yield thee his, who must be ever thine:
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;
Thy name for ever is, My breast's chaste Valentine.

A Translation of Boethius, the Third Book and last Verses

HAPPY man, whose perfect sight
Views the overflowing light!
Happy man, that canst unbind
Th' earth-bars pounding up the mind!

Once his wife's quick fate lamenting
 Orpheus sat, his hair all renting,
 While the speedy woods came running,
 And rivers stood to hear his cunning;
 And the lion with the hart
 Join'd side to side to hear his art:
 Hares ran with the dogs along,
 Not from dogs, but to his song.
 But when all his verses turning
 Only fann'd his poor heart's burning,
 And his grief came but the faster,
 (His verse all easing, but his master)
 Of the higher powers complaining,
 Down he went to hell disdaining:
 There his silver lute-strings hitting,
 And his potent verses fitting,
 All the sweets that e'er he took
 From his sacred mother's brook,
 What his double sorrow gives him,
 And love, that doubly double grieves him,
 There he spends to move deaf hell,
 Charming devils with his spell,
 And with sweetest asking leave
 Does the lords of ghosts deceive.
 The dog, whose never quiet yell
 Affrights sad souls in night that dwell,
 Pricks up now his thrice two ears;
 To howl, or bark, or whine he fears:
 Struck with dumb wonder at those songs,
 He wish'd more ears, and fewer tongues.
 Charon amaz'd his oar foreflows,
 While the boat the sculler rows.
 Tantal might have eaten now
 The fruit as still as is the bough;
 But he (fool!) no hunger fearing,
 Stare'd his taste, to feed his hearing.
 Ixion, though his wheel stood still,
 Still was rapt with music's skill.
 At length the judge of souls with pity
 Yields, as conquer'd with his ditty;
 Let's give back his spouse's hearse,
 Purchas'd with so pleasing verse:
 Yet this law shall bind our gift,
 He turn not, till ha's Tartar left.
 Who to laws can lovers draw?
 Love in love is only law:
 Now almost he left the night,
 When he first turn'd back his sight;
 And at once, while her he ey'd,
 His love he saw, and lost, and dy'd.
 So, who strives out of the night
 To bring his soul to joy in light,
 Yet again turns back his eye
 To view left hell's deformity;
 Though he seems enlighten'd more,
 Yet is blacker than afore.

A Translation of Boethius, Book Second, Verse Seventh.

Who only honour seeks with prone affection,
 And thinks that glory is his greatest bliss; [tion,
 First let him view the heav'n's wide-stretched sec-
 Then in some map the earth's short narrowness:

Well may he blush to see his name not able
 To fill one quarter of so brief a table.

Why then should high-grown minds so much re-
 joice

To draw their stubborn necks from man's subjec-
 tion: [voice

For though loud fame stretch high her prattling
 To blaze abroad their virtue's great perfection;

Though goodly titles of their house adorn them
 With ancient heraldry, yet death doth scorn
 them:

The high and base lie in the self same grave;
 No difference there between a king and slave.

Where now are true Fabricius' bones remaining:
 Who knows where Brutus, or rough Cato lives!

Only a weak report, their names sustaining,
 In records old a slender knowledge gives:

Yet when we read the deeds of men inhumed,
 Can we by that know them long since consumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;
 Nor can report frustrate encroaching death:
 Or if you think when you are dead and rotten,
 You live again by fame, and vulgar breath;
 When with time's shadows this false glory wanes,
 You die again; but this your glory gains.

*Upon my Brother Mr. G. F. his Book intituled
 Christ's Victory and Triumph.*

FOND lads, that spend so fast your posting time,
 (Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)
 To chant light toys, or frame some wanton rhyme,
 Where idle boys may glut their lustful taste;
 Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
 With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:

While itching bloods, and youthful cares adore
 it; [abhor it.

But wiser men, and once yourselves will most

But thou, (most near, most dear) in this of thine
 Hast prov'd the muses not to Venus bound;
 Such as thy matter, such thy muse, divine:
 Or thou such grace with mercy's self hast found,
 That she herself deigns in thy leaves to shine;
 Or stol'n from heav'n, thou brought'st this verse
 to ground,

Which frights the numbed soul with fearful
 thunder,

And soon with honeyed dews thaws it 'twixt joy
 and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
 (The glass, through which an envious eye doth
 gaze,

Can eas'ly make a mole-hill mountain seem)

His praise dispraises; his dispraises praise;

Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,

And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;

While all the muses to thy song decree

Victorious triumph, triumphant victory.

Upon the Bishop of Exon, Dr. Hall, his Meditations.

Most wretched soul, that here carousing pleasure,
Hath all his heav'n on earth; and ne'er distressed
Enjoys these fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceased!
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessed!
For where to live is heav'n, 'tis hell to die,
Ah wretch, that here begins hell's misery!

Most blessed soul, that lifted up with wings
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
And scorning sluggish earth, to heav'n up springs;
On earth, yet still in heav'n by meditation;
With the soul's eye foreseeing th' heavenly station:
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
Ah blessed soul, that here begins his heaven!

*Upon the Contemplations of the Bishop of Exeter, given
to the Lady E. W. at New-Year's tide.*

This little world's two little stars are eyes,
And he that all eyes framed, fram'd all others
Downward to fall, but these to climb the skies,
There to acquaint them with their starry brothers;
Planets fix'd in the head (their sphere of sense)
Yet wand'ring still through heav'n's circumference,
The intellect being their intelligence.

Dull then that heavy soul, which ever bent
On earth and earthly toys, his heav'n neglects;
Content with that which cannot give content:
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.
Fond soul! thy eye will up to heav'n erect thee;
'Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee?
Dull, heavy soul! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happy soul, that guided by thine eyes,
Art mounted up unto that starry nation;
And leaving there thy sense, enterest the skies,
Enshri'd and fainted there by contemplation?
Heav'n thou enjoy'st on earth, and now be-
reaven
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.
Thrice happy soul, that hast a double heaven!

That sacred hand, which to this year hath brought
you,
Perfect your years, and with your years, his graces;
And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,
Conduct your soul unto those happy places,
Where thousand joys, and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew
With endless sweets rain on that heav'nly crew.

These Asclepiads of Mr. H. S. Translated and Enlarged.

Ne verbum mihi sit mortua Litera,
Nec Christi Meritum Gratia vanida;
Sed verbum fatuo sola scientia,
Et Christus misero sola redemptio.

UNLETTER'D word, which never ear could hear;
Unwritten word, which never eye could see,

Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd character,
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;
Since thou in bread art stamp'd, in print art read,
Let not thy print-stamp'd word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all-deserving spirit,
Made flesh to die, that so thou might'st be mine,
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,
We thine, thou ours; thou human, we divine;
Let not my dead life's merit, my dead heart
Forfeit so dear a purchas'd death's desert.

Thou sun of wisdom, knowledge infinite,
Made folly to the wise, night to profane;
Be I thy moon, oh let thy sacred light
Increase to th' full, and never, never wane:
Wise folly in me let, fond wisdom rise,
Make me renounce my wisdom, to be wise.

Thou life eternal, purest blessedness,
Made mortal, wretched, sin itself for me;
Show me my death, my sin, my wretchedness,
That I may flourish, shine, and live in thee:
So I with praise shall sing thy life, death's story,
O thou my merit, life, my wisdom, glory.

Certain of the Royal Prophets Psalms Metaphrased.

PSALM XLII.

Which agrees with the tune of Like the Hermit Poor.

Look as an hart with sweat and blood imbrued,
Chas'd and emboss'd, thirsts in the soil to be;
So my poor soul with eager foes pursued, [thee:
Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints for
When, O my God, when shall I come in place
To see thy light, and view thy glorious face?

I dine and sup with sighs, with groans and tears,
While all thy foes mine ears with taunting load;
Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer hears?
Where is, say they, where is thy boasted God?
My molten heart deep plung'd in sad despair
Runs forth to thee in streams of tears and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now past days,
When to thy house my troops with joy I led:
We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred lays,
No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in
my breast?

Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

My famish'd soul driv'n from thy sweetest word,
(From Hermon hill, and Jordan's swelling brook)
To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord!
To thee sends back her hungry longing look:
Floods of thy wrath breed floods of grief and
fears; [tears.
And floods of grief breed floods of plaints and

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,
These dreary clouds, and storms of sad despair;

Sure am I in the night his songs to hear,
Sweet songs of joy, as well as he my prayers.
I'll say, my God, why slight'st thou my distress,
While all my foes my weary soul oppress.

My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid;
They cut my heart, they vaunt that bitter word,
Where is thy trust? where is thy hope? they said;
Where is thy God? where is thy boasted Lord?
Why droop'st, my soul; why faint'st thou in my
breast?
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

PSALM LXIII.

Which may be sung as the Widow, or Mock Widow.

O LORD, before the morning
Gives heaven warning
To let out the day,
My wakeful eyes
Look for thy rise,
And wait to let in thy joyful ray.
Lank hunger here peoples the desert cells,
Here thirst fills up the empty wells:
How longs my flesh for that bread without leaven!
How thirsts my soul for that wine of heaven!
Such (oh!) to taste thy ravishing grace!
Such in thy house to view thy glorious face!

Thy love, thy light, thy faces
Bright-shining graces,
(Whose unchanged ray
Knows, nor morn's dawn
Nor evening's wane)
How far surmount they life's winter day!
My heart to thy glory tunes all his strings;
My tongue thy praises cheerly sings:
And till I slumber, and death shall undress me,
Thus will I sing, thus will I bless thee.
Fill me with love, oh, fill me with praise!
So shall I vent due thanks in joyful lays.

When night all eyes hath quenched,
And thoughts lie drowned
In silence and rest;
Then will I all
Thy ways recal,
And look on thy light in darkness best.
When my poor soul wounded had lost the field,
Thou wast my fort, thou wast my shield.
Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vaunt me,
There will I sing, there will I chant thee;
There I'll triumph in thy banner of grace,
My conqu'ring arms shall be thy arms embrace.

My foes from deeps ascending,
In rage transcending,
Assaulting me fore
Into their hell,
Are headlong fell;
There shall they lie, there howl, and roar:
There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear;
Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear:

But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure
Shall reign, and joy past time or measure:
There new delights, new pleasures still spring:
Haste there, oh, haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSALM CXXVII.—*To the tune of that Psalm.*

If God build not the house, and lay
The ground-work sure; whoever build,
It cannot stand one stormy day:
If God be not the city's shield;
If he be not their bars and wall,
In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest;
Though rising thou prevent'st the sun;
Though with lean care thou daily feast,
Thy labour's lost, and thou undone:
But God his child will feed and keep,
And draw the curtains to his sleep.

Though th' hast a wife fit, young, and fair,
An heritage heirs to advance;
Yet canst thou not command an heir;
For heirs are God's inheritance:
He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom;
He gives the harvest to the womb.

And look as arrows, by strong arm
In a strong bow drawn to the head,
Where they are meant, will surely harm,
And if they hit, wound deep and dead;
Children of youth are even so;
As harmful, deadly, to a foe.

That man shall live in bliss and peace,
Who fills his quiver with such shot:
Whose garners swell with such increase,
Terror and shame, and assail him not;
And though his foes deep hatred bear,
Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

PSALM CXXXVII.

To be sung as, See the Building.

WHERE Perah's flowers
Perfume proud Babel's bowers,
And paint her wall;
There we lay'd asleeping,
Our eyes in endless weeping,
For Sion's fall.
Our feasts and songs we laid aside,
On forlorn willows
(By Perah's billows),
We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defy'd,
That Sion's ruins should build foul Babel's pride.
Our conqu'rous vaunting
With bitter scoffs and taunting,
Thus proudly jest;
Take down your harps, and string them,
Recal your songs, and sing them,
For Sion's feast.

Were our harps well tun'd in every string,
 Our heart-strings broken,
 Throats drown'd, and soaken
 With tears and sighs, how can we praise and sing
 The King of Heaven under an heathen king.

In all my mourning,
 Jerusalem, thy burning
 If I forget;
 Forget thy running,
 My hand, and all thy cunning
 To th' harp to set.
 Let thy mouth, my tongue, be still thy grave;
 Lie there asleeping,
 For Sion weeping:
 Oh! let mine eyes in tears thy office have;
 Nor rise, nor set, but in their briny wave.

Proud Edom's raging,
 Their hate with blood assuaging,
 And vengeful sword,
 Their cursed joying
 In Sion's walls destroying,
 Remember, Lord;
 Forget not, Lord, their spiteful cry,
 Fire and deface it,
 Destroy and rase it;
 Oh, let the name of Sion ever die!
 Thus did they roar, and us and thee defy.

So shall thy towers,
 And all thy princely bowers,
 Proud Babel, fall:
 Him ever blessed,
 Who th' oppressor hath oppressed,
 Shall all men call:
 Thrice blest, that turns thy mirth to groans;
 That burns to ashes
 Thy towers, and dashes
 Thy brats 'gainst rocks, to wash thy bloody stones
 With thine own blood, and pave thee with thy
 bones.

PSALM I.

BLESSED, who walk't not in the wordling's way;
 Blessed, who with foul sinners wilt not stand:
 Blessed, who with proud mockers dar't not stay;
 Nor sit thee down amongst that scornful band.
 Thrice blessed man, who in that heavenly light
 Walk't, stand't, and sitt't, rejoicing day and
 night.

Look as a thirsty palm full Jordan drinks,
 (Whose leaf and fruit still live, when winter dies)
 With conqu'ring branches crowns the rivers brinks;
 And summer's fires, and winter's frosts defies:
 All to the soul, whom that clear light revives,
 Still springs, buds, grows, and dying time sur-
 vives.

But as the dust of chaff, cast in the air,
 Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire;

So sinners driv'n to hell by fierce despair,
 Shall fry in ice, and freeze in hellish fire:
 For he, whose flaming eyes all actions turn,
 Sees both; to light the one, the other burn.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
 O Lord! to thee my soul repairs:
 From thy heaven bow down thine ear;
 Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
 Oh! if thou mark'st
 What's done amiss,
 What soul so pure,
 Can see thy bliss?

But with thee sweet mercy stands,
 Sealing pardons, working fear:
 Wait my soul, wait on his hands;
 Wait mine eye, oh, wait mine ear:
 If he his eye
 Or tongue affords,
 Watch all his looks,
 Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
 And looks for light, and looks again;
 When the night grows old and gray,
 To be reliev'd he calls again:
 So look, so wait,
 So long mine eyes,
 To see my Lord,
 My sun, arise.

Wait ye saints, wait on our Lord;
 For from his tongue sweet mercy flows:
 Wait on his cross, wait on his word;
 Upon that tree redemption grows:
 He will redeem
 His Israel
 From sin and wrath,
 From death and hell.

A N H Y M N.

WAKE, O my soul! awake, and raise
 Up every part to sing his praise,
 Who from his sphere of glory fell,
 To raise thee up from death and hell:
 See how his soul, vex'd for thy sin,
 Weeps blood without, feels hell within:
 See where he hangs:
 Hark how he cries:
 Oh, bitter pangs!
 Now, now, he dies.

Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view
 Those two twin lights, whence heavens drew
 Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight
 Fills you with joy, with life, and light:
 G g iij

See how with clouds of sorrow drown'd,
They wash with tears thy sinful wound:
See how with streams
Of spit th' are drench'd;
See how their beams
With death are quench'd.

Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear
That powerful voice, which stills thy fear,
And brings from heaven those joyful news,
Which heaven commands, which hell subdues;
Hark how his ears (heav'n's mercy-seat)
Foul slanders with reproaches beat:
Hark how the knocks
Our ears resound;
Hark how their mocks
His hearing wound.

Wake, O my heart! tune every string:
Wake, O my tongue! awake, and sing:
Think not a thought in all thy lays,
Speak not a word but of his praise:
Tell how his sweetest tongue they drown'd
With gall; think how his heart they wound:
That bloody spout
Gagg'd for thy sin,
His life lets out,
Thy death lets in.

A N H Y M N.

Drop, drop, flow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease:
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

On my Friend's Picture, who died in Travel.

THOUGH now to heav'n thy travels are confin'd,
Thy wealth, friends, life, and country, all are lost;
Yet in this picture we thee living find;

And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,
Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better
coast:
So by thy death thou liv'st, by loss thou gain'st;
And in thy absence present still remain'st.

Upon Dr. Playfer.

Who lives with death, by death in death is lying;
But he who living dies, best lives by dying:
Who life to truth, who death to error gives,
In life may die, by death more surely lives.
My soul in heaven breathes, in schools my fame:
Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.

*Upon my Brother's Book, called, The Grounds, Labour,
and Reward of Faith.*

THIS lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that blest spirit,
Spent his last oil in this pure heav'nly flame;
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith: this frame
With life he ends; and now doth there inherit
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit:
Whose palms and triumphs once he loudly rang,
There now enjoys what here he sweetly sang.

This is his monument, on which he drew
His spirit's image, that can never die;
But breathes in these live words, and speaks to th'
eye;
In these his winding-sheets he dead doth show
To buried souls the way to live anew,
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth,
Who will not learn, when that a dead man teach-
eth?

Upon Mr. Perkins, his printed Sermons.

PERKINS (our wonder) living, though long dead,
In this white paper, as a winding-sheet;
And in this vellum lies enveloped:
Yet still he lives, guiding the erring feet,
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.
If once so well, much better now he teacheth,
Who will not hear, when a live-dead man
preacheth.

THE WORKS OF T. ELIZETH
ELIZA;

OR AN ELEGY UPON THE UNRIPE DECEASE OF
SIR ANTONY IRBY.

Composed at the Request (and for a Monument) of his surviving Lady.

ANAGRAMA.

Antonius Irbeus

An virtus obiens!

Esto mei mortisque memor.

Funus virtuti scenus.

To the Right Worthy Knight,

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

SIR,

I AM altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancy) neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines composed presently after your father's decease; they are broken from me, and will see more light than they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of your vacant hours: Such as they are, yours they are by inheritance. As an urn therefore of your father's ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be

Your servant,

P. F.

I.

Look as a stag, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)
In coverts thick conceals his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly hearse
embrace:

II.

So lay a gentle knight now full of death,
With cloudy eyes his latest hour expecting;
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping spouse Eliza, life neglecting,
And all her beauteous fairs with grief infect-
ing:
Her cheek as pale as his; 'twere hard to scan,
If death or sorrow's face did look more pale or wan.

III.

Close by, her sister, fair Alicia, sits;
 Fairest Alicia, to whose sweetest graces
 His tears and sighs a fellow passion fits:
 Upon her eye (his throne) love sorrow places;
 There comfort sadness, beauty grief embraces:
 Pity might seem a while that face to borrow,
 And thither now was come to comfort death and
 sorrow.

IV.

At length loud grief thus with a cheerfull shriek
 (His trumpet) founds a battle, joy defying;
 Spreading his colours in Eliza's cheek,
 And from her eyes (his watch-tower) far espying
 With hope, delight, and joy, and comfort flying,
 Thus with her tongue their coward flight pur-
 sues,
 While sighs, shrieks, tears give chase with never
 fainting creus:

V.

Thou traitour joy, that in prosperity
 So loudly vaunt'st; whither ah, whither fliest?
 And thou that bragg'st never from life to fly,
 False hope, ah, whither now so speedy hiest?
 In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest:
 Hope, thou art dead, and joy in hope relying,
 Bleeds in his hopeless wounds, and in his death
 lies dying.

VI.

But then Alicia (in whose cheerful eye
 Comfort with grief, hope with compassion lived)
 Renews the fight; if joy and comfort die,
 The fault is yours: so much (too much) you
 grieved,
 That hope could never hope to be relieved.
 If all your hopes to one poor hope you bind,
 No marvel if one fled, not one remains behind.

VII.

Fond hopes on life, so weak a thread, depending!
 Weak, as the thread such knots so weakly tying;
 But heav'nly joys are circular ne'er ending,
 Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying
 In heav'n, increase by loss, live best by dying.
 Then let your hope on those sure joys depend,
 Which live and grow by death, and waste not
 when they spend.

VIII.

Then she; great Lord, thy judgments righteous
 be,
 To make good ill, when to our ill we use it:
 Good leads us to the greatest good, to thee;
 But we to other ends most fond abuse it;
 A common fault, yet cannot that excuse it:
 We love thy gifts, and take them gladly ever:
 We love them (ah, too much) more than we love
 the giver,

IX.

So falling low upon her humbled knees,
 And all her heart within her eye expressing;
 'Tis true, great mercy, only miseries
 Teach us ourselves: and thee, oh if confessing
 Our faults to thee be all our faults releasing,
 But in thine ear, I never sought to hide them:
 Ah! thou hast heard them oft, as oft as thou hast
 cy'd them.

X.

I know the heart knows more than tongue can
 tell;
 But thou perceiv'st the heart his foulness telling:
 Yet knows the heart not half, so wide an hell,
 Such seas of sin in such scant banks are swelling!
 Who sees all faults within his bosom dwelling;
 Many my tenants are, and I not know them.
 Most dangerous the wounds thou feel'st, and canst
 not show them.

XI.

Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,
 Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,
 Hath forc't thee frown, and use thy smarting rod;
 Some grievous fault thee grievously offended:
 But let thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.
 Father, this childish plea (if once I know it)
 Let stay thy threat'ning hand, I never more will
 do it.

XII.

If to my heart thou show this hidden sore,
 Spare me; no more, no more I will offend thee,
 I dare not say I will, I would no more:
 Say thou I shall, and soon I will amend me.
 Then smooth thy brow, and now some comfort
 lend me;
 Oh let thy softest mercies rest contented:
 Though late, I most repent, that I so late repented.

XIII.

Lay down thy rod, and stay thy smarting hand;
 These raining eyes into thy bottle gather:
 Oh see thy bleeding Son betwixt us stand;
 Remember me a child, thyself a father:
 Or if thou mayst not stay, oh punish rather
 The part offending, this rebellious heart.
 Why pardon'st thou the worse, and plagu'st my
 better part?

XIV.

Was't not thy hand, that tied the sacred knot?
 Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him?
 Hast thou not made us one? command'st thou not,
 None loose what thou hast bound? if then thou
 reave him,
 How without me by halves dost thou receive
 him! [hind?
 Tak'st thou the head, and leav'st the heart be-
 Ay me! in me alone canst thou such monster find?

XV.

Oh why dost thou so strong me weak assail?
 Woman of all thy creatures is the weakest,
 And in her greatest strength did weakly fail;
 Thou who the weak and bruised never breakest,
 Who never triumph in the yielding seekest;
 Pity my weak estate, and leave me never:
 I ever yet was weak and now more weak than
 ever.

XVI.

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,
 And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,
 Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerful, said;
 Spend not in tears this little time remaining;
 Thy grief doth add to mine, not ease my paining:
 My death is life; such is the scourge of God:
 Ah, if his rods be such, who would not kiss his
 rod?

XVII.

My dear, (once all my joy, now all my care)
To these my words (these my last words) apply
thee!

Give me thy hand; these my last greetings are:
Show me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.

Ah would our boys, our lesser selves, were by
thee!

Those my live pictures to the world I give:
So single only die, in them twice-two I live.

XVIII.

You little souls, your sweetest times enjoy,
And softly spend among your mother's kisses;
And with your pretty sports and hurtless joy
Supply your weeping mother's grievous misses:

Ah, while you may, enjoy your little blisses,

While yet you nothing know: when back you
view,
Sweet will this knowledge seem, when yet you
nothing knew.

XIX.

For when to riper times your years arrive,
No more (ah then no more) may you go play
you:

Launch'd in the deep far from the wished hive,
Change of worlds tempests through blind seas will
sweep you,

Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you:
Through many a wave this brittle life must
pass,

And cut the churlish seas, shipt in a bark of glass.

XX.

How many ships in quicksands swallow'd been!
What gaping waves, whales, monsters there ex-
pect you!

How many rocks, much sooner felt than seen!

Yet let no fear, no coward fright affect you:

He holds the stern, and he will safe direct you,

Who to my sails thus long so gently blew,

That now I touch the shore, before the seas I
knew.

XXI.

I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.

Oh blessed God! how infinite a blessing

Is in this thought, that through this troubled faring,
Through all the faults this guilty age depressing

I guiltless pass, no helpless man oppressing;

And coming now to thee, lift to the skies

Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted
eyes!

XXII.

Life, life! how many Sylla's dost thou hide [en!
In thy calm streams, which sooner kill than threat-
Gold, honour, greatness, and their daughter, pride!
More quiet lives, and less with tempests beaten,

Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten:

He knows not strife, or brabbling lawyers brawls;

His love and wish live pleas'd within his private
walls.

XXIII.

The king he never sees, nor fears, nor prays;

Nor sits court promise and false hopes lamenting:

Within that house he spends and ends his days,

Where day he viewed first; his hearts contenting,

His wife, and babes; nor sits new joys invent-

ing:

Unspotted there, and quiet he remains;

And 'mong his duteous sons most lov'd and fear-
less reigns.

XXIV.

Thou God of Peace, with what a gentle tide
Through this world's raging tempest hast thou
brought me?

Thou, thou my open soul didst safely hide,

When thousand crafty foes so nearly fought me;

Else had the endless pit too quickly caught me;

That endless pit, where it is easier never

To fall, than being fall'n to cease from falling ever.

XXV.

I never knew or want or luxury,

Much less their followers; or cares tormenting,

Or ranging lust, or base-bred flattery:

I lov'd, and was belov'd with like consenting:

My hate was hers, her joy my sole contenting:

Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd

Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was
lov'd.

XXVI.

Four babes (the fifth with thee I soon shall find)

With equal grace in soul and body fram'd:

And lest these goods might swell my bladder'd
mind,

(Which last I name, but should not last be nam'd)

A sickness long my stubborn heart hath tam'd,

And taught me pleasing goods are not the best;

But most unblest he lives, that lives here ever blest.

XXVII.

Ah life, once virtue's spring, now sink of evil!

Thou change of pleasing pain, and painful pleasure;

Thou brittle painted bubble, shap'd o' th' devil;

How dost thou bribe us with false gilded treasure,

That in thy joys we find no mean or measure!

How dost thou witch! I know thou dost deceive
me: [thee.

I know I should, I must, and yet I would not leave

XXVIII.

Ah, death! once greatest ill, now only blessing,

Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,

All sickness cure, thou end of all distressing,

Thou one meal's fast, usher to endless feasting;

Though hopeless griefs cry out thy aid request-
ing,

Though thou art sweeten'd by a life most hateful,

How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is
ungrateful?

XXIX.

Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,

And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited?

Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.

And thou, (poor soul!) why at his sight art frightened,

Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-
sighted?

Mount now my soul, and seat thee in thy throne:

Thou shalt be one with him, by whom thou first
wast one.

XXX.

Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd
light,

And not that sun, at which thou oft hast guessed,

But guess'd in vain? which dares thy piercing sight,

Which never was, which cannot be expressed?

Why lov'st thy load, and joy'st to be oppress'd?

See'st thou those joys? those thousand thousand
graces? [embraces.
Mount now my soul, and leap to those outstretch'd

XXXI.

Dear country, I must leave thee; and in thee
No benefit, which most doth pierce and grieve me:
Yet had not hasty death prevented me,
I would repay my life, and somewhat give thee:
My sons for that I leave; and so I leave thee:
Thus Heav'n commands; the lord outrides the

page,

And is arriv'd before: death hath prevented age.

XXXII.

My dearest Betty, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next heav'n I did refer
them:
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore heav'n I should
prefer them.

XXXIII.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some times reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living: [ing:
In them, and for them stay thy too much griev-
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

XXXIV.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah careless) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me surveying,
In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who lov'd thee ever
dear.

XXXV.

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
And when green age permits, to goodness bend
them:

A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and
care.

XXXVI.

Turn their unweary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have us'd to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to heav'n, and say, he there remain-
eth:

And if they live in grace, grow, and persevere.
There shall they live with me: else shall they see
me never.

XXXVII.

My God, oh, in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection:
Thou gav'st them first, now back to thee I give;
Direct them thou, and help her weak direction;
That re-united by thy strong election,

Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

XXXVIII.

Betty, let these last words long with thee dwell:
If yet a second Hymen do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well:
Yet if his presence make thee less respect me,
Ah, do not in my children's good neglect me!
Let me this faithful hope departing have;
More easy shall I die, and sleep in careless grave.

XXXIX.

Farewell, farewell; I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing:
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heav'n I live.

XL.

Death, end of our joys, entrance into new,
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtor;
Not unexpect thou com'st to claim thy due:
Take here thine own, my soul's too heavy fetter;
Not life, life's place I change, but for a better:
Take thou my soul, that bought'st it: cease
your tears: [sears:
Who sighing leaves the earth, himself and heaven

XLI.

Thus said, and while the body slumb'ring lay,
(As Theseus Ariadne's bed forsaking)
His quiet soul stole from her house of clay;
And glorious angels on their wings it taking,
Swifter than lightning flew, for heaven making;
There happy goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
Whose motion is their bait, whose rest is restless
jeering:

XLII.

And now the courts of that thrice blessed King
It enters, and his presence sits enjoying;
While in itself it finds an endless spring
Of pleasures new, and never weary joying,
Ne'er spent in spending; feeding, never cloying:
Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign
them:
The mind that all can hold, yet cannot half contain
them.

XLIII.

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,
Laughs at our busy care, and idle paining;
And fitting to itself that glorious crown,
Scorns earth, where even kings most serve by
reigning;
Where men get wealth, and hell; so loose by
gaining.
Ah blessed soul! there sit thou still delighted,
Till we at length to him with thee shall be united.

XLIV.

But when at last his lady sad espies
His flesh of life, herself of him deprived;
Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,
As if in him, by him, for him she lived,
Fell dead with him; and once again revived,
Fell once again pain weary of his paining,
And grief with too much grief felt now no grief
remaining.

XLV.

Again reliev'd, all silent sat she long :
 No word to name such grief durst first adventure :
 Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,
 But weighty sorrow presses to the centre,
 And never rests till th' heavy heart it enter ;
 And in life's house was married to life : [grief :
 Grief made life grievous seem, and life enlivens

XLVI.

And from their bed proceeds a numerous press,
 First shrieks, then tears and sighs the hearts ground
 renting :
 In vain poor muse would'st thou such dole express ;
 For thou thy self lamenting her lamenting,
 And with like grief transform'd to like tor-
 menting, [verse,
 With heavy pace bring'st forth thy lagging
 Which cloth'd with blackest lines attends the
 mournful herse.

XLVII.

The cunning hand which that Greek princess drew
 Ready in holy fires to be consum'd,
 Pity and sorrow paints in divers hue ; [sum'd ;
 One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and
 But not to limn her father's look presum'd :
 For well he knew his skilful hand had fail'd :
 Best was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 'twas
 veil'd.

XLVIII.

Look as a nightingale, whose callow young [taken,
 Some boy hath mark'd, and now half nak'd hath
 Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,
 But all in vain ; she now poor bird forsaken
 Flies up and down, but grief no place can slacken ;
 All day and night her loss she fresh doth rue,
 And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins
 anew :

XLIX.

Thut sat she desolate, so short a good,
 Such gift so soon exacted fore complaining :
 Sleep could not pass, but almost sunk i' th' flood ;
 So high her eye-banks swell'd with endless raining :
 Surfeit of grief had bred all meats disdaining :
 A thousand times my Antony, she cried,
 Irby a thousand times ; and in that name she died.

L.

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,
 But moving round back to itself inclineth ;
 Both day and night alike in grief she spends :
 Day shows her day is gone, no sun there shineth :
 Black night her fellow mourner she defineth :
 Light shows his want, and shades his picture
 draw : [she saw.
 Him (nothing) best she sees, when nothing now

I.

Thou blacker muse, whose rude uncombed hairs
 With fatal yew and cypress still are shaded ;
 Bring hither all thy sighs, hither thy tears :
 As sweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,
 As ever in the muses garden bladed ;
 While th' owner (hapless owner) sits lamenting,
 And but in discontent and grief, finds no content-
 ing.

II.

The sweet (now sad) Eliza weeping lies,
 While fair Alicia's words in vain relieve her ;
 In vain those wells of grief she often dries :
 What her so long, now doubled sorrows give her,
 What both their loves (which doubly double
 grieve her)
 She careless spends without or end or measure ;
 Yet as it spends, it grows, poor grief can tell his
 treasure.

III.

All as a turtle on a bared bough
 (A widow turtle) joy and life despises,
 Whose trusty mate (to pay his holy vow)
 Some watchful eye late in his roost surprises,
 And to his god for error sacrifices ;
 She joyless bird sits mourning all alone ; [none :
 And being one when two, would now be two, or

IV.

So sat the gentle lady weeping sore,
 Her desert self and now cold lord lamenting ;
 So sat the careless on the dusty floor,
 As if her tears were all her soul's contenting ;
 So sat she, as when speechless griefs tormenting
 Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchain-
 ing ;
 So sat she joyless down in worldless grief com-
 plaining.

V.

Her cheerful eye (which once the crystal was,
 Where love and beauty dress'd their fairest faces,
 And fairer seem'd by looking in that glass)
 Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces :
 Her snow-white arms, whose warm and sweet
 embraces,
 Could quicken death, their now dead lord enfold,
 And seem'd as cold and dead as was the flesh they
 hold.

VI.

The roses in her cheek grow pale and wan ;
 As if his pale cheeks livery they affected :
 Her head, like fainting flowers oppress'd with
 rain,
 On her left shoulder lean'd his weight neglected :
 Her dark gold locks hung loosely unrespected ;
 As if those hairs, which he alone deserv'd,
 With him had lost their use, and now for nothing
 serv'd.

VII.

Her lady sister sat close by her side,
 Alicia, in whose face love proudly lorded ;
 Where beauty's self and mildness sweet reside,
 Where every grace her naked sight afforded,
 And majesty with love sat well accorded :
 A little map of heav'n, sweet influence giving ;
 More perfect yet in this, it was a heaven living.

VIII.

Yet now this heav'n with melting clouds was
 stain'd :
 Her starry eyes with sister grief infected,
 Might seem the Pleiades, so fast they rain'd :
 And though her tongue to comfort she directed,
 Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected ;
 That in her face you now might plainly see
 Sorrow to sit for love, pity for majesty.

IX.

At length when now those storms she had allay'd,
A league with grief for some short time indenting;
She 'gan to speak, and sister only said:
The sad Eliza soon her words preventing,

El. In vain you think to ease my heart's tormenting;

Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:
My heart most hates this cure, and solves his pleasing pain.

X.

Al. As vain to weep, since fate cannot relieve.

El. Tears are most due, when there is no relieving.
[grieve.]

Al. When doom is past, weak hearts that fondly

El. A helpless grief's sole joy is joyless grieving.

Al. To losses old new loss is no relieving:

You lose your tears. *El.* When that I only fear
For ever now is lost, poor loss to lose a tear.

XI.

Al. Nature can teach, that who is born must die.

El. And nature teaches tears in grief's tormenting.

Al. Passions are slaves to reason's monarchy.

El. Reason best shows her reason in lamenting.

Al. Religion blames impatient discontenting.

El. Not passion, but excess religion branded;
Nor ever countermands what nature's self commanded.

XII.

Al. That hand which gave him first into your hand,
To his own hand doth now again receive him:

Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,

Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!

He lives by leaving life, which soon would
leave him: [crying.]

Thus God and him you wrong by too much
Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

XIII.

El. Not him I 'plain; ill would it fit our loves,

In his best state to show my heart's repining;

To mourn at others good, fond envy proves:

I know his soul is now more brightly shining

Than all the stars their light in one combining:

No, dearest soul; (so lifting up her eyes,

Which show'd like wat'ry suns quench'd in the
moister skies)

XIV.

My dear, my dearest Irby, (at that name,

As at a well-known watch-word, forth there
pressed [qualm]

Whole floods of tears, and straight a sudden

Seizing her heart, her tongue with weight oppress'd,

And lock'd her grief within her soul distressed;

There all in vain he close and hidden lies:

Silence is sorrow's speech; his tongue speaks in
her eyes:

XV.

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings [ing,

Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight up send-

Back to the tongue his heavy presence brings,

His usher tears, deep groans behind attending,

And in his name her breath most gladly spending,

As if he gone, his name were all her joying)

Irby, I never grudg'd thee heav'n, and heav'n's
enjoying.

XVI.

'Tis not thy happiness that breeds my smart;
It is my loss, and cause that made me lose thee;
Which hatching first this tempest in my heart,
Thus justly rages; he that lately chose thee

To live with him, where thou might'st safe repose thee,

Hath found some cause out of my little caring,
By spoiling thine to spare, and spoil my life by
sparing.

XVII.

Whither, ah whither shall I turn my head,

Since thou my God so sore my heart hast beaten?

Thy rods yet with my blood are warm and red:

Thy scourge my soul hath drunk, my flesh hath
eaten.

Who helps, when thou my father so dost
threaten?

Thou hid'st thy eyes; or or if thou dost not
hide them, [them.]

So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide

XVIII.

I weeping grant, whatever may be dreaded,

All ill thou canst inflict, I have deserved;

Thy mercy I, I mercy only pleaded.

Most wretched men, if all that from thee swerved,

By merit only in just weight were served!

If nought thou giv'st, but what desert doth get
me, [thee.]

Oh! give me nothing then; for nothing I entreat

XVIII.

Ah, wherefore are thy mercies infinite!

If thou dost hoard them up, and never spend them?

Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night:

The rich man's goods, while in his chest he penn'd
them, [them.]

Were then no goods; much better to mispend

Why mak'st thou such a rod? so fierce doth
threat me?

Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would
have beat me.

XX.

Thou seiz'd my joy; ah! he is dead and gone,

That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus
they smarted:

To all my griefs I now am left alone;

Comfort's in vain to hopeless grief imparted:

Hope, comfort, joy, with him are all departed.

Comfort, hope, joy, life's flatterers, most I fly
you, [you.]

And would not deign to name, but naming to defy

XXI.

Al. Sister, too far your passions violent heat

And grief's too headlong in your plaint convey
you; [beat;

You feel your stripes, but mark not who does

'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:

This grief to other rods doth open lay you:

He binds your grief to patience, not dejection.

Who bears the first not well, provokes a new cor-
rection.

XXII.

El. I know 'tis true; but sorrow's blubber'd eye

Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it:

My heart surround with grief is swell'd so high,

It will not sink, till I alone unfold it ;
 But grows more strong, the more you do with-
 hold it :
 Leave me a while alone ; grief's tide grows low,
 And ebbs, when private tears the eye-banks over-
 flow.

XXIII.

She quickly rose, and ready now to go,
 Remember measure in your griefs complaining ;
 His last, his dying words command you so :
 So left her, and Eliza sole remaining,
 Now every grief more boldly entertaining,
 They flock about her round, so one was gone,
 And twenty fresh arriv'd. 'Lone grief is least alone.

XXIV.

Thus as she sat with fix'd and settled eye,
 Thousand fond thoughts their wand'ring shapes
 depainted.
 Now seem'd she mounted to the crystal sky,
 And one with him, and with him fellow-fainted ;
 Straight pull'd from heav'n : and then again
 she fainted :

Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancy
 brought, [thought.
 The mind all idle sat : much thinking lost her

XXV.

And fancy, finding now the dulled sight
 Idle with business, to her soul presented
 (While th' heavy mind obscur'd his shaded light)
 Her woful body from her head absented ;

And sudden starting, with that thought tor-
 mented,

A thing impossible too true she found : [found.
 The head was gone, and yet the headless body

XXVI.

Nor yet awake she cries ; ah ! this is wrong,
 To part what nature's hand so near hath tied ;
 Stay, oh my head, and take thy trunk along :
 But then her mind (recall'd) her error spied ;
 And sigh'd to see how true the fancy lied,
 Which made the eye his instrument to see
 That true, which being true itself must nothing be.

XXVII.

Vile trunk (says she) thy head is ever gone ;
 Vile heedless trunk, why art thou not engraved ?
 One wast thou once with him, now art thou none,
 Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou saved ?

And livest still, when he to death is flaved ?

But, (ah !) when well I think, I plainly see,
 That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

XXVIII.

Vile trunk, if yet he live ; ah ! then again
 Why seek'st thou not with him to be combined ?
 But, oh ! since he in heav'n doth living reign,
 Death wert to him in such knots to be twined ;
 And life to me with him to be confined :

So while I better think, I eas'ly see [to me.
 My life to him were death, his death were life

XXXIX.

Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live ;
 Or rather with him live, his life applying,
 Where thou shalt never die, nor ever grieve :
 But ah, though death thou feel'st within thee
 lying, [dying :

Thou ne'er art dead, though still in sorrow

Most wretched soul, which hast thy seat and
 being,
 Where life with death is one, and death with life
 agreeing !

XXX.

He lives and joys ; death life to him hath bred :
 Why is he living then in earth enwombed ?
 But I, a walking corse, in life am dead :
 'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I must be entombed ;
 Whose joy with grief, whose life with death's
 benumbed ?
 Thou coffin art not his, nor he is thine ;
 Mine art thou : thou the dead, and not the living's
 shrine.

XXXI.

You few thin boards, how in so scantied room
 So quiet such great enemies contain ye ?
 All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tomb :
 You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,
 That one small cabin so should entertain ye :
 But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,
 While grief is come to moan his dead-lov'd enemy.

XXXII.

How many virtues in this little space
 (This little little space) lie buried ever !
 In him they lie'd, and with them every grace ;
 In him they liv'd, and dy'd, and rise will never.
 Fond men ! go now, in virtue's steps persevere ;
 Go sweat, and toil ; thus you inglorious lie :
 In this old frozen age virtue itself can die.

XXXIII.

Those petty northern stars do never fall,
 The unwash'd bear the ocean wave despises ;
 Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever shall :
 The sun, which oft his head in night disguises,
 So often as he falls, so often rises ;
 And stealing backward by some hidden way,
 With self same light begins and ends the year and
 day.

XXXIV.

The flowers, which in the absence of the sun
 Sleep in their winter-houses all disarm'd,
 And backward to their mothers womb do run ;
 Soon as the earth by Taurus' horns is warm'd,
 Muster their colour'd troops ; and freshly arm'd,
 Spreading their braving colours to the skie,
 Winter and winter's spite, bold little elves, defy.

XXXV.

But virtue's heav'nly and more glorious light,
 Though seeming ever sure, yet oft dismounteth ;
 And sinking low, sleeps in eternal night,
 Nor ever more his broken sphere remounteth :
 Her sweetest flower, which other flowers sur-
 mounteth

As far as roses nettles, soonest fadeth : [bladeth.
 Down falls her glorious leaf, and never more it

XXXVI.

And as that dainty flower, the maiden rose,
 Her swelling bosom to the sun discloses ;
 Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,
 Straight all her sweets unto his heat exposes,
 Then soon disrob'd her sweet and beauty loses ;
 While hurtful weeds, hemlocks, and nettles stink-
 ing [sinking.
 Soon from the earth ascend, late to their graves are

XXXVII.

All so the virtuous bud in blooming falls,
While vice long flourishing late sees her ending :
Virtue once dead no gentle spring recalls ;
But vice springs of itself, and soon ascending,
Long views the day, late to his night descend-
ing.

Vain men, that in this life set up your rest,
Which to the ill is long, and short unto the best !

XXXVIII.

And as a dream, where th' idle fancy plays,
One thinks that fortune high his head advances ;
Another spends in woe his weary days ;
A third seems sport in love, and courtly dances ;
A fourth to find some glitt'ring treasure chances ;
Soon as they wake, they see their thoughts were
vain.

And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain :

XXXIX.

Such is the world, and such life's quick-spent play :
This base, and scorn'd ; that great, in high esteem-
ing ;

This poor, and patched seems ; that rich, and gay ;
This sick, that sound ; yet all is but a seeming,

So like that waking oft we fear we're dreaming ;
And think we wake oft, when we dreaming
play. [day.

Dreams are as living nights ; life as a dreaming

XL.

Go then, vain life ; for I will trust no more [me :
Thy flattering dreams ; death, to thy resting take
Thou sleep without all dreams, life's quiet shore,
When wilt thou come ? when wilt thou overtake
me ?

Enough I now have liv'd ; loth'd life forsake
me : [feast ;

Thou good mens endless light, thou ill mens
That at the best art bad, and worst art to the best.

XLI.

Thus as in tears she drowns her swollen eyes,
A sudden noise recalls them ; backward bending
Her weary head, there all in black she spies
Six mournful bearers, the sad herse attending,
Their feet and hands to that last duty lending :
All silent stood she, trembling, pale, and wan ;
The first grief left his stage, a new his part began.

XLII.

And now the coffin in their arms they take,
While she with weight of grief sat still amazed ;
As do fear leaves in March, so did she quake,
And with intended eyes upon them gazed :
But when from ground the doleful herse they
raised,

Down on the bier half dead she careless fell ;
While tears did talk apace, and sighs her sorrows
tell.

XLIII.

At last, fond men (said she) you are deceiv'd ;
It is not he, 'tis I must be interred :
Not he, but I of life and soul bereav'd ;
He lives in heav'n, among the saints retired :
This trunk, this headless body must be buried.
But while by force some hold her, up they
rear him, [him.
And weeping at her tears, away they softly bear

XLIV.

But then impatient grief all passion proves,
She prays and weeps ; with tears she doth entreat
them ;

But when this only fellow-passion moves,
She storms and raves, and now as fast doth threat
them ; [them ;

And as she only could, with words doth beat
Ah cruel men, ah men most cruel, stay :

It is my heart, my life, my soul, you bear away.

XLV.

And now no sooner was he out of sight,
As if she would make good what she had spoken,
First from her heart's deep centre deep she sigh'd,
Then, (as if heart, and life, and soul were broken)
Down dead she fell ; and once again awoken,
Fell once again ; so to her bed they bore her :
While friends (no friends) hard love to life and
grief restore me.

XLVI.

Unfriendly friends (saith she) why do ye strive
To bar wish'd death from his so just ingress ;
Your pity kills me ; 'tis my death to live,
And life to die : it is as great oppression
To force out death, as life from due possession,
'Tis much more great : better that quickly spills
A lothed life, then he that with long torture kills.

XLVII.

And then, as if her guiltless bed offended ; [me,
Thou trait'rous bed, when first thou didst receive
Not single to thy rest I then ascended :

Double I came, why should I single leave thee ?

Why of my better part dost thou bereave me ?

Two press'd thee first : why should but one de-
part ? [part.

Restore, thou trait'rous bed, restore that better

XLVIII.

Thus while one grief another's place inherits,
And one yet hardly spent, a new complained :
Grief's leaden vapour dulls the heavy spirits,
And sleep too long from so wish'd seat restrained,
Now of her eyes un'wares possession gained ;
And that she might him better welcome give,
Her lord he new presents, and makes him fresh to
live.

XLIX.

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along ;
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embraced ;
And sweetly ask'd him where he staid so long,
While he again her in his arms enlaced ;
Till strong delight her dream and joy defaced ;
But then she willing sleeps ; sleep glad receives
her ;

And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes
deceives her.

L.

Sleep widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lamenting ;
Sleep grieved heart, and now a little rest thee :
Sleep sighing words, stop all your discontenting ;
Sleep beaten breast ; no blows shall now molest
thee :

Sleep happy lips ; in mutual kisses nest ye :

Sleep weary muse, and do not now disease her :

Fancy, do thou with dreams and his sweet pre-
sence please her.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE SPENCER OF THIS AGE.

DEAR FRIEND,

No more a stranger now: I lately past
Thy curious building—call'd—but then my haste
Deny'd me a full draught; I did but taste.

Thy wine was rich and pleasing; did appear
No common grape: my haste could not forbear
A second sip; I hung a garland there:

Past on my way; I lash'd through thick and thin,
Dispatch'd my business, and return'd again;
I call'd the second time; unhors'd, went in:

View'd every room; each room was beautify'd
With new invention, carv'd on every side,
To please the common and the curious ey'd;

View'd every office; every office lay
Like a rich magazine; and did bewray
Thy treasure, open'd with thy golden key:
Vol. IV.

View'd every orchard; every orchard did
Appear a paradise, whose fruits were hid
(*Per* chance) with shadowing leaves, but none
forbid:

View'd every plot; spent some delightful hours
In every garden, full of new-born flowers,
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers.

Thus having stepp'd and travell'd every stair
Within, and tasted every fruit that's rare
Without, I made thy house my thorough-fare.

Then give me leave, rare Fletcher (as before
I left a garland at thy gates), once more
To hang this ivy at thy postern-door.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

H h

THE SPEECHES OF THIS AGE

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

My dear friend, I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am very glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have been thinking much of late about the state of the world and the progress of the human mind. It seems to me that we are living in a most interesting and important age. The sciences are making rapid strides, and the arts are improving every day. The human mind is being enlarged and strengthened, and we are beginning to see the light of truth in many places where it was formerly hidden. I am sure that the future is bright and full of promise for all who are true to the principles of justice and humanity.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GILES FLETCHER.

Containing
CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH,
IN FOUR PARTS.

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Think (if thou canst) how mounted on his sphere,
In heaven now he sings: thus sung he here.

P. FLETCHER'S VERSES ON G. FLETCHER.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1793.

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THE LIFE OF G. FLETCHER.

OF GILES FLETCHER very few memorials are to be found. His contemporaries left his life unwritten, and nothing can now be known of his personal history, beyond what casual mention supplies.

He was of a poetical family: the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, author of "The Ruffe Commonwealth;" an excellent poet; and brother to Phineas Fletcher, the subject of the preceding article. Benlowes well observes, in his verses to Phineas, "Thy very name's a poet."

"This Dr. Giles Fletcher," says Wood, "died in the parish of St. Catharine's in Coleman-street, London, in the month of February 1610, and was buried, I presume, in the church of St. Catharine's there; leaving behind him a son of both his names, bachelor of divinity of Trinity College, Cambridge, equally beloved of the muses and the graces, who died at Alderton in Suffolk, in 1623."

To Wood's account, brief though it be, little can be added; and perhaps the emphatic expression, "equally beloved of the muses and the graces," characterises Giles Fletcher more happily than the most ample and elaborate eulogy.

Winstanley's account of these two elegant brothers blemishes even the unsatisfactory narratives of that biographer. "Phineas," says he "was also brother to two worthy poets, viz. George Fletcher, the author of a poem, intitled *Christ's Victory and Triumph over and after Death*," and Giles Fletcher, who wrote a worthy poem, intitled *Christ's Victory*, made by him, being but bachelor of arts, discovering the piety of a saint, and the divinity of a doctor."

Though poetry seems to have been hereditary in the Fletcher family, it does not appear that Phineas and Giles had a poetical brother called George; and it is certain, that Giles, who is here confounded with George, wrote *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, &c. without any coadjutor.

This gross blunder is copied by Jacob, though he might easily have obtained a more correct account of this poetical family, from the Oxford antiquary.

G. Fletcher wrote his *Christ's Victory and Triumph* when he was very young, was afterwards beneficed at Alderton, and died many years before Phineas, who was his elder brother, as appears from the beautiful eulogy on the "Purple Island," at the conclusion of his poem.

But let the *Kentish* lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young *Thyrifilis*; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from heaven, to lead around
The dancing nymphs, and swains that sung and crown'd
Ecclesia's Hymen with ten thousand flowers
Of choicest praise; and hung her heavenly bowers
With saffron garlands dress'd for nuptial paramours:
Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
Of fair *Ecclesia*, and her spousal bed
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast;
But my green muse, hiding her younger head
Under old *Camus'* flaggy banks that spread

THE LIFE OF G. FLETCHER.

Their willow locks abroad, and all the day,
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs essay.

His *Christ's Victory and Triumph* was published at Cambridge in 1710, with commendatory verses, as was usual in those days, by his brother and F. Nethersole, and a dedication to Dr. Neville, dean of Canterbury, and master of Trinity College; from which it appears that he was under great obligations to him.

Speaking of the College, he says, "In which, being placed by your favour only, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself; being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt."

A second edition of *Christ's Victory and Triumph* was printed at Cambridge, by Roger Daniel, for Abraham Atfend, bookseller in Norwich, 1640.

It was reprinted, together with the "Purple Island," in 8vo, 1783, and modernized according to a ridiculous plan, recommended by Hervey, (Lett. II. vol. 2.) who seems to have forgot that it is the indispensable duty of every editor of an ancient poet, to exhibit the text of the author in the exact state in which he found it; with the exception only of such words as are evidently mistakes of the press. In this edition, besides innumerable alterations, which display more evangelical piety than poetical taste, eight stanzas are omitted in the first part of *Christ's Victory*, four in the second part, two in the first part of *Christ's Triumph*, and seven in the second part. Such unjustifiable liberties, for which no apology is offered, warrant the utmost severity of critical reprehension.

After having been neglected for near a century and a half, and then mangled, in order to be read, it is now reprinted, from the edition 1640, and received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of G. Fletcher seems to have been amiable and pious. Of his fraternal affection, which appears to have been reciprocal, he has left behind him undubitable proofs. In a learned and poetical age, he cultivated literature and poetry with distinguished success. His poetry gained him the praise of his contemporaries; but failed to gain him friends and readers among their successors. The applause of both is rarely the lot of any one. Few indeed are they who, allied, as it were, to immortality, can boast of a reputation sufficiently bulky and well-founded, to catch and to detain the eye of each succeeding generation as it rises. The revolutions of language, of taste, and of opinion, will shake, if not demolish the fairest fabrics of the human intellect. Fame is seldom stationary; if it ceases to advance, it inevitably goes backward; and speedy are the steps of its receding, when compared with those of its advance.

Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in tempore :

Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,

Consistis ægre, et quum descendas decides :

Cecidi ego : cadet qui sequitur. Laus est publica.

DEC. LABERIUS.

Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Dryden, are sure heirs of immortality : But poets who do not belong to the first class, yet are of distinguished merit, must rest contented with the scanty praise of the few for the present, and trust with confidence to posterity. He who writes well, leaves an unperishing memorial behind him; the partial and veering gales of favour, though silent, perhaps, for one century, are sure to rise in gusts in the next. Truth, however tardy, is infallibly progressive; and those honours which through envy or accident, are withheld in one age, are repaid with interest, by taste and gratitude in another.

Merit is its own preservative against the depredations of time; and thus we see the poetry of G. Fletcher, though shrouded by depression, yet insensible, as it were, to the lapse of years, surmounting, at last, every impediment, and reclaiming those honours which it gained him during his life.

His *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, a poem rich and picturesque in the highest degree, deserves to be better known. It is on a much happier subject than that of his brother, and merits the attention of the readers of poetry, for energy of style, sublimity of sentiment, opulence of description, and harmo-

ny of numbers. Such fertility of fancy, such exuberance of imagery, such felicity of diction, and such facility of expression, rival every thing of the kind in the poetry of his age. The *Birth*, *Temptation*, *Passion*, *Crucifixion*, *Resurrection*, and *Ascension* of our Saviour, furnish in succession, subjects of illustration and description equally forcible and fascinating. To compare the *Christ's Victory and Triumph* of G. Fletcher with the "Paradise Regained" of Milton, and the "Calvary" of Cumberland, would perhaps be too severe a trial; but they have many points of resemblance; and it is no small honour to G. Fletcher to have furnished hints to Milton.

In enumerating the signs that portended Christ's nativity, he has a similar idea to that of Milton on the same occasion.

The angels carol'd loud their songs of praise;
The cursed oracles were stricken dumb.

In Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," among other portents which are sublimely enumerated, this of the oracles having been all struck dumb, is not the most inconsiderable. Milton is likewise indebted to *Christ's Victory* for some particulars in his description of our Saviour in the wilderness, in "Paradise Regained."

Our Saviour is thus described in the wilderness by G. Fletcher.

Seemed that the man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beasts did make pretence,
But him their salvage thirst did nought appal,
Though weapons none he had for his defence.
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
For when they saw their Lord's bright cognifance
Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
And he himself fell down in congies low,
Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood,
Sometimes he kist the grass where he did go,
And as to wash his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lickt away the dust,
And every one would nearest to him thrust,
And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

Unmindful of himself to mind his Lord;
The lamb stood gazing by the tiger's side,
As though between them they had made accord;
And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide;
If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

After circumstantially describing the person of Christ, *Satan* is thus introduced disguised.

At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest;
One of his feet he from the grave did draw,
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicities and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more.
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar;

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
When all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms and fasts, and churches discipline,
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low,
With prone obeysance, and with curtsie kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw,
What needs him now another saint to find, &c. &c.

H h iij

He thus exclaims with the most artful simplicity.

Ah! mote my humble cell so blessed be,
As heaven to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple of thy deity
Lo here my cottage worships thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head in proof.
It doth adore thee with the ceiling low,
Here honey, milk, and chefnuts wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

Ch. Vict. p. 2, &c.

Compare Parad. Reg. 295, &c. Where our Saviour passed forty days in the wilderness.

Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts; they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent shunn'd, and noxious worms;
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds
Following, as seem'd in quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warn him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him; then with words thus utter'd, spake:

How far the following stanzas, which are but a continuation of what is before quoted, might have influenced Milton in his "Comus," is left to the reader to determine. He is describing the Bower of *Vain Delight* to which our Saviour is introduced by *Satan*.

And all about embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered;
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts; so fabled Homer old
That *Circe* with her potion charm'd in gold,
Us'd many souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden to his Leman's bower
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour.
There in the lower room, in solemn wise
They danc'd around, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump *Lyæus*, and among the rest,
The jolly priest in ivy garlands drest,
Chaunted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling fat
(For all the room about was arbour'd),
With laughing *Bacchus*, that was grown so fat
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered;
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spuing rout.

This their inhumed souls esteemed their wealths
To crown the bouzing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white
They came, where whiter ladies naked went
Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,
And sunk on beds of roses amorous glances sent.

After a description of *Avarice* and *Ambition*, we are presented with the throne of *Panglory*, who is thus described :

*A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And for a crown of gold his hair she wore,
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glasse, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted.
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.*

Thus the spirit in Milton, in giving directions to the brother, speaking of the Harmony which he gives him as an antidote to the charms of Comus, says,

— if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall,
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandish'd blade, rush on him, *break his glasse,*
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand.

Panglory sings a song of allurements, the subject of which is love, "obtruding false rules, pranked in reason's garb," and endeavours to captivate our Saviour in the same manner as Comus does the lady. The song is remarkable for its elegance. The effect of it on our Saviour is as follows :

Thus fought the dire enchantress in his mind,
Her guileful bait to have embosomed ;
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.

Milton uses the very expression *shattered*, 799, Comus.

The word *imparadis'd*, used by Milton, P. Lost, B. 4. p. 506, and supposed to have been coined by him, occurs in *Christ's Triumph*, p. 2. St. 43.

As in his burning throne he sits *imparadis'd*.

The word seems to have been not uncommon with other of our older poets; for it occurs twice in Drayton, once in Daniel, and once in P. Fletcher.

Thou sitt'st *imparadis'd*, and chaunt'st eternal lays.

P. Ill. C. I. St. 14.

His taste for allegory, he probably derived from Spenser, together with the mellifluous yet artless flow of his numbers. His description of the bower of *Vain Delight*, the garden of *Panglory*, the cave of *Despair*, and the *Idea Beatifica*, are eminently sublime and beautiful. The two first may be supposed to have been suggested by Spenser's Bower of Bliss, F. Queen, B. II. Can. 12. On such ideal Paradises, the best poets in almost all ages and nations have lavished their descriptive powers. Homer has his garden of Alcinous; Virgil, his Elysium; Ariosto, his Island of Alcina; Tasso, his garden of Armida; Camoens, his garden of Venus; Marino, his garden of Adonis; and Milton, his garden of Eden. The list might be augmented by the "Paradise of Taste," a beautiful allegorical poem, which the writer of these biographical prefaces has the satisfaction to announce, as the production of a friend, whose poetry is among the least of his many elegant attainments.

His poetry abounds in nervous and picturesque expressions, as well as descriptions, though the diction is sometimes deficient in dignity and simplicity. His allegorical figures are well invented, though not always well marked out. Amidst the profusion of ornaments with which they are embellished, we are sometimes at a loss to discover for whom they are designed. There are an opulence of al-

lusion, and a mixture of mythologies in the imagery, which display more range of fancy, than chasteness of selection. His figures of *Mercy*, *Justice*, *Repentance*, *Faith*, *Presumption*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*, are, however, delineated with suitable attributes, and display an individual and exclusive character. In his description of *Justice*, he has, with great sublimity, attributed to her the power of interpreting the silence of thought.

——— for she each wish could find
Within the solid heart; and with her ears
The silence of the thought, loud speaking hears.

Ch. Vict. p. 1. St. 10.

To accumulate yet more instances of similar propriety of selection would be neither difficult nor unpleasing;

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.

Virg. Geor. 3. v. 284.

The poetry of G. Fletcher is characterised by sublimity, animation, and splendor, with an unfortunate inermixture of affectation, incongruity, and extravagance: it has many beauties and many conceits; but, after making every deduction which criticism requires, his *Christ's Victory and Triumph* is a performance of which both poetry and religion may justly boast; and the bringing it forward to the attention of the public, may be the means of doing justice to an elegant writer, who has never yet received the honours he deserves.

THE WORKS OF G. FLETCHER.

To the Right Worshipful and Reverend

M R. DOCTOR NEVILE,

Dean of Canterbury, and the Master of Trinity College in Cambridge.

Right Worthby and Reverend Sir,

As I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be desired; both because I most want, and it most abounds with wisdom, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God, (I mean yourself,) that reached down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature and price, than which I could wish none (only heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is already past, or more hopeful and promising for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all mens judgments (that have any judgment) Europe is worthily deemed the queen of the world, that garland both of learning and pure religion being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since lain withered in Greece and Palestine: so my opinion of this island hath always been, that it is the very face and beauty of all Europe; in which both true religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation. And what are the two eyes of this land, but the two universities? which cannot but prosper in the time of such a prince, that is, a prince of learning, as well as of people. And truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (King Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourself the repairer of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the

fairest sight in Cambridge; in which being placed by your only favour, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself; being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus in the poet) upon whom the boys — *injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis*, making his garland his fetters) finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with a song: the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest finger as myself, the miserable finger, unworthy so divine a subject; but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; then which indulgence, when I regard myself, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no less.

So commending these few broken lines unto yours, and yourself into the hands of the best physician, Jesus Christ; with whom the most ill-afflicted man, in the midst of his sickness, is in good health; and without whom the most lusty body, in his greatest jollity, is but a languishing carcase: I humbly take my leave, ending with the same wish that your devoted observer and my approved friend doth in his verses presently sequent, that your passage to heaven may be flow to us that shall want you here, but to yourself that cannot want us there, most secure and certain.

Your Worship's

in all duty and service,

G. FLETCHER.

THOMAS NEVYLE
MOST HEAVENLY.

As when the Captain of the heavenly host,
Or else that glorious army doth appear;
In waters drown'd, with surging billows toss'd,
We know they are not, where we see they are;
We see them in the deep, we see them move,
We know they fixed are in heaven above:
So did the Son of righteousness come down
Clouded in flesh, and seem'd be in the deep:
So do the many waters seem to drown
The stars his saints, and they on earth to keep,
And yet this Sun from heaven never fell,
And yet these earthly stars in heaven dwell.
What if their souls be into prison cast
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heaven.

What if this worldly sea they have not past?
Yet fain they would be brought into their haven,
They are not here, and yet we here them see,
For every man is there, where he would be.
Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain.
Long may you here in heaven on earth remain,
And yet a heaven in heaven hereafter gain.
Go you to heaven, but yet, O make no haste!
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.
But when the nightingale so near doth sit,
Silence the titmouse better may besit.

F. NETHERSOLE.

TO THE READER.

THERE are but few of many that can rightly judge of poetry, and yet there are many of those few, that carry so left-handed an opinion of it, as some of them think it half sacrilege for profane poetry to deal with divine and heavenly matters; as though David were to be sentenced by them, for uttering his grave matter upon the harp; others, something more violent in their censure, but sure less reasonable (as though poetry corrupted all good wits, when indeed bad wits corrupt poetry), banish it, with Plato, out of all well-ordered commonwealths. Both these I will strive rather to satisfy, than refute.

And of the first I would gladly know, whether they suppose it fitter, that the sacred songs in the scripture of those heroical saints, Moses, Deborah, Jeremiah, Mary, Simeon, David, Solomon, (the wisest schoolman, and wittiest poet) should be ejected from the canon for want of gravity, or rather this error erased out of their minds, for want of truth. But, it may be, they will give the Spirit of God leave to breathe through what pipe it please, and will confess, because they must needs, that all the songs dittied by him, must needs be, as their fountain is, most holy; but their common clamour is, Who may compare with God? True; and yet as none may compare without presumption, so all may imitate, and not without commendation; which made Nazianzen, one of the stars of the Greek Church, that now shines as bright in heaven, as he did then on earth, write so many divine poems of the Genealogy, Miracles, Passion of Christ, called by him his *χριστοῦ πάχων*.—Which, when Basil, the prince of the fathers, and his chamberfellow, had seen, his opinion of them was, that he could have devised nothing either more fruitful to others, because it kindly wooed them to religion; or more honourable to himself, *Ὅνδιν γὰρ μακαριώτερόν ἐστι τῷ τῆν ἀγγέλων χορίαν ἐν τῇ γῇ μεμεῖδαι* because, by imitating the singing angels in heaven, himself became, though before his time, an earthly angel. What should I speak of Juvenecus, Prosper, and the wise Prudentius? the last of which living in Hieromes time, twelve hundred years ago, brought forth in his declining age, so many, and so religious poems, straitly charging his soul, not to let pass so much as one either night or day without some divine song: *Hymnis continet dies, nec nox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat*. And as sedulous Prudentius, so prudent Sedulius was famous in this poetical divinity, the coetan of Bernard, who sung the history of Christ with as

much devotion in himself, as admiration to others; all which were followed by the choicest wits of Christendom: Nonnius translating all St. John's gospel into Greek verse, Sanazar, the late living image, and happy imitator of Virgil, bestowing ten years upon a song, only to celebrate that one day when Christ was born unto us on earth, and we (a happy change) unto God in heaven: thrice honoured Bartas, and our (I know no other name more glorious than his own) Mr. Edmund Spencer (two blessed souls) not thinking ten years enough, laying out their whole lives upon this one study. Nay, I may justly say that the princely father of our country (though in my conscience God hath made him of all the learned princes that ever were, the most religious, and of all the religious princes, the most learned; that so, by the one he might oppose him against the Pope, the pest of all religion; and by the other, against Bellarmine, the abuser of all good learning) is yet so far enamoured with this celestial muse, that it shall never repent me—*calamo triuisse label-lum*, whensoever I shall remember *Hæc eade ut sciret quid non faciebat Amyntas?* To name no more in such plenty, where I may find how to begin, sooner then to end, St. Paul by the example of Christ, that went singing to mount Olivet, with his disciples, after his last supper, exciteth the Christians to solace themselves with hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs; and therefore, by their leaves, be it an error for poets to be divines, I had rather err with the scripture, than be rectified by them: I had rather adore the steps of Nazianzen, Prudentius, Sedulius, then follow their steps to be misguided: I had rather be the devout admirer of Nonnius, Bartas, my sacred sovereign, and others, the miracles of our latter age, then the false sectary of these, that have nothing at all to follow, but their own naked opinions: To conclude, I had rather with my Lord, and his most divine apostle, sing (though I sing forrily) the love of heaven and earth, then praise God (as they do) with the worthy gift of silence, and sitting still, or think I disprais'd him with this poetical discourse. It seems they have either not read, or clean forgot, that it is the duty of the muses (if we may believe Pindar and Hesiod) to set always under the throne of Jupiter, *ejus et laudes, et beneficia imitantes*, which made a very worthy German writer conclude it, *Certò statuimus. proprium atque peculiare poetarum munus esse, Christi gloriam illustrare*, being good reason that the heavenly infusion of such po-

etry, should end in his glory, that had beginning from his goodness, *fit orator, nascitur poeta.*

For the second sort therefore, that eliminate poets out of their city gates, as though they were now grown so bad, as they could neither grow worse, nor better, though it be somewhat hard for those to be the only men should want cities, that were the only causers of the building of them; and somewhat inhumane to thrust them into the woods, to live among the beasts, who were the first that called men out of the woods, from their beastly, and wild life; yet since they will needs shoulder them out for the only firebrands to inflame lust (the fault of earthly men, not heavenly poetry) I would gladly learn, what kind of professions these men would be entreated to entertain, that so deride and disaffect poetry: would they admit of philosophers, that after they have burnt out the whole candle of their life in the circular study of sciences, cry out at length, *Se nihil prorsus scire?* or should musicians be welcome to them, that *Dant sine mente sonum*—bring delight with them indeed, could they as well express with their instruments a voice, as they can a sound? or would they most approve of soldiers that defend the life of their countrymen, either by the death of themselves, or their enemies? If philosophers please them, who is it that knows not, that all the lights of example, to clear their precepts are borrowed by philosophers from poets? that without Homer's examples, Aristotle would be as blind as Homer? If they retain musicians, who ever doubted, but that poets infused the very soul into the inarticu-

late sounds of music? that without Pindar and Horace, the lyrics had been silenced for ever? If they must needs entertain soldiers, who can but confess, that poets restore again that life to soldiers, which they before lost for the safety of their country? that without Virgil, Æneas had never been so much as heard of? How then can they for shame deny commonwealths to them, who were the first authors of them? how can they deny the blind philosopher that teaches them, his light? the empty musician that delights them, his soul? the dying soldier that defends their life, immortality, after his own death? Let philosophy, let ethics, let all the arts bestow upon us this gift, that we be not thought dead men, whilst we remain among the living, it is only poetry that can make us be thought living men, when we lie among the dead; and therefore I think it unequal, to thrust them out of our cities, that call us out of our graves; to think so hardly of them, that make us to be so well thought of; to deny them to live a while among us, that make us live for ever among our posterity.

So being now weary in persuading those that hate, I commend myself to those that love such poets, as Plato speaks of, that sing divine and heroic matters. *Ου γαρ ούτοι σισιν, οι ταυτα ληγοντες, αλλ' ο Θιος, αυτος εστιν ο λεγων*, recommending these my idle hours, not idly spent, to good scholars, and good Christians, that have overcome their ignorance with reason, and their reason, with religion.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

DEFUNCTO FRATRI.

THINK (if thou canst) how mounted on his sphere,
In heaven now he sings: thus sung he here.

PHIL. FLETCHER. *Regal.*

Quid ô quid Veneres, Cupidinêsq̃ue,
Turturesque, jocôsque, passerêsq̃ue
Lascivî canitis greges, poetæ?
Et jam languidutos amantum ocellos,
Et mox turgidulas sinu pupillas
Jam fletus teneros cachinnulôsque,
Mox suspiria, moriunculâsq̃ue,
Mille basia; mille, mille nugas?
Et vultus pueri, puellulæve
(Heu fufci pueri, puellulæque!)
Dingitis nivibus, rosunculisque,

(Mentitis nivibus, rosunculisque)

Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
Vel Phœbi intuitu statim relanguent.
Heu stulti nimium greges poetæ!
Ut quas sic nimis, (ah!) nimis stupetis,
Nives candidulæ, et rosæ pudentes:
Sic vobis pereunt statim labores;
Et solem fugiunt severiorem,
Vel saltem gelidâ rigent senectâ.

At tu, qui clypeo haud inane nomen
(Minerva clypeo lovîsq̃ue) sumens
Victrices resonas Dei triumphos,
Triumphos lacrymis metûque plenos,
Plenos lætitiæ, et spei triumphos,
Dum rem carmine, Pierôque dignam
Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuo propitius parat labori
Quin ille ipse tuos legens triumphos,

Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuò propitius parat labori
Plenos lætitiæ, et spei triumphos.

PHILIP FLETCHER. *Regal.*

H *Μαρία.*
Μη *μαρὰ.*

BEATISSIMA virginum Maria;
Sed matérque simul beata. Perquam,
Qui semper fuit, ille cœpit esse;
Quæ vitæ dederisque inire vitam;
Et Luci dederis videre lucem;
Quæ fastidia, morsuunculasque
Passa es quas gravidæ solent, nec unquam
Audebas propior viro, venire:
Dum clausus penetralibus latebat
Matricis tunica undique involutus,
Quem se posse negant tenere cœli:
Quæ non virgineas premi papillas
Passa, virgineas tamen dedisti
Lactandas puero tuo papillas.
Etu, dic age, dic, beata virgo,
Cur piam abstineas manum timesque
Sancta tangere, sanctariumque
Insolens fugias. An inquinari
Contactu metuis tuo sacrata?
Contactu metuis suo sacrata
Pollui pia: cernis (en!) ferentem.
Lenimenta Dei furentis, illa

Fœdatus sibi ferre que jubebat.
Sis felix nova virgo-mater opto,
Quæ mollire Deum paras amicum,
Quin hîc dona licet licet relinquas,
Agnellumque reponere Turturemque,
Audax ingrediare inanis ædes
Dei, tange Deo sacrata, tange.
Quæ non concubitu coinquinata
Agnellum peperitque, Turturemque
Exclusit, facili Deo litabit
Agno cum Deus insit, et columbæ.

NOR can I so much say as much I ought,
Nor yet so little can I say as nought,
In praise of this thy work, so heav'nly penn'd,
That sure the sacred dove a quill did lend
From her high soaring wing: certes I know
No other plumes, that makes man seem so low
In his own eyes, who to all others sight
Is mounted to the highest pitch of height:
Where if thou seem to any of small price,
The fault is not in thee but in his eyes.
But what do I thy flood of wit restrain
Within the narrow banks of my poor vein?
More I could say, and would, but that to praise
Thy verses, is to keep them from their praise.
For them who reads, and doth them not advance,
Of envy doth it, or of ignorance.

F. NETHERSOLE.

CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

The Argument.

The argument propounded in general. Our redemption by Christ, ver. 1, 2. The author's invocation for the better handling of it, ver. 3, 4. Man's redemption, from the cause. Mercy dwelling in heaven, and pleading for men now guilty; with Justice described by her qualities, ver. 5—10. Her retinue, ver. 12. Her subject, ver. 15. Her accusation of man's sin, ver. 17. And, 1st, of Adam's first sin, ver. 18, 19. Then of his posterity's, in all kind of idolatry, ver. 20—24. How hopeful any patronage of it, ver. 25—27. All the creatures having dissteagned themselves with him for his extreme unthankfulness, ver. 28—33. So that being destitute of all hope and remedy, he can look for nothing but a fearful sentence, ver. 35—40. The effect of Justice her speech: the inflammation of the heavenly powers appeased by Mercy, who is described by her cheerfulness to defend man, ver. 40—42. Our inability to describe her, ver. 43, 44. Her beauty, resembled by the creatures, which are all frail shadows of her essential perfection, ver. 45, 46. Her attendants, ver. 46, 47. Her persuasive power, ver. 48—50. Her kind offices to man, ver. 51, 52. Her garments, wrought by her own hands, wherewith she clothes herself, composed of all the creatures, ver. 53. The earth, ver. 54. Sea, ver. 55, 56. Air, ver. 57, 58. The celestial bodies, ver. 59, 60. The third heaven, ver. 61, 62. Her objects, ver. 63. Repentence, ver. 64—66. Faith, ver. 67—69. Her deprecative speech for man: in which she translates the principal fault unto the devil; and repeating Justice her aggravation of mens sin, mitigates it; 1st, By a contrary inference: 2d, By intercessing herself in the cause, and Christ, ver. 70—75. That is as sufficient to satisfy, as man was impotent, ver. 76, 77. Whom she celebrates from the time of his nativity, ver. 78. From the effects of it in himself, ver. 79, 80. Egypt, 81. The angels and men, ver. 82, 83. The effects of Mercy's speech, 84. A transition to Christ's second victory, ver. 85.

THE birth of Him that no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,
And how the Infinite far greater grew,
By growing less, and how the rising morn,
That shot from heav'n, and back to heav'n return,
The obsequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternity,
How worthily he died, that died unworthily;

How God and man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, heaven and earth did kiss,
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,
And maker of his mother, and how Bliss
Descended from the bosom of the High,
To clothe himself in naked misery,
Sailing at length to heav'n, in earth, triumph-
antly,

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter muse
Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
O thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of
Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd, to swell
With better thoughts, send down those lights
that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The love, that never was, nor ever can be penn'd.

Ye sacred writings in whose antique leaves
The memories of heaven entreasur'd lie,
Say, what might be the cause that mercy heaves
The dust of sin above th' industrious sky,
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
Could justice be of sin so over-woo'd,
Or so great ill be cause of so great good, [blood?
That bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his

v.

Or did the lips of Mercy drop soft speech
For trait'rous man, when at th' Eternal's throne
Incensed Nemesis did heav'n beseech
With thund'ring voice, that justice might be shown
Against the rebels that from God were flown?

O say, say how could Mercy plead for those
That, scarcely made, against their Maker rose?
Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

vi.

There is a place beyond that flaming hill
From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;
But faintly heroes are forever fu'd

To keep an everlasting Sabbath's rest;
Still wishing that, of what th' are still possess;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.

vii.

Here, when the ruin of that beauteous frame,
Whose golden building shin'd with every star
Of excellence, deform'd with age became;
Mercy, rememb'ring peace in midst of war,
Lift up the music of her voice, to bar

Eternal fate; lest it should quite erase
That from the world, which was the first world's
grace,
And all again into their (nothing) chaos chase.

viii.

For what had All this all, which man in one
Did not unite? the earth, air, water, fire,
Life, sense, and spirit, nay, the pow'ful throne
Of the divinest essence did retire,
And his own image into clay inspire:

So that this creature well might called be
Of the great world the small epitomy,
Of the dead world the live and quick anatomy.

ix.

But justice had no sooner mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between:
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eous, that but now

Open'd the world which all in darkness lay,
Doth heav'n's bright face of his rays disarray,
And fads the smiling orient of the springing day,

x.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
Her laming sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

xi.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
Securely, without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,
Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she
bears.

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xii.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kercher'd head up wound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flin's do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frightened shadows
howl.

xiii.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest
fight,

Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

xiv.

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot see:
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree:
And round about amazed Horror flies,
And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes, [lies,
And underneath, hell's hungry throat still yawning

xv.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were
painted:

Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand ter-
rors fainted:

xvi.

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afar'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.

On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

xvii.

Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill, and the dross
Of the old chaos, farthest from the skies,
And thine own seat, that hear the child of loss,
Of all the lower heav'n the curse, and cross,

That wretch, beast, captive, monster man, might
spend,

(Proud of the mire, in which his soul is pen'd)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

xviii.

His body dust: where grew such cause of pride?
His soul, thy image: what could he envy?)
Himself most happy, if he so would bide:
Now grown most wretched, who can remedy?
He slew himself, himself the enemy.

I i

That his own soul would her own murder wreak,
If I were silent, heav'n and earth would speak;
And if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours
break.

XIX.

How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade?
When, running from thy voice into the shade,
He fled thy sight, himself of sight bereav'd;
And for his shield a leavy armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes
to have deceiv'd?

XX.

And well he might delude those eyes, that see,
And judge by colours; for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stock their life did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law
Proclaimed trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks, and slopes, with crowns of laurel
flood, [blood.
Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's

XXI.

The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the stars of heav'n in midst of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:
Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly.
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

XXII.

The fire, the wind, the sea, the sun, and moon,
The flitting air, and the swift-winged hours,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
And sentinel about the walled towers
Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers.
And, lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
Neptune spues out the Lady Aphrodite, [light.
And but in heaven proud Juno's peacocks scorn to

XXIII.

The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
And worse than all these, man, and worst of men
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus far,
And drunk with the vine's purple blood, and then
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,
Because he only yet remain'd to be
Worse than the worst of men, they flee from
thee, [knee.
And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant

XXIV.

All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies)
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Cures all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)
That gives them light; he (that death first did call
Into the world) that with his orisal,
Inspirits earth: he heav'n's all-seeing eye,
He earth's great prophet, he, whom rest doth fly,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

XXV.

But let him in his cabin restless rest,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Justice in heav'n against man makes request

To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's punishment: if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then should my speech their sands of sins to moun-
tains rear.

XXVI.

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue,
The Judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him,
The cause for sin, the punishment most due,
Justice herself, the plaintiff to endite him,
The angels holy, before whom I cite him,
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;
Then might he sinful live, and die secure,
Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

XXVII.

The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd,
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues,
The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd,
The parties self accus'd, that did accuse,
Angels for pardon might their prayers use:
But now no star can shine, no hope be got.
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot,
And yet more wretched far, because he knows it
not.

XXVIII.

What should I tell how barren earth is grown,
All for to starve her children? didst not thou
Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unsown,
And drop down clouds of flow'rs? didst not thou
bow
Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow?
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain
Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hung-
ry grain.

XXIX.

The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves, [rish;
And smites the earth that dares the traitors nou-
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to
cherish, [display
Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets
To catch the flying winds, and steal away, [prey.
Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble

XXX.

How often have I seen the waving pine,
Toss'd on a wat'ry mountain, knock his head
At heav'n's too patient gates, and with salt brine
Quench the moon's burning horns; and safely fled
From heav'n's revenge, her passengers, all dead
With stiff astonishment, tumble to hell?
How oft the sea all earth would overswell,
Did not thy sandy girdle bind the mighty well?

XXXI.

Would not the air be fill'd with streams of death,
To poison the quick rivers of their blood?
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,
The flitting region? would not th' hasty flood
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood:
Didst not thou lead it wand'ring from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flow'ry meadows, through whose
fields they play?

XXXII.

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth, and rocky valleys slide,
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to rest be laid? can beastly he,
That should have most sense, only senseless be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awful see?

XXXIII.

Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs releast,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
More changing than the river's curling locks:
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove
him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow, move him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard
stones out-love him.

XXXIV.

Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
And swallowed Dathan, and the raging wind,
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas; and the air did bullets find,
And shot from heav'n a stony show'r, to grind:
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought,
The sun itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from heav'n flew down, when Sin to heav'n
did shout.

XXXV.

Should any to himself for safety fly?
The way to save himself, if any were,
Were to fly from himself: should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife? but there
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A fire, sweet to death? upon his friends?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?
Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends?

XXXVI.

His strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of pain:
His hope? false courtier: youth, or beauty? brittle:
Entreaty? fond: repentance? late and vain:
Just recompence? the world were all too little:
Thy love? he hath no title to a title:
Hell's force? in vain her furies hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse
his father.

XXXVII.

His life? that brings him to his end, and leaves
His end? that leaves him to begin his wo:
His goods? what good in that, that so deceives
him?
His gods of wood? their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, that must be help'd to go:
Honour, great worth? ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners: wit? that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting
thee.

XXXVIII.

The sea to drink him quick? that casts his dead:
Angels to spare? they punish: night to hide?
The world shall burn in light: the heav'n's to
spread

Their wings to save him? heav'n itself shall slide,
And roll away like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him:
His house to shroud, or hills to fall, and bruise
him?

As serjeants both attach, and witnesses accuse him.

XXXIX.

What need I urge what they must needs confess?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
I crave no more, and thou can'st give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust:
But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right de-
fends.

XL.

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
The earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thun-
der:
Heav'n stole itself from earth by clouds that moist-
er'd under.

XLI.

As when the chereful sun clamping wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And woos the widow'd earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,
His silent sister steals him quite away,
Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

XLII.

But soon as he again dishadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night:
So mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a
thousand days.

XLIII.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Cloth'd with such light, as blinds the angels eye?
How may weak mortal ever hope to fill
His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate style?
O, raise thou from his corse, thy now entomb'd
exile!

XLIV.

One touch would rouse me from my sluggish herse,
One word would call me to my wished home,
One look would polish my afflicted verse, [lome,
One thought would steal my soul from her thick
And force it wand'ring up to heav'n to come,
There to importune, and to beg apace
One happy favour of thy sacred grace, [face.
To see (what though it lose her eyes?) to see thy

XLV.

If any ask why roses please the sight?
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r:
 If any ask why lilies are so white?
 Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r:
 Or why sweet plants so grateful odours show'r?
 It is because thy breath so like they be:
 Or why the orient sun so bright we see?
 What reason can we give, but from thine eyes,
 and thee?

XLVI.

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,
 Where beauties indeflowering abide,
 And as to pass his fellow either seeks,
 Seems both to blush at one another's pride:
 And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
 Ten thousand graces sit, and when they move
 To earth their amorous belgards from above,
 They fly from heav'n, and on their wings convey
 thy love.

XLVII.

And of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,
 And with so wond'rous art the quills are wrought,
 That whensoever they cut the airy glade,
 The wind into their hollow pipes is caught:
 As seems, the spheres with them they down have
 brought:

Like to the seven-fold reed of Arcady,
 Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did fly
 To Ladon fands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

XLVIII.

As melting honey, dropping from the comb,
 So still the words, that spring between thy lips,
 Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps her home,
 And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips.
 He that his pen but in that fountain dips,
 How nimbly will the golden phrases fly,
 And shed forth streams of choicest rhetoric,
 Waling celestial torrents out of poetry?

XLIX.

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,
 Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every show'r,
 As though her hungry cliffs all heav'n would eat;
 Which if high God unto her bosom pour,
 Though much refresh'd, yet more she could de-
 vour:

So hang the greedy ears of angels sweet,
 And every breath a thousand Cupids meet,
 Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

L.

Upon her breast delight doth softly sleep,
 And of eternal joy is brought abed;
 Those snowy mountlets, through which do creep
 The milky rivers, that are inly bred
 In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
 To weary travellers, in heat of day,
 To quench their fiery thirst, and to allay
 With dropping nectar floods, the fury of their
 way.

LI.

If any wander, thou dost call him back:
 If any be not forward, thou incit'st him:
 Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack:
 If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him:
 Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him:

Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,
 Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies:
 Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind
 man's eyes.

LII.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold;
 But none can thee behold, thou art so fair:
 Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold,
 That with poor shadows strives thee to compare,
 And match the things which he knows matchless are.
 O thou vile mirror of celestial grace,
 How can frail colours pourtray out thy face,
 Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such semblance base?

LIII.

Her upper garment was a silken lawn,
 With needle-work richly embroidered;
 Which she herself with her own hand had drawn,
 And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
 With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
 That seem'd the world she new created there;
 And the mistaken eye would rashly swear
 The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living
 were.

LIV.

Low at her feet the earth was cast alone
 (As though no kiss her foot it did aspire,
 And gave itself for her to tread upon)
 With so unlike and different attire,
 That every one that saw it, did admire
 What it might be, was of so various hue;
 For to itself it oft so diverse grew, [new.
 That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd a

LV.

And here and there few men she scattered,
 (That in their thought the world esteem but small,
 And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
 So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
 That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
 About some mole-hill, so they wandered;
 And round about the waving sea was shed:
 But, for the silver sands, small pearls were sprinkled.

LVI.

So curiously the underwork did creep,
 And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
 That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
 But those that near the margin pearl did play,
 Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway,
 As though they meant to rock the gentle ear,
 And hush the former that enslumber'd were:
 And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

LVII.

High in the airy element there hung
 Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
 (As though his purer waves from heaven sprung)
 To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main:
 But it the earth would water with his rain, [would,
 That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season
 And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
 To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

LVIII.

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud,
 Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
 And bent itself into a hollow shroud:
 On which, if mercy did but cast her face,
 A thousand colours did the bow enchain,

That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams, so lively
feign'd.

LIX.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curdled wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

LX.

Yet strange it was, so many stars to see
Without a sun, to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be:
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the sight,
The heav'nly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty
prove.

LXI.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heav'nly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

LXII.

Seemed those little sp'rits, through nimbles bold,
The stately canopy bore on their wings;
But them itself, as pendants, did uphold,
Besides the crowns of many famous kings:
Among the rest, there David ever sings:

And now, with years grown young, renews his
lays

Unto his golden harp, and ditties plays, [praise.
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Maker's

LXIII.

Thou self-idea of all joys to come,
Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,
Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumb;
O when wilt thou thy too long silence break,
And overcome the strong to save the weak!

If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
Th' Almighty's self, that now stick on the
ground, [impound.
As though some blessed object there did them

LXIV.

Ah, miserable object of disgrace,
What happiness is in thy misery!
I both must pity, and envy thy case;
For she, that is the glory of the sky,
Leaves heaven blind to fix on thee her eye:

Yet her (though mercy's self esteems not small)
The world despis'd, they her repentance call.
And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

LXV.

Deeply, alas! empassioned she stood,
To see a flaming brand toss'd up from hell,
Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,

That oft for torment she would loudly yell,
Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell
Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust:
Early and late she pray'd; and fast she must,
And all her hair hung full of ashes, and of dust.

LXVI.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
Of her own self she was; disconsolate
(As though her flesh did but infernal
Her buried ghost) she in an arbour sat
Of thorny briar, weeping her curst state:
And her before a hasty river fled,
Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed,
And all about, the grass with tears hung down his
head.

LXVII.

Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept fast,
Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
At which she often started, as aghast,
To see so fearful spectacles of dread;
And with one hand her breast she martyred,
Wounding her heart, the same to mortify,
The other a fair damsel held her by:
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

LXVIII.

But faith was quick, and nimble as the heav'n,
As if of love and life she all had been:
And though of present sight her sense were reav'n,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen.
Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,
She fix'd her sight, disdaining things below:
Into the sea she could a mountain throw,
And make the sun to stand, and waters backwards
flow.

LXIX.

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own tears,
One of her graces she sent hastily,
Smiling Eyræne, that a garland wears
Of guilded olive on her fairer hairs,
To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice:
Whom when as sad repentance coming spies,
The holy desperado wip'd her swollen eyes.

LXX.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run
Through her soft veins, and therefore hying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begun:
Aye honour'd father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last
The devil's voice, spoke with a serpent's tongue,
Fit to hiss out the words so deadly flung, [sung.
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly

LXXI.

He was the father of that hopeless season,
That, to serve other gods, forgot their own.
The reason was, thou wast above their reason.
They would have any gods, rather than none,
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone:
And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore.
But the up-plowed heart, all rent and tore,
Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

LXXII.

He was but dust: why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?

Could he not take away as well as give?
Should man deprave, and should not God deprive?

Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit?

LXXIII.

He was but dust: how could he stand before him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first restore him?
Deprav'd of sin, should he deprived lie

Of grace? can he not find infirmity, [faking,
That gave him strength? unworthy the for-
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

LXXIV.

Who shall thy temple incense any more;
Or to thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor?
Or what should prayer deck with herbs, and spice,
Her vials, breathing orisons of price?

If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
O first begin with me, and mercy slay, [doth stray.
And thy thrice-honour'd Son, that now beneath

LXXV.

But if or he, or I may live, and speak,
And heav'n can joy to see a sinner weep;
Oh! let not justice' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with prone humbleness her feet's dust doth sweep.

Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
Ah! if but those that only worthy be, [see.
None should thee ever see, none should thee ever

LXXVI.

What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near a-kin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win:
Is sin his master? he shall master sin:

Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try:
The only way to conquer, was to fly;
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's
self shall die.

LXXVII.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he?
To dead men life he is, to sick men health:
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

LXXVIII.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time, that all the world in slumber lies:
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heav'n awaked all his eyes,
To see another sun at midnight rise

On earth? was never sight of peril fame:
For God before, man like himself did frame,
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

LXXIX.

A child he was, and had not learn'd to speak,
That with his word the world before did make:
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,

That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could
shake.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.

Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

LXXX.

And yet but newly he was infanted,
And yet already he was fought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banished;
Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly:
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sons with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest child!

LXXXI.

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight, to entertain the rising sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun:

So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their
snow,

When once they felt the sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

LXXXII.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace,
The curst oracles were stricken dumb,
To see their Shepherd, the poor Shepherd's press,
To see their king, the kingly sophies come,
And them to guide unto his Master's home,
A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they
all present.

LXXXIII.

Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
Leapt in the womb, his joy to prophesy:
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity:
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.

Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
It is the fire of heav'n thou dost embrace:
Sing Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace.

LXXXIV.

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,
That should have been for sacred vengeance
thrown:

There to the armies angelic devow'd
Their former rage, and all to mercy bow'd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly
strow'd.

LXXXV.

Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flasks,
Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,
That I may soon unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose.

So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip
with wine.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

The Argument.

Christ brought into the place of combat, the wilderness, among the wild beasts; Mark i. 13. ver. 1. Described by his proper attribute, the mercy of God, ver. 2, 3.; whom the creatures cannot but adore, ver. 4, 5. By his unity with the Godhead, ver. 6. His proper place, ver. 7. The beauty of his body, Cant. v. 11. Psal. xlv. 2. Gen. xlix. 12. Cant. v. 10. and Isa. liii. 2.; ver. 8—13. By preparing himself to the combat with his adversary, that seemed what he was not, ver. 14, 15. Some devout essence, ver. 18—19. (Closely tempting him to despair of God's Providence, and provide for himself), ver. 20. But was what he seemeth not, Satan, and would fain have led him, 1st, To desperation; charactered by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. ver. 21—30. 2d, To Presumption; charactered by her place, attendants, &c. ver. 31—36.; and by her temptation, 37.; to vain glory, ver. 38.; poetically described from: the place where her court stood.; a garden, ver. 39—49.; from her court, and courtiers, ver. 50.; pleasure in drinking, ver. 51.; in luxury, ver. 52. 2d, Avarice, ver. 53—55. 3d, Ambitious honour, ver. 56.; from her throne, and from her temptation, ver. 57—59. The effect of this victory in Satan, ver. 60.; the angels, ver. 61.; the creatures, ver. 62.

There, all alone, she spy'd, alas the while!
In shady darkness a poor desolate,
That now had measur'd many a weary mile;
Through a waste desert, whither heav'nly fate,
And his own will him brought: he praying sat,
And him to prey, as he to pray began,
The citizens of the wild forest ran,
And all with open throat would swallow whole
the man.

II.

Soon did the lady to her graces cry,
And on their wings herself did nimbly strow:
After her coach a thousand loves did fly,
So down into the wilderness they throw:
Where she, and all her train that with her flow
Thorough the airy wave, with sails so gay,
Sinking into his breast that weary lay,
Made shipwreck of themselves, and vanish'd quite
away.

III.

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beasts did make pretence;
But him their salvage thirst did nought appal,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
For when they saw their Lord's bright cogni-
zance

Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto him kneel, and some about him
dance.

IV.

Down fell the lordly lions angry mood,
And he himself fell down in congies low;
Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood.
Sometime he kist the grass where he did go,
And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lickt away the dust,
And every one would nearest to him thrust,
And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

V.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his Lord,
The lamb stood gazing by the tyger's side,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the lions back the goat did ride,
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide.
If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves
conceited.

VI.

Wonder doth call me up to see; O no,
I cannot see, and therefore sink in wonder,
The man that shines as bright as God, not so,
For God he is himself, that close lies under
That man, so close, that no time can discover

That band; yet not so close, but from him
break

Such beams, as mortal eyes are all too weak
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to
speak.

VII.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
With woody primroses bespangled:
Over his head the wanton shadows played
Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head,
And her green arms t' embrace the Prince of
Peace:

The sun so near, needs must the winter cease,
The sun so near, another spring seem'd to in-
crease.

VIII.

His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,
As though it were the shadow of some light,
And underneath his face, as day, did shine;
But sure the day shined not half so bright,
Nor the sun's shadow made so dark a night.

Under his lovely locks her head to shroud,
Did make humility herself grow proud:
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces
crowd.

IX.

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds com-
plain;

Sweet are the wounds of love, never so sore,
Ah, might he often slay me so again!

He never lives, that thus is never slain.

What boots it watch? those eyes, for all my
art,

Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart:
In them love bends his bow, and dips his burning
dart.

X.

As when the sun, caught in an adverse cloud,
Flies cross the world, and there anew begets,
The watry picture of his beauty proud,
Throws all abroad his sparkling spangles,
And the whole world in dire amazement sets,
To see two days abroad at once, and all
Doubt whether now he rise, or now will fall:
So flam'd the godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly
thrall.

XI.

His cheeks, as snowy apples soft in wine,
Had their red roses quencht with lilies white,
And like to garden strawberries did shine,
Washt in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright
Unbosoming their breasts against the light.

Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and
made
Sweet smelling posies, that could never fade,
But worldly eyes him thought more like some liv-
ing shade.

XII.

For laughter never look'd upon his brow,
Though in his face all smiling joys did bide:
No filken banners did about him flow,
Fools made their setters ensigns of their pride:
He was best cloth'd when naked was his side.

A Lamb he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
Wove with one thread, his feet low sandals
wore:

But bared were his legs, so went the times of yore.

XIII.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
God's holy place where he in glory sets,
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
To bear his temple on their ample jets,
Vein'd every where with azure rivulets,
Whom all the people on some holy morn,
With boughs and flowry garlands do adorn:
Of such, though fairer far, this temple was up-
born.

XIV.

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drowse,
Since him the silent wilderness did house:
The heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass:
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did
pass.

XV.

At length an aged fire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedictions, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
And all his head with snow of age was waxen
hoar.

XIV.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping
brine,
And alms, and fasts, and churches discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy
shrine.

XVII.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtsy kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary
way?

XVIII.

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
For well that aged fire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
Ay me, quoth he, how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the Sun of heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of heav'n they now behold I
ween.

XIX.

Ah, mote my humble cell so blessed be
As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy deity !
Lo how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore thee with the cicling low,
Here honey, milk, and chesnuts wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall be-
flow.

XX.

But oh, he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
The heav'ns, alas, too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep ;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown :
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear.
What needen we the angry heav'ns to fear ?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy thee here.

XXI.

Thus on they wandred; but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man did cover.
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds :
And round about that stinking corps did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

XX.

He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chatt'ring lie,
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry.
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die,
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of oh, and ah, and out alas, that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might
die.

XXIII.

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.
The ground no herbs, but venomous did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where
Dead bones, and skulls were cast, and bodies hang-
ed were.

XXIV.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote
Th' unblest house, there on a craggy stone
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek,
and groan.

XXV.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell;
But he himself with night for darkness strove.
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,

That made him deadly look, their glimpse did
show

Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

XXIV.

[fast :

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pin'd
And as he musing lay, to stony fright
A thousand wild chimeras would him cast :
As when a fearful dream, in midst of night,
Skips to the brain, and phantasies to the sight
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root ;
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes
without boot.

XXVII.

Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall ;
And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall
Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawl :
And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,
Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espied,
And then, alas, he should in chains for ever bide.

XXVIII.

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
He ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were ;
And still he thought he felt their crapes tear
Him by the heels back to his ugly den :
Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then
The heav'n, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty
men.

XXIX.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight
The serpent woo'd him with his charms to inn,
There he might bait the day, and rest the night :
But under that same bait a fearful grin
Was ready to entangle him in sin,
But he upon ambrosia daily fed,
That grew in Eden thus he answered :
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

XXX.

Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was,
And the old serpent knew our Saviour well ;
Never did any this in falsehood pass,
Never did any him in truth excell :
With him we fly to heav'n, from heav'n we fell
With him : but now they both together met
Upon the sacred pinnacles, that threat,
With their aspiring tops, Astræa's starry seat.

XXXI.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among,
(Ah that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place !) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

XXXII.

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
Which light Euclispis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim !

Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court-holy water all upon her sprinkled.

XXXIII.

Poor fool, she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were :

But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair :
But him she, like some ghastly fiend, did fear.

And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Under the bowels, in the heart of hell; [dwell.
So she above the moon, amid the stars would

XXXIV.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciell'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,

That heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten heav'n it was aright :

And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

XXXV.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,

That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh a while at her so proud array ;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling
day :

XXXVI.

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
'The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams :

Right so Presumption did herself behave,
'Tossed about with every stormy wave,
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel
brave.

XXXVII.

Gently our Saviour she began to thrive,
Whether he were the Son of God, or no ;
For any other she disdain'd to wife :

And if he were, she bid him fearless throw
Himself to ground ; and therewithal did show
A flight of little angels, that did wait
Upon their glittering wings, to latch him straight ;
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious
weight.

XXXVIII.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor :
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,

Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon
With all his swimming globes : so both are
gone, [ragon.

The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, unmeet pa-

XXXIX.

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,

Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.

For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetite,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

XL.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare :
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed :

No Rhodope, no Tempe's flowry plain :
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did
rain.

XLI.

For in all these some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside ;
For sweet variety herself did throw
To every bank, here all the ground she did
In lily white, there pinks eblazed white.

And damask all the earth ; and here she shed
Blue violets, and there came roses red :
And every sight the yielding sense as captive led

XLII.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut ;
The azure fields of heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light :

The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of
dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening
blue.

XLIII.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of vain-delight was built.
White, and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt :

Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd :
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them
bound.

XLIV.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand :
Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy
crest,

A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every wind their leavy spears,
While she supinely sleeps ne to be waked fears ?

XLV.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they perhaps his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore :
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her para-
mour.

XLVI.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chooses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,
Which drown'd in pleasure, in that shallow
bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

XLVII.

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes :
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay :
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd they say.

XLVIII.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three
boys
Three gaping mermaids with their cawrs did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy
noise,
To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed,
The naked boys unto the waters fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

XLIX.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered :
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were
dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to inmould.

L.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bew'r,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour,
There in the lower room, in solemn wife,
They danc'd a round, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chaunted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

LI.

Others within their arbours swilling fat
(For all the room about was arbour'd)
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied
out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spuing rout.

LII.

This their inhumed souls esteem'd their wealths,
To crown the bouzing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a lost carv'd all in ivory white

They came, where whiter ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

LIII.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room,
And thou, my chaster muse, those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher story come,
Where mounts of gold, and floods of silver run,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful shine.

LIV.

Ah! who was he such precious perils found?
How strongly nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their ory lustre: but quaint pride
Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosom spuny Bacchus swells,
That neither heaven nor earth henceforth in safe-
ty dwells.

LV.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
That having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou besaneiest the men most wise!
The poor man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man king, the king in God's own seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames, and
thunder threat.

LVI.

Therefore above the rest ambition sate,
His court with glitterant pearl was all inwall'd,
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendor were install'd
A hundred kings, whose temples were impal'd
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

LVII.

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone :
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught :
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

LVIII.

A silver wand the forcecefs did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore ;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted :
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

LIX.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their sopy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be waved higher :
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,

The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him with-
al.

Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows :
Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
And the sun doth burn in love :
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild :
Love no mid'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas ;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench :
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play :
And of all loves joyful flame,
I the bud, and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows :
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity ;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay :
Come, come gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus shore
Into my bosom casts his ore ;
All the valleys swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne :

Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine,
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine :
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

LX.

Thus fought the dire enchauntress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed :
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic-glasses shattered.
So with her fire to hell she took her flight,
The starting air flew from the damned spright)
Where deeply both aggrieved, plunged themselves
in night.

LXI.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element : for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew :
And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial trine ;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought
divine.

LXII.

The birds sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical ;
And to the birds, the winds attune their noise ;
And to the winds, the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all ;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly :
See how the night comes stealing from the moun-
tains high.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

The Argument.

Christ's triumph over death on the cross, expressed, 1st, In general by his joy to undergo it; singing before he went to the garden, ver. 1, 2, 3. Mat. 26. 30; by his grief in the undergoing it, ver. 4—6; by the obscure fables of the Gentiles typing it, ver. 7, 8; by the cause of it in him, his love, ver. 9; by the effect it should have in us, ver. 10.—12.; by the instrument, the cursed tree, ver. 13. 2d. Expressed in particular; 1st, By his fore-passion in the garden, ver. 14.—25.; by his passion itself, amplified, 1st, From the general causes, ver. 26, 27.; parts, and effects of it, ver. 28, 29. 2d, From the particular causes, ver. 30, 31; parts, and effects of it in heaven, ver. 32.—36; in the heavenly spirits, ver. 37; in the creatures subcelestial, ver. 38; in the wicked Jews, ver. 39; in Judas, ver. 40.—51; in the blessed saints, Joseph, &c. ver. 52.—67.

I
So down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bank't with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,
Diving into his wat'ry funeral!

But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowery shore; nor can he envy it,
If when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit.

II.
That heav'nly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the founding rocks their bosoms tear,
Or whistling reeds, that ruddy Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraces,
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing blossoms of fallow, ly,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

III.
And yet how can I hear thee singing go,
When men, incens'd with hate, thy death forget?
Or else, why do I hear thee sighing so,
When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost
get!

That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met?
But thus, and only thus, thy love did crave,
To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
While we sought thee to kill, and thou sought'st
us to save.

IV.
When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find him die;
I look for angels songs, and hear him cry:
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,
These banks so narrow are, those streams so
highly swell.

V.
Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is,
For man, that could not by himself have rise,
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

VI.
Go giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh,
Pluck all the flow'rs that nature forth doth throw;
Go stick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh:
Poor idol (forc'd at once to fall and grow)
Of fading roses, and of melting snow:
Your songs exceed your matter, this of mine,
The matter which it sings shall make divine;
As stars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties
shine.

VII.

Who doth not see drown'd in Deucalion's name
 (When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)
 Old Noah? and in Nifus lock the fame
 Of Samson yet alive? and long before
 In Phaethon's, mine own fall I deplore;
 But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch again
 His virgin widow, by a serpent slain,
 Another Orpheus was then dreaming poets feign.

VIII.

That taught the stones to melt for passion,
 And dormant sea, to hear him, silent lie;
 And at his voice, the watry nation
 To flock, as if they deem'd it cheap, to buy
 With their own death's his sacred harmony:
 The while the waves stood still to hear his song,
 And steady shore wav'd with the reeling throng
 Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

IX.

What better friendship then to cover shame?
 What greater love, than for a friend to die?
 Yet this is better to asselt the blame,
 And this is greater for an enemy:
 But more than this, to die, not suddenly,
 Not with some common death, or easy pain,
 But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
 O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n!

X.

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,
 And yet the slave is proud before the Son:
 Yet the Creator for his creature gave
 Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
 From his Creator, and self-good doth shun:
 And yet the Prince, and God himself doth cry
 To man, his traitor, pardon not to fly;
 Yet man is God, and traitor doth his Prince defy.

XI.

Who is it sees not that he nothing is,
 But he that nothing sees? what weaker breast,
 Since Adam's armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
 That made by God of all his creatures best,
 Straight made himself the worst of all the rest.
 "If any strength we have, it is to ill,
 "But all the good is God's, both pow'r and
 "will:" [may kill.
 The dead man cannot rise, though he himself

XII.

But let the thorny school these punctuals
 Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter dis;
 Such joy we gained by our parentals,
 That good, or bad, whether I cannot wish,
 To call it a mishap, or happy miss
 That fell from Eden, and to heav'n did rise:
 Albe the mitred card'nal more did prize
 His part in Paris, than his part in paradise.

XIII.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
 Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
 A tree is now the instrument of life,
 Though all that trunk, and this fair body suit:
 Ah, cursed tree, and yet O blessed fruit!
 That death to him, this life to us doth give:
 Strange is the cure, when things past cure re-
 vive,
 And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

XIV.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
 Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew;
 Sad Gethseman the bow'r of baleful night,
 Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
 Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
 So we from sweetest flow'rs could suck our bane,
 And Christ from bitter venom could again
 Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

XV.

A man was first the author of our fall,
 A man is now the author of our rise;
 A garden was the place we perish'd all,
 A garden is the place he pays our price:
 And the old serpent with a new device,
 Hath found a way himself for to beguile:
 So he that all men tangled in his wile,
 Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own
 guile.

XVI.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
 Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
 Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made
 All for himself, himself dissolved found,
 Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
 Of heav'n, and earth, and God, and man forlore,
 Thrice begging help of those, whose sins he bore,
 And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

XVII.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
 Or had his body been embroil'd alone
 In fierce assault; he might, perhaps, have taken
 Some joy in soul, when all joy else was gone,
 But that with God, and God to heav'n is flown;
 And hell itself out from her grave doth rise,
 Black as the starless night, and with them flies,
 Yet blacker than they both, the son of blasphemies.

XVIII.

As when the planets, with unkind aspect,
 Call from her caves the meagre pestilence;
 The sacred vapour, eager to infect,
 Obeys the voice of the sad influence,
 And vomits up a thousand noisome scents,
 The well of life, flaming his golden flood
 With the sick air, fevers the boiling blood,
 And poisons all the body with contagious food.

XIX.

The bold physician, too incautelous,
 By those he cures himself is murdered:
 Kindness infects, pity is dangerous,
 And the poor infant, yet not fully bred,
 There where he should be born lies buried:
 So the dark prince, from his infernal cell,
 Casts up his grisly torturers of hell, [spell.
 And whets them to revenge with this insulting

XX.

See how the world smiles in eternal peace,
 While we, the harmless brats, and rusty throng
 Of night, our snakes in curls do prank and dress:
 Why sleep our drowsy scorpions so long?
 Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
 Are we ourselves? or are we graces grown?
 The sons of hell, or heav'n? was never known
 Our whips so over-moss'd, and brands so deadly
 blown.

XXI.

O long desired, never hop'd-for hour,
When our tormentor shall our torments feel!
Arm, arm yourselves, sad dires of my pow'r,
And make our judge for pardon to us kneel:
Slice, launch, dig, tear him with your whips of steel,
Myself in honour of so noble prize, [cries
Will pour you recting blood, shed with the
Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice.

XXII.

With that a flood of poison, black as hell,
Out from his filthy gorge the beast did spue,
That all about his blessed body fell,
And thousand flaming serpents hissing flew
About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,
And every one brandish'd his fiery tongue,
And worming all about his soul they clung;
But he their stings tore out, and to the ground
them flung.

XXIII.

So have I seen a rock's heroic breast,
Against proud Neptune, that his ruin threatens,
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,
And with a thousand swelling billows beats
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chaffs, and frets
To heave him from his root, unmoved stand;
And more in heaps the barking surges band,
The more in pieces beat, fly weeping to the strand.

XXIV.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
To please his wanton son, his only joy,
Coast all about, to catch the roving bee,
And stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for the game some boy:
Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth eraze,
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
Or, with his little hands her tim'rous gorge em-
brace.

XXV.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,
While, dew'd in easy sleep, dead Peter lies:
Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
While Christ alive, with thousand horrors dies,
Yet more for theirs, then his own pardon cries:
No sins he had, yet all our sins he bare,
So much doth God for others evils care,
And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

XXVI.

See drowsy Peter, see where Judas wakes,
Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies:
O kiss more deadly than the sting of snakes!
False love more hurtful than true injuries!
Aye me! how dearly God his servant buys?
For God his man at his own blood doth hold,
And man his God for thirty-pence hath sold.
So tin for silver goes, and dunghill dross for gold.

XXVII.

Yet was it not enough for Sin to choose
A servant, to betray his Lord to them;
But that a subject must his king accuse,
But that a Pagan must his God condemn,
But that a Father must his Son condemn,
But that the Son must his own death desire,
That prince, and people, servant, and the fire,
Gentile, and Jew, and he against himself conspire?

XXVIII.

Was this the oil, to make thy saints adore thee,
The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
Are these the virges, that are borne before thee,
Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?
Is this thy golden sceptre, against wrong,
A reedy cane? is that the crown adorns
Thy shining locks, a crown of spiny thorns?
Are these the angels hymns, the priests blasphemous scorns?

XXIX.

Who ever saw honour before asham'd;
Afflicted majesty, debased height,
Innocence guilty, honesty defam'd;
Liberty bound, health sick, the sun in night?
But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,
Our shame is veil'd, this now remains alone
For us, since he was ours, that we be not our own.

XXX.

Night was ordain'd for rest, and not for pain;
But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemn,
Good laws to save, what bad men would have
slain,
And not bad judges, with one breath, by them
The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
Of guiltless blood, but now all headlong sway
Man's murderer to save, man's Saviour to slay.

XXXI.

Frail multitude! whose giddy law is list,
And best applause is windy flattering,
Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,
As much desir'd, as little profiting,
That makes the men that have it oft as light,
As those that give it, which the proud invite,
And fear; the bad man's friend, the good man's
hypocrite.

XXXII.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
Blessed is he that comes from the Most High,
And all the mountains with hosannah rung;
And now, "Away with him, away," they cry,
And nothing can be heard but "Crucify!"
It was but now, the crown itself they save,
And golden name of king unto him gave;
And now, no king, but only Caesar, they will have.

XXXIII.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,
To strow with boughs and blossoms all thy way!
And now the branchless trunk a cross for thee,
And May, dismay'd, thy coronet must be:
It was but now they were so kind to throw
Their own best garments, where thy feet should
go;

And now thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds
they show.

XXXIV.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
O fearful day! he dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying:
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving:

Lo, how his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee :
Why stay'st thou then, my soul ! O fly, fly, thither
haste thee.

xxxv.

His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
And, as to disentrail his soul they meant,
They jolly at his grief, and make their game,
His naked body to expose to shame,
That all might come to see, and all might see
that came.

xxxvi.

Whereat the heav'n put out his guilty eye,
That durst behold so execrable sight,
And fabled all in black the shady sky,
And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlasting lamps in night :
And at his birth as all the stars heav'n had,
Were not enow, but a new star was made ;
So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

xxxvii.

The mazed angels shook their fiery wings,
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne ;
One down his eyes upon the manhood flings,
Another gazes on the Godhead, none
But surely thought his wits were not his own.
Some flew to look if it were very he :
But when God's arm unarmed they did see,
Albe they saw it was, they vow'd it could not be.

xxxviii.

The fadded air hung all in cheerless black,
Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew,
And Jordan into such huge sorrow brake,
(As if his holy stream no measure knew)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew ;
The trembling earth with horror inly shook,
And stubborn stones, such grief unus'd to brook,
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graves
'gan look.

xxxix.

The wise philosopher cried, all aghast,
The God of nature surely languished ;
The sad Centurion cried out as fast,
The Son of God, the Son of God was dead ;
The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,
And homewards far'd ; and ever, as he went,
He smote his breast, half desperately bent ;
The very woods and beasts did seem his death la-
ment.

xl.

The graceless traitor round about did look,
(He look'd not long, the devil quickly met him)
To find a halter, which he found, and took,
Only a gibbet now he needs must get him ;
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him ;
And help'd him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand furies, with their whips, he brought ;
So there he stands, ready to hell to make his vault,

xli.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,

Pursued eagerly, nay, never stay'd,
Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind ;
But change of place could never change his
mind :

Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

xlii.

There is but two ways for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges ;
To flie to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging
scourges,

Feed on the howling ghosts, and fiery furies
Of brimstone roll about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming
spright.

xliii.

There lies the captive soul, aye-fighting sore,
Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands ;
Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands :
And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas ! but now all is begun ?

xliv.

With that a flaming brand a fury catch'd,
And shook, and toss'd it round in his wild thought,
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatch'd,
With every star of hope ; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heav'n's, too little for his
store.

xlv.

Stay wretch on earth, cried Satan, restless rest :
Know'st thou not justice lives in heav'n ? or can
The worst of creatures live among the best :
Among the blessed angels cursed man ?
Will Judas now become a Christian ? [mind ?
Whither will hope's long wings transport thy
Or canst thou not thyself a sinner find ?
Or cruel to thyself, wouldst thou have mercy kind ?

xlvi.

He gave thee life ; why should thou seek to slay
him ?
He lent thee wealth ; to feed thy avarice ?
He call'd thee friend ; what, that thou shouldst
betray him ?
He kiss'd thee, though he knew his life the price ;
He wash'd thy feet : should'st thou his sacrifice ?
He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood,
And at thy heart to enter in he stood ;
But then I enter'd in, and all my snaky brood.

xlvii.

As when wild Pentheus grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies,
Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes :
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That, with infernal serpents all emboss'd,
And torches quench'd in blood, doth her stern form
accost.

XLVIII.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That now, unable to endure their storms,
Fly, fly, he cries, thyself, whate'er thou art,
Hell, hell already burns in every part.

So down into his torturers arms he fell,
That ready stood his funerals to yell,
And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to hell.

XLIX.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:
So when the senses half enlumber'd lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every trembling mem-
ber creep.

L.

There let him hang embowelled in blood,
Where never any gentle shepherd feed
His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly flood
Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome feed,
That may the least delight or pleasure breed:
Let never spring visit his habitation,
But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,
With empty elders grow, sad signs of desolation.

LI.

There let the dragon keep his habitation,
And stinking carcases be thrown avault,
Fauns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs dance, [chant;
Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly
There ever let some restless spirit haunt,
With hollow sound, and clashing chains, to scar
The passenger, and eyes like to the star,
That sparkles in the crest of angry Mars afar.

LII.

But let the blessed dews for ever show'r
Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
The bloody ensign of our Saviour.
Strange conquest where the conqueror must die,
And he is slain, that wins the victory:
But he, that living, had no house to owe it,
Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:
O run ye saints apace, and with sweet flowers be-
strow it.

LIII.

And ye glad spirits, that now fainted sit
On your celestial thrones, in beauty drest,
Though I your tears recount, O let it not
With after-sorrow wound your tender breast,
Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest:
Enough is me your plaints to sound again,
That never could enough myself complain.
Sing then, O sing aloud thou Arimathean swain.

LIV.

But long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
The fairest spoil heav'n ever forfeited,
With such a silent passion grief unfolding,
That, had the sheet but on himself been spread
He for the corse might have been buried:
And with him stood the happy thief that stole
By night his own salvation, and a shoal
Of Maries drown'd, round about him, sat in dole.

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LV.

At length, (kissing his lips before he spake,
As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghost)
To Mary thus with tears his silence brake:
Ah, woful soul! what joy in all our coast,
When him we hold, we have already lost?
Once didst thou lose thy Son, but foundst again;
Now find'st thy Son, but find'st him lost, and
slain. [life sustain?
Ah me! though he could death, how can'st thou

LVI.

Where'er, dear Lord, thy shadow hovereth,
Blessing the place, wherein it deigns abide;
Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
Clothing in mournful black her naked side,
Willing her shadow up to heav'n to glide,
To see and if it meet thee wand'ring there,
That so, and if herself must miss thee here,
At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

LVII.

See how the sun in daytime clouds his face,
And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,
Forgets in heaven to run his nightly race:
But, sleeping on bright Oeta's top, doth dream
The world a chaos is, no joyful beam [moan,
Looks from his starry bower, the heav'ns do
And trees drop tears, lest we should grieve alone,
The winds have learn'd to sigh, and waters hoarse-
ly groan.

LVIII.

And you sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whose happy states a thousand souls envy,
Did you your own felicities but know,
Yourself uplock'd would to his funeral hie,
You never could in better season die:
O that I might into your places slide!
The gate of heav'n stands gaping in his side,
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults
should hide.

LIX.

Are these the eyes, that made all others blind?
Ah! why are they themselves now blemished?
Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd?
What blast hath thus his flowers debellish'd?
Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head
Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?
Why go they now so lowly under ground,
Wash'd with our worthless tears, and their own
precious wound?

LX.

One hem but of the garments that he wore,
Could medicine whole countries of their pain:
One touch of this pale hand could life restore,
One word of these cold lips revive the slain:
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain,
What though the fallen Pharisees repin'd?
He that should both compare, at length would
find
The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

LXI.

Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?
Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes?
Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?
Or for thou heal'st their sick mens maladies?
Or mad'st their dumb to speak, and dead to rise?

K k

O could all these but any grace have won,
What would they not to save thy life have done?
The dumb man would have spoke, and lame man
would have run.

LXII.

Let me, O let me near some fountain lie,
That through the rock heaves up his sandy head,
Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread
On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,

That I their streams, and they my tears may feed:
Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
Spend all my days in weeping for this cursed deed.

LXIII.

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
The love, in which I once did live, I lothe;
I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
Both love, and life, I do despise you both.
O that one grave might both our ashes clothe!

A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
Able to make my age grow young again,
Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

LXIV.

Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent,
On him, that sorrow now no more shall see;
Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
To him that died to live, and would not be,
To be there where he would: here bury we
This heav'nly earth; here let it softly sleep,
The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep. [weep.
So all the body kifs'd, and homewards went to

LXV.

So home their bodies went to seek repose;
But at the grave they left their souls behind:
O who the force of love celestial knows!
That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
Sending the body home without the mind.
Ah, blessed virgin! what high angels art
Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
When every nail, that pierc'd his hand did pierce
thy heart?

LXVI.

So Philomel, perch'd on an aspin sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
And sings her sad tale to the merry twig,
That dances at such joyful misery,
Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye:
But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
Expresses in her song grief not to be express'd.

LXVII.

So when the lark (poor bird!) afar espy'th
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythe,
Which from the meadow her green locks doth
shave,
That their warm nest is now become their
grave;
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

The Argument.

Christ's triumph after death, 1st, In his resurrection, manifested by its effects in the creatures, ver. 1.—7.; in himself, ver. 8.—12. 2d. In his ascension into heaven, whose joys are described, ver. 13.—16.; 1st, by the access of all good, the blessed society of the saints, angels, &c. ver. 17.—19. The sweet quiet and peace enjoyed under God, ver. 20.; shadowed by the peace we enjoy under our sovereign, ver. 21.—26. The beauty of the place, ver. 27.; the carity (as the school calls it) of the saints bodies, ver. 28.—31.; the impletion of the appetite, ver. 32, 33.; the joy of the senses, &c. ver. 34. 2d, By the amotion of all evil, ver. 35, 36.; by the access of all good again, ver. 37.; in the glory of the holy city, ver. 38.; in the beatifical vision of God, ver. 39.

I.

BUT now the second morning from her bow'r
Began to glister in her beams, and now
The roses of the day began to flow'r
In th' eastern garden; for heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy begun to show;
The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That heav'n and earth might seem in triumph
both to shout.

II.

Th' engladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' eblazon from her leavy bed:
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets, the woods late wint'ry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds con-
spire.

III.

And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanc'd to slip the prouder pines,
The under corylets did catch the shings,
To gild their leaves; saw never happy year
Such joyful triumph, and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

IV.

Say, earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick't thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled, [wed:

So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
So never let the heav'n's with lightning blast you:
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste
you?

V.

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay.
And you sweet birds, that shaded from the ray,
Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance and
play, [say?
Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would

VI.

And thou, fair spouse of earth, that every year
Get'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more
near?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spy'd,
That in one place for joy thou can'st not hide;
And you, dead swallows, that so lively now
Through the fleet air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

VII.

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,
And woo mens hands to rent you from your
sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go,
There would ye all await, and humble homage
do.

VIII.

There should the earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore :
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before :
There should the sun another Sun behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle heav'n and earth with beauties manifold.

IX.

There might the violet, and primrose sweet
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense meet ;
There should the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep :
There heav'n and earth should see their Lord awake from sleep.

X.

Their Lord, before by others judg'd to die,
Now Judge of all himself; before forsaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the saints into their armies taken ;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
Now worthy to be God confess'd ; before
With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by angels, that him low adore.

XI.

Whose garment was before indipt in blood,
But now, imbright'ned into heav'nly flame,
The sun itself outglitters, though he should
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,
And force the stars go hide themselves for shame :
Before, that under earth was buried,
But now above the heav'ns is carried,
And there forever by the angels heried.

XII.

So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning star,
But newly wash'd in the green element,
Before the drowsie night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,
Springs lively up into the orient,
And the bright drove, fleec'd all in gold, he chaces

To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

XIII.

So long he wand'ring in our lower sphere,
That heav'n began his cloudy stars despise,
Half envious, to see on earth appear
A greater light than flam'd in his own skies :
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies
A globe of winged angels, swift as thought,
That on their spotted feathers lively caught
The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

XIV.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed,
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw ;
So when the Trojan boy was ravished,
As through th' Italian woods they say he fled,

His aged guardians stood all dismay'd,
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers said.

XV.

Toss up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in :
At whose brave volley of siderial states,
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen ;
When, leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climb his angels wings, then open hang
Your crystal doors ; so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

XVI.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight ;
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heav'n,
With passage found.

XVII.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph lead,
And with small stars a garland intercha'ft
Of olive-leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried :
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

XVIII.

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung :
The cherubims their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around :
Down from their thrones the dominations flow
And at his feet their crowns and scepters throw
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

XIX.

Nor can the martyrs wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their heav'n out of their heav'n to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
And all the virgin souls, in pure array,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play ;
So him they led along into the courts of day.

XX.

So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that house eternal peace doth play,
Acquitting the souls, that new before
Their way to heav'n through their own blood did score,
But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as heav'n and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

XXI.

And if great things by smaller may be guest,
So, in the mid'st of Neptune's angry tide,
Our Britain island, like the weedy nest
Of true halcyon, on the waves doth ride,
And softly sailing, scorns the water's pride:
While all the rest, drown'd on the continent,
And tost in bloody waves, their wounds lament,
And stand, to see our peace, as struck with wond-

XXII.

The ship of France religious waves do toss,
And Greece itself is now grown barbarous;
Spain's children hardly dare the ocean cross,
And Belge's field lies waste, and ruinous;
That unto those, the heav'ns are envious,
And unto them, themselves are strangers grown,
And unto these, the seas are faithless known,
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

XXIII.

Here only shut we Janus iron gates,
And call the welcome muses to our springs,
And are but pilgrims from our heav'nly states,
The while the trusty earth sure plenty brings,
And ships through Neptune safely spread their wings.

Go blessed island, wander where thou please,
Unto thy God, or men, heav'n, lands, or seas:
Thou canst not lose thy way, thy King with all
hath peace.

XXIV.

Dear prince, thy subjects joy, hope of their heirs,
Picture of peace, or breathing image rather,
The certain argument of all our pray'rs,
Thy Harries, and thy country's lovely father,
Let peace in endless joys forever bathe her
Within thy sacred breast, that at thy birth
Brought't her with thee from heav'n, to dwell
on earth,

Making our earth a heav'n, and paradise of mirth.

XXV.

Let not my liege misdeem these humble lays,
As lick't with soft and supple blandishment,
Or spoken to disparagon his praise;
For though pale Cynthia, near her brother's tent,
Soon disappears in the white firmament,
And gives him back the beams, before were his;
Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the vive image of her absent brother is.

XXVI.

Nor let the Prince of Peace his beadsman blame,
That with his steward dares his Lord compare,
And heav'nly peace with earthly quiet shame:
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phœbus to a little star:

And well I wot, my rhyme, albe unsmooth,
Ne says but what it means, ne means but sooth,
Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful person
doth.

XXVII.

Gaze but upon the house where man embow'rs:
With flow'rs and rushes paved is his way,
Where all the creatures are his servitours,
The winds do sweep his chambers every day,
And clouds do wash his rooms, the cissing gay,

Starred aloft the gilded knobs embrace:

If such a house God to another gave,
How shine those glittering courts, he for himself
will have?

XXVIII.

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the sun may seem embodied,
Depur'd of all his dross, we see so white,
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with ivory edges silvered;
What lustre super-excellent will he
Lighten on those that shall his sunshine see
In that all-glorious court, in which all glories
be?

XXIX.

If but one sun, with his diffusive fires,
Can paint the stars, and the whole world with
light,
And joy and life into each heart inspires,
And every saint shall shine in heav'n, as bright
As doth the sun in his transcendent might,
(As faith may well believe, what truth once
says)
What shall so many suns united rays,
But dazzle all the eyes, that now in heav'n we
praise?

XXX.

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, mid'st of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
And in this lower field disparting wide,
Through windy thoughts, that would their sails
misguide,

Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

XXXI.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitcht round about in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is de-
stroying.

XXXII.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever set,
But one eternal day, and endless light
Gives time to those, whose time is infinite,
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him, whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

XXXIII.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss.
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would
behold,

XXXIV.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
 Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
 That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
 Their hungry ears feed on their heav'nly noise,
 That angels sing, to tell their untold joys;
 Their understanding naked truth, their wills
 The all, and self-sufficient goodness fills,
 That nothing here is wanting, but the want of
 ills.

XXXV.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
 No bloodless malady empales their face,
 No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
 No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
 No poverty themselves, and theirs disgrace,
 No fear of death the joy of life devours,
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
 No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged
 hours.

XXXVI.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
 And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
 The infant wonders how he came so old,
 And old man how he came so young again;
 Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain,
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
 All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

XXXVII.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
 The inefficient spring no winter fears;
 The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
 Th' unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
 And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears:
 And all of these on the saints bodies grow,
 Not, as they wont, on baser earth below;
 Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey
 flow.

XXXVIII.

About the holy city rolls a flood
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
 On which weak stream a strong foundation stood,
 Of living diamonds the building was
 That all things else, besides itself, did pass:
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls, for dust, it seem'd to have,
 On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow,
 did wave.

XXXIX.

In mid'st of this city celestial,
 Where the eternal temple should have rose,
 Light'ned th' idea beatifical:
 End, and beginning of each thing that grows,
 Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear;
 Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
 That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is every where.

XL.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
 Before, and after all, the first, and last:
 That moving all is yet immoveable;
 Great without quantity, in whose forecast,
 Things past are present, things to come are past;

Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreastr'd lie;
 At once absent, and present to them, far, and nigh.

XLI.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
 No sweet consent; or well-tim'd harmony;
 Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
 Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
 A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth
 rest.

XLII.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
 A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;
 A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
 That no satiety can e'er unlace:
 Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds
 outwear; [hear.

XLIII.

Ye bl'fied souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless evening that remains,
 Amongst those white flocks, and celestial trains,
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes; and
 frame

That heav'nly music of so wond'rous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

XLIV.

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song;
 Were every verse as smooth as smoothest glass;
 And every member turned to a tongue;
 And every tongue were made of sounding brass;
 Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas!
 Should it presume t' adorn (were misadvis'd)
 The place, where David hath new songs devis'd,
 As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

XLV.

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
 Treading ours under feet, now may'st thou pour
 That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
 Thou wont'st to smooth rough speech; now may'st
 thou show'r

Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bow'r,
 Which well we heav'n call, not that it rolls,
 But that it is the heaven of our souls: [beholds!
 Most happy prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight

XLVI.

Ah foolish shepherds! who were wont t' esteem,
 Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be;
 And yet far wiser shepherds than ye deem,
 For who so poor (though who so rich) as he,
 When sojourning with us in low degree,
 He wash'd his flocks in Jordan's spotless tide;
 And that his dear remembrance might abide,
 Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

XLVII.

But now such lively colours did embeam
 His sparkling forehead; and such shining rays
 Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream

In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred lays)
His dearest Spouse, Spouse of the dearest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

XLVIII.

Fairest of Fairs, that at his eyes doth dress
Her glorious face; those eyes, from whence are shed
Attractions infinite; where to express
His love, High God! all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes, the angels all do gaze,
And from those eyes, the lights of heav'n obtain
their blaze.

XLIX.

But let the Kentish lad *, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from heav'n, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and
crown'd

* *The author of the Purple Island.*

Eclecta's Hymen with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial para-
mours.

L.

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast
Of fair Eclecta, and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:
But my green muse, hiding her younger head,
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play;
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs
assay.

LI.

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly sight!
So heav'nly sight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
Could any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light;
Light is the palace where she dwells.—O then,
how bright!

K k iiij

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
BENJAMIN JONSON.

Containing his

EPIGRAMS,
EPITAPHS,
ELEGIES,
SONGS,

ODES,
EPISTLES,
EPITHALAMIUMS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Then JONSON came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule.
His studious patience, and laborious art,
With regular approach assail'd the heart.
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

DR. JOHNSON'S PROLOGUE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE
POLITICAL WORKS

BENJAMIN JOHNSON

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The following name, inserted in the school
book, is a memorial and is given by the
author, Johnson, and is intended to
show the author's opinion of the book.
This is a memorial given to the author.
For those who wish to see the author's name.

Dr. Johnson's name

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WILKIE AND SON, ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

1825

THE LIFE OF JONSON.

BENJAMIN JONSON, one of the greatest dramatic poets of the last age, was descended, as he has himself told us, from an ancient family in Scotland. His grandfather was originally of Annandale, from whence he removed to Carlisle in the reign of Henry VIII. under whom he held some employment. His father was imprisoned and lost his estate in the time of Queen Mary; probably, on account of religion. After the death of Mary, he entered into orders; but whether he then lived at Carlisle, or at what time he left it, is uncertain. He resided at Westminster at the time of his death, which happened, according to the best accounts, in 1574, about a month before the birth of the poet.

The precise year, however, of his birth has not been ascertained; nor has it been determined in what part of Westminster he was born. Fuller tells us, that "with all his industry he could not find him in his cradle, but that he could fetch him from his long coats; when a little child, he lived in Hartshorn-lane, near Charing-cross." The registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and St. Martin's in the Fields, have been examined in vain for the time of his baptism. There is a *lacuna* in the latter register from February to December 1574; he was therefore probably born in that year; and he himself has told us that he was born on the 11th of June. Aubrey (*MS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) says, "I remember when I was a scholar at Trinity College, Oxford, 1646, I heard Mr. Ralph Bathurst say, that Ben. Jonson was a Warwickshireman." Conjecture, however, would lead us to imagine that he was born in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields; for there was then a private school in that church, and to that he was first sent for education. It is certain that he was afterwards a Westminster scholar, while Camden was master; for in the dedication to *Every Man in his Humour*, he calls him "the instructor of his studies;" and in his *Epigrams*, acknowledges that "all he had in arts, and all that he knew, he owed to him."

"From the College school of Westminster," says Wood, "his silly mother, who had married to her second husband, a bricklayer, took him home, and made him, as is said, work at her husband's trade." In the register of St. Martin's it appears, that a Mrs. Margaret Jonson was married in November 1575, to Mr. Thomas Fowler; he was, perhaps, the poet's stepfather. There is some little difference in the accounts of his biographers, with regard to the time he continued to work at his stepfather's trade.

Fuller says, that he soon left his father; and went to the University of Cambridge: but being unable to continue there for want of a proper maintenance, he returned to his father in a few weeks, and was employed in the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket; and this book Gildon has found out to be Horace. Wood tells us, that when he worked with his father, he was pitied by some generous gentlemen, and received assistance from them; and that he was recommended by Camden to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose son he attended on his travels abroad: On his return to England, he and his pupil parted, not in cold blood:—that he then went to Cambridge, and was statutably elected into St. John's College; and after a short stay there, went to London, and became an actor in the Curtain playhouse; and soon afterwards, "having improved his fancy by keeping scholastic company, he betook himself to writing plays."

Aubrey says, that "his mother married a bricklayer, and 'tis generally said that he wrought some time with his father-in-law, and particularly in the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery-lane; and that a knight, a Bencher, walking through and hearing him repeat some Greek verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a wit extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at *Trinity College*, in Cambridge, where he was—then he went into the Low Countries, and spent some time, not very long, in the army, not to the disgrace of [it], as you may find in his epigrams. Then he came into England, and acted and wrote at the Green Curtain, but both ill; a kind of nursery, or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbs, (I think towards Shoreditch, or Clerkenwell.) Then he undertook again to write a play, and did hit it admirably well, viz. *Every Man*—which was his first good one."

If he ever worked with his stepfather at his trade in Lincoln's Inn, it must have been either in 1588, or 1593; in each of which years, as appears from Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, some new buildings were erected by that Society: He could not have been taken from thence to accompany young Raleigh on his travels, who was not born till 1594, nor ever went abroad, except with his father in 1617, to Guiana, where he lost his life. He might, indeed, about 1610, or 1611, have been private tutor to him, and it is probable that their connection was about that time, as he mentions that he furnished Sir Walter Raleigh with a portion of his "History of the World," on which Sir Walter must have been then employed; but if the tutor and pupil then parted in ill humour, it was rather too late for Jonson to enter into St. John's College at the age of 34 or 35 years. That at some period he was tutor to young Raleigh, is ascertained by a ludicrous account of his dismissal, preserved in Oldys's manuscript.

The truth probably is, that he was admitted as a sizar in 1588, at which time he was fourteen years old, (the usual time then of going to the University); and after staying there a few weeks, was obliged, from poverty, to return to his father's trade, with whom he might have been employed in the building in Lincoln's Inn, in 1593, when he was nineteen. Not being able to endure this situation, he went, as he has himself told us, to the Low Countries, where he served a campaign, and distinguished himself in the field. On his return, perhaps in 1594, being now used to a life of adventure, he probably began his theatrical career, and after having "ambled by a play waggon in the country," repaired to London, and endeavoured at the Curtain to obtain a livelihood as an actor; till, as Decker informs us, "not being able to set a good face upon't, he could not get a service among the mimicks."

Between that year and 1598, when his *Every Man in his Humour* was acted, he probably produced those unsuccessful pieces mentioned by Wood and Aubrey. It is remarkable that Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," in that year enumerates Jonson among the writers of *tragedy*, though no tragedy of his writing of so early a date, is now extant; a fact which none of his biographers have noticed, and none of them but Aubrey, appear to have known that he went to the Low Countries in his younger years: the fact was communicated by himself to Drummond, but not published till eleven years after Aubrey's death.

Aubrey says he was of *Trinity College*, Cambridge; but it has been a constant tradition that he was a member of St. John's College, in the library of which there are several books with his name in them, and which were given by him to that College; but his name does not occur in the public, or private registers of the University.

While he was a retainer to the stage, he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel, in which he killed his opponent, a player, who had challenged him; and he himself was wounded in the arm by his adversary's sword, ten inches longer than his own. For this offence he was committed to prison; and during his confinement he was visited by a Popish priest, who, taking the advantage of his melancholy and dejection of spirits, made him a convert to the Church of Rome. He continued twelve years in the Romish communion; but afterwards recanted, and was reconciled to the Church of England. It is unknown how long he was kept in prison, and equally uncertain by what method he obtained his liberty.

About the twenty-fourth year of his age he began to be distinguished as a dramatic writer. About this time also his acquaintance commenced with Shakspeare, who began it, as we are told,

with a remarkable piece of humanity, and good nature. He had offered one of his plays to the players, who, after running it over in a careless, supercilious manner, were returning it to him, with answer, that it could be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare happened luckily to cast his eye upon it, and found something so good in it, as to engage him to read it through, and afterwards to recommend the poet and his writings to the public: the name of the play is nowhere mentioned, and is not supposed to have been any of those we now have.

In 1598, his *Every Man in his Humour* was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, at the theatre called the Globe, in Southwark. Shakspeare belonged to it, and was a performer in this comedy. It is the first dramatic performance in the several editions of his works, and is perhaps, in point of the redundancy of characters, and power of language, not inferior to any of his dramas. It was revived by Mr. Garrick in 1749; since which time it has continued to be performed very frequently every season.

In 1559, his *Every Man out of his Humour* was represented at the same theatre, by the same performers. There is much less design and action in this, than in the preceding comedy; but the characters are very strongly marked, and some of them have been thought to glance at particular persons of his acquaintance.

Cynthia's Revels, a comical satire, was acted in 1600, by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. This too has little or no plot; and the persons of the play are rather vices or passions personized, than characters copied from real life.

His next performance was the *Poetaster*, a comical satire, represented by the same performers in 1601. It is a satire on the poets of that age, more particularly Decker, who is severely lashed under the character of *Crispinus*, yet has very spiritedly returned it, in his "Satiromastix," represented soon after by the children of St. Paul's. These children of the Chapel, and St. Paul's, were the choristers belonging to those places; and their reputation for acting enabled them to vie with the most celebrated players of that age. Shakspeare has hinted in Hamlet, that the public opinion was divided between them.

In 1603, his *Sejanus*, a tragedy, was acted by the King's servants, who were the company belonging to the Globe, and were at first the servants of the Chamberlain, but in the beginning of this year had obtained a licence from King James I. who at the same time honoured them with the title of his servants. It appears from the preface, that Shakspeare, who was an actor in it, wrote also some parts of the tragedy, which were omitted when it was published in 1605. It was ushered into the world by nine copies of commendatory verses: It has, indeed, a great share of merit, but it has also defects, which are indefensible. He has discovered great art and spirit in designing and supporting the characters; but the incidents are copied with too close an attachment to historic composition, and what is translated from the Latin, is expressed with too exact a conformity to the mode and letter of the original expression. The play should have ended with the death of *Sejanus*.

In 1605, his *Volpone, or the Fox*, a comedy, was acted by the King's servants. It is, perhaps, the best of his comedies. It is scarcely possible to conceive a piece more highly finished, both in point of language and character, than this play. The plot is perfectly original, and the circumstance of *Volpone's* taking advantage of the viciousness and depravity of the human mind in others, yet being himself made a dupe to the subtlety of his creature *Mosca*, is admirably conceived, and as inimitably executed.

About this time he joined with Chapman and Marston in writing a comedy, called *Eastward Hoe*, wherein they were accused of reflecting on the Scots. It is said they were committed to prison, and in danger of losing their ears and noses; they were, however, released, and Jonson gave an entertainment on the occasion to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an ancient Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and showed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a potion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had passed. The offensive passages are omitted in all but a few copies. Hogarth took the plan of his "Industrious and Idle Prentices," from this play.

In 1609, his *Epicæne, or the Silent Woman*, a comedy, was acted by his Majesty's servants. This is justly esteemed one of the best comedies in our language, and is always acted with universal ap-

plause. The *Albionist* followed in 1610; a comedy too well known and admired, to need any comment on, or account of it. The tragedy of *Cataline* was his next labour, which appeared in 1611. It has great merit, but is too declamatory for the present dramatic taste. The author he copied after in *Sejanus* and *Cataline*, was Seneca the tragedian; a model unworthy of himself, and even not agreeable to his own taste.

There was now an interruption of three years before the appearance of his next play, *Bartholomew Fair*, acted in 1614. It has an infinite deal of low humour in it, and is, perhaps, the greatest assemblage of characters that ever was brought together within the compass of one single play. But he had full employment for his muse in providing *Masques* and *Entertainments* for the Court. We have a succession of these pieces, some of them without date, from 1609 to 1615. In the scenal decorations, he had Inigo Jones for an associate; and the devices seem to have been designed by him with delicacy and magnificence. Discord, however, subsisted between the British Vitruvius and the Cato of poets, during the greatest part of thirty years, in which they administered to the pleasures of two successive sovereigns.

It appears, that in 1613, he was in France; but the occasion of his going, and the stay he made, are alike uncertain.

In 1616, he published his works, one volume in folio, including all his plays, except the last, and the *Devil is an Ass*, acted that year, with his *Masques*, *Epigrams*, and the *Forest*.

Soon after, he was invited to Oxford, by Dr. Corbet and other wits of the university, and resided some time in Christ Church College. In July 1619, he received a very ample and honourable testimony to his merit, being created in a full house of convocation, a Master of Arts of that university. On the death of Daniel, in October following, he succeeded to the vacant laurel. The laureat's salary was originally one hundred marks per annum; but, in 1630, he presented a petition to King Charles, requesting him to make those marks as many pounds; which was granted, together with the addition of a tierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly during his life, out of his Majesty's cellars at Whitehall. The same salary is continued to the present day. This pension, and a present of one hundred pounds sent to Jonson by the king, in 1629, render the story improbable, which has been recorded, on doubtful authority, that Jonson in that year, being reduced to great distress, and living in an obscure alley, petitioned his Majesty to assist him in his poverty and sickness; and, on receiving ten guineas, said to the messenger who brought him the donation, "His Majesty has sent me ten guineas, because I am poor, and live in an alley: go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley."

At the latter end of 1616, he went on foot into Scotland to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. His adventures in this journey he wrought into a poem; the copy of which, with many other pieces, was accidentally burnt, as appears from his *Execration of Vulcan*. During his stay with Drummond, he gave him an account of his family, and several particulars relating to his life, which has been followed here. Nor was he less communicative of his sentiments with regard to the poets of his time; which were preserved by Drummond, and printed among his works.

From 1615 to 1625, the *Masques* and Christmas *Entertainments*, go on in the same order as before. In this last year was exhibited his *Staple of News*; and from thence to 1629, the writing of *Masques* was the chief employment of his pen, except possibly some shorter pieces to which there is no date.

In that year, his *New Inn*, or the *The Light Heart*, was attempted to be acted; but a strong opposition was formed against it; and it was "most negligently played, and more squeamishly beheld and censured." He expressed his indignation at the reception it met with, in a magisterial *Ode to Himself*, as a dissuasive to leave the stage; which was answered by Owen Feltham, with great satiric acerbity, in an Ode written in the same measure. To console him for this just reprimand, Randolph his adopted poetical son, addressed him with all that warmth of grateful affection, which a man of genius should have felt on the occasion.

The *Magnetical Lady*, and the *Tale of a Tub*, succeeded the *New Inn*; but both are without a date, and may be justly called his dotages. The malevolence of criticism could not be persuaded to reverence his age. Alexander Gill, master of St. Paul's school, a poetaster of the times, attacked him with a brutal fury on the appearance of the *Magnetical Lady*. Jonson revenged himself by a short, but caustic reply.

There are two other pieces which are left unfinished, the *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral tragedy, and *Mortimer's Fall*, a tragedy. Of the last, there is only the plan of the drama and two scenes, written

with classical spirit and simplicity. The *Sad Shepherd* is carried on almost to the end of the third act. The loss of the remaining part of this delightful Pastoral is much to be lamented. There is no account how it came to us in this mutilated condition. Possibly the fate of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," on its first appearance, and revival under the patronage of Charles I., deterred him from going through with the performance. As his composition was of a kindred nature to that of Fletcher, he might presage the same unfortunate event, should he ever introduce it on the stage: So that posterity can only bewail the perversity of taste in their injudicious ancestors, whose discouragement of the first contributed to deprive us of the second pastoral drama, that could do honour to the nation. A commendable attempt to complete this beautiful fragment, has been made by Mr. Waldron, in his "Continuation of the Sad Shepherd," &c. 8vo. 1783.

His last masque was personated in July 1634, which closed his dramatic labours. From this time he appears to have written nothing for the stage. Besides the dramas here enumerated, he joined with Fletcher and Middleton in writing a comedy, called the *Widow*, which was not published till 1652. His smaller poems were most of them occasional; the greatest part are without date. His translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, was made very early, as were his Epigrams, and the poems which he intitled the *Forest*.

In the decline of his life, he was seized with the palsy, which, it is supposed, afflicted him till the time of his death. He died at his house in Aldersgate-street, at the corner of Jewin-street, on the 6th of August 1637, in the 63d year of his age, and was buried at the north west end of the belfry, in Westminster-Abbey. Over his grave is a common pavement stone, given, says Wood, by Jack Young, of Great Milton, in Oxfordshire, afterwards knighted by Charles II., with this inscription, O RARE BEN. JONSON!—The bust, in bas-relief, with the same inscription under it, that is now fixed to the wall in the Poet's Corner, was given by the second Earl of Oxford, of the Harley family.

A collection of elegies on his death, was published by Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, in 1638, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius; or, the Memory of Ben. Jonson revived by the Friends of the Muses*. Most of the men of genius of that age contributed to the collection; Lord Falkland, Lord Buckhurst, Sir John Beaumont, Sir Thomas Hawkins, Waller, Mayne, Cartwright, King, May, Howel, with many others; among the rest Owen Feltham.

Jonson was married, and had seven children, but none survived him; of his wife nothing is known. His eldest son Benjamin, died Nov. 20. 1635. He was a dramatic author, having, in company with Broome, produced a play, called "A Fault in Friendship," which was acted at the Curtain in 1623; and in 1672, a collection of his poems was published. It should seem that he was not on good terms with his father.

In 1640 the volume of plays and poems, which were published in his lifetime, were reprinted, and then was added to it another volume in folio, containing the rest of his *Plays, Masques, Underwoods*; a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry, English Grammar, and Discoveries*.

An edition of his works was printed in 6 vols. 8vo. 1716; and another in 7 vols. 8vo. 1756, with notes by the Rev. Peter Whalley, LL. B. who inserted *The Case is Altered*, a comedy, not in any former edition. This edition is executed with much taste and judgment, and deserves well of our literature and language. A new edition, prepared for the press by the same judicious and classical commentator before his death, is announced by Mr. Waldron, the continuator of the *Sad Shepherd*. His miscellaneous poems and translations, together with several songs and lyric pieces, selected by the compiler of this collection, from his plays, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry,

The character of Jonson, like that of most celebrated wits, has been drawn with great diversity of lights and shades, according as affection or envy guided the pencil. His person, as he has himself told us, was corpulent and large. His disposition seems to have been reserved and saturnine, and sometimes not a little oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination. He has been often represented as of an envious, arrogant, and overbearing temper, and insolent and haughty in his converse; but what his enemies condemn as vanity or conceit, might be only the exertions of conscious and insulted merit. He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory tenacious and strong; his judgment accurate and solid. In his friendships

he was cautious and sincere, yet accused of levity and ingratitude; but his accusers were the criminals. With men of virtue and learning, he was connected by the ties of intimacy and affection. Randolph and Cartwright revered him as the great reformer, and as the father of the British stage; and gloried in the title of his adopted sons. He was frequently called the *learned Ben*, the *judicious Ben*, the *Great Ben*, the *immortal Ben*. Stern and rigid as his virtue was, he was easy and social in the convivial meetings of his friends; and the laws of his *Symposia*, inscribed over the chimney of the Apollo, a room in the Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar, where he kept his club, show that he was neither averse to the pleasures of conversation, nor ignorant of what would render it agreeable and improving. From the attention shown to him by his contemporaries, it might be suspected that the charge of furliness and moroseness, imputed to him by the writers of the present time, was not well founded. The opinions of those who lived in or near the time when he flourished, merit observation. They sometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

"Ben. Jonson," says Drummond, "was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scoffer of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanted, thinketh nothing well done, but what he himself, or some of his friends have said or done; he is passionately kind and angry, careless either to give or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself: interprets bad sayings and deeds often to the worst; he was for any religion, being versed in both; oppressed with fancy which hath overmastered his reason, a general disease in many poets; his inventions are smooth and easy; but above all he excelleth in translation. He had a design to write an epic poem, and was to call it *Chrelogia*, of the worthies of his country, raised by fame: He had also a design to write a Fisher, or Pastoral play, and to make the stage of it the *Lomond Lake*, and also to write his own pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discovery. In a poem, he calleth Edinburgh

The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye."

Aubrey says "he was of a clear and fair skin; his habit was very plain: I have heard Mr. Lacey the player say, that he was wont to wear a coat like a coachman's coat, with flits under the arm-pits. He would many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor: then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to study. I have seen his studying chair, which was of straw, such as old women used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. When I was in Oxon, Bishop Skinner, who lay at our hall, was wont to say that he understood an author as well as any man in England."

"His parts," says Fuller, "were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (*besides wine*) their several humours into his observations; what was *ore* in others, he was able to *refine* himself. He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge*, (which are only tickled with downright obscenity) and took not so well at the *first stroke* as at the *rebound*; yea, they will endure reading so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his latter be not so spritful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all who desire to be old, should excuse him therein. Many were the wit-combats between him and Shakspeare, which two I beheld like a *Spanish great galleon*, and an *English man of war*. Master *Jonson* (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. *Shakspeare*, with the English man of war, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

It is observable, that none of his contemporaries charge him with depreciating the merits of Shakspeare, or with want of gratitude or esteem for his friend. Dryden and Pope are divided in their sentiments of the testimony which Jonson gives to his genius. Dryden calls it invidious and sparing, and of his opinion is Mr. Malone and the other editors of Shakspeare. The writer of these biographical prefaces inclines to Pope's opinion, in thinking it an ample and honourable panegyric, to the memory of his friend.

Jonson, like most successful writers, was very unfortunate in conciliating the affections of the inferior poets of his time. They censured his inordinate vanity, and accused him of a desire of ruling the realms of Parnassus with a despotic sceptre. But their censure was his fame; while he could number in the list of his friends the prodigies of poetry, and miracles of learning and science.

Shakspeare had cherished his infant muse; Beaumont and Fletcher esteemed and revered him; Donne had recommended his merit; and Camden, the Strabo of Britain, and Selden, a living library, knew how to prize his literature and judgment.

Jonson is universally allowed to have been the most learned and judicious poet of his age. He was familiarly acquainted with the best ancient authors, from whom he has freely borrowed, and was the first that brought critical learning into vogue. His learning is to be seen in every thing he wrote; yet a just decorum and preservation of character, with propriety of circumstance and of language, are his striking excellencies, and eminently distinguish his correctness and art. What he borrows from the ancients, he generally improves by the use and application. In his imitations and translations from classic authors, he thinks and expresses his thoughts like them; but he commonly borrows with the air of a conqueror, and adorns himself in their dress, as with the spoils and trophies of victory. His translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* is so close as to be comprehended in the same number of lines. His occasional poems are chiefly encomiastic or satirical. They abound in masculine sense and poignant wit, with an unfortunate intermixture of puerile conceit, and coarse raillery. His *Epigrams* are sometimes happily turned; but more frequently pointless. His *Epitaphs* are universally admired, and justly entitled to the highest praise. His Songs are sprightly and elegant, and deservedly popular. The merit of his *Lyric pieces* is much greater than has yet been allowed. His *Hymn to Diana* is delicate both in the sentiment and the expression, the images are picturesque; the verse easy and flowing. His *Ode Pindaric* is a true and regular Pindaric; and the first, if not the only one in our language, that has a just claim to that title. He has followed the manner of Pindar with great exactness. The terms of art, denoted by the *turn*, the *counter-turn*, and the *stand*, are a translation of the *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, and *Epode*, which divided the Greek odes.

The *Charm* in the *Masque of the Queens*, may bear a comparison with the witches song in "Macbeth." His *Elegy on the death of the Marchioness of Winchester* has been imitated by Pope, in his pathetic *Elegy* "to the memory of an unfortunate Lady." His poetry has more strength than smoothness: His versification is sometimes flowing and easy; but more frequently harsh, and even deficient in measure. In all his pieces are to be found marks of good sense, a strong, and sometimes a sublime vein of poetry, sterling wit, moral satire, and unrivalled erudition.

As a dramatist, Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, are the only contemporary writers that can be put in competition with him; and, as they have excellencies of genius superior to those of Jonson, they have weaknesses and defects, which are proportionably greater. In the power to touch the heart, he must indisputably yield to them. But if they transcend him in the creative powers and the astonishing flights of imagination, their judgment is much inferior to his: and if he does not at any time rise so high, neither perhaps does he sink so low as they have done. He reformed the extravagancies which had universally prevailed in the times before him. His plays were real plays of five acts, in which the continuity of the scenes, and the unities of time and place were regularly observed. He borrowed not his fable from an exotic story, but formed his plot, and drew his characters from the stores of his imagination, and his observations upon men and manners. In his design and exhibition of characters, he was particularly happy in delineating those which are generally known by the name of characters of humour, a subject which he perfectly understood, and which he executed with equal felicity and perfection. It is greatly to be wished that he had possessed that poetic passion, which could have made his dramas universal, equally felt and understood in all ages. In this point he must yield to Shakspeare, yet his fancy had exerted itself, perhaps, with greater energy and strength, had he been less a poet, or less acquainted with the ancient models. Struck with the correctness and truth of composition in the old classics, and influenced by a passionate admiration to emulate their beauties, he was insensibly led to imagine that equal honours were due to successful imitation, as to original and unborrowed thinking.

He was naturally turned to industry and reading: and, as to treasure up knowledge must be the exercise and work of memory by the assiduous employment of that faculty, he would necessarily be

less disposed to exert the native inborn spirit of genius and invention; and as his memory was thus fraught with the stores of ancient poetry, the sentiments impressed upon his mind would easily intermix and assimilate with his own, and when transfused into the language of his country, would appear to have all the graces and the air of novelty. Hence he became constrained in his imagination, and less original in his sentiments and thoughts; but he obtained that severity of collected judgment, and that praise of art, which have given his authority the greatest weight in the decisions and laws of criticism.

The character of Jonson, as a poet, is given by Dr. Hurd, with an evident attention to his character and disposition as a man.

"His nature," says that elegant critic, "was severe and rigid; and this, in giving strength and manliness, gave at times too, an intemperance to his satire. His taste for ridicule was strong, but indelicate, which made him not over curious in the choice of his topics; and, lastly, his style in picturing characters, though masterly, was without that elegance of hand, which is required to correct and allay the force of so bold a colouring. Thus the bias of his nature, leading him to Plautus rather than Terence for his model, it is not to be wondered at, that his wit is too frequently caustic, his raillery coarse, and his humour excessive."

"By the death of Jonson," says Mr. Whalley, "his family itself became extinct, the only issue he left being his plays and poems; and their fate has, in some measure, resembled his. Yet, such is the felicity of their better fortunes, that, surviving the attacks of envious contemporary rivals, they have received from the justice of discerning unprejudiced posterity, a fair and an increasing fame. With those, whose taste for simple and striking copies of nature, is yet uninterrupted by the fastidious delicacy of fashionable refinements, the works of Jonson stand high in esteem; and as they are read from age to age, they will perpetuate his name, with all the honours which his genius and his learning deserve."

WORKS OF JONSON.

To the great Example of Honour and Virtue,

THE MOST NOBLE, WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain, &c.

MY LORD,

WHILE you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: it was that made it, and not I. Under which name, I here offer to your Lordship the ripest of my studies, my Epigrams; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not therefore seek your shelter: for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cypher. But, if I be fallen into those times, wherein, for the likeness of vice, and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is (for their security) "Beware the poet," confessing therein so much love to their diseases, as they would rather make a party for them, than be either rid, or told of them: I must expect, at your Lordship's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof, I return you the honour of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praised unfortunately, any one, that doth not deserve; or, if all answer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have

made of them, I hope it will be forgiven me, that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to my book than this, that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars, as I have done names), and some will be so ready to discredit me, as they will have the impudence to belie themselves. For if I meant them not, it is so. Nor I can hope otherwise. For why should they remit any thing of their riot, their pride, their self-love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue; but, with the trade of the world, lend their long ears against men they love not: and hold their dear mountebank, or jester, in far better condition than all the study, or studiers of humanity? For such, I would rather know them by their visards still, than they should publish their faces, at their peril, in my theatre, where Cato, if he lived, might enter without scandal.

By your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN. JONSON.

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

I. *To the Reader.*

PRAY thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well: that is, to understand.

II. *To my Book.*

It will be look'd for, book, when some but see
Thy title, Epigrams, and nam'd of me,
Thou should'st be bold, licentious, full of gall;
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and tooth'd
withal,
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink, and wit
As madmen stones; not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their malice, who could with it so;
And by thy wiser temper, let men know
Thou art not covetous of least self-fame,
Made from the hazard of another's shame:
Much less, with lewd, profane, and beastly phrase,
To catch the world's loose laughter, or vain
gaze.
He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

III. *To my Bookseller.*

THOU that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well,
Call'st a book good, or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too: I give thee leave; but crave
For the luck's sake it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought;
Not offer'd, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts, or walls,
Or in cleft sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerk-like serving man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names: whose
knight less can.
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklersbury, there 'twill well.

IV. *To King James.*

How, best of kings, dost thou a sceptre bear!
How, best of poets, dost thou laurel wear!
But two things rare, the fates had in their store,
And gave thee both, to show they could no
more,

For such a poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are said t'have been:
And such a prince thou art we daily see,
As chief of those still promise they will be.
Whom should my muse then fly to, but the best
Of kings, for grace; of poets, for my test.

V. *On the Union.*

WHEN was there contract better driv'n by fate?
Or celebrated with more truth of state?
The world the temple was, the priest a king,
The spoused pair two realms, the sea the ring.

VI. *To Alchymists.*

If all you boast of your great art be true;
Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.

VII. *On the new Hot-house.*

WHERE lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fix'd upon the door,
Tells you it is a hot-house: so it may,
And still be a whore-house. They're *synonima*.

VIII. *On a Robbery.*

REDWAY robb'd Duncote of three hundred pound,
Redway was ta'en, arraign'd, condemn'd to die;
But for his money was a courtier found, [cry;
Begg'd Ridway's pardon. Duncote now doth
Robb'd both of money, and the law's relief;
The courtier is become the greater thief.

IX. *To all to whom I write.*

MAY none whose scatter'd names honour my book,
For strict degrees of rank or title look.
'Tis 'gainst the manners of an epigram:
And I poet here, no herald am.

X. *To my Lord Ignorant.*

THOU call'st me poet, as a term of shame;
But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

XI. *On Something, that walks somewhere.*

AT court I met it, in clothes brave enough
 To be a courtier; and looks grave enough
 To seem a statesman: as I near it came,
 It made me a great face: I ask'd the name.
 A lord, it cry'd, buried in flesh and blood, [good,
 And such from whom let no man hope least
 For I will do none: and as little ill,
 For I will dare none: good lord, walk dead still.

XII. *On Lieutenant Shift.*

SHIFT, here in town, not meanest amongst 'squires
 That haunt Pickt-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth, and
 White-fryers,
 Keeps himself, with half a man, and defrays [pays.
 The charge of that state, with this charm, God
 By that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays
 Himself: his whole revenue is, God pays.
 The quarter-day is come; the hostess says,
 She must have money: he returns, God pays.
 The taylor brings a suit home; he it 'slays, [pays.
 Looks o'er the bill, likes it: and says, God
 He steals to ordinaries; there he plays
 At dice his borrow'd money: which God pays.
 Then takes up fresh commodities, for days;
 Signs to new bonds; forfeits, and cries, God pays.
 That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads essays,
 Takes physic, tears the papers: still, God pays.
 Or else by water goes, and so to plays;
 Calls for his stool, adorns the stage: God pays.
 To ev'ry cause he meets, this voice he brays:
 His only answer is to all, God pays.
 Not his poor cuckatrice but he betrays:
 Thus: and for his litchery, scores, God pays.
 But see! th' old bawd hath serv'd him in his trim,
 Lent him a pocky whore. She hath paid him.

XIII. *The Doctor Empirick.*

WHEN men a dang'rous disease did 'scape,
 Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape:
 Let me give two; that doubly am got free,
 From my disease's danger, and from thee.

XIV. *To William Camden.*

CAMDEN, most rev'rend head, to whom I owe
 All that I am in arts, all that I know;
 (How nothing's that!) to whom my country owes
 The great renown, and name wherewith she
 goes.
 Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
 More high, more holy, that she more would
 crave. [things!
 What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in
 What sight in searching the most antique springs!
 What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
 Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou
 canst teach.
 Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
 Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
 Many of thine, this better could, than I,
 But for their pow'rs, accept my piety.

XV. *On Court-worm.*

ALL men are worms: but this no man. In silk
 'Twas brought to court first wrapt, and white
 as milk;
 Where, afterwards, it grew a butterfly:
 Which was a caterpillar. So 'twill die.

XVI. *To Brain-hardy.*

HARDY, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confess;
 Thou more; that with it every day dar'st jest
 Thyself into fresh brawls: when, call'd upon, [one
 Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off, of
 So in short time, th' art in arrearage grown
 Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none;
 Nor need'st thou; for those few, by oath releas't,
 Make good what thou dar'st do in all the rest.
 Keep thyself there, and think thy valour right:
 He that dares damn himself, dares more than
 fight.

XVII. *To the learned Critic.*

MAY others fear fly, and traduce thy name,
 As guilty men do magistrates: glad I,
 That with my poems a legitimate fame,
 Charge them, for crown, to thy sole censure hie.
 And but a sprig of bays given by thee,
 Shall outlive garlands, stol'n from the chaste tree.

XVIII. *To my mere English Censurer.*

To thee, my way in epigrams seems new,
 When both it is the old way, and the true.
 Thou say'st, that cannot be; for thou hast seen
 Davis, and Weever, and the best have been,
 And mine come nothing like. I hope so. Yet,
 As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get,
 If thoud'st but use thy faith, as thou didst then;
 When thou wert wont t' admire, not censure
 men.
 Prythee believe still, and not judge so fast,
 Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou hast.

XIX. *On Sir Cod the perfumed.*

THAT Cod can get no widow, yet a knight,
 I scent the cause: he woos with an ill sprite.

XX. *To the same.*

TH' expence in odours is a most vain sin,
 Except thou could'st, Sir Cod, wear them within.

XXI. *On Reformed Gamester.*

LORD, how is Gam'ster chang'd! his hair close cut!
 His neck fenc'd round with ruff! his eyes half
 shut!
 His clothes two fashions off, and poor! his sword
 Forbid his side! and nothing, but the word
 Quick in his lips! who hath this wonder wrought?
 The late ra'en bastinado. So I thought.
 What sev'ral ways men to their calling have!
 The body's stripes, I see, the soul may save.

XXII. *On my first Daughter.*

HERE lies to each her parents ruth,
 Mary, the daughter of their youth :
 Yet all heav'n's gifts, being heaven's due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence ;
 Whose soul heav'n's queen (whose name she bears),
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath plac'd among her virgin-train:
 Where, while that fever'd doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

XXIII. *To John Donne.*

DONNE, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
 Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;
 Whose ev'ry work, of thy most early wit,
 Came forth example, and remains so yet :
 Longer a knowing, than most wits do live,
 And which no affection praise enough can give !
 To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life, [strife ;
 Which might with half mankind maintain a
 All which I meant to praise, and yet I would ;
 But leave, because I cannot as I should !

XXIV. *To the Parliament.*

THERE's reason good, that you good laws should
 make :
 Mens manners ne'er were viler, for your sake.

XXV. *On Sir Voluptuous Beast.*

WHILE Beast instructs his fair and innocent wife,
 In the past pleasures of his sensual life,
 Telling the motions of each petticoat, [goat,
 And how his Ganymede mov'd, and how his
 And now, her (hourly) her own cucquean makes,
 In varied shapes, which for his lust she takes :
 What doth he else, but say, leave to be chaste,
 Just wife, and to change me, make woman's haste.

XXVI. *On the same Beast.*

THAN his chaste wife, though Beast now know
 no more,
 He adulterers still : his thoughts lie with a whore.

XXVII. *On Sir John Roe.*

IN place of scutcheons, that should deck thy herse,
 Take better ornament, my tears, and verse.
 If any sword could save from fates, Roe's could ;
 If any muse outlive their spight, his can ;
 If any friends tears could restore, his would ;
 If any pious life e'er lifted man
 To heav'n, his hath : O happy state ! wherein
 We, sad for him, may glory, and not sin.

XXVIII. *On Don Surly.*

DON Surly to aspire the glorious name
 Of a great man, and to be thought the same,

Makes serious use of all great trade he knows.
 He speaks to men with a rhinocerate's nose,
 Which he thinks great ; and so reads verses too :
 And that is done, as he saw great men do.
 H' has tympanies of business, in his face,
 And can forget mens names, with a great grace.
 He will both argue, and discourse in oaths,
 Both which are great. And laugh at ill-made
 clothes ;
 That's greater yet : to cry his own up neat.
 He doth, at meals, alone his pheasant eat,
 Which is main greatness. And, at his still board,
 He drinks to no man : that's, too, like a lord.
 He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
 Of solemn greatness. And he dares, at dice,
 Blaspheme God greatly. Or some poor hind beat,
 That breathes in his dog's way : and this is great.
 Nay more, for greatness' sake, he will be one
 May hear my epigrams, but like of none.
 Surly, use other arts, these only can
 Style thee a most great fool, but no great man.

XXIX. *To Sir Annual Tilter.*

TILTER, the most may admire thee, though not I :
 And thou, right guiltless, may'st plead to it ; why ?
 For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit
 All brains, at times of triumph, should run wit.
 For then our water-conduits do run wine ;
 But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why ? so is thine.

XXX. *To Person Guilty.*

GUILTY, be wise ; and though thou know'st the
 crimes
 Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhymes :
 'Twere madness in thee, to betray thy fame
 And person to the world, ere I thy name.

XXXI. *On Bank the Usurer.*

BANK feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
 His monies travel for him, in and out !
 And though the soundest legs go ev'ry day,
 He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

XXXII. *On Sir John Roe.*

WHAT two brave perils of the private sword
 Could not effect, nor all the furies do,
 That self-divided Belgia did afford ;
 What not the envy of the seas reach'd too,
 The cold of Mosco, and fat Irish air,
 His often change of clime (though not of mind)
 What could not work ; at home in his repair
 Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
 Which shows, where'er death doth please t' appear
 Seas, serenes, swords, shot, sickness, all are there.

XXXIII. *To the same.*

I'LL not offend thee with a vain tear more,
 Glad-mention'd Roe : thou art but gone before,
 Whither the world must follow. And I, now,
 Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.

Which if most gracious heaven grant me like
thine,
Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine.

XXXIV. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,
Shows of the resurrection little trust.

XXXV. *To King James.*

Who would not be thy subject, James, t' obey
A prince, that rules by example, more than sway?
Whose manners draw, more than thy powers con-
strain.
And in this short time of thy happiest reign,
Hast purg'd thy realms, as we have now no cause
Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws.
Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found before?
And then in them, how could we know God
more?
First thou preserv'd wert our king to be,
And since; the whole land was preserv'd for thee.

XXXVI. *To the Ghost of Martial.*

MARTIAL, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian, than I can my James:
But in my royal subject I pass thee;
Thou flatter'dst thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

XXXVII. *On Cheverill the Lawyer.*

No cause, nor client fat, will Chev'rill leese,
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both. For while he melts his grease
For this, that wins, for whom he holds his peace,

XXXVIII. *To Person Guilty.*

GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise,
And to conceal your ulcers, did advise,
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man else, you clap your hands and roar,
And cry good! good! this quite perverts my sense,
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, Guilty, if you lose your shame,
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

XXXIX. *On old Colt.*

For all night-sins, with other's wives unknown,
Colt now doth daily penance in his own.

XL. *On Margaret Ratcliffe.*

MARBLE, weep, for thou dost cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
Rich as nature could bequeath thee:
Grant then, no rude hand remove her.
All the gazers on the skies
Read not in fair heaven's story,
Expresser truth, or truer glory,
Than they might in her bright eyes,

Rare as wonder was her wit;
And, like nectar, ever flowing:
Till time, strong by her bestowing;
Conquer'd hath both life and it;
Life, whose grief was out of fashion
In these times. Few so have ru'd
Fate in a brother. To conclude,
For wit, feature, and true passion,
Earth, thou hast not such another.

XLI. *On Gipsie.*

GIPSIE, new bawd, is turn'd physician,
And gets more gold than all the college can:
Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
For what she gave a whore, a bawd she cures.

XLII. *On Giles and Jone.*

Who says that Giles and Jone at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever; [ver,
But that his Jone doth too. And Giles would ne-
By his free will, be in Jone's company. [early,
No more would Jone he should. Giles riseth
And having got him out of doors, is glad.
The like is Jone. But turning home is sad.
And so is Jone. Oftimes when Giles doth find
Harsh fights at home, Giles wisheth he were
blind.
All this doth Jone. Or that his long-earn'd life
Were quite out-spun. The likewise hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting. And so swears his Jone.
In all affections she concurrereth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree!

XLIII. *To Robert Earl of Salisbury.*

WHAT need hast thou of me, or of my muse,
Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?
Which should thy country's love to speak refuse,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.
'Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee.
Yet dare not to my thought least hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men read but Cecil's name,
And what I write thereof find far, and free
From servile flatt'ry (common poets shame)
As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

XLIV. *On Chuffe, Banks the Usurer's Kinsman.*

CHUFFE, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
And rich in issue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his own funeral,
Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:
He meant they thither should make swift re-
pair,
When he made him executor, might be heir.

XLV. *On my first Son.*

FAREWELL thou child of my right hand, and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
 Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
 O, could I lose all father now! for why
 Will man lament the state he should envy?
 To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,
 And if no other misery, yet age?
 Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
 Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.
 For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
 As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI. *To Sir Luckless Woo-all.*

Is this the Sir, who, some waste wife to win,
 A knighthood bought, to go a wooing in?
 'Tis Luckless he, that took up one on band
 To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
 The knight-wright's cheated then: he'll never pay.
 Yes, now he wears his knighthood every day.

XLVII. *To the same.*

SIR Luckless, troth, for luck's sake pass by one;
 He that woes every widow, will get none.

XLVIII. *On Mungril Esquire.*

His bought arms Mung' not lik'd; for his first day
 Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away;
 And hath no honour lost, our duelists say.

XLIX. *To Play-wright.*

PLAY-WRIGHT me reads, and still my verses damns:
 He says I want the tongue of epigrams;
 I have no falt: no bawdry he doth mean;
 For witty, in his language, is obscene.
 Play-wright, I loath to have thy manners known
 In my chaste book: profess them in thine own.

L. *To Sir Cod.*

LEAVE Cod, tobacco-like, burnt gums to take,
 Or fummy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
 Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

LI. *To King James.—Upon the happy false Rumour
of his Death, the 22d of March 1607.*

THAT we thy loss might know, and thou our love,
 Great heav'n did well, to give ill fame free wing;
 Which though it did but panic terror prove,
 And far beneath least pause of such a king:
 Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt,
 Who this thy 'scape from rumour gratulate
 No less than if from peril; and devout
 Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.
 For we, that have our eyes still in our ears,
 Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII. *To Censorious Courtling.*

COURTLING, I rather thou should'st utterly
 Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
 When I am read, thou feign'st a weak applause,
 As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
 This but thy judgment fools: the other way
 Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII. *To Old-end Gatherer.*

LONG-GATHERING Old-end, I did fear thee wise,
 When having pill'd a book which no man buys,
 Thou wert content the author's name to lose:
 But when (in place) thou didst the patron's
 choose,
 It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,
 To give the world assurance thou wert both;
 And that, as puritans at baptism do,
 Thou art the father, and the witness too.
 For but thyself, where out of motly, 's he
 Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV. *On Cheveril.*

CHEV'RIL cries out, my verses libels are;
 And threatens the Star-chamber, and the Bar.
 What are thy petulant pleadings, Chev'ril, then,
 That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at men?

LV. *To Francis Beaumont.*

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
 That unto me dost such religion use!
 How I do fear myself, that am not worth
 The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
 At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st:
 And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
 What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
 What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
 When even there, where most thou praisest me,
 For writing better, I must envy thee.

LVI. *On Poet-ape.*

POOR Poet-ape, that would be thought our chief,
 Whose works are ev'n the frippery of wit,
 From bocage is become so bold a thief,
 As we, the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
 At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean;
 By the reversion of old plays now grown
 To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
 He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own.
 And told of this, he flights it. But such crimes
 The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
 He marks not whose 'twas first: and after times
 May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
 Fool, as if half eyes will not know a fleece
 From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole
 piece?

LVII. *On Bawds and Usurers.*

If, as their ends, their fruits were so the same,
 Bawdry and usury were one kind of game.

LVIII. *To Groom Ideot.*

IDEOT, last night I pray'd thee but forbear
To read my verses; now I must to hear:
For off'ring with thy smiles my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpness thou no less disjoins,
Than thou didst late my sense, loosing my points.
So have I seen at Christmas sports, one lost
And hood-wink'd, for a man embrace a post.

LIX. *On Spies.*

SPIES, you are lights in state, but base of stuff,
Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the
snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX. *To William Lord Mounteagle.*

Lo, what my country should have done (have
rais'd
An obelisk, or column to thy name,
Or, if she would but modestly have prais'd
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!
And proud, my work shall out-last common
deeds,
Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds!
My country's parents I have many known;
But favour of my country thee alone.

LXI. *To Fool, or Knave.*

THY praise or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroak me, nor the other strike.

LXII. *To fine Lady Would-be.*

FINE madam Would-be, wherefore should you fear,
That love to make so well a child to bear?
The world repotes you barren: but I know
Your 'pothecary, and his drug, says no.
Is it the pain affrights? that's soon forgot.
Or your complexion's loss? you have a pot,
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, you're thought a wholesome
creature.
What should the cause be? oh, you live at court:
And there's both loss of time, and loss of sport,
In a great belly. Write then on thy womb;
Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb.

LXIII. *To Robert, Earl of Salisbury.*

Who can consider thy right courses run,
With what thy virtue on the times hath won,
And not thy fortune? who can clearly see
The judgment of the king so shine in thee;
And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,
Not from the public voice, but private fact?
Who can behold all envy so declin'd
By constant suff'ring of thy equal mind;
And can to these be silent, Salisbury,
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?
Curst be his muse, that could lie dumb, or hid
To so true worth, though thou thyself forbid.

LXIV. *To the same—Upon the accession of the Treasurer-ship to him.*

Nor glad, like those that have new hopes, or suits,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and, what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art: contemn'd in th' age of gold.
Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for fashion. Nor to show a fit
Of flattery to thy titles. Nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulcher'd alive.
Where good men's virtues them to honours bring,
And not to dangers. When so wise a king
Contends t' have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her own conscience, still, the same reward.
These (noblest Cecil) labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder see thy name hath
brought?
That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,
I've sung the greater fortunes of our state.

LXV. *To my Muse.*

AWAY, and leave me, thou thing most abhorr'd,
That hast betray'd me to a worthless lord;
Made me commit most fierce idolatry
To a great image through thy luxury.
Be thy next master's more unlucky muse,
And, as thou'ast mine, his hours, and youth
abuse. [will;
Get him the time's long grudge, the court's ill
And reconcil'd, keep him suspected still.
Make him lose all his friends; and, which is worse,
Almost all ways, to any better course.
With me thou leav'st an happier muse than thee,
And which thou brought'st me, welcome po-
verty:
She shall instruct my after thoughts to write
Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
But I repent me: stay. Whoe'er is rais'd,
For worth he has not, he is tax'd, not prais'd.

LXVI. *To Sir Henry Cary.*

THAT neither fame, nor love, might wanting be
To greatness; Cary, I sing that, and thee,
Whose house, if it no other honour had,
In only thee, might be both great and glad.
Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,
Durst valour make, almost, but not a crime.
Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or thou more happy, it to justify
Against thy fortune: when no foe that day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Love thy great loss, which a renown hath won,
To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roor doth
run.
Love honours, which of best example be,
When they cost dearest, and are done most free.
Though ev'ry fortitude deserves applause,
It may be much, or little in the cause.
He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

LXVII. *To Thomas, Earl of Suffolk.*

SINCE men have left to do praise-worthy things,
 Most think all praises flayt'ries. But truth brings
 That sound, and that authority with her name,
 As, to be rais'd by her, is only fame.
 Stand high, then, Howard, high in eyes of men,
 High in thy blood, thy place; but highest then,
 When, in mens wishes, so thy virtues wrought,
 As all thy honours were by them first sought:
 And thou design'd to be the same thou art,
 Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart.
 Which, by no less confirm'd, than thy king's choice,
 Proves, that is God's, which was the people's voice.

LXVIII. *On Play-wright.*

PLAY-WRIGHT convict of public wrongs to men,
 Takes private beatings, and begins again.
 Two kinds of valour he doth show at once;
 Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

LXIX. *To Pertinax Cob.*

Cob, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art,
 Yet by thy weapon liv'st! th' hast one good part.

LXX. *To William Roe.*

WHEN nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
 Then to begin, my Roe. He makes a state
 In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
 On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
 Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
 Each best day of our life escapes us, first.
 Then since we (more than many) these truths
 know;
 Though life be short, let us not make it so.

LXXI. *On Court Parrot.*

To pluck down mine, Poll sets up new wits still,
 Still 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his will.

LXXII. *To Courtling.*

I grieve not, Courtling, thou art started up
 A chamber critic, and doth dine and sup
 At madam's table, where thou mak'st all wit
 Go high, or low, as thou wilt value it.
 'Tis not thy judgment breeds thy prejudice,
 Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII. *To Fine Grand.*

WHAT is't, fine Grand, makes thee my friendship
 Or take an epigram so fearfully, [fly,
 As't were a challenge, or a borrower's letter?
 The world must know your greatness is my
 debtor.
Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest,
 I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a feast.
Item, a tale or two, some fortnight after;
 That yet maintains you, and your house in
 laughter.
Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a fair Greek pœsy for a ring,

With which a learned madam you belie.

Item, a charm surrounding fearfully
 Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one half drawn
 In solemn cypress, th' other cobweb lawn.
Item, a gulling impress for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistress' anagram, i' your hilt.
Item, your own, sew'd in your mistress' smock.
Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
 In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,
 Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vein.
 Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know
 true,
 For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV. *To Thomas, Lord Chancellor.*

WHILST thy weigh'd judgments, Egerton, I hear,
 And know thee then a judge, not of one year;
 Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands;
 That no affection in thy voice commands;
 That still thou'rt present to the better cause;
 And no less wise, than skilful in the laws;
 Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once gone,
 As is thy conscience, which is always one:
 The virgin, long since fled from earth, I see, [thee.
 T' our times return'd, hath made her heav'n in

LXXV. *On Lippe the Teacher.*

I CANNOT think there's that antipathy
 'Twixt puritans and players, as some cry;
 Though Lippe, at Paul's, ran from his text away,
 T' inveigh 'gainst plays: what did he then but
 play?

LXXVI. *On Lucy, Countess of Bedford.*

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous muse,
 What kind of creature I could most desire,
 To honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
 I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
 I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
 I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
 Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
 I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
 Only a learned, and a manly soul
 I purpos'd her; that should, with even pow'rs,
 The rock, the spindle, and the sheers controul
 Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
 Such when I meant to feign, and wish to see,
 My muse bad, Bedford write, and that was she.

LXXVII. *To one that desired me not to name him.*

BE safe, nor fear to thyself so good a fame,
 That any way my book should speak thy name:
 For, if thou shame, rank'd with my friends, to go,
 I'm more asham'd to have thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII. *To Hornet.*

HORNET, thou hast thy wife drest for the stall,
 To draw thee custom: but herself gets all.

LXXIX. *To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.*

THAT poets are far rarer births than kings,
 Your noblest father prov'd : like whom, before,
 Or then, or since, about our muses springs,
 Came not that soul exhausted to their store.
 Hence was it, that the destinies decreed
 (Save that most masculine issue of his brain)
 No male unto him : who could so exceed
 Nature, they thought, in all that he would feign.
 At which, she happily displeas'd, made you :
 On whom, if he were living now, to look,
 He should those rare, and absolute numbers view,
 As he would burn, or better far his book.

LXXX. *Of Life and Death.*

THE ports of death are sins ; of life, good deeds ;
 Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
 How wilful blind is he then, that should stray,
 And hath it in his pow'r to make his way !
 This world death's region is, the other life's :
 And here, it should be one of our first strifes,
 So to front death, as men might judge us past it :
 For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

LXXXI. *To Proule the Plagiary.*

FORBEAR to tempt me, Proule, I will not show
 A line unto thee, till the world it know ;
 Or that I've by two good sufficient men,
 To be the wealthy witness of my pen :
 For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself didst do,
 Thy wit lives by it, Proule, and belly too.
 Which, if thou leave not soon (though I am loth)
 I must a libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII. *On cashier'd Captain Surly.*

SURLY's old whore in her new silks doth swim :
 He cast, yet keeps her well ! No, she keeps him.

LXXXIII. *To a Friend.*

TO PUT out the word, whore, thou dost me woo,
 Throughout my book. 'Troth, put out woman too.

LXXXIV. *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford.*

MADAM, I told you late, how I repented,
 I ask'd a lord a buck, and he deny'd me ;
 And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented :
 For your most noble offer had supply'd me.
 Straight went I home ; and there, most like a poet,
 I fancied to myself, what wine, what wit [it,
 I would have spent : how ev'ry muse should know
 And Phœbus' self should be at eating it.
 O madam, if your grant did thus transfer me,
 Make it your gift. See whither that will bear me.

LXXXV. *To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

GOODYERE, I'm glad, and grateful to report,
 Myself a witness of thy few days sport ;
 Where I both learn'd, why wise men hawking
 follow,
 And why that bird was sacred to Apollo :
 She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
 That they to knowledge, so should tow'r upright,

And never stoop, but to strike ignorance :

Which, if they miss, yet they should re-advance
 To former height, and there in circle tarry,
 Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.
 Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
 What would his serious actions me have learned ?

LXXXVI. *To the same.*

WHEN I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought
 looks [books ;
 Upon thy well-made choice of friends, and
 Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends [friends
 In making thy friends books, and thy books
 Now, I must give thy life, and deed, the voice
 Attending such a study, such a choice. [move,
 Where, though 't be love, that to thy praise doth
 It was a knowledge, that begat that love.

LXXXVII. *On Captain Hazard, the Cheater.*

TOUCH'D with the sin of false-play in his punk,
 Hazard a month forswore his ; and grew drunk,
 Each night, to drown his cares : but when the gain
 Of what she had wrought came in, and wak'd
 his brain,
 Upon th' account, hers grew the quicker trade.
 Since when he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII. *On English Monsieur.*

WOULD you believe, when you this monsieur see,
 That his whole body should speak French, not he,
 That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,
 And shoe, and tie, and garter should come hither ?
 And land on one, whose face durst never be
 Toward the sea, farther than half-way tree ?
 That he, untravell'd, should be French so much,
 As Frenchmen in his company should seem
 Dutch ?
 Or had his father, when he did him get,
 The French disease, with which he labours yet ?
 Or hung some monsieur's picture on the wall,
 By which his dam conceiv'd him, clothes and all ?
 Or is it some French statue ? no : 't doth move,
 And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must
 prove
 The new French taylor's motion, monthly made,
 Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX. *To Edward Allen.*

IF Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
 Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
 As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
 Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches, then ;
 Who had no less a trumpet of their name,
 Than Cicero, whose ev'ry breath was fame :
 How can so great example die in me,
 That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee ?
 Who both their graces in thyself hast more
 Outstript, than they did all that went before :
 And present worth in all dost so contract,
 As others speak, but only thou dost act.
 Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did give
 So many poets life, by one should live.

XC. *On Mill, my Lady's Woman.*

WHEN Mill first came to court, th' unprofiting
fool,

Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,
Was dull, and long, ere she would go to man :
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page;
And, finding good security in his age,
Went on : and proving him still, day by day,
Discern'd no difference of his years or play.
Not though that hair grew brown, which once
was amber, [chamber ;
And he grown youth, was call'd to his lady's
Still Mill continu'd : nay, his face growing worse,
And he remov'd to gentl'man of the horse,
Mill was the same. Since, both his body and face
Blown up ; and he (too unwieldy for that place)
Hath got the steward's chair ; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry.
And it is hop'd, that she, like Milo, wull
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCI. *To Sir Horace Vere.*

WHICH of thy names I take, not only bears
A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
Illustrious Vere, or Horace ; fit to be
Sung by a Horace, or a muse as free ;
Which thou art to thyself : whose fame was won
In th' eye of Europe, where thy deeds were done,
When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
Whose relish to eternity shall last.
I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute
Throughout, might flatt'ry seem ; and to be mute
To any one, were envy : which would live
Against my grave, and time could not forgive.
I speak thy other graces, not less shown,
Nor less in practice ; but less mark'd, less known
Humanity, and piety, which are
As noble in great chiefs, as they are rare ;
And best become the valiant man to wear,
Who more should seek mensreverence, than fear.

XCII. *The New Cry.*

ERE cherries ripe, and strawberries be gone ;
Unto the cries of London I'll add one ;
Ripe statesmen, ripe : they grow in ev'ry street ;
At six-and-twenty, ripe. You shall 'em meet,
And have him yield no favour, but of state.
Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards,
their gate,
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the states of Christendom, not the
places :
Yet have they seen the maps, and bought 'em too,
And understand 'em, as most chapmen do.
The counsels, projects, practices they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And unto whom ; they are the almanacks
For twelve years yet to come, what each state
lacks.
They carry in their pockets Tacitus,
And the Gazette, or Gallo-Belgicus ;

And talk reserv'd, lock'd up, and full of fear ;
Nay ask you how the day goes, in your ear.
Keep a star-chamber sentence close twelve days :
And whisper what a proclamation says.
They meet in fixes, and at ev'ry mart,
Are sure to con the catalogue by heart ;
Or ev'ry day, some one at Rimee's looks,
Or bills, and there he buys the name of books.
They all get Porta, for the sundry ways
To write in cypher, and the several keys,
To ope the character. They've found the slight
With juice of lemons, onions, piss, to write ;
To break up seals, and close 'em. And they know,
If the states make peace, how it will go
With England. All forbidden books they get,
And of the powder-plot, they will talk yet.
At naming the French king, their heads they shake,
And at the Pope, and Spain, flight faces make.
Or 'gainst the bishops, for the brethren rail,
Much like those brethren ; thinking to prevail
With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them : and therefore do not only shun
Others more modest, but condemn us too, [do.
That know not so much state, wrong, as they

XCIII. *To Sir John Radcliffe.*

How like a column, Radcliffe, left alone
For the great mark of virtue, those being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy house upbear,
Stand'st thou, to show the times what you all
were ?
Two bravely in the battle fell, and dy'd [In Ireland.
Upbraiding rebels arms, and barbarous pride :
And two that would have fall'n as great, as they,
The Belgic fever ravished away.
Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,
And thine own goodness to increase thy merit,
Than those I do not know a whiter soul,
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll,
Thou yet remain'st unhurt, in peace or war, [are
Though not unprov'd ; which shows thy fortunes
Willing to expiate the fault in thee,
Wherewith, against thy blood, they offenders be.

XCIV. *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with
Mr. Donne's Satires.*

LUCY, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Like of the muses day, their morning star !
If works (not th' authors) their own grace should
look,
Whose poems would not wish to be your book ?
But these, desir'd by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare
friends.
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see :
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these poems, yet but ask, and read,
And like them too ; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best, and 'mongst those best are you ;

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The muses ev'ning, as their morning-star.

XCV. *To Sir Henry Savile.*

Is, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe, the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty Savile, liv'd to us :
So hast thou render'd him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of sense and sounds.
But when I read that special piece restor'd,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is ador'd,
To thine own proper I ascribe then more :
And gratulate the breach I griev'd before ;
Which fate (it seems) caus'd in the history,
Only to boast thy merit in supply.
O, wouldst thou add like hand to all the rest !
Or, better work : were thy glad countrybl est
To have her story woven in thy thread ;
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.
For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liv'st from hope, from fear, from faction
free ?
Thou hast thy breast so clear of present crimes,
Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-times :
Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to stand ;
But wisely thrusts not forth a forward hand,
No more than Salust in the Roman state :
As then his cause, his glory emulate.
Although to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the several graces
Of history, and how to apt their places ;
Where brevity, where splendour, and where height,
Where sweetness is requir'd, and where weight,
We need a man can speak of the intents,
The counsels, actions, orders, and events
Of state, and censure them : we need his pen
Can write the things, the causes, and the men.
But most we need his faith (and all have you)
That dares not write things false, nor hide things
true.

XCVI. *To John Donne.*

Who shall doubt, Donne, whe'r I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigrams to thee ?
That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make :
And in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to disavow,
As thou hast best authority t' allow.
Read all I send, and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps do write,
Let pui'nees, porters, players praise delight,
And till they burst, their backs, like asses, load :
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII. *On the New Motion.*

See you yond' motion ? not the old fa-ding,
Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing ;
But one more rare, and in the case so new :
His cloak with orient velvet quite lin'd through ;

His rosy ties and garters so o'erblown,
By his each glorious parcel to be known !
He wont was to encounter me aloud,
Where'er he met me ; now he's dumb, or proud.
Know you the cause ? he 'as neither land, nor lease,
Nor bawdy stock, that travels for increase,
Nor office in the town, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the bears, nor noise to make lords
sport.
He is no fav'rite's fav'rite, no dear trust
Of any madam, hath need o' squires, and must.
Nor did the king of Denmark him salute,
When he was here. Nor hath he got a suit,
Since he was gone, more than the one he wears.
Nor are the queen's most honour'd maids by
th' ears
About his form. What then so swells each limb ?
Only his clothes have over-leaven'd him.

XCVIII. *To Sir Thomas Roe.*

Thou hast begun well, Roe, which stand well to,
And I know nothing more thou hast to do.
He that is round within himself, and straight,
Need seek no other strength, no other height ;
Fortune upon him breaks herself if ill,
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it still.
That thou at once then nobly may'st defend
With thine own course the judgment of thy
friend,
Be always to thy gather'd self the same : [same.
And study conscience more than thou would'st
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got without the first.

XCIX. *To the same.*

THAT thou hast kept thy love, increas'd thy will,
Better'd thy trust to letters : that thy skill
Hast taught thyself worthy thy pen to tread,
And that to write things worthy to be read :
How much of great example wert thou, Roe,
If time to facts, as unto men would owe ?
But much it now avails, what's done, of whom :
The self-same deeds, as diversely they come,
From place, or fortune, are made high, or low,
And e'en the praiser's judgment suffers so.
Well, though thy name less than our great ones be,
Thy fact is more : let truth encourage thee.

C. *On Play-wright.*

PLAY-WRIGHT, by chance, hearing some toys
I'd writ,
Cry'd to my face, they were th' elixir of wit :
And I must now believe him ; for to-day,
Five of my jests, then stol'n, past him a play.

CI. *Inviting a Friend to Supper.*

TO-NIGHT, grave Sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company :
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast,

With those that come; whose grace may make
that seem

Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, Sir, creates

The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better sallad
Ush'ring the mutton; with a short-legg'd hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Lemons, and wine for sauce: to these, a coney
Is not to be despair'd of, for our money;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are
clerks,

The sky not falling, think we may have larks,
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come:
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there: and godwit if we can:

Knat, rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
To this if ought appear, which I not know of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be; [me,
But that, which most doth take my muse and
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be
mine:

Of which had Horace, or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had
lasted.

Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooley, or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
But at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No simple word,
That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

CII. *To William, Earl of Pembroke.*

I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
It is an epigram on all mankind;
Against the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are ask'd, to have thee understood.
Nor could the age have miss'd thee, in this strife
Of vice, and virtue, wherein all great life
Almost is exercis'd: and scarce one knows,
To which, yet, of the side himself he owes.
They follow virtue, for reward, to-day;
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay:
And are so good, or bad, just at a price,
As nothing else discerns the virtue or vice.
But thou, whose nobles keeps one stature still,
And one true posture, though besieg'd with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise;
Whose life, ev'n they that envy it, must praise;
That are so reverenc'd, as thy coming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their sin;
Thou must draw more: and they that hope to see
The commonwealth still safe, must study thee.

CIII. *To Mary, Lady Wroth.*

How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might he
That but the twilight of your sp'rit did see,
And noted for what flesh such souls were fram'd,
Know you to be a Sidney, though unnam'd?
And being nam'd, how little doth that name
Need any muse's praise to give it fame?
Which is itself the impress of the great,
And glory of them all, but to repeat:
Forgive me then, if mine but say you are
A Sidney: but in that extend as far
As loudest praises, who perhaps would find
For every part a character assign'd.
My praise is plain, and wheresoe'er profess,
Becomes none more than you, who need it least.

CIV. *To Susan, Countess of Montgomery.*

WERE they that nam'd you, prophets? did they see,
Ev'n in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new Susanna, equal to that old?
Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful did the fates send you?
And to your scene lent no less dignity
Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity?
Or, more than born for the comparison
Or former age, or glory of our own,
Were you advanced, past those times to be
The light and mark unto posterity?
Judge they that can: here I have rais'd to show
A picture, which the world for yours must
know,
And like it too; if they look equally:
If not, 'tis fit for you, some should envy.

CV. *To Mary, Lady Wroth.*

MADAM, had all antiquity been lost,
All history seal'd up, and fables crost,
That we had left us, nor by time, nor place,
Least mention of a nymph, a muse, a grace,
But ev'n their names were to be made anew,
Who could not but create them all, from you?
He, that but saw you wear the wheaten hat,
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that:
And drest in shepherd's tire, who would not say,
You were the bright Cœnone, Flora, or May?
If dancing, all would cry, th' Idalian queen
Were leading forth the Graces on the green:
And armed to the chase, so bare her bow,
Diana alone, so hit, and so hunted so.
There's none so dull, that for your style would ask,
That saw you put on Pallas' plumed cask;
Or keeping your due state, that would not cry,
There Juno sat, and yet no peacock by.
So are you nature's index, and restore,
I' yourself, all treasure lost of th' age before.

CVI. *To Sir Edward Herbert.*

If men get name for some one virtue; then,
What man art thou, that art so many men,

All-virtuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend her voice, fame all her art.
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy judgment seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends:
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they altogether less than thee.

CVII. *To Captain Hungry.*

Do what you come for, Captain, with your news;
That's sit and eat: do not my ears abuse.
I oft look on false coin, to know't from true:
Not that I love it more, than I will you.
Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperors;
And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull. [away,
Tell them, what parts you've ta'en, whence run
What states you've gull'd, and which yet keeps
you in pay.
Give them your services, and embassies
Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous lies!
In Hungry, and Poland, Turkey too;
What at Leghorn, Rome, Florence you did do:
And in some years, all these together heap'd
For which there must more sea and land be
leap'd,
If but to be believ'd you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map.
Give your young statesmen (that first make you
drunk,
And then lie with you, closer than a punk,
For news) your Villeroys, and Silleries,
Janins your Nuncios, and your Thuilleries,
Your archdukes agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keep your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huiffen, Popenheim,
Hans-speigle, Rotteinberg, and Bouterfheim,
For your next meal; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them here unthriftilly?
Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your chin,
Twirl the poor chain you run a-feasting in.
Come, be not angry, you are Hungry; eat:
Do what you come for, Captain, there's your
meat.

CVIII. *To true Soldiers.*

STRENGTH of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are miscall'd captains, and wrong you;
And your high names: I do desire that thence
Be not put on you, nor you take offence.
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
Your great profession; which I once did prove;
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captain still, is such.

CIX. *To Sir Henry Nevil.*

Who now calls on thee, Nevil, is a muse,
That serves not fame, nor titles; but doth choose

Where virtue makes them both, and that's in thee:
Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
Wrestleth with dignities, or feign'st a scope
Of service to the public, when the end
Is private gain, which hath long guilt to friend.
Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,
And elements of honour than the dregs;
To make thy lent life good against the fates:
And first to know thine own state, then the
state's,
To be the same in root, thou art in height;
And that thy soul should give thy flesh her
weight.
Go on, and doubt not, what posterity,
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of thee.
Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new wombs,
Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

CX. *To Clement Edmonds, on his Caesar's Commentaries
observed and translated.*

Nor Caesar's deeds, nor all his honours won,
In these west parts, nor when that war was done,
The name of Pompey for an enemy,
Cato's to boot, Rome, and her liberty,
All yielding to his fortune, nor, the while,
To have engrav'd these acts with his own style,
And that so strong and deep, as't might be thought
He wrote with the same spirit that he fought,
Nor that his work liv'd in the hands of foes,
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, Edmonds, or what else put too,
Can so speak Caesar, as thy labours do.
For where his person liv'd scarce one just age,
And that midst envy and parts; then fell by
rage:
His deeds too dying, but in books (whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood!)
Thy learned hand, and true Promethean art
(As by a new creation) part by part
In every counsel, stratagem, design,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time not only doth restore
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

CXI. *To the same, on the same.*

Who, Edmonds, reads thy book, and doth not see
What th' antique soldiers were, the modern be?
Wherein thou show'st, how much the latter are
Beholden to this master of the war;
And in that action there is nothing new,
More, than to vary what our elders knew:
Which all but ignorant captains will confess:
Nor to give Caesar this, makes ours the less.
Yet you, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues will
grutch,
That to the world thou should'st reveal so much,
And thence deprave thee and thy work, To those
Caesar stands up, as from his late urn rose,
By thy great help: and doth proclaim by me,
They murder him again, that envy thee.

CXII. *To a weak Gamester in Poetry.*

WITH thy small stock, why art thou vent'ring still,
 At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill?
 Think'st thou it is mere fortune, that can win?
 Or thy rank setting? that thou dar'st put in
 Thy all, at all: and whatsoe'er I do,
 Art still at that, and think'st to blow me up too
 I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
 Tragic, or comie; but thou writ'st the play.
 I leave thee there, and giving, way intend
 An epic poem; thou hast the same end.
 I modestly quit that, and think to write
 Next morn, an ode; thou mak'st a song ere
 night.
 I pass to elegies; thou meet'st me there;
 To satires, and thou dost pursue me. Where,
 Where shall I scape thee? in an epigram?
 O (thou cry'st out) that is thy proper game.
 Troth if it be, I pity thy ill luck;
 That both for wit and sense so oft dost pluck,
 And never art encounter'd, I confess:
 Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is less.
 Pr'ythee, yet save thy rest, give o'er in time:
 There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

CXIII. *To Sir Thomas Overbury.*

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
 As but to speak thee, Overbury's praise:
 So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood!
 Where, what makes other great, doth keep thee
 good!
 I think, the fate o' th' court thy coming crav'd,
 That the wit there, and manners might be sav'd:
 For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled!
 And letters and humanity in the stead!
 Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
 Could make such men, and such a place repent:
 Nor may any fear, to lose of their degree,
 Who in such ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV. *To Mrs. Phil. Sidney.*

I MUST believe some miracles still be,
 When Sidney's name I hear, or face I see:
 For Cupid, who (at first) took vain delight
 In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,
 Hath chang'd his soul, and made his object you:
 Where finding so much beauty met with virtue,
 He hath not only gain'd himself his eyes,
 But in your love made all his servants wife.

CXV. *On the Town's honest Man.*

You wonder who this is: and why I name
 Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
 Naming so many too: but this is one,
 Suffers no name, but a description:
 Being no vicious person, but the vice
 About the town: and known too, at the price.
 A subtle thing that doth affections win
 By speaking well o' th' company it's in.
 Talks loud and bawdy, has a gather'd deal
 Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.

Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink,
 Do all that 'longs to th' anarchy of drink,
 Except the duel. Can sing songs and catches;
 Give every one his dose of mirth; and watches
 Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,
 And him it lays on; if he be not there.
 Tells of him all the tales, itself then makes;
 But if it shall be question'd, undertakes,
 It will deny all; and forswear it too;
 Not that it fears, but will not have to do
 With such a one. And therein keeps its word.
 'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.
 At every meal where it doth dine or sup,
 The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,
 And shifting of its faces, doth play more
 Parts than th' Italian could do, with his door.
 Acts old Iniquity, and in the fit
 Of miming, get th' opinion of a wit.
 Executes men in picture. By defect,
 From friendship, is its own fame's architect.
 An engineer, in flanders, of all fashions,
 That seeming praises are yet accusations.
 Describ'd it thus: defin'd would you it have;
 Then the town's honest man's her arrantest knave.

CXVI. *To Sir William Jephson.*

JEPHSON, thou man of men, to whose lov'd name
 All gentry, yet, owe part of their best flame!
 So did thy virtue inform, thy wit sustain
 That age, when thou stoodst up the master-
 brain:
 Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her strength,
 And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,
 'Twas not entail'd on title. That some word
 Might be found out as good, and not my lord:
 That nature no such difference had impress'd
 In men, but ev'ry bravest was the best:
 That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn:
 And to live great is better than great born.
 These were thy knowing arts: which who doth
 now
 Virtuously practise, must at least allow
 Them in, if not from thee, or must commit
 A desperate solecism in truth and wit.

CXVII. *On Groyne,*

GROYNE, come of age, his 'state sold out of hand
 For's whore: Groyne doth still occupy his land.

CXVIII. *On Gut.*

GUT eats all day, and lechers all the night,
 So all his meat he tasteth over, twice:
 And striving so to double his delight,
 He makes himself a thorough-fare of vice.
 Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
 Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX. *To Sir Ralph Shelton.*

Not that he flies the court for want of clothes,
 At hunting rails, having no gift in oaths,

Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot bet,
 Shuns prease*, for two main causes, pox and debt,
 With me can merit more than that good man,
 Whose dice not doing well t' a pulpit ran.
 No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all these,
 But dost it out of judgment, not disease;
 Dar'st breathe in any air; and with safe skill,
 Till thou canst find the best, choose the least ill.
 That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,
 Treading a better path, not contrary;
 And in their error's maze thine own way know:
 Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
 He that, but living half his age, dies such, [much.
 Makes the whole longer than 'twas given him,

CXX. *An Epitaph on S. P. a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.*

WEEP with me, all you that read
 This little story;
 And know, for whom a tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
 Which own'd the creature:
 Years he number'd scarce thirteen
 When fates turn'd cruel,
 Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act (what now we moan)
 Old men so duly,
 As, too the, the Parcae thought him one;
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by error to his fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since (alas, too late)
 They have repented;
 And have sought (to give new birth)
 In baths to steep him;
 But being so much too good for earth,
 Heav'n vows to keep him.

CXXI. *To Benjamin Rudyerd.*

RUDYERD, as lesser dames to great ones use,
 My lighter comes to kiss thy learned muse;
 Whose better studies while she emulates,
 She learns to know long diff'rence of their states,
 Yet is the office not to be despis'd,
 If only love should make the action priz'd;
 Nor he for friendship can be thought unfit,
 That strives his manners should precede his wit.

CXXII. *To the same.*

If I would wish for truth, and not for show,
 The aged Saturn's age, and rites to know;
 If I would strive to bring back times, and try
 The world's pure gold, and wise simplicity;
 If I would virtue set, as she was young, [tongue;
 And hear her speak with one, and her first
 holiest friendship, naked to the touch,
 I would restore, and keep it ever such;
 I need no other arts, but study thee:
 Who prov'st, all these were, and again may be.

* Shuns prease.] i. e. A crowd: it is more usual,
 and perhaps should be here, wrote press.

CXXIII. *To the same.*

WRITING thyself, or judging others writ,
 I know not which thou'lt most, candour or wit:
 But both thou'lt so, as who affects the state
 Of the best writer and judge should emulate.

CXXIV. *Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.*

WOULD'ST thou hear, what man can say
 In a little? reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die:
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If, at all, she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other let it sleep with death;
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell,

CXXV. *To Sir William Uvedale.*

UVEDALE, thou piece of the first times, a man
 Made for what nature could, or virtue can;
 Both whose dimensions lost, the world might find
 Restored in thy body, and thy mind!
 Who sees a soul in such a body set,
 Might love the treasure for the cabinet.
 But I, no child, no fool, respect the kind,
 The full, the flowing graces there enshrin'd;
 Which (would the world not miscall't flattery)
 I could adore, almost t' idolatry.

CXXVI. *To his Lady, then Mrs. Cary,*

RETIR'D, with purpose your fair worth to praise,
 'Mong'st Hampton shades, and Phœbus' grove
 of bays,
 I pluck'd a branch; the jealous god did frown,
 And bade me lay th' usurped laurel down:
 Said I wrong'd him, (and which was more), his
 love.
 I answer'd, Daphne now no pain can prove.
 Phœbus reply'd, Bold head, it is not she:
 Cary my love is, Daphne but my tree.

CXXVII. *To Esme Lord Aubigny.*

Is there a hope, that man would thankful be,
 If I should fail in gratitude to thee,
 To whom I am so bound, lov'd Aubigny?
 No, I do therefore call posterity
 Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
 How full of want, how swallow'd up, how dead
 I and this muse had been, if thou hadst not
 Lent timely succours, and new life begot:
 So all reward or name, that grows to me
 By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.
 And than this fame I know no abler way
 To thank thy benefits; which is to pay.

CXXVIII. *To William Roe.*

Roe, (and my joy to name), th' art now to go,
 Countries and climes, manners and men to know,

T' extract and choose the best of all these known,
And those to turn to blood, and make thine
own.

May winds, as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence, and there may all thy ends,
As the beginnings here, prove purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet.

So when we, blest with thy return, shall see
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought home
by thee;

We each to other may this voice inspire;
This is that good Æneas, past through fire,
Through seas, storms, tempests, and embark'd for
hell, [well.
Came back untouch'd. This man hath travell'd

CXXXIX. *To Edward Filmer, on his Musical Work
dedicated to the Queen. Anno 1629*.*

WHAT charming peals are these,
That while they bind the senses do so please!
They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
Music and Poesy:
French air, and English verse here wedded lie.
Who did this knot compose,
Again hath brought the lily to the rose;
And with their chained dance.
Recelebrates the joyful match with France.
They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English in;
And graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

CXXX. *To Mime.*

THAT not a pair of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw thee?
That there's no journey set or thought upon,
To Brentford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st
one;
That scarce the town designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a guest;
That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the drum,
The very call, to make all others come: [strive
Think'st thou, Mime, this is great? or that they
Whose noise shall keep thy miming most alive,
Whilst thou dost raise some player from the grave,
Out-dance the Babioun, or out-boast the brave;
Or (mounted on a stool) thy face doth hit
On some new gesture, that's imputed wit?

* To Edward Filmer, on his Musical Work, &c.]
This epigram first appeared in the folio of 1640, after
the death of our poet. It is not certainly known who
had the care of that edition, or into whose hands our au-
thor's papers fell after his decease. Possibly this epi-
gram might have been prefixed to the work it celebrates,
and from thence transcribed into the edition above mention-
ed. Though no date is set to any of the epigrams, this
being excepted, yet circumstances will assist us to guess at
the time of those copies addressed to the greatest persons
then living. In general, they were wrote before 1616,
as most of them are contained in the edition of Jonson's
Works, which was published in that year.

O, run not proud of this. Yet take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod, nay, Cue:
And thine own Coriat too, but (would'st thou see)
Men love thee not for this: they laugh at thee.

CXXXI. *To Alphonso Ferrabosco, on his Book*.*

To urge, my lov'd Alphonso, that bold fame,
Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame,
Which music had; or speak her own effects,
That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,
And is t' a body, often ill inclin'd,
No less a sov'reign cure, than to the mind;
T' allege, that greatest men were not asham'd
Of old, ev'n by her practice to be fam'd;
To say indeed, she were the soul of heav'n,
That the eighth sphere no less than planets seven,
Mov'd by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence call'd harmony:
I yet had utter'd nothing on thy part,
When these were but the praises of the art.
But when I have said, the proofs of all these be
Shed in thy songs, 'tis true; but short of thee.

CXXXII. *To the same.*

WHEN we do give, Alphonso, to the light,
A work of ours, we part with our own right;
For then, all mouths will judge, and their own
way;
The learn'd have no more privilege than the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures bear,
We ought not give them taste, we had an ear.
For if the hum'rous world will talk at large,
They should be fools for me, at their own charge.
Say this or that man they to thee prefer; [err:
Even those for whom they do this know they
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd on the same day.
Then stand unto thyself, nor seek without [out
For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown

CXXXIII. *To Mr. Joshua Silvester.*

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But as it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all air of France)
How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the world I publish for him this;
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.

* To Alphonso Ferrabosco, on his Book.] This per-
son, descended of Italian parents, was born at Green-
wich in Kent: He was much admired, both at home
and abroad, for his excellent compositions and fancies,
as they were then called, in music; he was principally
employed in setting the songs to music in our poet's
masques.

So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,
Thine the original; and France shall boast,
No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

CXXXIV. *On the famous Voyage.*

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,
Orpheus, Ulysses; or the Latian muse, [abuse.
With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths
We have a Shelton, and a Heyden got,
Had power to act, what they to feign had not.
All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,
Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have prov'd in one;
The filth, stench, noise; save only what was there
Subtly distinguish'd, was confused here.
Their wherry had no fail too; ours had ne'er one:
And in it, two more horrid knaves than Charon.
Arses were heard to croak, instead of frogs;
And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was dogs.
Furies there wanted not: each scold was ten.
And for the cries of ghosts, women, and men,
Laden with plague-sores, and their sins, were heard,
Lash'd by their consciences, to die afear'd.
Then let the former age, with this content her,
She brought the poets forth, but ours th' ad-
venture.

The Voyage itself.

I SING the brave adventure of two wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call 'em knights:
One was; and he, for brawn, and brain, right able
To have been styled of king Arthur's table.
The other was a squire, of fair degree;
But in the action, greater man than he,
Who gave, to take at his return from hell,
His three for one. Now, lordlings, listen well.

It was the day, what time the powerful moon
Makes the poor bankside creature wet its shoon,
In its own hall; when these (in worthy scorn
Of those, that put out monies, on return
From Venice, Paris, or some inland passage
Of six times to and fro, without embassage,
Or he that Backward went to Berwick, or which
Did dance the famous Morris unto Norwich)
At Bread-street's mermaid, having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry:
A harder task, than either his to Bristol,
Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more, list ho'.

A dock there is, that called is Avernus,
Of some Bridewell, and may, in time concern us
All, that are readers: but, methinks, 'tis odd,
That all this while I have forgot some god,
Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my verse;
And with both bombast style, and phrase, rehearse
The many perils of this port, and how
Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,
Or magic sacrifice, they pass along!
Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.
Thou hast seen hell (some say) and know'st all
nooks there,
Canst tell me best, how ev'ry fury looks there,

And art a god, if fame thee not abuses,
Always at hand, to aid the merry muses.
Great club-fist, though thy back and bones be
fore,

Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,
Act a brave work, call it thy last adventry:
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
To this dire passage. Say thou stop thy nose:
'Tis but light pains: indeed this dock's no rose.

In the first jaws appear'd that ugly monster,
Ycleped mud, which, when their oars did once stir,
Belch'd forth an air, as hot, as at the muster
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts do cluster,
Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous load:
Thorough her womb they make their famous road,
Between two walls; where, on one side, to scare
men,

Were seen your ugly centaurs, ye call carmen,
Gorgonian scolds, and Harpies: on the other
Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,
With famine, wants, and sorrows many a dozen,
The least of which was to the plague a cozen.
But they unfrighted pass, though many a privy
Spake to them louder, than the ox in Livy;
And many a sink pour'd out her range anent 'em;
But still their valour and their virtue fenc'd 'em,
And on they went, like Castor brave, and Pollux,
Ploughing the main. When, see (the worst of all
lucks)

They met the second prodigy, would fear a
Man, that never heard of a chimera.
One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle,
(Who hath the hundred hands when he doth
meddle)

The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
Made of the trull that cut her father's lock:
But coming near, they found it but a lighter,
So huge, it seem'd, they could by no means quit her.
Back cry'd their brace of Charons: they cry'd, No,
No going back; on still yon rogues, and row.
How high the place? A voice was heard, Cocytus.
Row close then slaves. Alas, they will bespite us.
No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking sound
Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,
Over your heads: well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report itself, as if a cloud
Had burst with storm, and down fell, *ab excelsis*,
Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus,
And all his followers, that had so abus'd him;
And in so shitten sort, so long had us'd him:
For (where he was the god of eloquence,
And subtilty of metals) they dispense
His spirits, now, in pills, and eke in potions,
Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.
But many moons there shall not wane (quoth he)
(In the mean time, let 'em imprison me)
But I will speak (and know I shall be heard)
Touching this cause, where they will be afear'd
To answer me. And sure, it was th' intent
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,
Had it been seconded, and not in fume
Vanish'd away: as you must all presume
Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem
Of the hulk touch'd, and as by Polypheme

The fly Ulysses stole in a sheep-skin,
 The well-greas'd wherry now had got between,
 And bade her farewell fough unto the lurchen :
 Never did bottom more betray her burden ;
 The meat-boat of bear's-college, Paris-garden,
 Stunk not so ill ; nor when she kiss'd Kate Arden.
 Yet one day in the year, for sweet 'tis voic'd,
 And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's foist.

By this time had they reach'd the Stygian pool,
 By which the masters swear, when on the stool
 Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit
 Against their breasts. Here sev'ral ghosts did flit
 About the shore of farts, but late departed,
 White, black, blue, green, and in more forms out-

started,
 Than all those Atomi ridiculous,
 Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,
 One said, the other swore, the world consists.
 These be the cause of those thick frequent mists
 Arising in that place, through which who goes,
 Must try th' unused valour of a nose :
 And that ours did. For yet no nare was tainted,
 Nor thumb, nor finger to the stop acquainted,
 But open, and unarm'd, encounter'd all :
 Whether it languishing stuck upon the wall,
 Or were precipitated down the jakes,
 And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,
 Or that it lay heap'd like an usurer's mass,
 All was to them the same, they were to pass,
 And so they did, from Styx to Acheron :
 The ever-boiling flood ; whose banks upon
 Your Fleet-lane furies, and hot cooks do dwell,
 That with still-sealding steams, make the place hell.
 The sinks ran grease, and hair of meazled hogs,
 The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs :
 For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty,
 To put the skins and offal in a pasty ?
 Cats there lay divers had been flea'd and roasted,
 And after mouldy grown, again were toasted,
 Then selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince 'em,
 But still, it seem'd, the rankness did convince 'em.
 For here they were thrown in with th' melted
 pewter,
 Yet drown'd they not. They had five lives in future.

But 'mongst these * tiberts, who do you think
 there was ?
 Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,
 Grave tutor to the learned horse. Both which,
 Being beyond sea, burned for one witch ;
 Their spirits transmigrated to a cat :
 And now, above the pool, a face right fat,
 With great grey eyes, are lifted up, and mew'd ;
 Thrice did it spit ; thrice div'd. At last it view'd
 Our braver heroes with a milder glare,
 And in a piteous tune, began. How dare
 Your dainty nostrils (in so hot a season,
 When every clerk eats artichokes and peason,
 Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat),
 Tempt such a passage ? When each privy's seat
 Is fill'd with buttock ? and the walls do sweat
 Urine and plaisters ? when the noise doth beat

* Cats.

Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet ?
 And outcries of the damned in the Fleet ?
 Cannot the plague-bill keep you back ? nor bells
 Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,
 But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall ?
 Behold where Cerberus, rear'd up on the wall
 Of Holborne (three serjeants heads) looks o'er,
 And stays but till you come unto the door !
 Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away :
 And Madam Cæsar, great Proserpina,
 Is now from home. You lose your labours quite,
 Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.
 They cry'd out, Puffs. He told them he was Banks,
 That had so often show'd 'em merry pranks.
 They laugh'd at his laugh-worthy fate. And past
 The triple-head without a sop. At last,
 Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,
 A soap-boiler ; and Æacus him nigh,
 Who kept an ale-house ; with my little Minos,
 An ancient pur-blind fletcher, with a high nose ;
 They took 'em all to witness of their action :
 And so went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which most liquid deed,
 The city since hath rais'd a pyramid.
 And I could wish for their eterniz'd fakes,
 My muse had plough'd with his, that sung A-jax.

CXXXVI. *An Expostulation with Inigo Jones.*

MR. SURVEYOR, you that first began
 From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
 You are : from them leap'd forth an architect,
 Able to talk of Euclid, and correct,
 Both him and Archimede ; damn Archytas,
 The noblest engineer that ever was :
 Control Ctesippus overbearing us
 With mistook names, out of Vitruvius ;
 Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shown
 How much Architectonice is your own :
 Whether the building of the stage, or scene,
 Or making of the properties it mean,
 Vizors, or antics ; or it comprehend
 Something your sur-ship doth not yet intend.
 By all your titles, and whole style at once,
 Of tireman, mountebank, and Justice Jones,
 I do salute you : are you fitted yet ?
 Will any of these express your place, or wit ?
 Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
 You'd be an Assinigo by your years ?
 Why, much good do't you ; be what part you will,
 You'll be, as Langley said, " an Inigo still."
 What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud,
 In town and court ? are you grown rich, and
 proud ?
 Your trappings will not change you, change your
 mind ;
 No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.
 A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
 Nor gold, nor ivory haft can make it good.
 What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask,
 And all men echo, you have made a masque ;
 I chime that too, and I have met with those
 That do cry up the machine, and the shows ;
 The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
 And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds

Th' ascent of lady Fame, which none could spy,
 Not they that sided her, dame Poetry,
 Dame History, dame Architecture too,
 And goody Sculpture, brought with much ado
 To hold her up : O shows, shows, mighty shows,
 The eloquence of masques ! what need of prose,
 Or verse or prose, t' express immortal you ?
 You are the spectacles of state, 'tis true,
 Court-hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,
 In the mere perspective of an inch-board ;
 You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
 Eyes, that can pierce into the mysteries
 Of many colours, read them, and reveal
 Mythology, there painted on slit-deal.
 O, to make boards to speak ! there is a task !
 Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
 Pack with your pedling poetry to the stage,
 This is the money-got, mechanic age.
 To plant the music, where no ear can reach,
 Attire the persons, as no thought can teach
 Sense, what they are ; which by a specious, fine
 Term of architects, is call'd design ;
 But in the practis'd truth, destruction is
 Of any art, beside what he calls his.
 Whither, O whither will this tireman grow ?
 His name is *Σκηνοποιος*, we all know,
 The maker of the properties ; in sum
 The scene, the engine ; but he now is come
 To be the music-master ; tabler too ;
 He is, or would be, the main *Dominus De* —
All of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
 Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.
 He's warm on his feet, now he says ; and can
 Swim without cork : why, thank the good Queen
 Anne.

I am too fat to envy, he too lean
 To be worth envy ; henceforth I do mean
 To pity him, as smiling at his feat
 Of Lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat
 Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
 Suck'd from the veins of shop-philosophy.
 What would he do now, giving his mind that way,
 In presentation of some puppet-play ?
 Should but the king his justice-hood employ,
 In setting forth of such a solemn toy,
 How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,
 Up, and about ; dive into cellars too,
 Disguis'd, and thence drag forth enormity,
 Discover vice, commit absurdity :
 Under the moral, show he had a pate
 Moulded or strok'd up to survey a state.
 O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
 But wisest Inigo ; who can reflect
 On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
 Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
 Of thy dead standards ; or with marvel see
 Thy twice conceiv'd, thrice paid for imagery ;
 And not fall down before it, and confess
 Almighty architecture, who no less
 A goddess is, than painted cloth, deal board,
 Vermilion, lake, or crimson can afford
 Expression for ; with that unbounded line,
 Aim'd at in thy omnipotent design.
 What poetry e'er was painted on a wall,
 That might compare with thee ; what story shall,

Of all the worthies, hope outlast thy own,
 So the materials be of Purbeck stone.
 Live long the feasting-room, and e'er thou burn
 Again, thy architect to ashes turn ;
 Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can
 With all remonstrance, make an honest man.

To a Friend, an Epigram of him.

SIR, Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
 And labours to seem worthy of this fear ;
 That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
 Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
 The marrow. Wretch ! I quit thee of thy pain,
 Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain ;
 The Lybian lion hunts no butterflies ;
 He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
 If thou be so desirous to be read,
 Seek out some hungry painter, that for bread,
 With rotten chalk, or coal, upon the wall,
 Will well design thee to be view'd of all,
 That sit upon the common draught or strand ;
 Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

To Inigo Marquis Would-be. A Corollary.

BUT 'cause thou hear'st the mighty king of Spain
 Hath made his Inigo marquis, would'st thou fain
 Our Charles should make thee such ? 'twill not
 become

All kings to do the self-same deeds with some :
 Besides, his man may merit it, and be
 A noble honest soul : what's this to thee ?
 He may have skill, and judgment to design
 Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine,
 Or ale ; he build a palace, thou the shop,
 With sliding windows, and false lights a-top :
 He draw a forum, with quadrivial streets ;
 Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb Geoffrey
 meets.

He some Colossus, to bestride the seas,
 From the fam'd pillars of old Hercules :
 Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,
 Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames ;
 And stradling shows the boys brown-paper fleet
 Yearly set out there, to sail down the street :
 Your works thus differing, much less so your style,
 Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,
 An earl of show ; for all thy worth is show :
 But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,
 Or canst of truth the least entrenchment pitch,
 We'll have thee sty'd the Marquis of Town-ditch.

*On the honoured Poems of his honoured Friend, Sir John
 Beaumont, Baronet.*

THIS book will live, it hath a genius ; this
 Above his reader or his praiser is. [pence
 Hence, then, profane : here needs no words ex-
 In bulwarks, rav'lins, ramparts for defence ;
 Such as the creeping common poineers use,
 When they do sweat to fortify a muse.
 Though I confess a Beaumont's book to be
 The bound and frontier of our poetry ;
 And doth deserve all muniments of praise,
 That art, or engine, or the strength can raise,

Yet who dares offer a redoubt to rear?

To cut a dike? or stick a stake up here
Before this work? where envy hath not cast
A trench against it, nor a batt'ry plac'd?
Stay till she make her vain approaches; then,
If maimed she come off, 'tis not of men
This fort of so impregnable access;

But higher pow'r, as spight could not make less,
Nor flatt'ry; but secur'd by th' author's name
Defies what's cross to piety, or good fame:
And like a hollowed temple, free from taint
Of ethnicism, makes his muse a saint.

To Mr. John Fletcher, upon his Faithful Shepherdess.

THE wife and many-headed bench that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's
man,

Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or taffeta cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark
'That may judge for his sixpence') had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more:
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the muses blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd poem: which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

*Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, Sister to Sir
Philip Sidney.*

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

A Vision on the Muses of his Friend M. Drayton.

It hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse between
Thy muse and mine, as they expect: 'tis true,
You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town; this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols; this's my day.

It was no dream! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet round about the world.
I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,
'That all earth look'd on, and that earth all eyes!
It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun:
And fill'd an orb as circular as heav'n!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts;

When, by thy bright ideas standing by,
I found it pure and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come to pipe to us.
But then thy Epistolar Heroic Songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cried, who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man?
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that would'st try,
Like him, to make the air one volary.
And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouse the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars,
I saw and read it was the Barons Wars.
O how in those dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels actions are but valiant crimes.
And carried, though with shout and noise, confess
A wild and an unauthoris'd wickedness!
Say'st thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
Under one title: thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle, well near, by this
In thy admired Periegesis,
Or universal circumduction
Of all that read thy Poly-Olbion.
That read it; that are ravish'd; such was I,
With every song, I swear, and so would die.
But that I hear again thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood,
Our right in France, if rightly understood.
There thou art Homer; pray thee use the style
Thou hast deserv'd, and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is:
The poet's act, and for his country's sake,
Brave are the musters that the muse will make.
And when he ships them, where to use their
arms.
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus' verse, when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
This book, it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord or knight
That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of Margaret the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.
I feel it by mine own, that overflow
And stop my sight in every line I go.
But then, refreshed by thy Fairy court,
I look on Cynthia, and Syrena's sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hast brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,

Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more,
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous and well-chosen friends;
Only my loss is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

On Michael Drayton, buried in Westminster-Abbey.*

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's sacred name; whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story,
And be a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim,
To be the treasury of his name;
His name, which cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance,
The truth but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore,
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her
more?

But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd muses:

* This epitaph, which has been given to Jonson,
was written by Quarles.

For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting kid, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since she will vouchsafe no other wit,
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volumes light.

M m iij

THE FOREST.

BOOK II.

I. *Why I write not of Love.*

SOME act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse :
Which when he felt, away, (quoth he)
Can poets hope to fetter me ?
It is enough they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net :
I wear not these my wings in vain,
With which he fled me ; and again,
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art. Then wonder not,
'That since my numbers are so cold,
When love is fled, and I grow old.

II. *To Penshurst.*

THOU art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble ; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold :
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told ;
Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudg'd at, are reverenc'd the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water ; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport :
Thy mount to which thy Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have
made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chesnut shade ;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvan, taken with his flames,
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fawns, to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
When thou would'st feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed ;
The middle grounds thy mares, and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies ; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydneys copse,
To crown, thy open table doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side ;

The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field :
And for thy mess is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swoll'n Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps, that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught, or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flow'rs,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth
come :
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that ev'ry child may reach,
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's
groan ; [down ;
There's none that dwell about them with them
But all come in, the farmer and the clown ;
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake, [make
Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they
The better cheeses, bring 'em ; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would
commend
This way to husbands ; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such ? whose liberal board doth flow,
With all that hospitality doth know !
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat :
Where the same beer and bread, and self same wine
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit (as some this day,
At great mens tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups ; nor standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy :
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat ;

Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
 Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
 For fire, or lights, or livery : all is there ;
 As if thou then wert mine, or I reign'd here :
 There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
 That found King James, when hunting late this
 way
 With his brave son the prince, they saw thy fires
 Shine bright on ev'ry hearth, as the desires
 Of thy Penates had been set on flame
 To entertain them ; or the country came,
 With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
 What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
 Didst thou then make 'em ! and what praise was
 heap'd
 On thy good lady, then ! who therein reap'd
 The just reward of her high huswifry ;
 To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
 When she was far : and not a room but dress'd,
 As if it had expected such a guest !
 These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all ;
 Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
 His children thy great lord may call his own :
 A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.
 They are, and have been taught religion : thence
 Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
 Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray
 With the whole household, and may, ev'ry day,
 Read in their virtuous parents noble parts,
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
 Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
 With other edifices, when they see
 Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
 May say, their lords have built, but thy lord
 dwells.

III. To Sir Robert Wroth.

How blest art thou, canst love the country, Wroth,
 Whether by choice, or fate, or both !
 And though so near the city, and the court,
 Are ta'en with neither's vice nor sport :
 That at great times, art no ambitious guest,
 Of sheriff's dinner, or mayor's feast ;
 Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,
 The richer hangings, or crown-plate ;
 Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a sight
 Of the short bravery of the night ;
 To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit
 There wasted, some not paid for yet !
 But canst at home, in thy securer rest,
 Live, with unbought provision blest ;
 Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,
 'Mongst lowing herds, and solid hoofs :
 Along the curled woods, and painted meads,
 Through which a serpent river leads
 To some cool courtéous shade, which he calls his,
 And makes sleep softer than it is !
 Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
 A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,
 In spring, oft roused for thy master's sport,
 Who for it makes thy house his court ;
 Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year,
 Divid'st, upon the lesser deer :
 In autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,
 And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight ;

And in the winter hunt'st the flying hare,
 More for thy exercise than fare ;
 While all that follow, their glad cars apply
 To the full greatness of the cry :
 Or hawking at the river, or the bush,
 Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
 Thou dost with some delight the day outwear,
 Although the coldest of the year !
 The whil'st the several seasons thou hast seen
 Of flow'ry fields, of cop'ces green,
 The mowed meadows, with the fleeced sheep,
 And fests, that either shearers keep ;
 The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
 And furrows laden with their weight ;
 The apple-harvest, that doth longer last ;
 The hogs return'd home fat from mast ;
 The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made
 A fire now, that lent a shade !
 Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
 Comus puts in for new delights ;
 And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
 As if in Saturn's reign it were ;
 Apollo's harp, and Hermes' lyre resound,
 Nor are the muses strangers found :
 The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
 (Their rudeness then is thought no sin),
 Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace ;
 And the great heroes of her race
 Sit mix'd with loss of state, or reverence.
 Freedom doth with degree dispense.
 The jolly wassal walks the often round ;
 And in their cups their cares are drown'd :
 They think not then, which side the cause shall
 leese,
 Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
 Such and no other was that age of old,
 Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.
 And such, since thou canst make thine own content,
 Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
 Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand
 The fury of a rash command,
 Go enter breaches, meet the cannons rage,
 That they may sleep with scars in age ;
 And show their feathers shot, and colours torn,
 And brag that they were therefore born.
 Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,
 For ev'ry price in ev'ry jar,
 And change possessions oft'ner with his breath,
 Than either money, war, or death :
 Let him, than hardest fires, more disinheret,
 And each where boast it as his merit,
 To blow up orphans, widows, and their states,
 And think his power doth equal fate's.
 Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
 Purchas'd by rapine, worse than stealth,
 And brooding o'er it fit, with broadest eyes,
 Not doing good, scarce when he dies.
 Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
 By being organs to great sin,
 Get place and honour, and be glad to keep
 The secrets that shall break their sleep :
 And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,
 Though poison, think it a great fate.
 But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
 Shalt neither that, nor this envy :

Thy peace is made ; and when man's state is well,
 'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
 God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf :
 To him man's dearer, than t' himself.
 And howsoever we may think things sweet,
 He always gives what he knows meet ;
 Which who can use is happy : Such be thou.
 Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
 Be thanks to him, and earnest pray'r, to find
 A body sound, with sounder mind ;
 To do thy country service, thyself right ;
 That neither want do thee affright,
 Nor death ; but when thy latest sand is spent,
 Thou may'st think life a thing but lent.

IV. *To the World. A farewell for a Gentlewoman,
 virtuous and noble.*

FALSE world, good night, since thou hast brought
 That hour upon my morn of age,
 Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
 My part is ended on thy stage.
 Do not once hope, that thou canst tempt
 A spirit so resolv'd to tread
 Upon thy throat, and live exempt
 From all the nets that thou canst spread.
 I know thy forms are studied arts,
 Thy subtil ways be narrow straits ;
 Thy curtesy but sudden starts,
 And what thou call'st thy gifts, are baits.
 I know too, though thou strut and paint,
 Yet art thou both shrunk up, and old ;
 That only fools make thee a saint,
 And all thy good is to be sold.
 I know thou whole art but a shop
 Of toys, and trifles, traps, and snares,
 To take the weak, or make them stop :
 Yet art thou falser than thy wares.
 And knowing this should I yet stay,
 Like such as blow away their lives,
 And never will redeem a day,
 Enamour'd of their golden gyves ?
 Or having 'scap'd, shall I return,
 And thrust my neck into the noose,
 From whence so lately I did burn
 With all my powers, myself to loose ?
 What bird or beast is known so dull,
 That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
 And tasting air and freedom, wull
 Render his head in there again ?
 If these who have but sense, can shun
 The engines, that have them annoy'd ;
 Little for me had reason done,
 If I could not thy gins avoid.
 Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
 As little, as I hope from thee :
 I know thou canst nor show, nor bear
 More hatred, than thou hast to me.
 My tender first and simple years
 Thou didst abuse, and then betray ;
 Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
 When all the causes were away.
 Then in a soil hast planted me,
 Where breathe the basest of thy fools ;
 Where envious arts professed be,
 And pride and ignorance the schools ;

Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
 But as 'tis rumour'd, so believ'd ;
 Where ev'ry freedom is betray'd,
 And ev'ry goodness tax'd or griev'd.
 But what we're born for, we must bear ;
 Our frail condition it is such,
 That what to all may happen here,
 If't chance to me, I must not grutch.
 Else I my state should much mistake,
 To harbour a divided thought
 From all my kind : that for my sake,
 There should a miraele be wrought.
 No ! I do know, that I was born
 To age, misfortune, sickness, grief :
 But I will bear these, with that scorn,
 As shall not need thy false relief.
 Nor for my peace will I go far,
 As wand'ers do, that still do roam ;
 But make my strengths, such as they are,
 Here in my bosom, and at home.

V. *Song. To Celia.*

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we may, the sports of love ;
 Time will not be ours for ever :
 He at length our good will sever.
 Spend not then his gifts in vain.
 Suns that set, may rise again :
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys ?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies ?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 So removed by our wile ?
 'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
 But the sweet theft to reveal :
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

VI. *To the same.*

Kiss me, sweet : the wary lover
 Can your favours keep, and cover,
 When the common courting jay
 All your bounties will betray.
 Kifs again : no creature comes.
 Kifs and score up wealthy sums
 On my lips, thus hardly fundred,
 While you breathe. First give a hundred,
 Then a thousand, then another
 Hundred, then unto the other
 Add a thousand, and so more :
 Till you equal with the store,
 All the grass that Rumney yields,
 Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
 Or the drops in silver Thames,
 Or the stars that gild his streams,
 In the silent summer nights,
 When youths ply their stol'n delights ;
 That the curious may not know
 How to tell 'em as they flow,
 And the envious, when they find
 What their number is, be pin'd.

THE FOREST.

VII. *Song. That Women are but Men's Shadows.*

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?
At morn and even, shades are longest ;
At noon they are or short, or none :
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

VIII. *Song. To Sickness.*

WHY, disease, dost thou molest
Ladies, and of them the best ?
Do not men, enow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in surfeits ; and their days,
And nights too, in worser ways ?
Take heed, Sickness, what you do,
I shall fear, y^eu'll surfeit too.
Live not we, as all thy stalls,
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store ?
And this age will build no more :
'Pray thee, feed contented then,
Sickness, only on us men.
Or if it needs thy lust will taste
Womankind, devour the waste
Livers, round about the town.
But, forgive me, with thy crown
They maintain the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.
What should yet thy palate please ?
Daintiness, and softer ease,
Sleeked limbs, and finest blood ?
If thy leanness love such food,
There are those, that for thy sake,
Do enough ; and who would take
Any pains, yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice ?
That distil their husband's land
In decoctions ; and are man'd
With ten emp'rics, in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber.
That for the oil of talc dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.
That to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by coach and water go,
Every stew in town to know ;
Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald, or blind, or ne'er so many :
And for thee at common game,
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
These, Disease, will thee deserve :
And will long, ere thou should'st starve,
On their beds, most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest suit,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX. *Song. To Celia.*

DRINK to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me :
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

X.

AND must I sing ? what subject shall I choose ?
Or who'st great name in poets heaven use ?
For the more countenance to my active muse ?

Hercules ? alas, his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly labours. T' exact more,
Of his dull godhead, were sin. I'll implore

Phœbus ? No, tend thy cart still. Envious day
Shall not give out, that I have made thee stay,
And founde'r'd thy hot team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, lord of the vine,
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,
In the green circle of thy ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee, I call on, mankind maid,
That at thy birth, mad'st the poor smith afraid,
Who with his ax, thy father's midwife play'd.

Go cramp dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy tribade trine, invent new sports.
Thou nor thy looseness with my making forts.

Let the old boy, your son, ply his old task,
Turn the stale prologue to some painted mask ;
His absence in my verse is all I ask.

Hermes, the cheater, shall not mix with us,
Though he would steal his sister's Pegasus,
And rifle him ; or pawn his Petasus.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake, [make
(Though they were crush'd into one form) could
A beauty of that merit, that should take

My muse up by commission : no, I bring
My own true fire. Now my thought takes wing,
And now an epode to deep ears I sing.

XI. *Epode.*

NOR to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate :
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.

Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
 Or safe, but she'll procure
 Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
 Of thoughts to watch, and ward
 At th' eye and ear (the ports unto the mind)
 That no strange, or unkind
 Object arrive there, but the heart (our spy)
 Give knowledge instantly,
 To wakeful reason, our affections king:
 Who (in th' examining)
 Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
 Close, the close cause of it.
 'Tis the securest policy we have,
 To make our sense our slave.
 But this true course is not embrac'd by many:
 By many? scarce by any.
 For either our affections do rebel,
 Or else the sentinel
 (That should ring alarm to the heart) doth sleep,
 Or some great thought doth keep
 Back the intelligence, and falsely swears,
 They're base, and idle fears
 Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
 Thus by these subtle trains,
 Do several passions invade the mind,
 And strike our reason blind;
 Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
 The first; as prone to move
 Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
 In our enflamed breasts.
 But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
 Which thus we overblow.
 The thing they here call love, is blind desire,
 Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
 Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
 Rough, swelling, like a storm:
 With whom who fails, rides on the surge of fear,
 And boils, as if he were
 In a continual tempest. Now, true love,
 No such effects doth prove;
 That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
 Pure, perfect, nay divine;
 It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
 Whose links are bright and even.
 That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
 The soft, and sweetest minds
 In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
 To murder different hearts,
 But in a calm, and godlike unity,
 Preserves community.
 O, who is he, that (in this peace) enjoys
 Th' elixir of all joys?
 A form more fresh, than are the Eden bow'rs,
 And lasting, as her flow'rs:
 Richer than time, and as time's virtue rare:
 Sober, as saddest care:
 A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
 Who (blest with such high chance)
 Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
 Cast himself from the spire
 Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
 Some vicious fool draw near,
 That cries, we dream, and swears there's no such
 thing,
 As this chaste love we sing.

Peace, luxury, thou art like one of those
 Who, being at sea, suppose,
 Because they move, the continent doth so.
 No, vice, we let thee know, [fly,
 Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows wings do
 Turtles can chaste die;
 And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
 We do not number here
 Such spirits as are only continent,
 Because lust's means are spent:
 Or those, who doubt the common mouth of fame,
 And for their place and name,
 Cannot so safely sin. Their chastity
 Is mere necessity.
 Nor mean we those, whom vows and conscience
 Have fill'd with abstinence:
 Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain,
 Makes a most blessed gain.
 He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
 Is more crown-worthy still,
 Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
 His heart sins, though he fears.
 But we propose a person like our dove,
 Grac'd with a phoenix love;
 A beauty of that clear, and sparkling light,
 Would make a day of night,
 And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
 Whose od'rous breath destroys
 All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
 As sweet as she is fair.
 A body so harmoniously compos'd,
 As if nature disclos'd
 All her best symmetry in that one feature!
 O, so divine a creature,
 Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
 How only she bestows
 The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
 Making his fortunes swim
 In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
 What savage, brute affection,
 Would not be fearful to offend a dame
 Of this excell'ing frame?
 Much more a noble, and right gen'rous mind
 (To virtuous moods inclin'd)
 That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
 From thoughts of such a strain,
 And to his sense object this sentence ever,
 "Man may securely sin, but safely never."

XII. *Epistle. To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.*

MADAM,

WHILST that, for which all virtue now is sold,
 And almost ev'ry vice, almighty gold,
 That which, to boot with hell, is thought worth
 heav'n,
 And for it, life, conscience, yea souls are giv'n,
 Toils, by grave custom, up and down the court,
 To ev'ry squire, or groom, that will report
 Well or ill, only all the following year,
 Just to the weight their this day's presents bear;
 While it makes huishers serviceable men,
 And some one apteth to be trusted then,
 Though never after; whiles it gains the voice
 Of some grand peer, whose air doth make rejoice

The fool that gave it; who will want, and weep,
When his proud patron's favours are asleep;
While thus it buys great grace, and hunts poor
fame; [dame;

Runs between man and man; 'tween dame and
Soldiers crack'd friendship; makes love last a day;
Or perhaps less: whilst gold bears all this sway,
I, that have none to send you, send you verse;

A present which (if elder writs rehearse
The truth of times) was once of more esteem,
Than this our gilt, nor golden age can deem,
When gold was made no weapon to cut throats,
Or put to flight Astrea, when her ingots
Were yet unfound, and better plac'd in earth,
Than here, to give pride fame, and peasants birth.

But let this dross carry what price it will
With noble ignorants, and let them still
Turn upon scorn'd verse their quarter-face:

With you, I know, my off'ring will find grace.
For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit,
Were it to think, that you should not inherit
His love unto the muses, when his skill

Almost you have, or may have when you will?
Wherein wise nature you a dowry gave,
Worth an estate, triple to that you have.
Beauty I know is good, and blood is more;
Riches thought most; but, madam, think what
store

The world hath seen, which all these had in trust,
And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.

It is the muse alone, can raise to heaven,
And at her strong arms end, hold up, and even,
The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes,
Inscrib'd in touch or marble, or the coats
Painted, or carv'd upon our great mens tombs,
Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs
That bred them, graves: when they were born
they dy'd,

That had the muse to make their fame abide.
How many equal with the Argive queen,
Have beauty known, yet none so famous seen?
Achilles was not first, that valiant was,
Or, in an army's head, that lock'd in brass
Gave killing strokes. There were brave men before
Ajax, or Idomen, or all the store

That Homer brought to Troy; yet none so live,
Because they lack'd the sacred pen, could give
Like life unto 'em. Who heav'd Hercules
Unto the stars? or the Tyndarides?

Who placed Jason's Argo in the sky?
Or set bright Ariadne's crown so high?
Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair?
Or lifted Cassiopeia in her chair?

But only poets, rapt with rage divine? [shine.
And such, or my hopes fail, shall make you
You, and that other star, that purest light
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright.

Than which a nobler heav'n itself knows not;
Who though she have a better verser got,
(Or poet, in the court-account) than I,

And who doth me (though I not him) envy,
Yet for the timely favours she hath done,

To my less sanguine muse, wherein she hath won
My grateful soul, the subject of her pow'rs,
I have already us'd some happy hours

To her remembrance which when time shall bring
To curious light, to notes, I then shall sing,
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be:

For I shall move stocks, stones, no less than he.
Then all that have but done my muse least grace,
Shall thronging come, and boast the happy place
They hold in my strange poems, which, as yet,
Had not their form touch'd by an English wit.

There, like a rich and golden pyramid,
Born up by statues, shall I rear your head,
Above your under carved ornaments,

And show how to the life my soul presents
Your form impress'd there: not with tickling rhymes,
Or common places, filch'd, that take these times,
But high, and noble matter, such as flies

From brains entranc'd, and fill'd with extasies;
Moods, which the godlike Sidney oft did prove,
And your brave friend and mine so well did love.
Who, wherefoe'er he be——

[The rest is lost.]

XIII. *Epistle to Katharine, Lady Aabigne.*

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true
Of any good mind, now: there are so few.

The bad, by number, are so fortify'd,
As what they've lost, t' expect they dare deride;
So both the prais'd and praisers suffer: yet,
For others ill ought none their good forget.

I therefore, who profess myself in love
With ev'ry virtue, wherefoe'er it move,
And howsoever; as I am at feud

With sin and vice, though with a throne endu'd;
And in this name am given out dangerous
By arts, and practice of the vicious,
Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit

For their own capital crimes, t' indict my wit;
I that have suffer'd this; and though forsook
Of fortune, have not alter'd yet my look,
Or so myself abandon'd, as because

Men are not just, or keep no holy laws
Of nature and society, I should faint;
Or fear to draw true lines, 'cause others paint;

I, madam, am become your praiser; where,
If it may stand with your soft blush, to hear
Yourself but told unto yourself, and see

In my character what your features be,
You will not from the paper slightly pass:
No lady but at some time loves her glass.

And this shall be no false one, but as much
Remov'd, as you from need to have it such.
Look then, and see yourself. I will not say

Your beauty; for you see that ev'ry day;
And so do many more. All which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and natural,

Not taken up o' th' doctors, but as well
As I, can say and see it doth excel.
That asks but to be censur'd by the eyes:

And in those outward forms, all fools are wise.
Nor that your beauty wanted not a dow'r,
Do I reflect. Some alderman has pow'r,

Or coz'ning farmer of the customs so,
T' advance his doubtful issue, and o'erflow
A prince's fortune: these are gifts of chance,

And raise not virtue; they may vice enhance.

My mirror is more subtle, clear, refin'd,
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind;
Though it reject not those of fortune: such
As blood, and match. Wherein, how more than
much

Are you engaged to your happy fate,
For such a lot! that mixt you with a state
Of so great title, birth, but virtue most,
Without which all the rest were sounds, or lost.

'Tis only that can time and chance defeat:

For he that once is good, is ever great.
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay
This blessing of your stars, than by that way
Of virtue, which you tread? What if alone,
Without companions? 'tis safe to have none.

In single paths, dangers with ease are watch'd:

Contagion in the press is soonest catch'd.

This makes, that wisely you decline your life

Far from the maze of custom, error, strife,

And keep an even, and unalter'd gait;

Not looking by, or back, (like those that wait
Times and occasions, to start forth, and seem)

Which though the turning world may disesteem,

Because that studies spectacles and shows,

And after varied, as fresh objects, goes,

Giddy with change, and therefore cannot see

Right, the right way; yet must your comfort
be

Your conscience, and not wonder if one asks

For truth's complexion, where they all wear
masks.

Let who will follow fashions and attires,

Maintain their siegers forth, for foreign wires

Melt down their husbands lands, to pour away

On the close groom and page, on New-year's
day,

And almost all days after, while they live;

(They find it both so witty, and safe to give)

Let 'em on powders, oils, and paintings spend,

Till that no usurer, nor his bawds dare lend

Them or their officers: and no man know,

Whether it be a face they wear or no.

Let 'em waste body and 'state; and after all,

When their own parasites laugh at their fall,

May they have nothing left, whereof they can

Boast, but how oft they have done wrong to
man,

And call it their brave sin. For such there be

That do sin only for the infamy:

And never think, how vice doth ev'ry hour,

Eat on her clients, and some one devour.

You, madam, young have learn'd to shun these
shelves, [selves,

Whereon the most of mankind wreck them-

And keeping a just course, have early put

Into your harbour, and all passage shut

'Gainst storms or pirates, that might charge your
peace;

For which you worthy are the glad increase

Of your blest womb, made fruitful from above,

To pay your lord the pledges of chaste love,

And raise a noble stem, to give the same

To Clifton's blood, that is deny'd their name.

Grow, grow, fair tree, and as thy branches shoot,

Hear what the muses sing above thy root,

By me, their priest (if they can ought divine)

Before the moons have fill'd their triple trine;

To crown the burden which you go withal,

It shall a ripe and timely issue fall,

T'expect the honours of great Aubigny:

And greater rites, yet writ in mystery,

But which the fates forbid me to reveal.

Only thus much out of a ravish'd zeal

Unto your name, and goodness of your life,

They speak; since you are truly that rare wife,

Other great wives may blush at, when they see

What your try'd manners are, what theirs should
be;

How you love one, and him you should, how still

You are depending on his word and will;

Not fashion'd for the court, or strangers eyes;

But to please him, who is the dearer prize

Unto himself, by being so dear to you.

This makes, that your affections still be new,

And that your souls conspire, as they were gone

Each into other, and had now made one.

Live that one still; and as long years do pass,

Madam, be bold to use this truest glass:

Wherein your form you still the same shall find;

Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

XIV. Ode. To Sir William Sidney, on his Birth-day.

Now, that the hearth is crown'd with smiling fire,

And some do drink, and some do dance,

Some ring,

Some sing,

And all do strive t' advance

The gladness higher:

Wherefore should I

Stand silent by,

Who not the least,

Both love the cause, and authors of the feast?

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,

That I may tell to Sidney what

This day

Doth say,

And he may think on that

Which I do tell:

When all the noise

Of these forc'd joys,

Are fled and gone,

And he with his best genius left alone.

This day says, then, the number of glad years

Are justly summ'd that make you man;

Your vow

Must now

Strive all right ways it can,

T'outstrip your peers:

Since he doth lack

Of going back

Little, whose will

Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand still;

Nor can a little of the common store,

Of nobles virtue, show in you;

Your blood

So good

And great, must seek for new,
And study more :

Nor weary, rest
On what's deceas'd,
For they, that swell
With dust of ancestors, in graves but dwell.

'Twill be exacted of your name, whose son,
Whose nephew, whose grandchild you are ;
And men
Will then

Say you have follow'd far,
When well begun :

Which must be now,
They teach you how.
And he that stays [days.
To live until to mo-morrow, hath lost two

So may you live in honour, as in name,
If with this truth you be inspir'd ;

So may
This day

Be more, and long desir'd ?
And with the flame

Of love be bright,
As with the light
Of bonfires. Then

The birth-day shines, when logs not burn,
but men.

XV. *To Heaven.*

Good and great God ! can I not think of thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be ?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?
O be thou witness, that the reins dost know,
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;
And judge me after : if I dare pretend
To ought but grace, or aim at other end.
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted one and three,
My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exil'd from thee ?
And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me ?
Dwell, dwell here still : O, being ev'ry-where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here ?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceiv'd in sin, and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall.
And destin'd unto judgment after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent : or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

Cineri, gloria fera venit.—MART.

TO THE READER.

WITH the same leave the ancients called that kind of body *Sylva*, or "Τύχη" in which there were works of divers nature and matter congested; as the multitude call timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a wood or forest; so I am bold to entitle these lesser poems, of later growth, by this of UNDERWOOD, out of the analogy they hold to the Forest in my former book, and no other-wise.

BEN. JONSON.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

THE SINNERS SACRIFICE.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

I.
O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity.
The faithful man's believed mystery,
Help, help to lift
II.
Myself up to thee, harrow'd, torn and bruise'd
By sin and Satan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.
III.
All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart, thou wert not wont despise;
But 'bove the fat of rams, or bulls, to prize
An off'ring meet,
IV.
For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, than a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?
V.
Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,

And breath'st into it, life and light, with state
To worship thee.

VI.

Eternal God the Son, who not deny'dst
To take our nature; becam'st man, and dy'dst,
To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and cry'dst
All's done in me.

VII.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeal them feeding
For acts of grace.

VIII.

Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in unity;
Till I attain the long'd for mystery
Of seeing your face.

IX.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to shine in unity;
The gladdest light dark man can think upon;
O grant it me!

X.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three,
All co-eternal in your majesty,
Distinct in persons, yet in unity
One God to see.

XI.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier:
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire,

With grace, with love, with cherishing entire :
O then how blest !

XII.

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placed, side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorify'd
Shall I there rest !

An Hymn to God the Father.

HEAR me, O God !
A broken heart
Is my best part :
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee,

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done ?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave :
First made of nought ;
Withal since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame ;
Yet I rebel,
And flight the same.

But I'll come in
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

An Hymn on the Nativity of my Saviour.

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light ;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger ;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature ;

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And as that Wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory.
To see this babe, all innocence ;
A martyr born in our defence :
Can man forget the story ?

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS,

IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.

I. *His excuse for Loving*

LET it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have my peers ;
Poets, though divine, are men :
Some have lov'd as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace ;
Or the feature, or the youth :
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour, and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how :
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason why
All the world for love may die.

II. *How he saw her.*

I BEHELD her on a day
When her look out-flourish'd May ;
And her dressing did outbrave
All the pride the fields then have :
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on Cupid ;
Love, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me ;
Where's thy quiver, bend thy bow ;
Here's a shaft, thou art too slow !
And, withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye ;
But he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage ; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall ;
Nor for any threat or call
Could be brought once back to look.
I, fool-hardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit
And the bow, which thought to hit

N

This my object : but she threw
Such a lightning (as I drew)
At my face, that took my sight
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all, and call'd of one
(Which with grief and wrath I heard)
Cupid's statue with a beard;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III. *What he Suffered.*

AFTER many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please;
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs, to hurt me more,
And would, on conditions, be
Reconcil'd to love and me.
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oaths, to make
Me the scope of his next draught,
Aimed with that self-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And (to gain her by his art)
Left it sticking in my heart :
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have chang'd the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak.
And in either prose, or song,
To revenge me with my tongue;
Which how dexterously I do,
Hear, and make example too.

IV. *Her Triumph.*

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamour'd, do wish so they might
But enjoy such a sight;
That they still were to run by her side, [ride.
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her !
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements strife.
Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?

Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it ?
Ha' you felt the wool of bever ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

V. *His Discourse with Cupid.*

NOBLEST Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star !
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood !
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had, and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanc'd your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain;
Sure, said he, if I have brain,
This here sung can be no other,
By description, but my mother !
So hath Homer prais'd her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see !
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses,
Such as oft I wanton in !
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripen'd with a breath more sweet
Than when flow'rs and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's ! hearts of flain
Lovers, made into a chain !
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley call'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyn my wings
After flight ; and put new stings
To my shafts ! her very name
With my mother's is the same.
I confess all, I reply'd,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But alas, thou see'st the least,
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex : but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spy'd.
Outward grace weak love beguiles :
She is Venus when she smiles;
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

VI. *Claiming a Second Kiss by Desert.*

CHARIS, guess, and do not miss,
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and suck'd an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair.

What my muse and I have done;
Whether we have lost or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride (allow'd a maid)
Look'd not half so fresh and fair,
With th' advantage of her hair,
And her jewels to the view
Of th' assembly, as did you!

Or that did you sit or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, to-day, than all
Else that glister'd in Whitehall,
So, as those that had your sight,
Wish'd the bride were chang'd to-night,
And did think such rites were due
To no other grace but you!
Or, if you did move to night,
In the dances, with what spite
Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion swell'd
So to see a lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy (being so seen)
To be envy'd of the queen,
Or if you would yet have stay'd,
Whether any would upbraid
To himself his loss of time;
Or have charg'd his fight of crime,
To have left all fight for you.
Guess, of these, which is the true;
And, if such a verse as this,
May not claim another kiss.

VII. *Begging another, on colour of Mending the former.*

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain.

Here's none to spy, or see;

Why do you not doubt or stay?

I'll taste as lightly as the bee,

That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and (faith) I will be gone,

Can he that loves ask less than one?

Nay, you may err in this,

And all your bounty wrong:

This could be call'd but half a kiss;

What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell

Where, how it would have relish'd well;

Join lip to lip, and try:

Each suck others breath,

And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,

Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

VIII. *Urging her of a Promise.*

CHARIS one day in discourse
Had of love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.

With the rest I long expected
When the work would be effected:
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear, she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to't,
You shall neither eat nor sleep,
No, nor forth your window peep,
With your emissary eye,
To fetch in the forms go by:
And pronounce, which band or lace
Better fits him than his face;
Nay, I will not let you sit
Fore your idol glass a whit,
To say over every purl
There, or to reform a curl;
Or with secretary Cis
To consult, if fucus this
Be as good, as was the last:
All your sweet of life is past,
Make account, unless you can,
(And that quickly) speak your man.

IX. *Her Man Described by her own Dictamen.*

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood;
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me;
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man, with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers, and his wings:
Chesnut colour, or more slack,
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrows bent, like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek (withal)
Smooth as is the billiard-ball:
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And make love or me afraid.

He would have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, e'er it came;
All his blood should be a flame,
Quickly fir'd, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all,
What we harmony do call
In a body, should be there.
Well he should his clothes to wear;
Yet no taylor help to make him,
Drest, you still for man should take him.

And not think he had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth.
All his actions to be such,
As to do no thing too much.
Nor o'erpraise, nor yet condemn;
Nor but-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

X. Another Lady's exception, present at the bearing.

For his mind, I do not care,
That's a toy that I could spare:
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band fit neat,
Himself young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

The Musical Strife: in a Pastoral Dialogue.

She. Come, with our voices, let us war,
And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star,
And all the world turn ears.

He. At such a call, what beast or fowl,
Of reason empty is!
What tree or stone doth want a soul?
What man but must lose his?

She. Mix then your notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods;
To make the mountain quarries move;
And call the walking woods.

He. What need of me? do you but sing,
Sleep, and the grave will wake:
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips do make.

She. They say, the angels mark each deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

He. O sing not you then, lest the best
Of angels should be driven
To fall again, at such a feast;
Mistaking earth for heaven.

She. Nay, rather both our souls be strain'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of grace retain'd,
May wish us of their quire.

A Song.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.
O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.
O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

In the person of Womankind. A Song Apologetic.

MEN, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o'er and o'er,
Our own false praises, for your ends:
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So going thorough all your strain,
We shall at last, of parcels make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made; why, so will we.
And having pleas'd our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Another, in Defence of their Inconstancy.

HANG up those dull and envious fools
That talk abroad of woman's change,
We were not bred to sit on stools,
Our proper virtue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excel,
Do change, though men, and often fight,
Which we in love must do as well,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconstancy to change
For what is better, or to make
(By searching) what before was strange,
Familiar, for the uses sake:
The good from bad is not descry'd,
But as 'tis often vex'd and try'd.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthiest woman curst
To love one man, he'd leave her first.

A Nymph's Passion.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
 Yet dare I not to tell who;
 For if the nymphs should know my swain,
 I fear they'd love him too;
 Yet if he be not known,
 The pleasure is as good as none,
 For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

 I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
 They yet may envy me:
 But then if I grow jealous mad,
 And of them pitied be,
 It were a plague 'bove scorn,
 And yet it cannot be forborn,
 Unless my heart would as my thought be torn.

 He is, if they can find him, fair,
 And fresh and fragrant too,
 As summer's sky, or purged air,
 And looks as lilies do
 That are this morning blown;
 Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
 And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

 But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
 As make away my doubt,
 Where Love may all his torches light,
 Though Hate had put them out:
 But then t' increase my fears,
 What nymph so'er his voice but hears,
 Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

 I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
 And he loves me; yet no
 One unbecoming thought doth move
 From either heart I know;
 But so exempt from blame,
 As it would be to each a fame,
 If love or fear would let me tell his name.

*On a Lover's Dust, made Sand for an Hour-glass.**

Do but consider this small dust,
 Here running in the glass,
 By atoms mov'd:
 Could you believe that this
 The body was
 Of one that lov'd?

* In the edition 1640, the title of this epigram is,
 On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glass.
 The verses are likewise of a different measure.

On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glass.

" Do but consider this small dust,
 " Here running in the glass;
 " Would you believe that it the body was
 " Of one that lov'd? [fly,
 " And in his mistress' flames playing like a
 " Was turned into cinders by her eye?
 " Yes; as in life, so in their deaths unblest,
 " A lovers ashes never can find rest."

The above is copied from the Latin of Jerome Amal-

And in his mistress' flame, playing like a fly,
 Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
 Yes, and in death, as life unblest,
 To have't exprest,
 Ev'n ashes of lovers find no rest,

My Picture left in Scotland.

I now think, love is rather deaf than blind,
 For else it could not be
 That she,
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my love behind;
 I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
 And every close did meet
 * In sentence of as subtil feet,
 As hath the youngest he,
 That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
 Oh, but my conscious fears,
 That fly my thoughts between,
 Tell me that she hath seen
 My hundreds of gray hairs,
 Told seven and forty years.
 Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
 My mountain belly, and my rocky face,
 And all these through her eyes, have stopt her ears.

Against Jealousy.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousy,
 How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
 I ne'er was of thy kind:
 Nor have I yet the narrow mind
 To vent that poor desire,
 That others should not warm them at my fire:
 I wish the sun should shine
 On all mens fruits and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
 Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove
 What my affections were.
 Think'st thou that love is help'd by fear?
 Go, get thee quickly forth,
 Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth,

thus, one of the most ingenious and elegant of the modern
 Italian poets:

Horologium pulvereum, tumulus Alcippi.

Perspicua in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
 Dum vagus angustam saepe recurrit iter,
 Olim erat Alcippus, qui Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
 Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
 Irrequiete cinis, miseros testabere amantes
 More tuo nulla posse quiete frui.
 Idem, Iolæ tumulus.

Horarum in vitro pulvis nunc mensor, Iolæ
 Sunt cineres, urnam condidit acer amor.
 Ut, si quæ extincto remanent in amore faville,
 Nec jam tutus eat, nec requietus amet.

* This, and the preceding copy, were written in
 Scotland, when Jonson paid a visit to Drummond of
 Hawthornden, in the year 1619; and are printed in
 Drummond's works, without any division, and with
 the title here given to the first, and a long inscription to
 Drummond.

Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

The Dream.

OR scorn, or pity, on me take,
I must the true relation make;
I am undone to-night:
Love in a subtil dream disguis'd,
Hath both my heart and me surpris'd,
Whom never yet he durst attempt awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the delight,
Or spight,
But leaves me to inquire
In all my wild desire
Of sleep again, who was his aid,
And sleep so guilty and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet.

I HAVE my piety too, which, could
It vent itself, but as it would,
Would say as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and son:
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather;
Dear Vincent Corbet, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the just canon of his life;
A life that knew nor noise, nor strife;
But was by sweetning to his will,
All order and dispose still.
His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his nurseries, and swept
So of uncleanness or offence,
That never came ill odour thence!
And add his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
'Tis true he could not reprehend,
His very manners taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy;
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly
To licence ever was so light,
As twice to trespass in his sight;
His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.
Much from him, I profess, I won,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant,
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their tears will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!

Reader, whose life and name did e'er become
An epitaph, deserv'd a tomb:
Nor wants it here through penury or sloth,
Who makes the one, so it be the first, makes
both.

An Epistle to Sir Edward Sackville, now Earl of Dorset.

IF Sackville, all that have the power to do
Great and good turns, as well could time them too,
And knew their how and where, we should have
then

Less list of proud, hard, or ungrateful men.
For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
As they are done, and such returns they find:
You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities, took fire
Not at my prayers, but your sense, which laid
The way to meet, what others would upbraid,
And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feel it done, as soon as meant:
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me to take
The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them; and would
shame

To have such do me good, I durst not name:
They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man, of which, when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom
Than what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stink from
some,

They are so long a coming, and so hard;
Where any deed is forc'd, the grace is marr'd.
Can I owe thanks for courtesies receiv'd
Against his will that does 'em? that hath weav'd
Excuses or delays? or done 'em scant,
That they have more oppress'd me than my want?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by mere chance? for interest? or to free
Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a strait?
All this corrupts the thanks: less hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witness; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd. [face,

No! gifts and thanks should have one cheerful
So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a brace.
He neither gives, or does, that doth delay
A benefit: or that doth throw't away,
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners, and is loth to leave
Least air, or print, but flies it: such men would
Run from the conscience of it, if they could.

As I have seen some infants of the sword
Well known, and practis'd borrowers on their
word,

Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the ear,
For what they straight would to the world for-
swear;
And speaking worst of those from whom they went
But then fist-fill'd, to put me off the scent.
Now, dam'me, Sir, if you shall not command
My sword ('tis but a poor sword understand)
As far as any poor sword i' the land;
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Damns whom he damn'd too, is the veriest gull,
H'as feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
That to such natures let their full hands flow,
And seek no wants to succour: but inquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
Or stands to be'n commission o' the blade?
Still, still the hunters of false fame apply
Their thoughts and means to making loud the cry:
But one is bitten by the dog he fed,
And hurt, seeks cure; the surgeon bids take bread,
And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
Then give it to the hound that did him bite:
Pardon, says he, that were a way to see
All the town-curs take each their snatch at me.
O, is it so? knows he so much? and will
Feed those, at whom the table points at still?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a great and gen'rous deed:
Yea, of th' ungrateful; and he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece will place one well;
But these men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land,
Ha' their Bermudas, and their Streights i' th'
Strand;

Man out their boats to th' Temple, and not shift
Now, but command; make tribute what was
gift,
And it is paid 'em with a trembling zeal,
And superstition, I dare scarce reveal,
If it were clear; but being so in cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am allow'd
My wonder! why the taking a clown's purse,
Or robbing the poor market-folks, should nurse
Such a religious horror in the breasts
Of our town-gallantry! or why there rests
Sure worship due to kicking of a punk!
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer drunk;
Or feats of darkness acted in mid-sun,
And told of with more licence than th' were done!
Such there is mystery in it I not know,
That men such reverence to such actions show!
And almost deify the authors! make
Loud sacrifice of drink, for their health's sake:
Rear suppers in their names! and spend whole
nights

Unto their praise in certain swearing rites:
Cannot a man be reck'ned in the state
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate?
I thought that fortitude had been a mean
'Twixt fear and rashness; not a lust obscene
Or appetite of offending, but a skill
Or science of discerning good and ill.
And you, Sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her light;
Her ends are honesty, and public good!
And where they want, she is not understood.
No more are these of us, let them then go,
I have the list of mine own faults to know,
Look to and cure: he's not a man hath none,
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it: else he tarries by the beast;
Can I discern how shadows are decreast,
Or grown by height or lowness of the sun?
And can I less of substance? when I run,

Ride, sail, am coach'd, know I how far I have gone;
And my mind's motion not? or have I none;
No! he must feel and know, that will advance.
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this morning such a one, should be
Sydney ere night? or that to go to bed
Coriat, should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendom; and neither of these know,
Were the rack offer'd them, how they came so:
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit, in ought each day some little add,
In time 'twill be a heap: this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.
Yet we must more than move still, or go on,
We must accomplish: 'tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut
Then stands it a triumphal mark! then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and
when

It was erected; and still walking under,
Meet some new matter to look up and wonder!
Such notes are virtuou men! they live as fast
As they are high; are rooted, and will last.
They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
As if they would bely their stature; those
Are dwarfs of honour, and have neither weight
Nor fashion; if they chance aspire to height,
'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and brave,
Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
But few and fair divisions; but being got
Aloft, grow less and streightned: full of knot,
And last, go out in nothing: you that see
Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
You know (without my flattering you) too much
For me to be your indice. Keep you such,
That I may love your person (as I do)
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the courtesy to life,
Which you will bury, but therein the strife
May grow so great to be example, when
(As their true rule or lesson) either men,
Donors or Donnees, to their practice shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Mr. John Selden.

I know to whom I write here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Less shall I for the art or dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are.
Your book, my Selden, I have read*, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgment such
To ask it: though in most of works it be
A penance where a man may not be free;
Rather than office, when it doth, or may
Chance that the friend's affections prove allay
Unto the censure. Yours all need doth fly
Of this so vicious humanity.
A man which there is not unto study, a more
Pernicious enemy: we see before
A many of books, even good judgments wound
Themselves, through favouring what is there not
found;

* *Titles of Honour.*

But I on yours far otherwise shall do,
Not fly the crime, but the suspicion too:
Though I confess (as every muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men past their terms, and prais'd some names too
much,

But 'twas with purpose to have made them such;
Since being deceiv'd, I turn a sharper eye
Upon myself, and ask to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vex it many days
Before men get a verse; much less a praise:
So that my reader is assur'd, I now
Mean what I speak, and still will keep that vow.
Stand forth my object, then, you that have been
Ever at home; yet have all countries seen:
And like a compass, keeping one foot still
Upon your centre, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge; watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, seen what ours do:
Which grace shall I make love to first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T' instruct and teach? or your unweary'd pain
Of gathering? bounty in pouring out again?
What fables have you vex'd! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities search'd! opinions disesteem'd!
Impostures branded! and authorities urg'd!
What blots and errors have you watch'd and
purg'd

Records and authors of! how rectified,
Times, manners, customs! innovations spied!
Sought out the fountains, sources, creeks, paths,
ways,

And noted the beginnings and decays!
Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,
Form, act or ensign, that hath 'scap'd your sight?
How are traditions there examin'd: how
Conjectures retriev'd! and a story now
And then of times (besides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd into instruct.
I wonder'd at the richness, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so exceed the cost!
To mark the excellent seas'ning of your style
And manly elocution! not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit!
But to the subject still the colours fit,
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice,
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice!

I yield, I yield, the matter of your praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
A bank against it. Nothing but the round
Large clasp of nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongst their titles shown
Of others honours, thus enjoy thy own.
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state;
In offering this thy work to no great name,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd and thank'd the
same,

But nought beyond. He thou hast giv'n it to,
Thy learned chamber-fellow, knows to do
It true respects. He will not only love,
Embrace, and cherish, but he can approve
And estimate thy pains, as having wrought
In the same mines of knowledge; and thence
brought

Humanity enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and see it mount,
The grain of your two friendships! Hayward and
Selden! two names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse
The credit, what would furnish a tenth muse!
But here's no time nor place my wealth to tell,
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

An Epistle to a Friend to persuade him to the Wars.

WAKE, friend, from forth thy lethargy: the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse: or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease, and be o'erwhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his sleepy life:
Quickning dead nature to her noblest strife.
All other acts of worldlings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.
Look on th' ambitious man, and see him nurse
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, (or worse)
Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their and his own curse!
Look on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd: what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly; and at last
Crush'd in the snaky brakes that he had past!
See the grave, sour and supercilious sir,
In outward face, but inward, light as fur,
Or feathers; lay his fortune out to show,
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow!
See him that's call'd, and thought the happiest
man,

Honour'd at once, and envy'd (if it can
Be, honour is so mix'd) by such as would
For all their spite, be like him, if they could:
No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogg'd in vices stay:
The whole world here leaven'd with madness
swells;

And being a thing blown out of nought, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious rankness of all sects and feeds:
Not to be check'd or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made and desperate!
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And ev'n our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship, is now mask'd hatred! justice fled,
And shamefastness together! all laws dead
That kept man living! pleasures only sought!
Honour and honesty, as poor things thought
As they are made! pride and stiff clownage mixt
[fix'd

To make up greatness! and man's whole good
In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
All which he makes the servants of the groin,
Thither it flows; how much did Stallion spend
To have his court-bred filley there commend
His lace and starch; and fall upon her back
In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack

Of lust, to his rich suit, and title, lord?
I, that's a charm and half! she must afford
That all respect; she must lie down: nay more,
'Tis there civility to be a whore:
He's one of blood and fashion and with these
The bravery makes, she can no honour lease.
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name might
merit;

With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit.

O these so ignorant monsters! light, as proud,
Who can behold their manners, and not cloud-
Like upon them lighten? If nature could
Not make a verse, anger or laughter would,
To see 'em aye discourfing with their glass,
How they may make some one that day an ass,
Planting their purls, and curls, spread forth like
net,

And every dressing for a pit-fall set
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a ———
Be at their visits, see 'em squeamish, sick,
Ready to cast at one whose band fits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat pickardill;
As if a brize were gotten i' their tail,
And firk, and jerk, and for the coachman rail,
And jealous each of other, yet think long
To be abroad chanting some bawdy song,
And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeak,
spring, itch,

Do all the tricks of a salt lady bitch:
For t'other pound of sweetmeats, he shall feel
That pays, or what he will. The dame is steel:
For these with her young company she'll enter,
Where Pittes or Wright, or Modet would not
venture,

And comes by these degrees the style t'inherit
Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit:
Nor is the title question'd with our proud,
Great, brave and fashion'd folk, these are allow'd;
Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
They're grown commodity upon exchange;
He that will follow but another's wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his own for life:
The husband now's call'd churlish, or a poor
Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all companies
That may corrupt her even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister, and the friend
Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.
Less must not be thought on than mistrefs: or
If it be thought, kill'd like her embrions; for
Whom no great mistrefs, hath as yet infam'd
A fellow of coarse lechery, is nam'd
The servant of the serving woman in scorn,
Ne'er came to taste the plenteous marriage-horn.

Thus they do talk And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soul? Will he for these go
throw

Those thousands on his back, shall after blow
His body to the Counters, or the Fleet?
Is it for these that fine man meets the street [day,
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every
To teach each suit he has the ready way
From Hyde-park to the stage, where at the last
His dear and borrow'd bravery he must cast?

When not his combs, his curling-irons, his glass,
Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words will
pass

For less security? O——for these
Is it that man pulls on himself disease?
Surfeit? and quarrel? drinks the other health?
Or by damnation voids it? or by stealth?
What fury of late is crept into our feasts?
What honour given to the drunkenest guests?
What reputation to bear one glass more?
When oft the bearer is born out of door?
This hath our ill us'd freedom, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every hour increase,
Our vices do not tarry in a place,
But being in motion still, (or rather in a race)
Tilt one upon another, and now bear
This way. now that, as if their number were
More than themselves, or than our lives could take,
But both fell prest under the load they make.

I'll bid thee look no more, but flee, flee, friend,
This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens ruin. The whole day
Is not enough, now, but the nights to play:
And whilst our states, strength, body and mind we
waste;

Go make ourselves the usurers at a cast.
He that no more for age, cramps, palsies can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and pursues
The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad views
Of what he throws: like lechers grow content
To be beholders when their powers are spent.

Can we not leave this worm? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
In this, and like an itch of vanity,
That scratching now's our best felicity?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better than
To lose the forms and dignities of men,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl
Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soul:
Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he
When I am hoarse with praising his each cast,
Give me but that again, that I must waste
In sugar candied, or in butter'd beer,
For the recovery of my voice? No, there
Pardon his lordship, flatt'ry's grown so cheap
With him, for he is followed with that heap,
That watch and catch, at what they may applaud,
As a poor single flatterer, without bawd
Is nothing, such scarce meat and drink he'll give,
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be belov'd, while the whores last. O times!
Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled
rhymes

[spies,
Light thee from hell on earth; where flatterers,
Informers, masters both of arts and lies:
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers, that let blood
The life, and fame-veins (yet not understood
Of the poor sufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud
Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prevaricators swarm: of which the store
(Because they're every where amongst mankind
Spread through the world) is easier far to find,

Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert muster-master of the land.

Go quit 'em all. And take along with thee.
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be,
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st,
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again:
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrink or start not; but be always one;
That thou think nothing great, but what is good;
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not; we did never hear
Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst swear:
No more, than we should think a lord had had
More honour in him, 'cause we've known him
mad:

These take, and now go seek thy peace in war,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

An Epitaph on Master Philip Gray.

READER, stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last day,
All that is left of Philip Gray,
It might thy patience richly pay:
For if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have thou and I?

Epistle to a Friend.

THEY are not, Sir, worst owers that do pay [day;
Debts when they can: good men may break their
And yet the noble nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the usurer is judge,
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gain: if 't be, 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names hath broke with me,
And their words too: where I but break my band;
I add that (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,
And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venture a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land doth fallow lie:
Some grounds are made the richer for the rest;
And I will bring a crop, if not the best.

An Elegy.

CAN beauty, that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those means she did invite
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious afar off? but near
A terror? or is all this but my fear?
That as the water makes things, put in't, strait,
Crooked appear: so that doth my conceit:

I can help that with boldness; and Love swear,
And Fortune once, t' assist the spirits that dare.
But which shall lead me on? both these are blind:
Such guides men use not, who their way would find.
Except the way be error to those ends:
And then the best are still the blindest friends!
Oh how a lover may mistake! to think,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but wink
To see men fear: or else for truth and state,
Because they would free justice imitate,
Veil their own eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destiny.
If it be thus; come Love and Fortune go,
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choice assigns
Love to my heart, and Fortune to my lines.

Another.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
By that fair stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double bow, and round his arrow sends;
By that tall grove, your hair, whose globy rings
He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings;
By those pure baths your either cheek discloses,
Where he doth sleep himself in milk and roses;
And lastly, by your lips, the bank of kisses,
Where men at once may plant and gather blisses;
Tell me (my lov'd friend) do you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verse 'tis so?
You blush, but do not: friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodies) or but one.
I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
And so that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patterns, how
Others, in time, may love as we do now.
Slip no occasion; as Time stands not still,
I know no beauty, nor no youth that will.
To use the present, then, is not abuse,
You have a husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; such a one
As would make shift, to make himself alone
That which we can; who both in you, his wife,
His issue, and all circumstance of life,
As in his place, because he would not vary,
Is constant to be extraordinary.

A Satirical Sbrub.

A WOMAN's friendship! God, whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty years, almost, to value it,
That ne'er was known to last above a fit!
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on our fashion, and take up on trust:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd, [weav'd
That their whole life was wickedness, though
Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends, and knots.
Knew I that all their dialogues and discourse
Were such as I will now relate, or worse.

[Here something is wanting.]

* * * * *

Knew I this woman? yes, and do you see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.
Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
Than all ingredients made into one curse,
And that pour'd out upon mankind, can be!
Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd! and painted! if she were no more—
But she is such, as she might yet forestal
The devil, and be the damning of us all.

A Little Shrub Growing by.

Ask not to know this man. If Fame should speak
His name in any metal, it would break.
Two letters were enough the plague to tear
Out of his grave, and poison every ear.
A parcel of court dirt, a heap, and mass
Of all vice hurl'd together, there he was,
Proud, false and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall
Of putrid flesh! of blood the sink!
And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

An Elegy.

THOUGH beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing, be such,
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form; as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all mens love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet; because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against, or faith, or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives agen?
By whom he is restor'd to men:
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling temples you have rear'd,
The wither'd garlands ta'en away;
His altars kept from the decay,
That envy wish'd, and nature fear'd.

And on them burn so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expence,
As love t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he: the deity
To whom all lovers are design'd:
That would their better objects find:
Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,

Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To Himself.

WHERE dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth [them both,
That eats on wits and arts, and quite destroys

Are all th' Aonian springs
Dry'd up? lies Thespia waste?
Dorh Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgrac'd, [desac'd?
To see their seats and bowers by chatt'ring pies

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on Fortune pause, [pause.
'Tis crown enough to Virtue still, her own ap-

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poetry?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain,

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page,
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof, [hoof.
Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull asses

The Mind of the Frontispiece to a Book.

FROM death, and dark oblivion, near the same,
The mistress of man's life, grave history
Raising the world to good and evil fame
Doth vindicate it to eternity.
Wise Providence would so: that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their ways were understood,
When vice alike in time with virtue dur'd:
Which makes that (lighted by the beamy hand
Of Truth, that searcheth the most secret springs,
And guided by Experience, whose straight wand
Doth mete, whose line doth sound the depth of
things:)

She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,
Assisted by no strengths but are her own,
Some note of which each varied pillar bears,
By which, as proper titles, she is known
Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,
The light of Truth, and life of Memory.

An Ode to James Earl of Desmond, writ in Queen Elizabeth's time, since lost, and recovered.

WHERE art thou, genius? I should use
Thy present aid: arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's muse,
To tower with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envy.
Cynthia, I apply
My bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:
O then inspire
Thy priest in this strange rapture! heat my brain
With Delphic fire, [strain.
That I may sing my thoughts in some invulgar

Rich beam of honour, shed your light
On these dark rhymes, that my affection
May shine (through every chink) to every sight,
Graced by your reflection!

Then shall my verses, like strong charms,
Break the knit circle of her stony arms,
That holds your spirit:
And keeps your merit

Lock'd in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true, [clude,
Who would with judgment search, searching con-
(As prov'd in you)
True nobles. Palm grows straight, though hand-
led ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politic pretext, that wries a state,
Sink not beneath these terrors:
But whisper; O glad Innocence!
Where only a man's birth is his offence;
Or the dis-favour
Of such as favour

Nothing, but practice upon Honour's thrall.
O Virtue's fall!

When her dead essence (like the anatomy
In surgeon's hall)
Is but a statists theme to read phlebotomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyraemon's hour will come to give them ease,
Though but while the metals heat-
ing:

And, after all the Ætnean ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will outlive the fire.

For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No armour to the mind! he is shot-free
From injury,

That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fools we see, [wit.
Oft 'scape an imputation, more through luck than

But to yourself, most loyal lord,
(Whose heart in that bright sphere flames
clearest,
Though many gems be in your bosom stor'd,
Unknown which is the dearest)

If I auspiciously divine,
(As my hope tells) that our fair Phœbus' shine,
Shall light those places,
With lustrous graces,
Where Darkness, with her gloomy-sceptred hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my best best lov'd) let me importune,
That you will stand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from fortune.

An Ode.

HIGH-spirited friend,
I send nor balms, nor cor'sives to your wound,
Your faith hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal,
And doubtful days (which were nam'd critical)
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rein'd.
True valour doth her own renown command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This fame which you have caught, [truth:
Such thoughts will make you more in love with
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

Another.

HELEN, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongu'd lute,
So speak (as yet it is not mute)
Of Phaon's form? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus?
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus?
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth as not to die?
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternal voice?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dim'd the fame
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd divine
Hath Petrarch since his Laura rais'd
Equal with her? or Ronsart prais'd
His new Cossandra 'bove the old,
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set
Where never star shon: brighter yet?

Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?
Have all these done (and yet I miss
The swan, so relish'd Pancharis)
And shall not I my Celia bring,
Where men may see whom I do sing?
Though I, in working of my song,
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my subject drowns the rest.

A Sonnet, to the noble Lady, the Lady Mary Wroth.

I THAT have been a lover, and could show it,
Though not in these, in rhymes not wholly dumb,
Since I exscribe your sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better poet.
Nor is my muse or I ashamed to owe it
To those true numerous graces, whereof some
But charm the senses, others overcome [it;
Both brains and hearts; and mine now best do know
For in your verse all Cupid's armory,
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and his bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,
Her joys, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus' Ceston every line you make.

A fit of Rhyme against Rhyme.

RHyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight.
Wresting words from their true calling;
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground.
Jointing syllables, drowning letters,
Fast'ning vowels, as with fetters
They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And was banish'd.
For a thousand years together,
All Parnassus' green did wither,
And wit vanish'd.
Pegasus did fly away,
At the wells no muse did stay,
But bewailed.
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
All light failed!
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage,
Not a poet in an age
Worthy crowning.
Not a work deserving bays,
Nor a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning:
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek by this protection!
Was not spoiled.
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,

To restore
Phœbus to his crown again;
And the muses to their brain;
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cesure
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may syllables jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never.
May his sense, when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unsounder.
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
Was the founder.

An Epigram on William Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England; presented upon a plate of gold to his Son Robert Earl of Salisbury, when he was also Treasurer.

If thou wouldst know the virtues of mankind,
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And go no further: let this circle be
Thy universe, though his epitome.
Cecil, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can enoble blood?
The orphan's pillar, the true subject's shield,
The poor's full store-house, and just servant's field,
The only faithful watchman for the realm,
That in all tempests never quit the helm,
But stood unshaken in his deeds and name,
And labour'd in the work, not with the fame,
That still was good for goodness-sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose offices and honours did surprise,
Rather than meet him: and before his eyes,
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest families took root,
Of all the land; who now at such a rate
Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

(For a poor Man.) An Epigram to Thomas Lord Elmere, the last term he sat Chancellor, in 1616.

So, justest lord, may all your judgments be
Laws; and no change e'er come to one decree:
So may the king proclaim your conscience is
Law to his law; and think your enemies his:
So, from all sickness, may you rise to health,
The care and wish still of the public wealth:
So may the gentler muses, and good fame,
Still fly about the odour of your name;
As with the safety and honour of the laws,
You favour truth and me in this man's cause.

(For the same.) Another to him.

THE judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good cause is destitute of friends,

Without the pomp of counsel ; or more aid,
 Than to make falsehood blush, and fraud afraid :
 When those good few, that her defenders be,
 Are there for charity, and not for fee.
 Such shall you hear to-day, and find great foes
 Both arm'd with wealth and slander to oppose,
 Who thus long safe, should gain upon the times
 A right by the prosperity of their crimes ;
 Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,
 Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,
 As though the court pursues them on the scent,
 They will come off, and 'scape the punishment :
 When this appears, just lord, to your sharp sight,
 He does you wrong, that craves you to do right.

*An Epigram to the Counsellor that pleaded, and carried
 the Cause.*

THAT I hereafter do not think the bar,
 The seat made of a more than civil war,
 Or the great hall at Westminster, the field
 Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,
 That henceforth I believe nor books, nor men,
 Who 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my —.
 But when I read or hear the names so rife,
 Of hirelings, wranglers, sitchers-to of strife,
 Hook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put
 Upon the reverend pleaders ; do now shut
 All mouths that dare entitle them (from hence)
 To the wolves study, or dogs eloquence ;
 Thou art my cause : whose manners since I knew,
 Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.
 So dost thou study matter, men, and times,
 Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes ;
 Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,
 Or skill to carry out an evil cause !
 But first dost vex, and search it ! if not found,
 Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,
 And make the scar fair, if that will not be,
 Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee !
 But in a business that will bide the touch,
 What use, what strength of reason, and how much
 Of books, of precedents hast thou at hand ?
 As if the general store thou didst command
 Of argument, still drawing forth the best,
 And not being borrow'd by thee, but possessest.
 So com'st thou like a chief into the court,
 Arm'd at all pieces, as to keep a fort
 Against a multitude ; and with thy style
 So brightly brandish'd, wound'st, defend'st ! the
 while
 Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
 They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.
 Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,
 Thy hearers nectar, and thy clients balm,
 The court's just honour, and thy judges love.
 And (which doth all atchievements get above)
 Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame
 Alone, but all thy rank a reverend name.

An Epigram, to the Small-Pox.

ENVIOUS and foul disease, could there not be
 One beauty in an age, and free from thee ?
 What did she worth thy spite ? were there not
 store
 Of those that set by their false faces more

Than this did by her true ? she never sought
 Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought
 Art her false servant ; nor for Sir Hugh Plot,
 Was drawn to practise other hue, than that
 Her own blood gave her : she ne'er had, nor hath
 Any belief in madam Baud-bee's bath,
 Or Turner's oil of talc : nor ever got
 Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot. [grace
 What was the cause then ? thought'st thou, in dis-
 Of beauty, so to nullify a face, [amiss
 That heaven should make no more ; or should
 Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruin'd this ?
 I, that thy aim was ; but her fate prevail'd :
 And scorn'd, thou'ast shown thy malice, but hast
 fail'd.

An Epitaph.

WHAT beauty would have lovely styl'd,
 What manners pretty, nature mild,
 What wonder perfect, all were fil'd
 Upon record in this blest child.
 And till the coming of the soul
 To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

A Song.

LOVER.

COME, let us here enjoy the shade,
 For love in shadow best is made.
 Though envy oft his shadow be,
 None brooks the sun light worse than he.

MISTRESS.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sun,
 All lights into his own doth run ;
 Without which all the world were dark ;
 Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER.

A spark to set whole world a-fire,
 Who, more they burn, they more desire,
 And have their being, their waste to see ;
 And waste still, that they still might be.

CHORUS.

Such are his powers, whom Time hath styl'd,
 Now swift, now slow, now tame, now mild ;
 Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now wild ;
 The eldest god, yet still a child.

An Epistle to a Friend.

SIR, I am thankful, first to heaven for you ;
 Next to yourself, for making your love true :
 Then to your love and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my store added a book,
 On which with profit I shall never look,
 But must confess from whom what gift I took.

Not like your country neighbours that commit
 Their vice of loving for a Christmas fit ;
 Which is indeed but friendship of the spit :

But, as a friend, which name yourself receive,
 And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
 In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
 So may the fruitful vine my temples sleep,
 And fame wake for me when I yield to sleep.

Though you sometimes proclaim me too severe,
Rigid and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confess: but dear friend, hear.

Little know they, that profess amity,
And seek to scant her comely liberty,
How much they lame her in her property.

And less they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did choose,
Will unto license that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,
In practis'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry, with friends humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet, if with either's vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

An Elegy.

'Tis true, I'm broke! vows, oaths, and all I had
Of credit lost. And I am now run mad;
Or do upon myself some desperate ill:
This sadness makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a darkness hath block'd up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to starve it. Help, O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this fury slay.
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,
As light breaks from you, that affrights despair,
And fills my powers with persuading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a form
Look forth, but cannot last in such a storm.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy, here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive and save;
The ignorant and fools no pity have.
I will not stand to justify my fault,
Or lay th' excuse upon the vintner's vault;
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge authority for sin.
No, I will stand arraign'd and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,
And (styl'd your mercies creature) will live more,
Your honour now, than your disgrace before;
Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man,
Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive me can,
Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve,
There greatness takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be now:
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
Error and folly in me may have cost
Your just commands; yet those, not I be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be mild:

There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two or three, a son will disinherit;
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that pain, till hope be spent:
An ill-affected limb (whate'er it ail)
We cut not off, till all cures else do fail;
And then with pause; for sever'd once, that's
gone,
Would live his glory, that could keep it on.
Do not despair my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a med'cine, is unjust:
You may so place me, and in such an air,
As not alone the cure, but scar be fair.
That is, if still your favours you apply,
And not the bounties you have done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, again!
Why was't? did e'er the clouds ask back their rain?
The sun his heat and light? the air his dew?
Or winds the spirit by which the flower so grew?
That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise nature would a cradle have.
Her order is to cherish and preserve;
Consumption's, nature to destroy and starve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is nature's mere obliquity; as Heaven
Should ask the blood and spirits he hath infus'd
In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
O may your wisdom take example hence,
God lightens not at man's each frail offence:
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all must quake;
It shakes e'en him, that all things else doth shake,
And how more fair and lovely looks the world
In a calm sky, than when the heaven is hurl'd
About in clouds, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storm and tempest run together?
O imitate that sweet serenity
That makes us live, not that which calls to die.
In dark and fullen morns do we not say,
This looketh like an execution-day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtain
The name of cruel weather, storm and rain?
Be not affected with these marks too much
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such.
But view the mildness of your Maker's state,
As I the penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a sorrow, such as this,
Straight puts off all his anger, and doth kiss
The contrite soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him: and in that line stand I,
Rather than once displease you more, to die,
To suffer tortures, scorn, and infamy,
What fools, and all their parasites can apply;
The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pump for, or a libel without salt
Produce; though threat'ning with a coal or chalk,
On every wall, and sung where'er I walk.
I number these, as being of the core
Of contumely, and urge a good man more
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any punishment or pain,
A man should fly from, as he would disdain.

Then, mistress, here, here let your rigour end,
 And let your mercy make me asham'd t' offend,
 I will no more abuse my vows to you,
 Than I will study falsehood, to be true.
 O, that you could but by dissection see
 How much you are the better part of me;
 How all my fibres by your spirit do move,
 And that there is no life in me, but love!
 You would be then most confident, that though
 Public affairs command me now to go
 Out of your eyes, and be a while away;
 Absence or distance shall not breed decay.
 Your form shines here, here, fixed in my heart:
 I may dilate myself, but not depart.
 Others by common stars their courses run,
 When I see you, then I do see my sun:
 Till then 'tis all but darkness, that I have;
 Rather than want your light, I wish a grave.

An Elegy.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it full in you*?
 Thought I but one had breath'd the purer air,
 And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
 It is your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to study truth;
 Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes?
 Or those it has, wink at your perjuries?
 Are vows so cheap with women? or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in
 water,
 And blown away with wind? or doth their
 breath,
 Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Tun'd to our words, so many sighs should meet
 Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and tears
 Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears?
 And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit, sin to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O, I profane! though most of women be
 The common monster, love shall except thee,
 My dearest love, however jealousy
 With circumstance might urge the contrary.
 Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
 The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
 Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams:
 Or nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But, O that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
 Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
 Having his falsehood found too late! 'twas he
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me.
 Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 We spake, unto the coming of a third!
 Curst may he be that so our love hath slain,
 And wander wretched on the earth, as Cain;

* *This Elegy is printed among Donne's Poems in 3vo, 1669, but it is undoubtedly Jonson's.*

Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity:
 In plaguing him, let Misery be witty.
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
 Till he be noisome as his infamy:
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his soul's price:
 And after all self-torment, when he dies,
 May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
 Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some raven flung:
 And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
 To the king's dogs, than any other beast.
 Now I have curst, let us our love receive;
 In me the flame was never more alive.
 I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
 Of my life's lease; like painters that do take
 Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.
 I could renew those times when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
 To like what you lik'd, and at masques or plays,
 Commend the self-same actors the same ways.
 Ask how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, grow impertinent;
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these,
 Love was as subtly catch'd as a disease.
 But, being got, is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder than to get;
 And ought not be profan'd on either part,
 For, though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

Another.

THAT love's a bitter sweet, I ne'er conceive,
 Till the four minute comes of taking leave,
 And then I taste it, but as men drink up
 In haste the bottom of a med'cin'd cup,
 And take some syrup after; so do I,
 To put all relish from my memory
 Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
 Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
 This makes me mistress, that sometimes by stealth,
 Under another name I take your health,
 And turn the ceremonies of those nights
 I give, or owe my friends, unto your rites;
 But ever without blazon, or least shade
 Of vows so sacred, and in silence made: [cheer,
 For though love thrive, and may grow up with
 And free society, he's born elsewhere,
 And must be bred, so to conceal his birth,
 As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.
 Yet should the lover still be airy and light
 In all his actions, rarified to sprite:
 Not like a Midas, shut up in himself,
 And turning all he toucheth into pelf,
 Keep in reserv'd in his dark-lantern face,
 As if that excellent dulness were love's grace:
 No, mistress, no, the open merry man
 Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
 Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,
 'Bove all your standing waters, chock'd with weeds.
 They look at best like cream bowls, and you soon
 Shall find their depths, they're founded with a
 spoon.
 They may say grace, and for Love's chaplains pass,
 But the grave lover ever was an ass;

Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home :
Like the dull wearied crane, that (come on land)
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand ;
Where he that knows, will like a lapwing fly
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vows to keep
The jewel of your name, as close as sleep
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought ;
And never be by time or folly brought,
Weakness of brain, or any charm of wine,
The sin of boast, or other countermines,
(Made to blow up love's secrets) to discover
That article may not become our lover :
Which in assurance to your breast I tell,
If I had writ no word, but, Dear, farewell.

An Elegy.

SINCE you must go, and I must bid farewell,
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell
What it is like : and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man ?
It is as if a night should shade noon-day,
Or that the sun was here, but forc'd away ;
And we were left under that hemisphere,
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change mens days and hours,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers !
Alas ! I ha' lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a quarter e'er his time,
My health will leave me ; and when you depart,
How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart ?
You would restore it ? no, that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there :
O keep it still : for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, than here remain with me.
And so I spare it : come, what can become
Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb ;
Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you again.

Another.

LET me be what I am : as Virgil cold ;
As Horace fat ; or as Anacreon old ;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not think he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in rhyme to be
As light and active as the youngest he
That from the muses fountains doth endorse
His lines, and hourly fits the poet's horse.
Put on my ivy garland, let me see
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is call'd lovely : take my sight,
Sooner than my affection from the fair.
No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in :
There is not worn that lace, purl, knot, or pin,
But is the poet's matter ; and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
But then content, your daughters and your wives
(If they be fair and worth it) have their lives

Made longer by our praises : or, if not,
Wish you had foul ones, and deformed got,
Curst in their cradles, or there chang'd by elves,
So to be sure you do enjoy yourselves.
Yet keep those up in sackcloth too, or leather,
For silk will draw some sneaking songster thither.
It is a rhyming age, and verses swarm
At every stall ; the city's cap's a charm.
But I who live, and have liv'd twenty year,
Where I may handle silk as free and near,
As any mercer, or the whalebone man,
That quilts those bodice I have leave to span ;
Have eaten with the beauties and the wits,
And braveries of court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate ; and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their own or no.
It is not likely I should now look down
Upon a velvet petticoat, or gown,
Whose like I have known the taylor's wife put on,
To do her husband's rites in, e'er 'twere gone
Home to the customer : his lechery
Being the best clothes still to pre-occupy.
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse
Her presently ? or leap thy wife of force,
When by thy sordid bounty she hath on
A gown of that was the caparison ?
So I might doat upon thy chairs and stools,
That are like cloth'd : must I be of those fools
Of race accounted, that no passion have,
But when thy wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave ?
Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that poor groom
That from the footman, when he was become
An officer there did make most solemn love
To every petticoat he brush'd, and glove
He did lay up ; and would adore the shoe
Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too ;
Court every hanging gown, and after that
Lift up some one, and do, I tell not what.
Thou didst tell me, and wert o'erjoy'd to peep
In at a hole, and see those actions creep
From the poor wretch, which though he play'd in
prose,
He would have done in verse, with any of those
Wrung on the withers, by Lord Love's despite,
Had he the faculty to read and write !
Such songsters there are store of ; witness he
That chanc'd the lace laid on a smock to see,
And straightway spent a sonnet ; with that other
That (in pure madrigal) unto his mother
Commended the French hood and scarlet gown
The lady May's refs pass'd in through the town,
Unto the Spittle sermon. O what strange
Variety of silks were on th' Exchange
Or in Moorfields ! this other night sings one,
Another answers, last those silks are none,
In smiling L'envoy, as he would deride
Any comparison had with his Cheapside.
And vouches both the pageant and the day,
When not the shops but windows do display
The stuffs, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,
And all the original riots of the place :
Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love
A goat in velvet ; or some block could move
Under that cover ; an old midwife's hat.
Or a close-stool so cas'd : or any fat

Bawd in a velvet scabbar'd! I envy
None of their pleasures! nor will ask thee why
Thou art jealous of thy wife's or daughter's case:
More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

AND why to me this, thou lame lord of fire?
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy greedy flames thus to devour
So many my years-labours in an hour?
I ne'er attempted, Vulcan, 'gainst thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose wife;
Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorn,
With clowns and tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horn.
'Twas Jupiter that hurl'd thee headlong down,
And Mars that gave thee a lanthorn for a crown.
Was it because thou wert of old deny'd
By Jove to have Minerva for thy bride;
That since thou tak'st all envious care and pain
To ruin every issue of the brain?
Had I wrote treason there, or heresy,
Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blasphemy;
I had deserv'd then thy consuming looks,
Perhaps to have been burned with my books.
But on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spy
Any least loose or scurril paper lie
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thine own vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honours of the crown?
Or tax the glories of the church and gown?
Itch to defame the state? or brand the times?
And myself most, in some self-boasting rhymes?
If one of these, then why this fire? or find
A cause before, or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from Amadis de Gaul,
Th' Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learned library of Don Quixote;
And so some goodlier monster had begot,
Or spun out riddles, and weav'd fifty tomes
Of Logogriphes, and curious Palindromes,
Or pump'd for those hard trifles, Anagrams,
Or Eteosticks, or your finer flames
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a hearse,
A pair of scissars, and a comb in verse;
Acrostics, and telestics on jump names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies: but, thou'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to see the fire-light than the day;
Adulterate monies, such as might not go:
Thou shouldst have stay'd, till public fame said so.
She is the judge, thou executioner;
Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
Thou might'st have yet enjoy'd thy cruelty
With some more thrift and more variety:
Thou might'st have had me perish piece by piece,
To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
Singe capons, or poor pigs, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd me to the ovens with the pies;
And so have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravish'd all hence in a minute's rage.
But that's a mark whereof thy rights do boast,
To make consumption every where thou go'st.
Had I foreknown of this thy least desire
I have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,

Especially in paper; that that steam
Had tickled thy large nostril: many a ream
To redeem mine, I had sent in enough, [stuff:
Thou should'st have cried, and all been proper
The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the legend; the whole sum
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs;
The charmed boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
The Tristrams, Lanc'lots, Turpins, and the Peers,
All the mad Rolands, and sweet Olivers;
To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss,
With the chimera of the Rosy Cross,
Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,
Their gem of riches, and bright stone that brings
Invisibilty, and strength, and tongues;
The art of kindling the true coal, by lungs;
With Nicholas Pasquill's Meddle with your match,
And the strong lines that so the times do catch,
Or Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that sally
Upon th' Exchange, still out of Pope's-head-alley.
The weekly courants, with Paul's seal; and all
Th' admir'd discourses of the prophet Ball:
These, hadst thou pleas'd either to dine or sup,
Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up.
But in my desk, what was there to excite
So ravenous and vast an appetite?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mast'ry in the arts.
All the old Venusine, in poetry,
And lighted by the Stagyrice, could spy,
Was there made English: with the grammar too,
To teach some that their nurses could not do,
The purity of language; and among
The rest, my journey into Scotland song,
With all th' adventures; three books not afraid
To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid
To our own ladies; and in story there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year;
Wherein was oil, beside the succour spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent:
And twice twelve years stor'd up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity;
After the fathers, and those wiser guides,
Whom faction had not drawn to study sides.
How in these ruins, Vulcan, thou dost lurk,
All foot and embers! odious as thy work
I now begin to doubt if ever grace,
Or goddess, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva! or to wit aspire!
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and fire!
Son of the Wind! for so thy mother, gone
With lust, conceiv'd thee; father thou hadst none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'st at
best,
She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her breast.
And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his cup:
No mar! the clowns of Lemnos took thee up;
For none but smiths would have made thee a god.
Some alchymist there may be yet, or odd
'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant day,
May to thy name a Vulcanale say;
And for it lose his eyes with gunpowder,
As th' other may his brains with quick-silver.
Well fare the wisemen yet, on the Bank-side,
My friends, the waterman! they could provide

Against thy fury, when to serve their needs,
They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,
Whom they durst handle in their holiday coats,
And safely trust to dress, not burn their boats.
But, O those reeds! thy mere disdain of them,
Made thee beget the cruel stratagem,
(Which some are pleas'd to style but thy mad
prank

Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank:
Which, though it were the fort of the whole pa-
rish,

Flank'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in
And raz'd; e'er thought could urge this might
have been!

See the world's ruins; nothing but the piles
Left! and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The brethren they straight nois'd it out for news,
'Twas verily some relic of the stew;

And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
That was lock'd up in the Winchesterian goose,
Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
When Venus there maintain'd her mystery.

But others fell, with that conceit by the ears,
And cried it was a threat'ning to the bears,
And that accursed ground, the Paris garden:
Nay, sigh'd a sister, 'twas the nun Kate Arden
Kindled the fire! but then, did one return,
No fool would his own harvest spoil or burn!
If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.

O no, cry'd all. Fortune, for being a whore,
'Scap'd not his justice any jot the more:
He burnt that idol of the revels too.

Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it shall know his power:
There was a judgment shown too in an hour.

He is true Vulcan still! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus' care.
Fool, wilt thou let that in example come?

Did not she save from thence to build a Rome?
And what hast thou done in these petty spites,
More than advanc'd the houses and their rites?

I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,
For they were burnt but to be better built.
'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.

So would'st thou've run upon the rolls by stealth,
And didst invade part of the commonwealth,
In those records, which, were all chronicles gone,
Will be remember'd by six clerks to one.

But say all six, good men, what answer ye?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery

Against this Vulcan? no injunction,
No order? no decree? though we be gone
At Common-law: methinks in his despite
A court of equity should do us right.

But to confine him to the brew-houses,
The glass-house, dye-fats, and their furnaces;
To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke;
Or lest that vapour might the city choke,
Condemn him to the brick-kilns, or some hill-
Foot (out in Suffex) to an iron mill;
Or in small faggots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him out;

Or in the bellman's lanthorn, like a spy,
Burn to a souff, and then stink out and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse.
Pox on your flameship, Vulcan, if it be
To all as fatal as't hath been to me,
And to Paul's steeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fire-works had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria; and though a divine
Loss, remains yet as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your forge at Ætna still,
And there made swords, bills, glaves, and arms
your fill:

Maintain'd the trade at Bilbo, or elsewhere;
Struck in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or staid but where the friar and you first met,
Who from the devil's arse did guns beget,
Or fix'd in the Low Countries, where you might
On both sides do your mischief with delight;
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and granades, all your fine
Engines of murder, and receive the praise
Of massacring mankind so many ways.
We ask your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the encrease;
So doth the king, and most of the king's men
That have good places: therefore once again,
Pox on thee, Vulcan; thy Pandora's pox,
And all the evils that flew out her box
Light on thee: or if those plagues will not do,
Thy wives pox on thee and B. B——'s too.

A Speech according to Horace.

Wax yet, my noble hearts, they cannot say,
But we have powder still for the king's day,
And ordnance too: so much as from the Tower,
T' have wak'd, if sleeping, Spain's ambassador,
Old Æsop Gundomar: the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armour, and great horse,
Lances and men, and some a breaking cross.
They saw, too, store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here but till St. George's day.
All ensigns of a war are not yet dead,
Nor marks of wealth so from a nation fled,
But they may see gold chains and pearl worn
then,

Lent by the London dames to the lords men:
Withal, the dirty pains those citizens take,
To see the pride at court their wives do make;
And the return those thankful courtiers yield,
To have their husbands drawn forth to the field,
And coming home to tell what acts were done
Under the auspice of young Swinnerton.
What a strong fort old Pimblicoe had been!
How it held out! (last) 'twas taken in!
Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave artillery-yard,
Thou seed-plot of the war, that hast not spar'd
Powder or paper to bring up the youth
Of London, in the military truth
These ten years day; as all may swear that look
But on thy practice, and the posture-book:
He that but saw thy curious captain's drill,
Would think no more of Flushing or the Brill;

O o ij

But give them over to the common ear,
 For that unnecessary charge they were.
 Well did thy crafty clerk, and knight Sir Hugh,
 Supplant bold Panton, and brought there to view
 Translated Ælian's tactics to be read,
 And the Greek discipline (with the modern) shed
 So in that ground, as soon it grew to be
 The city-question, whether Tilly or he
 Were now the greater captain? for they saw
 The Berghen siege, and taking in Breda,
 So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
 And Spinola have blushed at the sight.
 O happy art! and wise epitome
 Of bearing arms! most civil soldiery!
 Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight dry
 The battles of thy aldermanity,
 Without the hazard of a drop of blood,
 More than the surfeits in thee that day stood.
 Go on, increas'd in virtue and in fame,
 And keep the glory of the English name
 Up among nations. In the stead of bold
 Beauchamps and Nevills, Cliffords, Audleys old,
 Insert thy Hodges, and those newer men
 As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips and Fen:
 That keep the war, though now 't be grown more
 tame,

Alive yet in the noise and still the same,
 And could (if our great men would let their sons
 Come to their schools) show 'em the use of guns;
 And there instruct the noble English heirs
 In politic and military affairs.

But he that should persuade to have this done
 For education of our lordlings, soon
 Should he hear of billow, wind and storm,
 From the tempestuous grandlings, who'll inform
 Us, in our bearing, that are thus and thus,
 Born, bred, allied? what's he dare tutor us?
 Are we by book-worms to be aw'd? must we
 Live by their scale, that dare do nothing free?
 Why are we rich or great, except to show
 All license in our lives? what need we know
 More than to praise a dog? or horse? or speak
 The hawking language? or our day to break
 With citizens? let clowns and tradesmen breed
 Their sons to study arts, the laws, the creed:
 We will believe like men of our own rank,
 In so much land a year, or such a bank,
 That turns us so much monies, at which rate
 Our ancestors impos'd on prince and state.
 Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,
 Descended in a rope of titles, be
 From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
 The herald will. Our blood is now become
 Past any need of virtue. Let them care,
 That in the cradle of their gentry are;
 To serve the state by councils and by arms:
 We neither love the troubles nor the harms. [gait,
 What love you then; your whore? what study?
 Carriage and dressing. There is up of late
 The academy, where the gallants meet—
 What, to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet:
 All that they do at plays. O but first here
 They learn and study; and then practise there.
 But why are all these irons i' the fire
 Of several makings? helps, helps, to attire

His lordship. That is for his band, his hair
 This, and that box his beauty to repair;
 This other for his eye-brows; hence, away,
 I may no longer on these pictures stay,
 These carcases of honour; taylors blocks
 Cover'd with tissue, whose prosperity mocks
 The fate of things: whilst totter'd virtue holds
 Her broken arms up to their empty moulds.

An Epistle to Master Arthur Squib.

WHAT I am not, and what I fain would be,
 Whilst I inform myself, I would teach thee,
 My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
 One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read.
 I neither am, nor art thou one of those
 That hearkens to a jacks-pulse, when it goes;
 Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
 Was issue of the tavern or the spit:
 Much less a name would we bring up, or nurse,
 That could but claim a kindred from the purse.
 Those are poor ties depend on those false ends,
 'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.
 And as within your office you do take
 No piece of money, but you know, or make
 Inquiry of the worth: so must we do,
 First weigh a friend, than touch and try him too:
 For there are many slips and counterfeits.
 Deceit is fruitful. Men have masques and nets,
 But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
 They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
 Turn him, and see his threads: look if he be
 Friend to himself that would be friend to thee.
 For that is first requir'd, a man be his own;
 But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
 Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
 It is a richer purchase than of land.

*An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he was
 Lord Chief Justice of England*

HE that should search all glories of the gown,
 And steps of all rais'd servants of the crown,
 He could not find than thee, of all that store,
 Whom fortune aided less, or virtue more.
 Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
 In others evil best was understood: [aid,
 When, being the stranger's help, the poor man's
 Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
 Such was thy process, when integrity,
 And skill in thee now grew authority:
 That clients strove in question of the laws,
 More for thy patronage, than for their cause,
 And that thy strong and manly eloquence
 Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's defence;
 And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deal
 Desired justice to the public weal,
 Like Solon's self, explat'st the knotty laws
 With endless labours, whilst thy learning draws
 No less of praise, than readers in all kinds
 Of worthiest knowledge, that can take men's
 minds.
 Such is thy all, that (as I sung before)
 None, fortune aided less, or virtue more.
 Or if chance must to each man that doth rise,
 Needs lend an aid, to thine she had her eyes.

An Epistle, answering to one that asked to be sealed of the tribe of Ben.

MEN that are safe and sure in all they do,
Care not what trials they are put unto :
They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would,
And though opinion stamp them not, are gold.
I could say more of such, but that I fly
To speak myself out too ambitiously,
And showing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,
Put conscience and my right to compromise.
Let those that merely talk, and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or else such
As make it their proficiency, how much
They've glutted in, and letcher'd out that week,
That never yet did friend or friendship seek,
But for a sealing: let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
On all souls that are absent; even the dead,
Like flies or worms, which man's corrupt parts
fed:

That to speak well, think it above all sin,
Of any company but that they are in,
Call'd every night to supper in these fits,
And are receiv'd for the covey of wits,
That censure all the town, and all th' affairs,
And know whose ignorance is more than theirs;
Let these men have their ways, and take their
times

To vent their libels, and to issue rhymes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deal
Of news they get, to strew out the long meal;
I study other friendships, and more one,
Than these can ever be, or else with none.
What is't to me, whether the French design
Be, or be not to get the Vall-telline?
Or the States ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of Spain in their West Indian fleet?
Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spain was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My prince's safety, and my king's desire;
But if for honour we must draw the sword,
And force back that which will not be restor'd,
I have a body yet that spirit draws,
To live or fall a carcase in the cause.
So far without inquiry what the States,
Brunsfield and Mansfield do this year, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear these news, nor tell
Of Spain or France; or were not prick'd down
one

Of the late mystery of reception,
Although my fame to his not under-hears,
That guides the motions, and directs the bears.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas-clay,
And animated porcelaine of the court,
I, and for this neglect the coarser sort
Of earthen jars there may molest me too:
Well, with mine own frail pitcher what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and prefs,
Lest it be justled, crack'd, made nought, or less:
Live to that point I will, for which I'm man,
And dwell as in my centre, as I can,

Still looking to, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
Such as are square, well-tag'd, and permanent,
Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great fights:
And that there be no fev'ry heats nor colds,
Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty-folds,
But all so clear, and led by reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve;
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many stairs
Are ask'd to climb. First give me faith, who
know

Myself a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ yourself. Now stand, and then,
Sir, you are sealed of the tribe of Ben.

The Dedication of the King's new Cellar to Bacchus.

SINCE, Bacchus, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this cellar,
Where new, thou art made dweller,
And seal thee thy commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remain here taster
Of all to the great master.
And look unto their faces,
Their qualities and races,
That both their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.

For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and overseer
Of feast and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladness,
From any thought like sadness.
So may'st thou still be younger
Than Phœbus, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases:

So may the muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo,
And think thy stream more quicker
Than Hippocrene's liquor:
And thou make many a poet,
Before his brain do know it;
So may there never quarrel
Have issue from the barrel,
But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Than Cupid and his mother.

That when King James above here
Shall feast it, thou may'st love there
The causes and the guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy circuits and thy rounds free,
As shall the feast's fair grounds be.

Be it he hold communion
In great St. George's union;

Or gratulates the passage
Of some well wrought embassage:
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royal shipping,
The narrow seas are shady,
And Charles brings home the lady.
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

An Epigram on the Court-Pucell.

Does the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
And thinks I dare not her? let the world see,
What though her chamber be the very pit,
Where fight the prime cocks of the game for wit;
And that as any are stroke, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the candidates;
What though with tribade lust she force a muse,
And in an epicœne fury can write news
Equal with that which for the best news goes,
As airy light, and as like wit as those;
What though she talk, and can at once with them
Make state, religion, hawdry, all a theme.
And as lip-thirsty in each words expence,
Doth labour with the phrase more than the sense;
What though she ride two mile on holidays
To church, as others do to feasts and plays,
To shew their tires, to view, and to be view'd;
What though she be with velvet gowns endu'd,
And spangled petticoats brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecy;
What though she hath won on trust as many do,
And that her truster fears her, must I too?
I never stood for any place: my wit
Thinks itself nought, though she should value it.
I am no statesman, and much less divine;
For bawd'ry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Farthest I am from the idolatry
To stuffs and laces, those my man can buy.
And trust her I would least, that hath foreswore
In contract twice: what can she perjure more?
Indeed her dressing some man might delight,
Her face there's none can like by candle-light.
Not he, that should the body have, for case
To his poor instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee, Pucell? steal away [day;
From court, while yet thy fame hath some small
The wits will leave you if they once perceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For sermoners: of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' mother,
And practise for a miracle; take heed,
This age will lend no faith to Dorrel's deed;
Or if it would, the court is the worst place,
Both for the mothers, and the babes of grace;
For there the wicked in the chair of scorn,
Will call't a bastard, when a prophet's born.

*An Epigram to the honour'd *** Countess of ***.*

THE wisdom, madam, of your private life,
Wherewith this while you live a widow'd wife,
And the right ways you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spite;

Not only shunning by your act to do
Ought that is ill, but the suspicion too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to virtue, could be silent here;
The rather when the vices of the time
Are grown so fruitful, and false pleasures climb
By all oblique degrees that killing height [weight,
From whence they fall, cast down with their own
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
Are in yourself rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruins that fall foul
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soul,
So great a virtue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulysses hath ta'en leave to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.
Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great Homer's wit for her could feign;
For you admit no company but good, [blood,
And when you want those friends, or near in
Or your allies, you make your books your friends,
And study them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind
The same it was inspir'd, rich and refin'd.
These graces, when the rest of ladies view,
Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them if they have none.

Lord Bacon's Birth-day.

HAIL happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here;
Son to the grave wise keeper of the seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's high Chancellor: the destin'd heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair;
Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may sing
In raising him the wisdom of my king.

*A Poem sent me by Sir William Bursale. The Painter
to the Poet.*

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but painter half like thee, a poet;
Ben, I would show it:

But in this skill m' unskilful pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth will still be found far higher;
And I a liar.

To Mr. John Burges.

FATHER John Burges,
Necessity urges
My woful cry
To Sir Robert Pie:
And that he will venture
To send my debenture.
Tell him his Ben
Knew the time when
He lov'd the muses;
Though now he refuses
To take apprehension
Of a year's pension,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Christmas is near;
And neither good cheer,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol or sport
Will come at the court;
If there be no money,
No plover or coney
Will come to the table,
Or wine to enable
The muse or the poet,
The parish will know it.
Nor any quick warming-pan help him to bed;
If the 'Chequer be empty, so will be his head.

Epigram to my Bookseller.

Thou, friend, wilt hear all censures; unto thee
All mouths are open, and all stomachs free:
Be thou my book's intelligencer, note
What each man says of it, and of what coat
His judgment is; if he be wise, and praise,
Thank him; if other, he can give no bays.
If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
Thy wife a fit of laughter; a cramp-ring
Will be reward enough: to wear like those,
That hang their richest jewels i' their nose;
Like a rung bear or swine; grunting out wit,
As if that part lay for a () most fit!
If they go on, and that thou lov'st a life
Their perfum'd judgments, let them kiss thy wife.

An Epigram to William Earl of Newcastle.

They talk of fencing, and the use of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble science, and the mast'ring skill
Of making just approaches how to kill:
To hit in angles, and to clash with time;
As all defence or offence were a chime!
I hate such measur'd, give me metal'd fire, [er!
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts high—
A quick and dazzling motion! when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarified air!
Their weapons shot out, with that flame and force*,
As they outdid the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle! a sight to draw
Wonder to valour! no, it is a law

* Their weapons shot out with that flame and force.] "Their weapons darted." Edit. 12mo. 1640.

Of daring not to do a wrong; 'tis true
Valour to slight it being done to you †!
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it!
All this, my lord, is valour! this is yours!
And was your father's! all your ancestors!
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds and
heats
Of human life! as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appear'd, or bands!
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

An Epitaph on Henry Lord La-ware.

To the Passer by.

If, passenger, thou canst but read,
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead:
Henry, the brave young Lord La-ware,
Minerva's and the muses care!
What could their care do 'gainst the spite
Of a disease, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no air of good;
But crept like darkness through his blood,
Offended with the dazzling flame
Of virtue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action and high arts;
No aim at glory, or in war,
Ambition to become a star,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o'er to kill:
And only his great soul envy'd,
Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

THAT you have seen the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of fortune, play'd at court,
View'd there the market, read the wretched rate,
At which there are would fill the prince and state:
That scarce you hear a public voice alive,
But whisper'd counsels, and those only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with clear mind and
hands
To lift to heaven, who is't not understands
Your happiness, and doth not speak you blest,
To see you set apart thus from the rest,
T' obtain of God what all the land should ask?
A nation's sin not pardon'd! 'twere a task
Fit for a bishop's knees! O bow them oft,
My lord, till felt grief make our stone-heart soft,
And we do weep to water for our sin,
He, that in such a flood as we are in,
Of riot and consumption, knows the way
To teach the people how to fast and pray,
And do their penance to avert God's rod
He is the man, and favourite of God.

† — No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong, is true
Valour! to slight it being done to you.] *The sense is here a little disturbed, but is easily set right with the help of the copy mentioned above. For the law of daring, we must read then, a law; and alter the punctuation in the manner it now stands in the text.*

*An Epigram to King Charles, for an hundred Pounds
he sent me in my sickness, 1629.*

GREAT Charles, among the holy gifts of grace,
Annexed to thy person and thy place,
'Tis not enough (thy piety is such)
To cure the call'd king's-evil with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a kinglier mast'ry try,
To cure the poet's evil, poverty:
And in these cures dost so thyself enlarge,
As thou dost cure our evil at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One poet, than of other folks ten score.
O piety! so to weigh the poors estates!
O bounty! so to difference the rates!
What can the poet wish his king may do,
But that he cure the people's evil too?

*To King Charles and Queen Mary, for the Loss of
their First-born. An Epigram Consolatory. 1629.*

Who dares deny, that all first-fruits are due
To God, denies the Godhead to be true:
Who doubts those fruits God can with gain re-
store,
Doth by his doubt distrust his promise more.
He can, he will, and with large int'rest, pay
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not grutch
That the Almighty's will to you is such:
But thank his greatness and his goodness too;
And think all still the best that he will do.
That thought shall make, he will this loss supply
With a long, large, and blest posterity!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heap that grace he will requite.

*An Epigram to our Great and Good King Charles, on
his Anniversary-day, 1629.*

How happy were the subject if he knew,
Most pious king, but his own good in you! [say,
How many times, Live long, Charles, would he
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turns our joyful year about,
For safety of such majesty cry out?
Indeed when had Great Britain greater cause
Than now, to love the sovereign and the laws;
When you that reign are her example grown,
And what are bounds to her, you make your own?
When your assiduous practice doth secure
That faith which she professeth to be pure?
When all your life's a precedent of days,
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways?
How is she barren grown of love, or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O times! O manners! surfeit bred of ease,
The truly epidemical disease!
'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,
Is bankrupt turn'd! the callock, cloak and gown,
Are lost upon account, and none will know,
How much to heav'n for thee, great Charles, they
owe!

An Epigram on the Prince's Birth, 1630.

AND art thou born, brave babe? blest be thy birth,
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and
earth,

The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose!
What month than May was fitter to disclose
This prince of flow'rs? Soon shoot thou up and
grow

The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our nephews see
Thee quickly come the garden's eye to be,
And there to stand so. Haste now, envious moon,
And interpose thyself (care not how soon)
And threat' the great eclipse. Two hours but run,
Sol will re-shine. If not, Charles hath a son.

—Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat Caesar qui placuisse tibi.

An Epigram to the Queen then lying in, 1630.

HAIL, Mary, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an angel, to the blessed't maid,
The mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without profaneness) as a poet, cry,
Hail, Mary, full of honours, to my queen,
The mother of our prince! when was there seen
Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
(Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought)
So general a gladness to an isle!
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
As in this prince? let it be lawful, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glory to God. Then, hail to Mary! spring
Of so much safety to the realm and king.

*An Ode or Song by all the Muses, in celebration of her
Majesty's Birth-day, 1630.*

1. *Clio.* UP, public joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way:
And though the parish-steeple
Be silent to the people
Ring thou it holiday.
2. *Mel.* What though the thrifty Tower,
And guns there spare to pour
Their noises forth in thunder:
As fearful to awake
This city, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?
3. *Tbal.* Yet let our trumpets sound,
And cleave both air and ground,
With beating of our drums
Let every lyre be strung,
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,
With touch of dainty thumbs.
4. *Eut.* That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheres:
And each intelligence
May wish itself a sense,
Whilst it the ditty hears.
5. *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary;
The daughter of great Harry!
And sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pomp and story
Of all her brother's glory,
And of her father's prowess!

6. *Erat.* She shows so far above
The feigned queen of Love,
This sea-girt isle upon :
As here no Venus were ;
But that she reigning here,
Had got the Ceston on !
7. *Call.* See, see our active king,
Hath taken twice the ring,
Upon his pointed lance :
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Do mingle in a shout,
Hey for the flower of France !
8. *Ura.* This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure ;
And with a reverend fear.
The revels and the play,
Sum up this crowned day,
Her two and twentieth year.
9. *Poly.* Sweet happy Mary, all
The people do her call !
And this the womb divine !
So fruitful and so fair,
Hath brought the land an heir,
And Charles a Caroline.

An Epigram to the Household, 1630.

WHAT can the cause be, when the king hath given
His poet sack, the household will not pay ?
Are they so scanted in their store, or driven
For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay ?
Well, they should know him, would the king but
grant
His poet leave to sing his household true ;
He'd frame such ditties of their store and want,
Would make the very green-cloth to look blue :
And rather wish in their expence of sack,
So the allowance from the king to use,
As the old bard should no canary lack,
'Twere better spare a butt, than spill his muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now deny his tierce.

An Epigram to a Friend and Son.

SON, and my friend, I had not call'd you so
To me ; or been the same to you, if show,
Profit, or chance had made us : but I know
What, by that name, we each to other owe
Freedom and Truth ; with Love from those begot.
Wife-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commodity or none ;
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched painter, who so ill
Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill
Was t' have a boy stand with a club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's sight,
Till he had sold his piece, drawn so unlike :
So doth the flatterer with fair cunning strike
At a friend's freedom, proves all circling means
To keep him off ; and howsoe'er he gleans
Some of his forms, he lets him not come near
Where he would fix, for the distinctions fear ;

For as at distance few have faculty
To judge ; so all men coming near, can spy ;
Though now of flattery, as of picture, are
More subtil works, and finer pieces far,
Than knew the former ages ; yet to life
All is but web and painting ; be the strife
Never so great to get them ; and the ends,
Rather to boast rich hangings than rare friends.

*Ode Pindaric, to the immortal Memory and Friendship
of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Carey, and Sir H.
Morison.*

The First Turn of Ten.

BRAVE infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wife child didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn,
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find !

The First Counter-turn of Ten.

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack ;
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on ; the deeds of death and night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon the affrighted world :
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met ;
And all on utmost ruin set :
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The First Stand of Twelve.

For what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act ?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact ?
Here's one out-liv'd his peers,
And told forth fourscore years :
He vexed time, and busied the whole state ;
Troubled both foes and friends ;
But ever to no ends :
What did this stirrer but die late ?
How well at twenty had he fall'n or stood !
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

The Second Turn of Ten.

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts :
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men :
But weary of that flight,
He stoop'd in all mens sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup :
But that the cork of title buoy'd him up.

The Second Counter-turn of Ten.

Alas, but Morison fell young,
He never fell, thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend ;

But most a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

The Second Stand of Twelve.

Go now, and tell our days summ'd up with fears,
And make them years:
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age:
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllable answer'd, and was form'd; how fair
These make the lines of life, and that's her air.

The Third Turn of Ten.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and fear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Third Counter-turn of Ten.

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine:
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leap'd the present age,
Possess'd with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day:
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memory, and Ben

The Third Stand of Twelve.

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went
Himself to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have express'd,
In this bright afterism!
Where it were friendship's schism,
(Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry)
To separate these two-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But Fate did so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heav'n, this light on earth must shine.

The Fourth Turn of Ten.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,

Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feign'd protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good;
That knits brave minds and manners, more than
blood.

The Fourth Counter-turn of Ten.

This made you first to know the why
You lik'd, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t'other:
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each styl'd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great surnames,
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the virtue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Morison.

The Fourth and last Stand of Twelve.

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words:
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were and records.
Who, ere the first down bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord High Treasurer of
England. An Epistle Mendicant, 1631.*

MY LORD,

Poor wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are fain to seek for succours and supplies
Of princes aids, or good mens charities.

Disease the enemy, and his engineers,
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeers,
Have cast a trench about me, now five years;

And made those strong approaches by false brays,
Redoubts, half-moons, horn-works, and such close
ways,
The muse not peeps out, one of hundred days.

But lies block'd up, and straitned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been.

Unless some saving honour of the crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,
A bed-rid wit, than a besieged town.

*To the King, on his Birth-Day, Nov. 19, 1632. An
Epigram Anniversary.*

THIS is King Charles his day. Speak it thou
Tower,
Unto the ships, and they from tier to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.

Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,
 Repeating all Great Britain's joy and more,
 Adding her own glad accents to this day,
 Like Echo playing from the other shore.
 What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance can,
 The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
 Three kingdoms mirth, in light and airy man,
 Made lighter with the wine All noises else,
 At bonfires, rockets, fire-works, with the shouts
 That cry that gladness which their hearts would
 pray,
 Had they but grace, of thinking, at these routs,
 On th' often coming of this holiday:
 And ever close the burden of the song, [long.
 Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles

The wish is great; but where the prince is such,
 What prayers, people, can you think too much!

*On the Right Honourable and virtuous Lord Weston,
 Lord High Treasurer of England, upon the day he
 was made Earl of Portland, Feb. 17, 1632.*

To the Envious.

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
 Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
 In his great actions: view whom his large hand
 Hath rais'd to be the port unto his land!
 Weston! that waking man! that eye of state!
 Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only hate!
 Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
 Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt not see!
 Feed on thyself for spite, and show thy kind:
 To virtue and true worth be ever blind.
 Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou wake,
 'T' effect it, feel thou 'ast made thine own heart ach.

*To the Right Honourable Hierome, Lord Weston, An Ode
 Gratulatory, for his return from his Embassy, 1632.*

Such pleasure as the teeming earth
 Doth take in easy nature's birth,
 When she puts forth the life of every thing:
 And in a dew of sweetest rain,
 She lies deliver'd without pain,
 Of the prime beauty of the year, the spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,
 The clouds rack clear before the sun,
 The rudest winds obey the calmest air:
 Rare plants from ev'ry bank do rise,
 And every plant the sense surprise,
 Because the order of the whole is fair!

The very verdure of her nest,
 Wherein she sits so richly drest,
 As all the wealth of season there was spread;
 Doth show the Graces and the hours
 Have multiplied their arts and powers,
 In making soft her aromatic bed.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
 Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn
 With love, to hear your modesty relate

The bus'ness of your blooming wit,
 With all the fruit shall follow it,
 Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleas'd,
 To see great Charles of travail eas'd,
 When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
 Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
 To be a shadow to his heir,
 And both a strength and beauty to his land!

EPITHALAMION: OR, A SONG,

*Celebrating the Nuptials of that noble Gentleman, Mr.
 Hierome Weston, son and heir of the Lord Weston,
 Lord High Treasurer of England, with the Lady
 Frances Stewart, daughter of Esme Duke of Lenox,
 deceas'd, and sister of the surviving Duke of the same
 name.*

THOUGH thou hast past thy summer-standing, stay
 A while with us, bright sun, and help our light;
 Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
 Between the tropics, to arrest thy sight,
 Than thou shalt see to-day:

We woo thee, stay.
 And see what can be seen,
 The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen!

See the procession! what a holy day
 (Bearing the promise of some better fate)
 Hath filled with caröches all the way,
 From Greenwich, hither to Row-hampton gate!
 When look'd the year, at best,
 So like a feast?
 Or were affairs in tune,
 By all the spheres consent, so in the heart of June?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths at
 charge
 Of summers liveries, and gladding green,
 Do boast their loves and brav'ries so at large,
 As they came all to see, and to be seen!
 When look'd the earth so fine,
 Or so did shine,
 In all her bloom and flower, [bower?
 To welcome home a pair, and deck the nuptial

It is the kindly season of the time, [forth
 The month of youth, which calls all creatures
 To do their offices in nature's chime,
 And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
 Marriage, the end of life,
 That holy strife,
 And the allowed war; [are.
 Through which not only we, but all our species

Hark how the bells upon the waters play
 Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
 As they had learn'd new changes for the day,
 And all did ring th' approaches of the bride;
 The Lady Frances drest
 Above the rest
 Of all the maidens fair;
 In graceful ornament of garland, gems, and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin-white,
 Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,
 And sister : darting forth a dazzling light
 On all that come her simplest to rebuke !
 Her tresses trim her back,
 As she did lack
 Nought of a maiden queen,
 With modesty so crown'd, and adoration seen.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the virgins do !
 The choicest virgin-troop of all the land !
 Porting the ensigns of united two,
 Both crowns and kingdoms in their either hand :
 Whose majesties appear,
 To make more clear,
 This feast, than can the day,
 Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty stay !

See how with roses, and with lilies shine,
 (Lilies and roses, flow'rs of either sex) [thine
 The bright bride's paths, embellish'd more than
 With light of love, this pair doth intertex !
 Stay, see the virgins sow
 (Where she shall go)
 The emblems of their way.
 O now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st, as thou
 would'st stay !

With what full hands, and in how plenteous show-
 ers [tread,
 Have they bedew'd the earth, where she doth
 As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,
 And all the ground were garden where she led !
 See, at another door,
 On the same floor,
 The bridegroom meets the bride [beside.
 With all the pomp of youth, and all our court

Our court, and all the grandees ; now, sun, look,
 And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,
 In all thy age of journals thou hast took,
 Saw'st thou that pair became these rites so well,
 Save the preceding two ?
 Who, in all they do,
 Search, sun, and thou wilt find [kind.
 They are th' exempl'd pair, and mirror of their

Force from the Phoenix, then, no rarity
 Of sex, to rob the creature ; but from man
 The king of creatures ; take his parity
 With angels, muse, to speak these : nothing can
 Illustrate these, but they
 Themselves to-day,
 Who the whole act express ;
 All else we see beside, are shadows, and go less.

It is their grace and favour that makes seen,
 And wonder'd at the bounties of this day :
 All is a story of the king and queen !
 And what of dignity and honour may
 Be duly done to those
 And set the mark upon,
 To give a greater name and title to ! their own !

Wellon, their treasure, as their treasurer,
 That mine of wisdom, and of counsels deep,

Great say-master of state, who cannot err,
 But doth his carast, and just standard keep,
 In all the prov'd assays,
 And legal ways
 Of trials, to work down [crown.
 Mens loves unto the laws, and laws to love the

And this well mov'd the judgment of the king
 To pay with honours to his noble son
 To-day, the father's service ; who could bring
 Him up, to do the same himself had done :
 That far all-seeing eye
 Could soon espy
 What kind of waking man
 He had so highly set ; and in what Barbican.

Stand there ; for when a noble nature's rais'd,
 It brings friends joy, foes grief ; posterity, fame ;
 In him the times, no less than prince, are prais'd,
 And by his rise, in active men, his name
 Doth emulation stir ;
 To th' dull a spur
 It is, to th' envious meant
 A mere upbraiding grief, and tort'ring punishment.

See now the chapel opens ; where the king
 And bishop stay to consummate the rites :
 The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,
 Asks first, who gives her (I Charles ;) then he
 plights
 One in the other's hand,
 Whilst they both stand
 Hearing their charge, and then
 The solemn choir cries, Joy ; and they return, Amen ;

O happy bands ! and thou more happy place,
 Which to this use were built and consecrate !
 To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,
 And this their chosen bishop celebrate,
 And knit the nuptial knot,
 Which time shall not,
 Or canker'd jealousy,
 With all corroding arts, be able to untie !

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone
 Now, sun, and post away the rest of day :
 These two, now holy church hath made them one,
 Do long to make themselves so another way :
 There is a feast behind,
 To them of kind,
 Which their glad parents taught [brought.
 One to the other, long e'er these to light were

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them night
 Some hours before it should, that these may know
 All that their fathers and their mothers might
 Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,
 To propagate their names,
 And keep their fames
 Alive, which else would die ;
 For fame keeps virtue up, and its posterity.

Th' ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
 Like swine, or other cattle here on earth :
 Their names are not recorded on the file
 Of life, that fall so ; Christians know their birth

Alone; and such a race,
 We pray may grace
 Your fruitful spreading vine,
 But dare not ask our wish in language *feſcennine* :

Yet, as we may, we will, with chaste desires
 (The holy perfumes of the marriage bed)
 Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires
 Of love between you and your lovely-head :
 That when you both are old,
 You find no cold
 There; but renewed, say, [day.
 (After the last child born) this is our wedding-

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
 A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names
 Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call ;
 A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dams,
 And 'tween their grand-fire's thighs,
 Like pretty spies,
 Peep forth a gem ; to see
 How each one plays his part of the large pedigree.

And never may there want one of the stem,
 To be a watchful servant for this state ;
 But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
 Extend a reaching virtue early and late :
 Whilst the main tree still sound
 Upright and sound,
 By this sun's noonsted's made
 So great ; his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slip'd to bed : shut fast the door,
 And let him freely gather love's first fruits,
 He's master of the office ; yet no more
 Exacts than she is pleas'd to pay : no suits,
 Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
 Will last till day :
 Night and the sheets will show,
 The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

*The humble Petition of poor Ben ;
 To th' best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
 KING CHARLES ;*

— Doth humbly show it,
 To your Majesty, your poet :

THAT whereas your royal father,
 James the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
 Of his special grace to letters,
 To make all the muses debtors
 To his bounty ; by extension
 Of a free poetic pension,
 A large hundred marks annuity,
 To be given me in gratuity
 For done service, and to come :
 And that this so accepted sum,
 Or dispens'd in books or bread,
 (For with both the muse was fed)
 Hath drawn on me from the times,
 All the envy of the rhymes,
 And the ratling pit-pat noise
 Of the less poetic boys,
 When their pot-guns aim to hit,
 With their pellets of small wit,

Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
 But we last out still unlay'd.

Please your majesty to make
 Of your grace, for goodness sake,
 Those your father's marks, your pounds :
 Let their spite (which now abounds)
 Then go on, and do its worst ;
 This would all their envy burst :
 And so warm the poet's tongue,
 You'd read a snake in his next song.

*To the Right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer of Eng-
 land. An Epigram.*

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,
 I would present you now with curious plate
 Of Noremberg or Turkey : hang your rooms,
 Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms :
 I would, if price or prayer could them get,
 Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
 Titian or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
 Have left in fame to equal, or outgo
 The old Greek hands in picture, or in stone.

This I would do, could I know Weston, one
 Catch'd with these arts, wherein the judge is wise
 As far as sense, and only by the eyes.
 But you, I know, my lord, and know you can
 Discern between a statue and a man :
 Can do the things that statues do deserve,
 And act the business which they paint or carve.
 What you have studied, are the arts of life ;
 To compose men and manners ; stint the strife
 Of murmuring subjects ; make the nations know
 What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe :
 And mightiest monarchs feel what large increase
 Of sweets and safeties they possess by peace.
 These I look up at with a reverend eye,
 And strike religion in the standers by,
 Which, though I cannot as an architect,
 In glorious piles or pyramids erect
 Unto your honour ; I can tune in song
 Aloud : and happ'ly it may last as long.

*An Epigram to my Muse, the Lady Digby, on her Hus-
 band Sir Kenelm Digby.*

THOUGH, happy muse, thou know my Digby well
 Yet read him in these lines : he doth excel
 In honour, courtesy, and all the parts
 Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
 He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate :
 In him all virtue is beheld in state ;
 And he is built like some imperial room
 For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
 His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
 Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet :
 Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
 As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane :
 Witness his action done at Scanderoon,
 Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June ;
 When the apostle, Barnaby the bright,
 Unto our year doth give the longest light,
 In sign the subject, and the song will live,
 Which I have vow'd posterity to give.
 Go, muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
 Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee,

He will clear up his forehead; think thou bring'st
Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st:
For he doth love my verses, and will look
Upon them (next to Spenser's noble book),
And praise them too. O what a fame 'twill be!
What reputation to my lines and me,
When he shall read them at the treasurer's board?
The knowing Weston, and that learned lord
Allows them? then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how
glad
Wilt thou be, muse, when this shall them befall?
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

New years expect new gifts: sister, your harp,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are call'd to-day.
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean, the sharp,
To show the rites, and usher forth the way
Of the new year, in a new silken warp,
To fit the softness of your year's gift: when
We sing the best of monarchs, masters, men:
For had we here said less, we had sung nothing
then.

A New-Year's Gift, sung to King Charles, 1635.

Reitor Chori.

To-DAY old Janus opens the new year,
And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyal swains,
That know the times and seasons when t' appear,
And offer your just service on these plains;
Best kings expect first-fruits of your glad gains.

1. Pain is the great preserver of our bounds.
 2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
 3. Our milk. 4. Our fells. 5. Our fleeces. 6. And first lambs.
 7. Our teeming ewes. 8. And lusty mounting rams.
 9. See where he walks, with Mira by his side.
- Chor.* Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his,
hers divide.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
Shep. And in the chase, more than Sylvanus can;
Chor. Hear, O ye groves and hills! resound his
praise.

Of brightest Mira do we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring; [along:
Nym. Who walks on earth, as May still went
Chor. Rivers and valleys echo what we sing.

Of Pan we sing, the chief of leaders, Pan,
Shep. Chor. That leads our flocks and us, and
calls both forth
To better pastures than great Pales can:
Hear, O ye groves! and hills resound his worth.

Of brightest Mira is our song; the grace [bring;
Nym. Chor. Of all that nature yet to life did
And were she lost, could best supply her place:
Rivers and valleys echo what we sing.

1. Where'er they tread th' enamour'd ground,
The fairest flow'rs are always found;

2. As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on them where they were.

1. He is the father of our peace;
2. She to the crown hath brought increase.
1. We know no other pow'r than his,
Pan only our great shepherd is,
Chor. Our great, our good. Where one's so dress
In truth of colours, both are best.

Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler swains,
That have a flock or herd upon these plains:
This is the great preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first lambs,
Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams.
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it echo'd by the floods.
'Tis he, 'tis he, in singing he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee.
He gives all plenty and increase,
He is the author of our peace.

Where'er he goes upon the ground,
The better grafs and flowers are found.
To sweeter pastures lead he can,
Than ever Pales could, or Pan:
He drives diseases from our folds,
The thief from spoil his presence holds:
Pan knows no other power than his,
This only the great shepherd is.
'Tis he, 'tis he, &c.

Fair friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain,
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that prince disdain,
My thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access
Ready to multiply,
But like love's calmest state it is
Possess'd with victory.

It is like love to truth reduc'd,
All the false value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy, or 'tis fate,
To love you more than I:
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Less were an injury.

Like unstamp'd gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
h' intrinsic value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
 Were not so fair a fight
 Payment enough; for who dare move
 Reward for his delight?

On the King's Birth-day.

Rouse up thyself, my gentle muse,
 Though now our green conceits be gray,
 And yet once more do not refuse
 To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
 In honour of this cheerful day:
 Long may they both contend to prove,
 That best of crowns is such a love.

Make first a song of joy and love,
 Which chaste flames in royal eyes,
 Then tune it to the spheres above,
 When the benigne stars do rise,
 And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
 Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
 Whilst diadems invest his head;
 Long may he live, whose life doth bound
 More than his laws, and better led
 By high example, than by dread.
 Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
 His roses and his lilies blown:
 Long may his only dear and he
 Joy in ideas of their own,
 And kingdoms hopes so timely sown.
 Long may they both contend to prove,
 That best of crowns is such a love.

*To my Lord the King, on the Christening his second Son
 James.*

THAT thou art lov'd of God, this work is done,
 Great king, thy having of a second son:
 And by thy blessing may thy people see
 How much they are belov'd of God in thee.
 Would they would understand it! princes are
 Great aids to empire, as they are great care
 To pious parents, who would have their blood
 Should take first seisin of the public good,
 As hath thy James; cleans'd from original dross,
 This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's cross.
 Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,
 As in renewing thy good grandfire's fame:
 Methought Great Britain in her sea, before
 Sat safe enough, but now secured more.
 At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
 Her rose and lily intertwin'd, have made.

Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.

*An Elegy on the Lady Jane Parulet, Marchioness of
 Winton.*

WHAT gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
 Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
 And beck'ning woos me from the fatal tree,
 To pluck a garland for herself or me?
 I do obey you, beauty! for in death
 You seem a fair one! O that you had breath

To give your shade a name! stay, stay, I feel
 A horror in me! all my blood is steel!
 Stiff! stark! my joints 'gainst one another knock!
 Whose daughter? ha! great Savage of the Rock?
 He's good as great. I am almost a stone!
 And ere I can ask more of her she's gone!
 Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
 Thou would'st have written, Fame, upon my breast:
 It is a large fair table, and a true,
 And the disposer will be something new,
 When I, who would the poet have become,
 At least may bear th' inscription to her tomb.
 She was the Lady Jane, and Marchioness
 Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this. [Fame,
 Earl Rivers' grandchild—'serve not forms, good
 Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
 Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
 And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
 I durst not aim at that: the dotes were such
 Thereof, no notion can express how much
 Their caract was! I or my trump must break,
 But rather I, should I of that part speak!
 It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
 To be describ'd! Fame's fingers are too foul
 To touch these mysteries! we may admire
 The heat and splendour, but not handle fire!
 What she did here, by great example, well,
 T' enlive posterity, her fame may tell!
 And calling truth to witnesses, make that good
 From the inherent graces in her blood!
 Else who doth praise a person by a new,
 But a feign'd way, doth rob it of the true.
 Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
 Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
 Were like a ring of virtues 'bout her set,
 And piety the centre were all met.
 A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
 A daz'ling, yet inviting, majesty:
 What nature, fortune, institution, fact,
 Could sum to a perfection, was her act!
 How did she leave the world? with what contempt!
 Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
 From all affection! when they urg'd the cure
 Of her disease, how did her soul assure
 Her suff'rings, as the body had been away!
 And to the torturers (her doctors) say,
 Stick on your cupping-glasses, fear not, put
 Your hottest caustics to, burn, lance, or cut:
 'Tis but a body which you can torment,
 And I into the world all soul was sent!
 Then comforted her lord and blest her son!
 Cheer'd her fair sisters in her race to run!
 With gladness temper'd her sad parents tears!
 Made her friends joys to get above their fears!
 And in her last act taught the standers-by
 With admiration and applause to die!
 Let angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home to her original!
 Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
 To carry and conduct the compliment
 'Twixt death and life! where her mortality
 Became her birth-day to eternity!
 And now through circumfused light she looks,
 On nature's secrets there, as her own books:
 Speaks heaven's language! and discourseth free
 To every order, every hierarchy!

Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
 What the beginnings of all beauties be;
 And all beatitudes that thence do flow:
 Which they that have the crown are sure to know!
 Go now, her happy parents, and be sad,
 If you not understand what child you had.
 If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
 T' have paid again a blessing was but lent,
 And trusted so, as it deposited lay
 At pleasure, to be call'd for every day!
 If you can envy your own daughter's bliss,
 And wish her state less happy than it is!
 If you can cast about your either eye,
 And see all dead here, or about to die!
 The stars, that are the jewels of the night,
 And day, deceasing! with the prince of light,
 The sun! great kings! and mightiest kingdoms fall!
 Whole nations! nay, mankind! the world, with all
 That ever had beginning there, to end!
 With what injustice should one soul pretend
 T' scape this common known necessity,
 When we were all born, we began to die;
 And but for that contention and brave strife,
 The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
 He were the wretched'st of the race of men:
 But as he soars at that, he bruises then
 The serpents head; gets above death and sin,
 And sure of heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHEME: OR, THE FAIR FAME;

Left to posterity of that truly noble Lady, the Lady Venetia Digby, late Wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, a Gentleman absolute in all numbers.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctum religio,

I. *The Dedication of her Cradle.*

FAIR fame, who art ordain'd to crown
 With evergreen, and great renown,
 Their heads that envy would hold down
 With her in shade
 Of death and darkness, and deprive
 Their names of being kept alive
 By thee and conscience, both who thrive
 By the just trade.

Of goodness still: vouchsafe to take
 This cradle, and for goodness sake,
 A dedicated ensign make

Thereof to Time;

That all posterity, as we,
 Who read what the Crepundia be,
 May something by that twilight see

'Bove ratt'ling rhyme:

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,
 Take little infants with their noise,
 As prop'rest gifts to girls and boys,

Of light expence;

Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,
 Their painted masques, their paper boats,
 With sails of silk, as the first notes

Surprise their sense:

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Yet here are no such trifles brought,
 No cobweb cawls, no furcoats wrought
 With gold, or clasps, which might be bought
 On every stall.

But here's a song of her descent;
 And call to the high parliament
 Of heaven; where seraphim take tent
 Of ord'ring all.

This utter'd by an ancient bard,
 Who claims (of reverence) to be heard,
 As coming with his harp, prepar'd
 To chant her 'gree,
 Is sung: as 'aif' her getting up
 By Jacob's ladder to the top
 Of that eternal port, kept ope'
 For such as she.

II. *The Song of her Descent.*

I SING the just and uncontroul'd descent
 Of dame Venetia Digby, styl'd the fair:
 For mind and body the most excellent
 That ever nature, or the later air,
 Gave two such houses as Northumberland
 And Stanley, to the which she was co-heir.
 Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
 At either stem, and know the veins of good
 Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
 Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
 Of virtues in her, as, in short, she grew
 The wonder of her sex, and of your blood:
 And tell thou, Alde-legh, none can tell more true
 Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st thy name
 Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
 Meschine's honour, with the Cestrian fame
 Of the first Lupus, to the family
 By Ranulph—

[*The rest of this song is lost.*]

III. *The Picture of the Body.*

SITTING, and ready to be drawn,
 What makes these velvets, silks, and lawn,
 Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
 Where every limb takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
 Some form defective, or decay'd;
 This beauty, without falsehood fair,
 Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,
 Were fitly interpos'd; so new:
 He shall, if he can understand,
 Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
 And out of that make day to break;
 Till like her face it do appear,
 And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
 The cloud, and show the universe;
 But at such distance, as the eye
 May rather yet adore, than spy

P P

The heaven design'd, draw next a spring,
With all that youth, or it can bring :
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confin'd in these.

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurl'd;
And thou hast painted beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece, nor tell
Whose 'tis : but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV. *The Mind.*

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone ;
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse :
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot fit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle tow'ring in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit* ;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence ;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you muse, now make it true :
Henceforth may every line be you ;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine ;
And so disdaining any trier ;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all ; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech ; it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the air ;

* *A bottomless pit, or pit that cannot be sounded or fathomed.*

And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness ; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial flight,
Up to her own sublimed height ?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty, fit
For her to inhabit ? there is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polish'd, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil pour'd forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind ;
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possesst,
Thou entertaining in thy breast,
But such a mind mak'st God thy guest.

[*A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end : which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus.*]

BUT for you (growing gentlemen) the happy
branches of two so illustrious houses as these,
wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines
descended ; let me leave you this last legacy of
counsel ; which, so soon as you arrive at years of
mature understanding, open you (Sir) that are the
eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will
concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful ser-
vant and client of your family, with his latest
breath expiring it, B. J.

To Kerelme, John, George.

BOAST not these titles of your ancestors ;
(Brave youths) they're their possessions, none of
yours :

When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames ;

or they are strong supporters : but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds;
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds,
Up to their ancestors; the river's side
By which you're planted, shows your fruit shall
hide :
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree :
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility.
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall ;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

IX. *Elegy on my Muse, the truly honoured Lady, the
Lady Venetia Digby ; who living, gave me leave to
call her so. Being her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or, Relation to
the Saints.*

Sera quidem tanto fruitor medicina dolori.

'TWERE time that I dy'd too, now she is dead,
Who was my muse, and life of all I said.
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great with me, she weav'd,
And set it forth ; the rest were cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old nine !
'To hang a window, or make dark the room,
'Till swept away, th' were cancell'd with a broom !
Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her !
O ! had I seen her laid out a fair corse,
By death, on earth, I should have had remorse
On nature for her : who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of herself to die.
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a rarity, and not rouse Art,
With all her aids, to save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleys ?
'Thou wouldst have lost the Phoenix, had the kind
Been trusted to thee ; not to't self-assign'd.
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone,
My wounded mind cannot sustain this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it ; in her fall,
I sum up mine own breaking, and wish all.
'Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive at one,
What's left a poet when his muse is gone ?
Sure I am dead, and know it not ! I feel
Nothing I do ; but like a heavy wheel,
Am turned with another's powers. My passion
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in fashion,
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessed soul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity !
I envy it the angels amity !
The joy of saints ! the crown for which it lives,
The glory and gain of rest, which the place gives !
Dare I profane so irreligious be,
'To greet or grieve her soft euthanasia !
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss,
As spirits had stol'n her spirits in a kiss,
From off her pillow and deluded bed ;
And left her lovely body unthought dead !
Indeed she is not dead ! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their Judge, and his eternal doom.

To have that final retribution,
Expected with the flesh's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen call
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,
Like single ; so there is a third commixt,
Of body and spirit together, plac'd betwixt
Those other two ; which must be judg'd or crown'd :
This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great evidence the conscience !
Who will be there, against that day prepar'd,
T' accuse or quit all parties to be heard !
O day of joy, and surety to the just !
Who in that feast of resurrection trust !
That great eternal holiday of rest
To body and soul ! where love is all the guest !
And the whole banquet is full sight of God !
Of joy the circle, and sole period !
All other gladness with the thought is barr'd ;
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her reward !
This being thus, why should my tongue or pen
Presume to interpel that fulness, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat
That she is in, or make it more complete ?
Better be dumb than superstitious !
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious
Against the nature he would worship. He
Will honour'd be in all simplicity !
Have all his actions wonder'd at, and view'd
With silence and amazement ! not with rude,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have busy search made in his mysteries !
He knows what work h' hath done, to call this
guest,
Out of her noble body to this feast :
And give her place according to her blood
Amongst her peers, those princes of all good !
Saints, martyrs, prophets, with those hierarchies,
Angels, arch-angels, principalities,
The dominations, virtues, and the powers,
The thrones, the cherub, and seraphic bowers,
That planted round, there sing before the Lamb,
A new song to his praise, and great I Am :
And she doth know, out of the shade of death,
What 'tis t' enjoy an everlasting breath !
To have her captiv'd spirit freed from flesh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh
And white as that put on : and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crowned victrice stand !
And will you, worthy son, Sir, knowing this,
Put black and mourning on ? and say you miss
A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love ;
Whom her Redeemer honour'd hath above
Her fellows, with the oil of gladness, bright
In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light ?
Thither you hope to come ; and there to find
That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoy'd : a short space severs ye,
Compar'd unto that long eternity,
That shall rejoin ye. Was she then so dear
When she departed ? you will meet her there,
Much more desir'd, and dearer than before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the Son of God, the Word !

There all the happy souls that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;
 And each shall know there one anothers face,
 By beatific virtue of the place.
 There shall the brother with the sister walk,
 And sons and daughters with their parents talk;
 But all of God; they still shall have to say,
 But make him All in all their theme that day:
 That happy day that never shall see night!
 Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
 Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
 A music in the ears will ever last;
 Unto the scent a spicery or balm;
 And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm
 He will all glory, all perfection be,
 God in the union, and the Trinity!
 That holy, great and glorious mystery,
 Will there revealed be in majesty!
 By light and comfort of spiritual grace;
 The vision of our Saviour face to face
 In his humanity! to hear him preach
 The price of our redemption, and to teach
 Through his inherent righteousness, in death,
 The safety of our souls, and forfeit breath!
 What fulness of beatitude is here?
 What love with mercy mixed doth appear?
 To style us friends, who were by nature foes?
 Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
 Had lost ourselves? and prodigally spent
 Our native portions, and possessed rent?
 Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
 B' imputed right to an inheritance
 In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
 Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.
 Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
 He that shall be our supreme Judge, shall leave
 Himself so uninformed of his elect,
 Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
 The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can
 Find all our atoms from a point t' a span:
 Our closest creeks and corners, and can trace
 Each line, as it were graphic in the face.
 And best he knew her noble character,
 For 'twas himself who form'd and gave it her.
 And to that form lent two such veins of blood,
 As nature could not more increase the flood
 Of title in her! all nobility
 (But pride, that schism of incivility)
 She had, and it became her! she was fit
 T' have known no envy, but by suffering it!
 She had a mind as calm as she was fair;
 Not tost or troubled with light lady-air,
 But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
 Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
 And by the awful manage of her eye,
 She sway'd all bus'ness in the family!
 To one she said, do this, he did it; so
 To another, move, he went; to a third, go,
 He ran; and all did strive with diligence
 T' obey, and serve her sweet commandments.
 She was in one a many parts of life;
 A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
 A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
 So charitable to religious end
 In all her petite actions, so devote,
 As her whole life was now become one note

Of piety and private holiness.
 She spent more time in tears herself to dress
 For her devotions, and those sad essays
 Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days:
 And came forth ever cheered with the rod
 Of divine comfort, when sh' had talk'd with God.
 Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense:
 Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
 For prayer is the incense most perfumes
 The holy altars, when it least presumes.
 And her's were all humility! they beat
 The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
 In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
 Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms
 Or doing other deeds of charity,
 To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
 Would sit in an infirmary whole days
 Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
 To that eternal rest, where now she hath place
 By sure election and predestin'd grace!
 She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
 Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
 On all the world! she saw him on the cross
 Suff'ring and dying to redeem our loss:
 She saw him rise triumphing over death,
 To justify and quicken us in breath:
 She saw him too, in glory to ascend
 For his designed work the perfect end
 Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
 The kind of man, on whom his doom should fall!
 All this by faith she saw, and fram'd a plea,
 In manner of a daily apostrophe,
 To him should be her judge, true God, true Man,
 Jesus, the only-gotten Christ! who can,
 As being Redeemer and Repairer too
 (Of lapsed nature) best know what to do,
 In that great act of judgment, which the Father
 Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
 As being the Son of Man) to show his power,
 His wisdom, and his justice, in that hour,
 The last of hours, and shutter up of all;
 Where first his power will appear, by call
 Of all are dead to life: his wisdom show
 In the discerning of each conscience so!
 And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
 And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!
 In this sweet extasy she was rapt hence.
 Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
 That thus have ventur'd these true strains upon,
 To publish her a saint. My muse is gone.

In pietatis memoriam

quam præstas

Venetiae tuæ illustrissim.

Marit. dign. Digheic

Hanc'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, tibi, tuisq; sacro,

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or Crown, is lost.

Horace. Ode *XX*. Book V. *The Praises of a Country Life.*

HAPPY is he, that from all business clear,
 As the old race of mankind were,
 With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands,
 And is not in the usurer's bands:
 Nor soldier-like, started with rough alarms,
 Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms:

But flies the bar and courts, with the proud boards,
And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
With the grown issue of the vine;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
And sets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
The lowing herds there grazing are:
Or the preft honey in pure pots doth keep
Of earth, and shears the tender sheep:
Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crown'd,
How plucking pears, his own hand grafted had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
And, Sylvan, thine that kept'st his lands!
Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
Now in the rooted grafs him lay,
Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods;
The soft birds quarrel in the woods;
The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,
And all invite to easy sleep.
Then when the thund'ring Jove, his snow and
showers
Are gathering by the wintry hours;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a hound
Wild boars into his toils pitch'd round:
Or strains on his small fork his subtle nets
For th' eating thrush, or pit-falls sets:
And snares the fearful hare, and new-come crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
Love's cares so evil and so great?
But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife meet
For household aid, and children sweet;
Such as the Sabines, or a sun-burnt blowse,
Some lusty quick Apulian's spouse,
To deck the hallow'd hearth with old wood fir'd
Against the husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by,
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the sweet tub wine of this year takes,
And unbought viands ready makes.
Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize,
Nor turbot, nor bright golden eyes:
If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,
Into our seas send any such:
Th' Ionian god-wit, nor the ginny-hen
Could not go down my belly then
More sweet than olives, that new-gather'd be
From fattest branches of the tree:
Or the herb sorrel, that loves meadows still,
Or mallows loosing bodies ill:
Or at the feast of bounds, the lamb then slain,
Or kid forc'd from the wolf again,
Among these cates how glad the sight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home:
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned share!
The wealthy household swarm of bondmen met,
And 'bout the steeming chimney set!
These thoughts when usurer Alphius, now about
To turn more farmer, had spoke out;
'Gainst th' ides, his moneys he gets in with pain,
At th' calends puts all out again.

Ode I. Book IV. To Venus.

VENUS, again thou mov'st a war
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was: refrain
Sower mother of sweet loves, forbear
To bend a man now at his fiftieth year,
Too stubborn for commands so slack:
Go where youths soft intreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus:
There jest and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast;
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled client fills his tongue:
Child of a hundred arts, and far
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when he smiling finds his grace
With thee 'bove all his rivals gifts take place,
He will thee a marble statue make
Beneath a sweet-wood roof near Alba Lake,
There shall thy dainty nostril take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ear's sake
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
There twice a day in sacred lays,
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise:
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with fresh flowers to girt my temple round.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these pale cheeks of mine?
Or why my well-grac'd words among
With an uncomely silence fails my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dream every night
I hold thee fast: but fled hence, with the light,
Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow thee.

Ode IX. Book III. To Lydia. Dialogue of Horace and Lydia.

Her. WHILST, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian king.
Lyd. Whilst Horace lov'd no mistress more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.
Her. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's, I [plays,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning
As for her I'd not fear to die,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.
Lyd. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thuringe Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fate would let the boy a long thread run.
Her. But say old love return should make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke,
That I bright Chloe off should shake;
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood open?

Lyd. Though he be fairer than a star;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

Fragment of Petronius Arbiter, Translated.

DOING, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
And done, we strait repent us of the sport:
Let us not then rush blindly on unto it:
Like lustful beasts that only know to do it:
For lust will languish, and that heat decay,
But thus, thus keeping endless holiday,
Let us together closely lie and kiss,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this;

This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please;
never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

Martial, Epigram 27. Book VIII. Translated.

LIBER, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternal flower to fare,
If thou be'st wife, with 'Syrian oil let shine
Thy locks, and rosy garlands crown thy head;
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine;
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
He, that but living half his days, dies such,
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him, much,

H O R A C E

OF THE ART OF POETRY, TRANSLATED.

If to a woman's head a painter would
Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limb, ta'en from a several creature,
Presenting upwards a fair female feature,
Which in some swarthy fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
This piece, my Piso's, and that book agree,
Whose shapes, like sick men's dreams, are feign'd
so vain,

As neither head, nor feet, one form retain.
But equal power to painter and to poet,
Of daring all, hath still been given; we know it;
And both do carve, and give again this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild and tame should cleave
Together; not that we should serpents see
With doves; or lambs with tigers coupled be.

In grave beginnings, and great things profess,
Ye have oft-times, that may o'ershine the rest,
A scarlet piece or two, stitch'd in: when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
D'ring circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the river Rhine,
Or rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
No place for these. And, painter, hap'ly thou
Know'st only well to paint a cypress tree.
What's this? if he whose money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by swimming hopeles scap'd
The whole fleet wreck'd? A great jar to be shap'd,
Was meant at first; why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a pitcher out?
In short, I bid, let what thou work'st upon,
Be simply quite throughout, and wholly one.

Most writers, noble fire, and either son,
Are, with the likeness of the truth, undone.
Myself for shortness labour, and I grow
Obscure. This, striving to run smooth, and flow,
Hath neither soul nor sinews. Lofty he
Professing greatness swells: that low by lee
Creeps on the ground; too safe, too afraid of
storm.

This seeking, in a various kind, to form

One thing prodigiously, paints in the woods
A dolphin, and a boar amid the floods.
So, shunning faults to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong and artless way we tread.

The worst of statuaries here about
Th' Emilian school, in brass can fashion out
The nails, and every curled hair disclose;
But in the main work hapless; since he knows
Not to design the whole. Should I aspire
To form a work, I would no more desire
To be that smith, than live mark'd one of those,
With fair black eyes, and hair, and a wry nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your shoulders: prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him whose choice doth
rear

His matter to his pow'r, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forsakes.
The virtue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention. Now to speak; and then differ
Much, that mought now be spoke, omitted here
Till fitter season. Now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the epic's office is.

In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st to me
Most worthy praise, when words that common grew
Are by thy cunning placing, made mere new.
Yet if by chance, in utt'ring things obscure,
Thou need new terms; thou may'st, without excuse
Feign words, unheard of to the well-trust'd race
Of the Cethegi; and all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new and late coin'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the Grecian spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing
A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envy'd so,
If I can give some small increase? when lo,
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth,

And wealth unto our language, and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that be
Stamp't to the time. As woods whose change ap-
pears

Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
The first-born dying, so the aged state
Of words decays, and phrases born but late,
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death we owe :
Whether the sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the north the navy safe doth store,
A kingly work ; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour towns, and feels the weighty plough ;
Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His course, so hurtful both to grain and seeds,
Being taught a better way. All mortal deeds
Shall perish : so far off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd,
And much shall die, that now is nobly liv'd,
If custom please ; at whose disposing will
The power and rule of speaking resteth still.

The gifts of kings, great captains, and sad wars,
What number best can fit, Homer declares.
In verse unequal match'd, first four laments,
After mens wishes, crown'd in their events,
Were also clos'd : but who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper elegy,
All the grammarians strive ; and yet in court
Before the judge, it hangs, and waits report.

Unto the lyric strings, the muse gave grace
To chaunt the gods, and all their godlike race.
The conqu'ring champion, the prime horse in course,
Fresh lovers business, and the wine's free source.
Th' iambic arm'd Archilochus to rave,
This foot the socks took up, and buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange discourse ; a verse to win
On popular noise with, and do business in.

The comic matter will not be express'd
In tragic verse ; no less Thyestes feast
Abhors low numbers, and the private strain
Fit for the sock ; each subject should retain
The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of poems here describ'd, I can nor use,
Nor know t' observe : why (i' the muses name)
Am I call'd poet ? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversely modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, than either learn or know ?
Yet some time doth the comedy excite
Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes outright
With swelling throat : and oft the tragic wight
Complains in humble phrase. Both Telephus,
And Peleus, if they seek to heartstrike us
That are spectators with their misery,
When they are poor, and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard phrase, and foot and half foot
words :

'Tis not enough, th' elaborate muse affords
Her poems beauty, but a sweet delight
To work the hearers minds still to their plight.
Mens faces still with such as laugh are prone
To laughter ; so they grieve with those that moan.

If thou wouldst have me weep, be thou first
drown'd

Thyself in tears, then me thy loss will wound,
Peleus, or Telephus. If you speak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I shall or sleep or smile.
Sad language fits sad looks, stuff'd with menacings
The angry brow, the sportive wanton things ;
And the severe, speech ever serious.
For nature, first within doth fashion us
To every state of fortune ; she helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger ; and anon
With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us : and after, by the tongue
Her truch-man, she reports the minds each throw.
If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow
In sound, quite from his fortune ; both the rout
And Roman gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
It much will differ if a god speak, than,
Or an hero ; if a ripe old man,
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course !
Where some great lady, or her diligent nurse ;
A vent'ring merchant, or the farmer free
Of some small thankful land : whether he be
Of Colchis born, or in Assyria bred ;
Or with the milk of Thebes, or Argus fed.
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or feign
Things in themselves agreeing : if again
Honour'd Achilles' chance by thee be seiz'd,
Keep him still active, angry, unappeas'd,
Sharp and contemning laws at him should aim,
Be nought so 'bove him, but his sword let claim.

Medea make brave with an impetuous scorn,
Ino bewail'd, Ixion false, foresworn ;
Poor lo wand'ring, wild Orestes mad :
If something strange, that never yet was had
Unto the scene thou bring'st, and dar'st create
A mere new person ; look he keep his state
Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard to speak things common properly ;
And thou may'st better bring a rhapsody
Of Homer's forth in acts, than of thine own,
First publish things unspoken, and unknown.
Yet common matter thou thine own may'st make,
If thou the vile broad trodden ring forsake.
For, being a poet, thou may'st feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
To render word for word : nor with thy slight
Of imitation, leap into a straight,
From whence thy modesty, or poem's law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
Nor so begin, as did that circler late,
I sing a noble war, and Priam's fate.
What doth this promiser such gaping worth
Afford ? The mountains travail'd, and brought
forth

A scorned mouse ! O, how much better this,
Who nought essays unaptly, or amiss ?
Speak to me, muse, the man, who after Troy was
sack't, [tract.
Saw many towns and men, and could their manners
He thinks not how to give you smoke from light,
But light from smoke, that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after : as Antiphates,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with these.

Nor from the brand, with which the life did burn
Of Meleager, brings he the return
Of Diomedes; nor Troy's sad war begins
From the two eggs that did disclose the twins.
He ever hastens to the end, and so
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter; letting go
What he despairs, being handled, might not show;
And so well feigns, so mixeth cunningly
Falseness with truth, as no man can espy
Where the midst differs from the first; or where
The last doth from the midst disjoin'd appear.
Hear what it is the people and I desire:
If such a one's applause thou dost require,
That carries till the hangings be taken down,
And sits till th' epilogue says clap, or crown:
The customs of each age thou must observe,
And give their years and natures as they swerve,
Fit rights. The child that now knows how to say,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play;
Soon angry, and soon pleas'd, is sweet, or sour,
He knows not why, and changeth every hour.

Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once being
gone,
Loves dogs and horses; and is ever one
In the open field; is wax-like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsel: a provider slow
For his own good, a careless letter-go
Of money, haughty, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

These studies alter now, in one grown man;
His better'd mind seeks wealth and friendship;
then

Looks after honours, and bewares to act
What straightway he must labour to retract.
The old man many evils do girt round;
Either because he seeks; and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or does all business coldly, and with fear;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.
Man's coming years much good with them do
bring:

As his departing take much thence, lest then
The parts of age to youth be given, or men
To children; we must always dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The business either on the stage is done,
Or acted told. But ever things that run
In at the ear, do stir the mind more slow
Than those the faithful eyes take in by show
And the beholder to himself doth render.
Yet to the stage at all thou may'st not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which fair report will make,
Present anon: Medea must not kill
Her sons before the people, nor the ill-
Natur'd and wicked Atreus cook to th' eye
His nephew's entrails; nor must Progne fly
Into a swallow there; nor Cadmus take
Upon the stage the figure of a snake,

What so is shown, I not believe, and hate.

Nor must the fable that would hope the fate
Once seen, to be again call'd for, and play'd,
Have more or less than just five acts: nor laid,
To have a god come in; except a knot
Worthy his untying happen there: and not
Any fourth man, to speak at all, aspire.

An actor's parts, and office too, the quire
Must maintain manly; nor be heard to sing
Betwixt the acts, a quite clean other thing
Than to the purpose leads, and fitly 'grees.
It still must favour good men, and to these
Be won a friend; it must both sway and bend
The angry, and love those that fear t' offend.
Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice, laws,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause.
Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.

The hau'boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rival with the trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the chorus rhyme,
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
So overthick, but where the people met,
They might with ease be number'd, being a few
Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to view.
But as they conquer'd and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider walls embrac'd their city round,
And they uncensur'd might at feasts and plays
Steep the glad genius in the wine whole days,
Both in their tunes the license greater grew,
And in their numbers; for, alas! what knew
The ideot, keeping holiday, or drudge,
Clown, townsman, base and noble mixt, to judge?
Thus to his ancient art the piper lent
Gesture and Riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd gown about the stage: so grew
In time to tragedy, a music new.

The rash and headlong eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language: and that sense of worth
That sound out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differed not from Delphic riddling.

Thespis is said to be the first found out
The tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of wine. Next Eschylus, more late
Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,
Built a small timber'd stage, and taught them
talk

Lofty and grave, and in the buskin stalk.
He too, that did in tragic verse contend
For the vile goat, soon after forth did send
The rough rude Satyrs naked, and would try,
Though sour, with safety of his gravity,
How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators subject to no law,
Having well eat and drunk, the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and won
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing Satyrs to mens view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turn all earnest into jest,
As neither any god were brought in there
Or semi-god, that late was seen to wear

A royal crown and purple, be made hop
 With poor base terms through every baser shop :
 Or whilst he shuns the earth, to catch at air
 And empty clouds. For tragedy is fair,
 And far unworthy to blurt out light rhymes ;
 But as a matron drawn at solemn times
 To dance, so she should shamefac'd differ far
 From what th' obscene and petulant satyrs are.
 Nor I, when I write satires, will so love
 Plain phrase, my Piso's, as alone t' approve
 Mere reigning words : nor will I labour so
 Quite from all face of tragedy to go,
 As not make difference, whether Davus speak,
 And the bold Pythias, having cheated weak
 Simo, and of a talent wip'd his purse ;
 Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurse.

I can out of known geer a fable frame,
 And so as every man may hope the same ;
 Yet he that offers at it may sweat much,
 And toil in vain : the excellence is such
 Of order and connection ; so much grace
 There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
 But let the fawns, drawn from their groves, be-
 ware,

Be I their judge, they do at no time dare,
 Like men street-born, and near the hall rehearse
 Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse ;
 Or crack out bawdy speeches, and unclean.
 The Roman gentry, men of birth and mien,
 Will take offence at this : nor though it strike
 Him that buys chiches blanch'd, or chance to like
 The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
 Receive or give it an applause the more.
 To these succeeded the old comedy,
 And not without much praise, till liberty
 Fell into fault so far, as now they saw
 Her licence fit to be restrain'd by law :
 Which law receiv'd, the chorus held his peace,
 His power of foully hurting made to cease.

Two rests, a short and long, th' iambick frame ;
 A foot, whose swiftness gave the verse the name
 Of Trimeter, when yet it was six-pac'd,
 But mere iambicks all from first to last.
 Nor is't long since they did with patience take
 Into their birth-right, and for fitness sake,
 The steady spondee ; so themselves do bear
 More slow, and come more weighty to the ear :
 Provided, ne'er to yield, in any case
 Of fellowship, the fourth or second place.
 This foot yet, in the famous trimeters
 Of Accius and Ennius, rare appears :
 So rare, as with some tax it doth engage
 Those heavy verses sent so to the stage,
 Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
 Or a worse crime, the ignorance of art.
 But every judge hath not the faculty
 To note in poems breach of harmony ;
 And there is given too unworthy leave
 To Roman poets. Shall I therefore weave
 My verse at random, and licentiously ?
 Or rather, thinking all my faults may spy,
 Grow a safe writer, and be wary driven
 Within the hope of having all forgiven.
 'Tis clear this way I have got off from blame,
 But, in conclusion, merited no fame.

Take you the Greek examples for your light,
 In hand, and turn them over day and night.
 Our ancestors did Plautus' numbers praise,
 And jests ; and both to admiration raise
 Too patiently, that I not fondly say,
 If either you or I know the right way
 To part scurrility from wit ; or can
 A lawful verse by th' ear or finger scan.
 Our poets too left nought unproved here ;
 Nor did they merit the less crown to wear,
 In daring to forsake the Grecian tracts,
 And celebrating our own home-born facts ;
 Whether the guarded tragedy they wrought,
 Or 'twere the gown'd comedy they taught.

Nor had our Italy more glorious been
 In virtue, and renown of arms, than in
 Her language. if the stay and care t' have mended,
 Had not our every poet like offended.
 But you, Pompilius' offspring, spare you not
 To tax that verse, which many a day and blot
 Have not kept in ; and (left perfection fail)
 Not ten times o'er corrected to the nail.
 Because Democritus believes a wit
 Happier than wretched art, and doth by it
 Exclude all sober poets from their share
 In Helicon ; a great sort will not pare
 Their nails, nor shave their beards, but to by-
 paths

Retire themselves, avoid the public baths ;
 For so they shall not only gain the worth,
 But fame of poets, they think, if they come forth
 And from the barber Lycinus conceal
 Their heads, which three Anticyra's cannot heal.
 O I left-witted, that purge every spring
 For choler ! if I did not, who could bring
 Out better poems ? but I cannot buy
 My title at the rate ; I'd rather, I
 Be like a whetstone, that an edge can put
 On steel, though 't self be dull, and cannot cut.
 I writing nought myself, will teach them yet
 Their charge and office, whence their wealth to
 set,

What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
 The poet, what becometh, and what not,
 Whither truth may, and whither error bring.

The very root of writing well, and spring,
 Is to be wise ; thy matter first to know,
 Which the Socratic writings best can show :
 And where the matter is provided still,
 There words will follow, not against their will.
 He that hath studied well the debt, and knows
 What to his country, what his friends he owes,
 What height of love a parent will fit best,
 What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
 Can tell a statesman's duty, what the arts
 And office of a judge are, what the parts
 Of a brave chief sent to the wars : he can,
 Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
 And I still bid the learned maker look
 On life, and manners, and make those his book,
 Thence draw forth true expressions, For some-
 times,

A poem of no grace, weight, art, in rhymes
 With specious places, and being humour'd right,
 More strongly takes the people with delight,

And better stays them there than all fine noise
Of verse, mere matterless, and tinkling toys.

The muse not only gave the Greeks a wit,
But a well-compass'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praise:
Our Roman youths they learn the subtil ways
How to divide into a hundred parts
A pound, or piece, by their long computing arts:
There's Albin's son will say, subtract an ounce
From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may; four ounces, Glad,
He cries, good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now
add [just,

An ounce, what makes it then? the half pound
Six ounces. O, when once the canker'd rust,
And care of getting, thus our minds hath stain'd;
Think we, or hope there can be verses feign'd
In juice of cedar, worthy to be steep'd,
And in smooth cypress boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either profit or delight;
Or mixing sweet and fit, teach life the right.

Orpheus, a priest, and speaker of the gods,
First frighted men, and wildly liv'd at odds,
From slaughters, and foul life; and for the same
Was tigers said, and lions fierce to tame.
Amphion too, that built the Theban towers,
Was said to move the stones by his lute's powers,
And lead them with soft songs, where that he
would.

This was the wisdom that they had of old,
Things sacred from profane to separate;
The public from the private, to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
Build towns, and carve the laws in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour, and a name
To divine poets, and their verses came.
Next these, great Homer and Tyrtæus set
On edge the masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to wars, and rhymes they did re-
hearse;

The oracles too were given out in verse;
All way of life was shown; the grace of kings
Attempted by the muses tunes and strings;
Plays were found out, and rest, the end and crown
Of their long labours, was in verse set down:
All which I tell, lest when Apollo's nam'd,
Or muse, upon the lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.

Be brief in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind might soon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; for nothing rests,
But flows out, that o'erfloweth, in full breasts.

Let what thou feign'st for pleasure's sake, be near
The truth; nor let thy fable think what'er
It would must be: lest it alive would draw
The child, when Lania has din'd, out of her maw.
The poems void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voices; want they pleasure, then
Our gallants give them none, but pass them by;
But he hath every suffrage, can apply
Sweet mixt with sour to his reader, so
As doctrine and delight together go.
This book will get the Sossii money; this
Will pass the seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the far-known author live.

There are yet faults, which we would well for-
give;

For neither doth the string still yield that sound
The hand and mind would, but it will resound
Oft-times a sharp, when we require a flat:
Nor always doth the loosed bow hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the poem shine, I will not be
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or human frailty not kept thence.
How then? why as a scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A Cherilus, in whom if I but see
Twice or thrice good, I wonder; but am more
Angry. Sometimes I hear good Homer snore;
But I confess, that in a long work, sleep
May, with some right, upon an author creep.

As painting, so is poesy. Some man's hand
Will take you more, the nearer that you stand;
As some the farther off: this loves the dark;
This fearing not the subtlest judge's mark,
Will in the light be view'd: this once the sight
Doth please, this ten times over will delight.

You, Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your father's care,
And of yourself too understand; yet mind
This saying: to some things there is assign'd
A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a lawyer be, may not excel,
Or pleader at the bar, that may come short
Of eloquent Messala's power in court,
Or knows not what Cællius Aulus can;
Yet there's a value given to this man.
But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant,
Poets should ever be indifferent.

As jarring music doth at jolly feasts,
Or thick gross ointment but offend the guests!
As poppy, and Sardan honey; 'cause without
These, the free meal might have been well drawn
out:

So any poem, fancied, or forth-brought
To bett'ring of the mind of man, in aught,
If ne'er so little it depart the first
And highest, sinketh to the lowest and worst.

He that not knows the games, nor how to use
His arms in Mars his field, he doth refuse;
Or who's unskilful at the coit, or ball,
Or trundling wheel, he can sit still from all;
Lest the throng'd heaps should on a laughter
take:

Yet who's most ignorant, dares verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free born, do hate
Vice, and am known to have a knight's estate.
Thou, such thy judgment is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speak or do;
But if hereafter thou shalt write, not fear
To send it to be judg'd by Metius' ear,
And to your father's, and to mine, though't be
Nine years kept in, your papers by, you're free
To change and mend, what you not forth do set.
The writ, once out, never returned yet.

'Tis now inquir'd which makes the nobler verse,
Nature, or Art. My judgment will not pierce
Into the profits, what a mere rude brain
Can; nor all toil, without a wealthy vein;

So doth the one the other's help require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.

He that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young; he sweat, and freez'd again,
And both from wine and women did abstain.
Who since to sing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a master fear'd.
But now it is enough to say, I make
An admirable verse. The great scurf take
Him that is last, I scorn to come behind,
Or of the things that ne'er came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a crier
That to the sale of wares calls every buyer;
So doth the poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in moneys out at use, command
His flatterers to their gain. But say, he can
Make a great supper, or for some poor man
Will be a surety, or can help him out
Of an entangling suit, and bring't about:
I wonder how this happy man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speak truth or no.
But you, my Piso, carefully beware
(Whether you're given to, or giver are)
You do not bring to judge your verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, Good, brave, better, excellent!
Look pale, distil a shower (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the gown,
As those that hir'd to weep at funerals swoon,
Cry, and do more to the true mourners: so
The scoffer the true praiser doth outgo.

Rich men are said with many cups to ply,
And rack with wine the man whom they would
try,

If of their friendship he be worthy or no:
When you write verses, with your judge do so:
Look through him, and be sure you take not
mocks

For praises, where the mind conceals a fox.

If to Quintilius you recited aught, [naught.
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'tis
If you denied you had no better strain,
And twice or thrice had 'ssay'd it, still in vain:
He'd bid blot all, and to the anvil bring
Those ill-turn'd verses to new hammering.
Then if your fault you rather had defend [spend
Than change; no word or work more would he
In vain, but you and yours you should love still
Alone, without a rival, by his will.

A wise and honest man will cry out shame
On artless verse; the hard ones he will blame,
Blot out the careless with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when [wrote
They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful
Reprove, and what is to be changed note;
Become an Aristarchus. And not say
Why should I grieve my friend this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to
tread.

Wise sober folk a frantic poet fear;
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leprosy, or had
The yellow jaundice, or were furious mad,
According to the moon. But then the boys
They vex, and follow him with shouts and noise,
The while he belcheth lofty verses out,
And stalketh, like a fowler, round about,
Busy to catch a blackbird, if he fall
Into a pit or hole; although he call
And cry aloud, Help, gentle countrymen!
There's none will take the care to help him then;
For if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it down, who knows if he did cast
Himself there purposely or no, and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the death and the disease
Of the Sicilian poet Empedocles:
He, while he labour'd to be thought a god
Immortal, took a melancholic, odd
Conceit, and into burning Ætna leapt.
Let poets perish, that will not be kept.
He that preserves a man against his will,
Doth the same thing with him that would him
kill.

Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man,
Or love of this so famous death lay by.

His cause of making verses none knows why,
Whether he piss'd upon his father's grave,
Or the sad thunder-stricken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And as a bear, if he the strength but had
To force the grates that hold him in, would fright
All: so this grievous writer puts to flight [takes,
Learn'd and unlearn'd, holding whom once he
And there an end of him reciting makes;
Not letting go his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a horse-leech, full of blood.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod fœlix fastumque convivis in Apolline sit.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Nemo asymbolus, nisi umbra, huc venito.
2. Idiota, insulsus, tristis, turpis, abesto.
3. Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honesti, adsciscuntor.
4. Nec lectæ fœminæ repudiantor. [esto.
5. In apparatu quod convivis corruget nares nil
6. Epulæ delectu potius quam sumptu parentur.
7. Obsonator et coquus convivarum gulæ periti
 sunto.
8. De discubitu non contenditor.
9. Ministri à dapibus, oculati et muti,
 A poculis, auriti et celeres sunt. [hospes.
10. Vina puris fontibus ministrentur aut vapulet
11. Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto.
12. At fabulis magis quam vino velitatio fiat.
13. Convivæ nec muti nec loquaces sunt.
14. De feriis ac sacris poti et saturi ne differunto.</p> | <p>15. Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito.
16. Admisso risu, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, salibus,
 Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantor.
17. Joci sine felle sunt.
18. Insipida poemata nulla recitantor.
19. Versus scribere nullus cogitor.
20. Argumentationis totus strepitus abesto.
21. Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber angulus
 esto. [lidere,
22. Lapitharum more scyphis pugnare, vitrea col-
 Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare, ne-
 fas esto. [tor,
23. Qui foras vel dicta, vel facta eliminat, eliminan-
24. Neminem reum pocula faciunto.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Focus perennis esto.</p> |
|---|--|

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY*; OR, LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

*From the Latin of Ben. Jonson, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the Apollo
of the Old Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar; that being his Club-room.*

“ Non verbum reddere verbo.”

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>I.</p> <p>1. As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his
 shot,
 Except some chance-friend, whom a member
 brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot;
 For such have the plagues of good company been.</p> | <p>II.</p> <p>3. Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
 The generous and honest, compose our free
 state; [stay,
4. And the more to exalt our delight while we
 Let none be debarr'd from his choice female
 mate.</p> <p>III.</p> <p>5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
 And the cook, in his dressing, comply with
 their wishes.</p> |
|---|--|
- * *The Leges Convivales, were certainly the composition of Jonson; but the English translation appears to have all the marks of a more modern hand. But as it has stood in some preceding editions, it is permitted to have a place here.*

IV.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh
glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues
must be ty'd.

V.

10. Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all
fine, [dle.
Or call up the master, and break his dull nod-
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

12. Let the contest be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

15. Let no saucy sidler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss. [clude,
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing con-
To regale ev'ry sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaster command or intreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions
relieve.

X.

22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to
fight, [rank;
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehell's prank.

XI.

23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's
done,
Be he banish'd forever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

WELCOME all that lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripes, his tower bottle :
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sym, the king of skinkers* ;
He the half of life abuses,
That fits watering with the muses.

* Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers.] *Old Sim*
means Simon Wadlee, who then kept the Devil Tavern;
and of him probably is the old catch, beginning, " Old
Sir Simon the king"—

Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
Wine it is the milk of Venus†,
And the poet's horse accounted :
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbeian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases,
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo.

† Wine it is the milk of Venus.] *From the Greek*
Anacreontic, Οἶνος Γαλ. & Αφροδίτης.

MISCELLANIES.

To my faithful Servant, and, by his continued virtue, my losing Friend, the Author of this Work, (the Northern Lass, a Comedy), Mr Richard Broome.

I HAD you for a servant once, Dick Broome,
And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts :
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.
And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gained from the stage,
By observation of those comic laws,
Which I your master first did teach the age.
You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your time,
A 'prenticeship, which few do now-a-days :
Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,
Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.
It was not so of old : men took up trades [right ;
That knew the craft they had been bred in
An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,
And the physician teach men spue and sh—
The cobbler kept him to his awl ; but now
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plow.

The just Indignation the Author took at the vulgar Censure of his Play (New Inn), by some malicious Spectators, begat the following Ode to himself.

COME leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age ;
Where pride and impudence, (in fashion knit,)
Usurp the chair of wit !
Inditing and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn :
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat ;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste !
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead !
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill.
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not their palates with the swine.
No doubt some moldy tale,
Like *Pericles*, and stale

As the shrieves crusts, and nasty as his fish-
Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and rank'd into the common tub,
May keep up the play-club :
There sweepings do as well
As the best order'd meal.
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then :
Brave plush and velvet men
Can feed on orts : and safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit upon your oaths,
The stagers and the stage-wrights too (your peers)
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks ;
Wrought upon twenty blocks : [enough,
Which, if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch'd
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcæic lute ;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre,
Warm thee by Pindar's fire : [cold,
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be
Ere years have made thee old ;
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout to their defeat :
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men :
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers ;
As they shall cry, like ours,
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign :
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his waine.

An Answer to the Ode, " Come leave the Loathed Stage."
By Owen Feltham *.

COME, leave this saucy way
Of baiting those that pay

* *Author of a popular Book, called, " The Resolves,"*
&c.

Dear for the sight of your declining wit :

'Tis known it is not fit

That a false-poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus your own.

I wonder by what dower,

Or patent, you had power

From all to rape a judgment. Let 't suffice,
Had you been modest, you'd been granted wife.

'Tis known you can do well,

And that you do excel

As a translator; but when things require
A genius, and a fire

Not kindled heretofore by others pains,

As oft you've wanted brains,

And art to strike the white,

As you have levell'd right ;

Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,

You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

Tug, Pierce, Peek, Fly *, and all

Your jests so nominal,

Are things so far beneath an able brain ;

As they do throw a stain

Through all th' unlucky plot, and do displease

As deep as *Pericles*.

Where yet, there is not laid

Before a chamber-maid

Discourse so weigh'd †, as might have serv'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valour told.

Why rage then? when the show

Should judgment be, and know-

Ledge, there are pluck who scorn to drudge

For stages, yet can judge

Not only poets looser lines, but wits,

And all their perquisites;

A gift as rich as high,

Is noble poesy :

Yet though in sport it be for kings a play,

'Tis next mechanics when it works for pay.

Alcæus' lute had none ;

Nor loose Anacreon

E'er taught so bold assuming of the bays,

When they deserv'd no praise.

To rail men into approbation,

Is new to your's alone ;

And prospers not : for know,

Fame is as coy, as you

Can be disdainful ; and who dares to prove

A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,

And this more humorous strain,

Where self-conceit, and choler of the blood,

Eclipse what else is good :

Then, if you please those raptures high to touch,

Whereof you boast so much ;

And but forbear your crown,

Till the world puts it on.

No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,

Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.

* The names of several of Jonson's Dramatis Personæ.

† New Inn, Act III. Scene 2.—Act IV. Scene 4.

An Answer to Mr. Ben Jonson's Ode, to persuade him
not to leave the Stage. By Thomas Randolph *.

BEN, do not leave the stage,

'Cause 'tis a lothsome age ;

For pride and impudence will grow too bold,

When they shall hear it told.

They frighted thee : stand high as is thy cause,

Their hiss is thy applause :

More just were thy disdain,

Had they approv'd thy vein :

So thou for them, and they for thee were born :

They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

Wilt thou engross thy store

Of wheat, and pour no more,

Because their bacon-brains have such a taste,

As more delight in mast :

No ! set them forth a board of dainties, full

As thy best muse can cull ;

Whilst they the while do pine

And thirst, midst all their wine.

What greater plague can hell itself devise,

Than to be willing thus to tantalize ?

Thou canst not find them stuff,

That will be bad enough

To please their palates : let 'em refuse

For some pye-corner muse ;

She is too fair an hostess ; 'twere a sin

For them to like thine Inn :

'Twas made to entertain

Guests of a nobler strain ;

Yet if they will have any of thy store, [door.

Give them some scraps, and send them from thy

And let those things in pluck,

Till they be taught to blush,

Like what they will, and more contented be

With what Broome † swept from thee.

I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains

Write not to clothes, but brains :

But thy great spleen doth rise,

'Cause moles will have no eyes :

This only in my Ben I faulty find,

He's angry they'll not see him that are blind.

Why should the scene be mute,

'Cause thou canst touch thy lute,

And string thy Horace : let each muse of nine

Claim thee, and say, thou'rt mine.

* Thomas Randolph, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, born at Newnham, near Daventry in Northamptonshire, June 15th. 1605 ; died at Blatherwyke in that county, March 17th, 1634. His extensive learning, gaiety of humour, and readiness of repartee, gained him admirers among all ranks of mankind, and more especially recommended him to the intimacy and friendship of Jonson, who admitted him as one of his adopted sons in the muses, and held him in equal esteem with Cartwright. He has left behind him six plays, and several poems, published in 8vo. 1651. The ode addressed to Jonson is reasonably smooth, and marks him a tolerable versifier.

† His amanuensis or attendant, Richard Broome, wrote with success several comedies.

'Twere fond to let all other flames expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire;
For by so strange neglect,
I should myself suspect
Thy palsy, were as well thy brain's disease,
If they could shake thy muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing
The glories of thy king,
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise
To please him, as to praise,
I would not have thee choose
Only a treble muse;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
'Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

*Fragment of a Satire on Jonson's Magnetic Lady. By
Alexander Gill of St. Paul's School.*

BUT to advise you, Ben, in this strict age,
A brick-kill's better for thee than a stage;
Thou better know'st a groundfil for to lay,
Than lay the plot or ground-work of a play;
And better canst direct to cap a chimney,
Than to converse with Clio or Polyhimny.
Fall then to work in thy old age agen;
Take up thy trug and trowel, gentle Ben;
Let plays alone; or if thou needs will write,
And thrust thy feeble muse into the light,
Let Lowen cease, and Taylor scorn to touch
The lothed stage, for thou hast made it such.

The Answer.

SHALL the prosperity of a pardon still
Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill,
At libelling? Shall no star-chamber peers,
Pilory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
All which thou hast incur'd deservedly,
Nor degradation from the ministry,
To be the Denis of thy father's school,
Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool?
Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy end,
I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched rick: go send
Thy blotant muse abroad, and teach it rather
A tune to drown the ballads of thy father:
For thou hast nought in thee, to cure his fame,
But tune and noise, the echo of his shame.
A rogue by statute, censur'd to be whipt,
Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt; go, you are stript.

*To my dear Son, and right learned Friend, Master Joseph
Rutter. Prefixed to "the Shepherd's Holiday," a
Pastoral Tragi-Comedy. 1635.*

You look, my Joseph, I should something say
Unto the world, in praise of your first play:
And truly, so I would, could I be heard.
You know, I never was of truth afraid,
And less asham'd; not when I told the crowd
How well I lov'd truth: I was scarce allow'd
By those deep-grounded, understanding men,
That sit to censure plays, yet know not when,
Or why to like; they found, it all was new,
And newer, then [r. than] could please them, by-
cause true.

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Such men I met withal, and so have you.
Now, for mine own part, and it is but due
(You have deserv'd it from me), I have read,
And weigh'd your play: untwisted ev'ry thread,
And know the woofe, and warp thereof; can tell
Where it runs round, and even: where so well,
So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole piece,
As it were spun by nature, off the fleece:
This is my censure. Now there is a new
Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)
Cry'd up of late: Whereto there must be first
A malter-worker call'd, th' old standard burst
Of wit, and a new made: a warden then,
And a comptroller, two most rigid men
For order, and for governing the pike,
A say-master, hath studied all the tricks
Of fineness, and alloy: follow his hint,
You've all the mysteries of wit's new mint.
The valuations, mixtures, and the same
Concluded from a carraet to a dramme.

*To my chosen Friend, the learned Translator of Lucan,
Thomas May, Esq.*

WHEN, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,
And see both climbing up the slippery stair
Of fortune's wheel, by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line some pin thereof should slack,
At least, if not the general engine crack.
But when again I view the parts so piz'd,
And those in number so, and measure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calm Brutus tenor start, but all along
Keep due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me ravish'd with just wonder, cry
What muse, or rather god of harmony,
Taught Lucan these true moodes? replies my sense,
What gods, but those of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, and Hermes? They whose tongue, or pen,
Are still th' interpreters 'twixt God and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so wrought,
As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word
In the great mass, or machine there is stirr'd?
The self same genius! so the work will say.
The sun translated, or the son of May.

Hymn to Diana. In Cynthia's Revels.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver car,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close;
Bless us then with wished light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;

Give unto the flying hart,
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddeſs excellently bright.

Song. In the ſame.

Slow, flow, freſh fount, keep time with my ſalt
tears;

Yet flower, yet, O faintly gentle ſprings !
Liſt to the heavy part the muſic bears,
Woe weeps out her deciſion, when ſhe ſings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in ſhowers;
Our beauties are not ours:
O could I ſtill

(Like melting ſnow upon ſome craggy hill),
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Summer's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

Song. In the ſame.

O, THAT that joy ſo ſoon ſhould waſte,
Or ſo ſweet a bliſs
As a kiſs,
Might not for ever laſt !
So ſug' red, ſo melting, ſo ſoft, ſo delicious ;
The dew that lies on roſes,
When the morn herſelf diſcloſes,
Is not ſo precious.
O, rather than I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte ſuch another,
It ſhould be my wiſhing,
That I might die kiſſing.

Song. In the Poetaſter.

If I freely may diſcover
What would pleaſe me in my lover :
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city ;
A little proud, but full of pity :
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and ſoon deſtroying :
Long, but ſweet in the enjoying ;
Neither too eaſy, nor too hard :
All extremes I would have barr'd.

She ſhould be allowed her paſſions,
So they were but us'd as faſhions ;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes ſickiſh, and then ſwooning,
Every fit with change ſtill crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only conſtant when I crave her.
'Tis a virtue ſhould not ſave her.
Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
Neither her peeviſhneſs annoy me.

Song. In the Silent Woman.

STILL to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a feaſt ;
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though art's hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound,

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace :
Robes looſely flowing, hair as free :
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They ſtrike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Song. In the Devil is an Aſs.

Do but look on her eyes ! they do light—
All that love's world comprifeth !
Do but look on her hair ! it is bright
As love's ſtar when it riſeth !
Do but mark, her forehead's ſmoother
Than words that ſooth her !
And from her arch'd brows, ſuch a grace
Sheds itſelf through the face ;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements ſtrife.

Have you ſeen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the ſnow,
Before the ſoil hath ſmutch'd it ?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
Or ſwan's down ever ?
Or have ſmelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
Or the nard i' the fire ?
Or have taſted the bag of the bee ?
O, ſo white ! O, ſo ſoft ! O, ſo ſweet is ſhe !

Song. In the Sad Shepherd.

THOUGH I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts ;
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call,
One thing to be blown up, or fall ;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flaſh of lightning or a wave :
So Love's inflamed ſhaft or brand,
May kill as ſoon as Death's cold hand ;
Except Love's fires the virtues have
To fright the froſt out of the grave.

*Hue and Cry after Cupid. In the Maſque on Lord
Haddington's Marriage.*

BEAUTIES, have ye ſeen this toy,
Call'd Love, a little boy,
Almoſt naked, wanton, blind ;
Cruel now, and then as kind ?
If he be amongſt ye, ſay ;
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now diſcover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiſs,
How, or where herſelf would wiſh :
But, who brings him to his mether,
Shall have that kiſs and another.

He hath of marks about him plenty :
 You shall know him among twenty.
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire,
 That being shot, like lightning in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

At his sight, the sun hath turned,
 Neptune in the waters burned ;
 Hell hath felt a greater heat :
 Jove himself forsook his seat :
 From the centre to the sky,
 Are his trophies reared high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
 He will leap from lip to lip,
 Over liver, lights, and heart,
 But not stay in any part ;
 And, if chance his arrow misses,
 He will shoot himself, in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
 And a quiver hanging low,
 Full of arrows that outbrave
 Dian's shafts : where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
 When his days are to be cruel,
 Lovers hearts are all his food ;
 And his baths their warmest blood :
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season.
 And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet.
 All his practice is deceit ;
 Every gift it is a bait ;
 Not a kiss but poison bears ;
 And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign ;
 Then the straggler makes his gain,
 By presenting maids with toys,
 And would have ye think 'em joys :
 'Tis th' ambition of the elf,
 To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
 Though ye had a will to hide him,
 Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
 Since you hear his falser play,
 And that he's Venus' runaway.

Epitbalamion. In the same.

Up youths and virgins, up, and praise
 The god whose nights outshine his days ;
 Hymen, whose hallowed rites
 Could never boast of brighter lights ;
 Whose bands pass liberty.
 Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
 Are now wag'd to his war.
 And what they are,

If you'll perfection see,
 Yourselves must be.
 Shine Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

What joy or honours can compare
 With holy nuptials, when they are
 Made out of equal parts
 Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts ?
 When in the happy choice,
 The spouse and spoused have the foremost voice !
 Such, glad Hymen's war,
 Live what they are,
 And long perfection see :
 And such ours be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

The solemn state of this one night
 Were fit to last an age's light ;
 But there are rites behind
 Have less of state, but more of kind :
 Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
 And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.

Sound then to Hymen's war :
 That what these are,
 Who will perfection see,
 May haste to be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

Love's commonwealth consists of toys ;
 His council are those antique boys,
 Games, laughter, sports, delights,
 That triumph with him on those nights :
 To whom we must give way,
 For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
 They sweeten Hymen's war,
 And, in that jar,
 Make all that married be,
 Perfection see.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
 Her, that would be a matron made ?
 Goodnight, whilst yet we may
 Goodnight, to you a virgin, say ;
 To-morrow rise the same
 Your mother is, and use a nobler name.
 Speed well in Hymen's war,
 That, what you are,
 By your perfection, we
 And all may see.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
 This night no bridegroom ever slept ;
 And if the fair bride do,
 The married say, 'tis his fault too.
 Wake then, and let your lights
 Wake too : for they'll tell nothing of your
 nights.

But, that in Hymen's war,
 You perfect are.
 And such perfection we
 Do pray should be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

That, ere the rosy finger'd morn
 Behold nine moons, there may be born

A babe, t'uphold the fame
Of Ratcliffe's blood, and Ramsey's name :
That may, in his great feed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are ;
And all perfection, we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

The Witches Song, in the Masque of the Queens.

SISTERS, stay, we want our dame ;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say ;
That she quickly anoint, and come away.

1 CHARM.

Dame, dame, the watch is set :
Quickly come, we all are met.
From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we.
Comes she not yet ?
Strike another heat.

2 CHARM.

The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, o' your horse of wood :
Or else tuck up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat, or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away ;
For we all stay.
Nor yet ? nay, then
We'll try her again.

3 CHARM.

The owl is broad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat a mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain ;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning ;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning :
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool ;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick ;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in's tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand, to make him go.
O, now she's come !
Let all be dumb.

[At this the Dame entered to them, naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and folded with vipers ; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came.]

DAME, HAGS.

Well done, my Hags. And come we fraught with spite,

To overthrow the glory of this night ?
Holds our great purpose ? Hag. Yes. Dam. But
wants there none

Of our just number ? Hags. Call us one by one,
And then our Dame shall see. Dam. First, then,
advance

My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture ; and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,
Whose eyes do never sleep ; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always open ;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope ;
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung ;
She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue ;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost ;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look ; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand apply'd ;
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall ;
She, flame-ey'd Rage ; Rage, Mischief. Hag. Here
we are all.

Dam. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites
To fame and glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes ;
Show ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages : do what may beseech
Such names, and natures ;——

Hag. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for. Dam. I then fail too.
But first relate me, what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

HAGS.

1.

I have been all day looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter ;
And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2.

I have been gathering wolves hairs,
The mad dogs foam, and the adders ears ;
The spurning of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to hear the mandrake groan ;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low ;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4.

And I ha' been choosing out this scull,
From charnel houses, that were full ;
From private grotts, and public pits ;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5.

Under a cradle I did creep,
By day ; and when the child was asleep
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church aisle,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7.

A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair,
I brought off his rags, that danc'd i' the air.

8.

The screech-owls eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting: and made of his skin
A purfet, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, 'ibbards-bane;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10.

I, from the jaws of a gard'ner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house again,
Kil'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11.

I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before, [more?
I tore the bat's wing: what would you have

12.

DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned puppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And, now, our orgies let's begin.

[Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and
began her following invocation.]

You friends and furies, (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves) you that have quak'd to see
These knots united, and shrunk, when we have
charm'd.

You, that (to arm us) have yourselves disarm'd,
And to our powers, resign'd your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands.
You that have seen me ride, when Hecate
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky;
And that hath thunder'd, Jove not knowing why:
When we have set the elements at wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;
When the wing'd lightning, in the course hath
staid;

And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons change;
When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell
Poison'd, and durst not stay the second spell.
You, that have oft been conscious of these fights;
And thou three formed star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the
same;

If now with rites profane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
With present fogs. Exhale earth's rott'nest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.

Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
The whilst we bury all i' th' ground.
But first, see every foot be bare;
And every knee. Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

4 CHARM.

Deep, O deep we lay thee to sleep;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;
Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou dost wake,

Dame earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ache,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake:
Whose form thou shalt take.

DAME.

Never a star yet shot?

Where be the ashes? Hag. Here i' the pot.
Dam. Cast them up; and the flint stone
Over the left shoulder bone,
Into the west. Hag. It will be best.

5 CHARM.

The sticks are acrofs, there can be no loss,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that was i' the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind, to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home i' the egg-shell sail;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in—

DAME.

Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies!
Our magic-feature will not rise;
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 CHARM.

Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

DAME.

Not yet? my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, devils, night, and hell,
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:
Through these cranies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep.
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf?
Reach me a bough that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air; and Aconite,
To hurl upon this glaring light;

Q q iij

A rusty knife to wound mine arm;
And as it drops, I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,
Once more, his dark and reeking head,
To strike the world, and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 CHARM.

Black go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down, we give thee a shout.

Hoo!

At thy rising again, thou shalt have two.
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.

Hoo. Har. Har. Hoo!

8 CHARM.

A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 CHARM.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,
The images neither be seen, nor felt;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt:
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air: around, around.

Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music found,
And the pace be found,
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

*To my truly beloved Friend, William Browne, on
his Pastorals.*

SOME men, of books or friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, then foes with
spight.

But I have seen thy work, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine own judgment, yet, that sends
This thy work forth: that judgment mine com-
mends.

And, where the most read books on author's fames,
Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cosien'd; see, that thou
By off'ring not more sureties, then enow,
Hold thine own worth unbroke: which is so good
Upon th' exchange of letters, as I wou'd
More of our writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but th' how
well.

*The Vision of Ben Jonson, on the Muses of his Friend
M. Drayton.*

IT hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse, between
Thy muse, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;

And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming cluck
About the town: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols. This's my day.

It was no dream! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy voice, O Fame! that I may draw
Wonder to truth: and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet, round about the world.

I saw a beauty from the sea to rise,
That all earth look'd on; and that earth, all eyes!

It cast a beam as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun!
And fill'd an orb as circular as heaven!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven.
And those so sweet, and well proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts!

When, by thy bright ideas standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect poesy.

There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,

Or rural Virgil come, to pipe to us!

But then, thy epistolar heroic songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,

Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, Who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man?

And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian owl:

I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the air one volary:

And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,

And rouze, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,

The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars
I saw, and read, it was thy Barons Wars!

O! how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels actions are but valiant crimes!

And carried, though with shout, and noise, confess
A wild, and an authoriz'd wickedness!

Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to slay,
Under one title. Thou hast made thy way

And flight about the isle well-near by this,

In thy admired periégesis,

Or universal circumduction

Of all that read thy Poly-Olbion.

That read it? that are ravish'd! such was I
With every song, I swear, and so would die:

But that I hear, again, thy drum to beat

A better cause, and strike the bravest heat

That ever yet did fire the English blood!

Our right in France: if rightly understood.

There, thou art Homer! Pray thee, use the style

Thou hast deserv'd: and let me read the while

Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,

Thy list of aids, and force, for so it is:

The poet's act! and for his country's sake

Brave are the musters, that the muse will make.

And when he ships them where to use their arms,

How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!

Look! how we read the Spartans were inflam'd

With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art nam'd,

So shall our English youth urge on, and cry,

An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.

This book! it is a catechism to fight,

And will be bought of every lord and knight,

That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of Margaret the Queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept, than seen:
I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
And stop my sight, in every line I go.
But then refreshed with thy Fairy Court,
I look on Cynthia, and Sirena's sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets that did rise,
And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as, to us
Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster, more
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store!
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous, and well-chosen friends,
Only my loss is, that I am not there;
And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

*To the Author. Prefixed to "the Passions of the Mind
in general." 4to, 1604.*

In picture, they which truly understand,
Require (besides the likeness of the thing)
Light, posture, height'ning, shadow, colouring,
All which are parts commend the cunning hand;
And all your book (when it is thoroughly scan'd)
Will well confess; presenting, limiting,
Each subt'lest passion, with her source, and spring,
So bold, as shows your art you can command.
But now your work is done, if that they view
The several figures, languish in suspense,
To judge which passion's false, and which is true,
Between the doubtful sway of reason and sense;
'Tis not your fault, if they shall sense prefer,
Being told there, reason cannot, sense may err.

*In Memory of the most worthy Ben. Jonson, by Wil-
liam Cartwright *.*

FATHER of poets, though thine own great day †,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray

* William Cartwright, A. M. student of Christ-
Church, Oxford, and succentor of Salisbury, born at
Northway, near Tewksbury, in Gloucestershire, Septem-
ber, 1611, died April 12. 1643. The character given
of him by his contemporaries, is almost beyond belief.
Jonson, who gave him the title of his son, valued him so
highly, that he said of him, "my son, Cartwright,
writes all like a man." The editor of his poems and
plays, applies to him the saying of Aristotle concerning
Æschron the poet, "That he could not tell what Cart-
wright could not do." Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, said
of him, "Cartwright was the utmost Man could come
to." His works were published in 2 vols. 8vo, 1651,
accompanied by above fifty copies of recommendatory ver-
ses. There is a masculine flow of good sense in this pa-
negyric on Jonson, which places Cartwright very high,
both as a poet and a critic.

† This and the two following poems, are reprinted
from the "Jonsonius Virbius," 1638.

Could twine in lustre with it; yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwardstow'rdsthy name.
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose:
Yet where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some, that draws the veil between.

And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
Free-filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor
how. [fierce,

And, through distemper, grown not strong, but
Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.

Where shall we find a muse like thine that can
So well present and show man unto man,
That each one finds his twins, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
Where one so showing to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes, still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy:
And, though we know the character, may swear
A Sibyl's finger hath been busy there.

Things common thou speak'st proper; which,
though known
For public, stamp'd by thee grow thence thine own;
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Showing the poet, like the wise man, all:
Thine equal skill thus wrestling nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or show, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly every where.
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot;
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread,
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said.
No power comes down with learned hat and rod;
Wit only, and contrivance, is thy God.

'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where ev'n the first rude mass is ornament:
Thy muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat, and toil'd,
Sifted the dross, fill'd roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
Be it thy glory, then, that we may say,
Thou runn'st where the foot was blinded by the
way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein.
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too.
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise, so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry;

And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the
age.

Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shown,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libels, and not imagery :
No name on any basis : 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still :
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and, as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shaft contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive :
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure ;
And justly too ; for th' age grows more unsound
From th' fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.

No rotten talk breaks for a laugh ; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage ;
No bargaining line there ; no provoc'tive verse ;
Nothing but what Lucretius might rehearse ;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse :
No woman rul'd thy quill : we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye :
Thy star was judgment only and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence.

Stout beauty is thy grace : stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too :
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did
drink

More oil than th' author wine, while he did think ?
We do embrace their slander : thou hast writ
Nor for dispatch, but fame ; no market wit :
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well :
Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear :
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not
give ;

Born not to feed the author, but to live :
Whence 'mong the choicer judges rose a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day :
There's difference between fame and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms fall, as if that fate
Us'd the same force t' a village and a state :
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a fallad been :

Their Catalines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still putt'st true passions on ; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight ;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things :
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings ;
Smooth, yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair :
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.

What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust ;
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do ?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land ?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek and Latin gardens, to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil ; their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine ?
Thefts thus become just works ; they and their grace
Are wholly thine : thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravish'd from the mine :
In others then 'tis ore ; in thee 'tis coin.

Blest life of authors, unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too :
Thou'rt all so good, that reading makes thee
worse,

And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate :
Success thou ne'er thought'st virtue, nor that fit
Which chance and th' age's fashion did make hit ;
Excluding those from life in after time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme :
Who thought the people's breath good air ; styl'd
name

What was but noise ; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence :
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.

And though th' exacting age, when deeper
years

Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou should'st grow old, 'cause
they

Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young : we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before :
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thee
less.

But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill :
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy
age

Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners, and more sense ;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word :
Who, like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, art now religion ; [stor'd,
Thought still more rich, though not so richly
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great soul of numbers, whom we want and
boast ;

Like curing gold, most valued now thou'rt lost ;
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again ;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

*On Ben Jonson. By Henry King *.*

I SEE that wretch, which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep of Death's pale dart: for, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men:
Times scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see
How great a maim it suffers (wanting thee);
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:

And since I nought can add but in desire, [fire.
Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own

What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameless muse: and caus'd her
bring

These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage:
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst these soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That thus refin'd and rob'd it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.

All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy successful toil, and time's expence,
Is only this poor boon: that those who can
Perhaps read French, or talk Italian,
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To show their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise,
(As if her poets had both style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
Until by studying Jonson they have known
The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.
Thus in what low earth, or neglected room,
So e'er thou sleep'st, thy book shall be thy tomb,
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd;
Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise.

* Henry King, D. D. Bishop of Chichester, born at Wornal, in Bucks, January 1591, died October 1669. He turned the Psalms into verse, 1651; and published *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets*, 1657. The greater part of his poetry merits republication. It is neat, and uncommonly elegant.

And when more spreading tiles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and fear-cloth rot; [lie
Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt
A relic fam'd by all posterity.

*To the Memory of Ben. Jonson. By Jasper Mayne *.*

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire
Could kindle it again: so at thy fall
Our wit, great Ben, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an ecstasy cannot be told.
We must be ravish'd first, thou must infuse
Thyself into us, both the theme and muse:
Else (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
Our works) so that 't had been but one great verse,
Though the priest had translated for that time
The Liturgy, and bury'd in thee rhyme,
So that in metre we had heard it said,
Poetic dust is to poetic laid:

And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou
might'st have

Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die,
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie,
'Twere frail solemnity; verses on thee,
And not like thine, would but kind libels be;
And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should
raise

Worse blots than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since, above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb;
So that 't would pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expir'd so long before;
When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenc'd face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 't will be learning and antiquity,
And ask a Selden to say, This was thee, [fear
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose or hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity [then
Can add to thy works; th' had their whole growth
When first born, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:

* Jasper Mayne, D. D. Canon of Christ-Church, Oxford, and Arch-Deacon of Chichester, born at Hatherleigh in Devonshire, in 1604, died December 1672. He was held in very high esteem, both for his natural parts, and his acquired accomplishments. He was a popular preacher, and a man of severe virtue and exemplary behaviour; yet of a ready and facetious wit, and a very singular taste of humour. In his younger years he had an attachment to poetry, translated "Lucian's Dialogues," 1638, Donne's "Latin Epigrams," 1652, and wrote two plays, printed in the ninth volume of Dodley's collection.

'Tis bastard-poetry, and o' th' false blood
 Which can't without succession be good.
 Things that will always last, do thus agree
 With things eternal; they at once perfect be.
 Scorn then their censures, who gave't out, thy wit
 As long upon a comedy did sit,
 As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
 And mendings took more time than fortune plots:
 That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
 That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid
 first:
 That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
 Hath more right than thou to thy Catiline.
 Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
 Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a fit.
 When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
 Such, as with less, the state draws treason out;
 Though they should the length of consumptions lie
 Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
 'Twould not be thy worst scene, but would at last
 Confirm their boastings, and show made in haste.
 He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's
 true,
 Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
 So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
 Each day was first, but that 't was cheaper seen.
 And so thy Alchymist play'd o'er and o'er,
 Was new o' th' stage, when 'twas not at the door.
 We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
 The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit:
 Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
 That but to some not half thy acts were parts:
 Since of some silken judgments we may say,
 They fill'd a box two hours, but saw no play.
 So that th' unlearned lost their money, and
 Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
 Thy scene was free from monsters, no hard plot
 Call'd down a God t' unty th' unlikely knot.
 The stage was still a stage, two entrances
 Were not two parts o' th' world, disjoin'd by seas.
 Thine were land tragedies, no prince was found
 To swim a whole scene out, then o' th' stage
 drown'd;
 Pitch'd fields, as red bull wars, still felt thy doom,
 Thou laid'st no sieges to the music-room;
 Nor would'st allow to thy best comedies
 Humours that should above the people rise:

Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
 Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
 And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean,
 That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene.
 No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
 Thou wrot'st thy comedies, did'st not commit.
 We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
 And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
 For thou ev'n sin didst in such words array,
 That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
 Which ended not with th' epilogue, the age
 Still acted, which grew innocent from th' stage.
 'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
 Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault.
 Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
 Hated Face acted than were such before.
 So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,
 So much doth satire more correct than law;
 Which was not nature in thee, as some call
 Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
 That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,
 Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write:
 That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on the stage
 Carlo was not presented, but thy rage:
 And that, when thou in company wert met,
 Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net.
 We know thy free vein had this innocence,
 To spare the party, and to brand th' offence.
 And the just indignation thou wert in
 Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.
 Thou might'st have us'd th' old comic freedom;
 these
 Might have seen themselves play'd, like Socrates.
 Like Cleon, Mamon might the knight have been,
 If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek
 spleen;
 And hadst not chosen rather to translate
 Their learning into English, not their rate:
 Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
 Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft.
 The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
 Or borrow'd in thee, did grow thine by th' change;
 Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
 As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were:
 And, like them, from thy native stock could'st say,
 Poets and kings are not born every day.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM DRUMMOND, Esq.

Containing

SONNETS,
MADRIGALS,
HYMNS,



ELEGIES,
EPIGRAMS,
EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name :
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To 'grave this short remembrance on my grave :
" Here DAMON lies, whose songs did sometime grace
" The murm'ring *Esk*—may roses shade the place."

SONNET TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DRUMMOND.

AFTER the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the Crown of England, the Scottish language, in which the classical compositions of Barbour, James I., Henry the Minstrel, Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay, were written, yielded, by a necessary contingency, to the English, to which it was collaterally allied; and the poets of Scotland, from that period, wrote in the language of the greater and more polite nation.

William Drummond, the first Scottish poet who wrote in English with purity and elegance, was born at Hawthornden, in the parish of Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian, the 13th of December 1585. His father, Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, was Gentleman Usher to James VI., a man of distinguished worth and prudence. His mother, Susannah Fowler, was daughter to Sir William Fowler, Secretary to Queen Anne, of Denmark, "a woman of excellent breeding, and of a good and virtuous life."

His family became first distinguished by the marriage of Robert III. to Annabella Drummond, sister to William Drummond of Carnock, his ancestor, as appears by the patents of that King and James I., the one calling him, "Our Brother," and the other, "Our Uncle."

He received his grammatical education at the High-School of Edinburgh, where his abilities rendered him conspicuous even in his youth; and he was afterwards removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of Master of Arts.

When he quitted the University, he was so far from imagining that he had completed his studies, that he considered himself as having only commenced them; and therefore employed himself for some years after, in the diligent perusal of the best writers of antiquity.

In 1606, when he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he was sent by his father to study civil law at Bourges, in France, which he prosecuted with great diligence and applause. He not only committed to writing the lectures of the professors, but also wrote his own observations on them, which afterwards communicating to the President Lockhart, he declared, "that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice, he would have made the best figure of any lawyer in his time."

In 1610, he returned to Scotland, in which year his father died.

It was now supposed by his friends, that he would have engaged in the profession of the law, as affording the surest prospect for the advancement of his fortune. But neither the study of the law, nor the fatigue attending the practice, were agreeable to his taste, which led him to the cultivation of polite literature.

He, therefore, retired to his house at Hawthornden, "a sweet and solitary seat, and very fit and proper for the Muses," and here applied himself with great assiduity to classical learning and poetry.

After a recovery from a dangerous illness, he wrote here his *Cypress Grove*, a prose piece, containing reflections on death and on the vanity of human life.

On the death of Henry Prince of Wales, in 1612, he wrote an elegy entitled, *Tears on the Death of Miliades*, a name which that prince had used in all his challenges of martial sport, as the anagram of *Miles a Deo*.

When King James returned to Scotland in 1617, he celebrated his arrival by an effort of poetical congratulation, entitled, *The Wandering Muses, or the River of Forth Feasting*.

In 1619, Jonson, the celebrated dramatic poet, had such a desire to see him, that, at the age of forty-five, he walked to Hawthornden to visit him. Jonson's account of his life and opinions, communicated to Drummond and preserved by him, is a valuable literary relic.

The writer of his life, prefixed to his works, published in 1711, observes, that notwithstanding his close retirement, love stole upon him, and entirely subdued his heart. The lady, to whom retirement and her own accomplishments had entirely attached him, was a daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Barnes. He paid his addresses to her, obtained her consent to their union, and the day was

fixed for the celebration of their nuptials; but unhappily she was suddenly taken with a fever, which put a period to her life.

This event, to a mind like his, previously exposed by nature to the anguish of the finer feelings, and by a habit of retirement to reflections of a serious and abstracted cast, must have had no small share in tempering his compositions with that interesting and tender melancholy, which takes every feeling reader with an irresistible charm.

The shock, occasioned by the death of his mistress, so much affected him, that he could no longer enjoy his retirement, or prosecute his studies with tranquillity. In order to dissipate his melancholy, he resolved to travel into foreign countries. He travelled through Germany, France and Italy; but his chief places of residence were Rome and Paris. In the course of his travels, he visited the most celebrated foreign Universities, and conversed with the most eminent scholars and poets. He also made an excellent collection of the best Greek and Latin authors, and of valuable books, in the French, Spanish, and Italian languages.

The writer of his life says, "That he gave a noble present of rare books and manuscripts to the University of Edinburgh, a catalogue of which was printed in 1627, with a preface in ornate Latin, about the advantage and honour of libraries, written by himself."

Having continued abroad about eight years, he returned to his native country, which he found distracted with political and religious dissensions; upon which he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scott of Scotstarvat, in Fifeshire, who was a man of letters, and with whom he made some stay; and it is supposed to have been about this time, that he wrote his *History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland*.

The writing of this history, he has himself told us, in the dedication to John, Earl of Perth, proceeded chiefly from a particular respect and fondness for his name. "I have always," says he, "been careless and negligent about fame and reputation; but my greatest reason for writing this is, that I found, in the histories of Scotland, James I., a man eminent in all virtues, a man born in the same country with myself, a prince, and the son of a *Drummond*, lineally descended of your Lordship's ancient family."

About the same time, it is supposed, that he wrote his *Polemo-Middinia*, a macaronic poem, the scene of which is laid in Fifeshire.

In 1630, he married Elizabeth Logan, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, who captivated him after he had attained his forty-fifth year, by the great resemblance she bore to his first mistress, whose idea was still deeply impressed upon his mind.

After his marriage, he lived in a retired manner at Hawthornden, and repaired the house, with this inscription: *Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Joannis equites aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit, 1638.*

In 1633, when the arrival of Charles I. at Edinburgh, was celebrated by the exhibition of a *Pageant*, he wrote the *Speeches* delivered by the allegorical characters.

Having been grafted, as it were, on the Royal Family of Scotland, and upheld by them, he was a steady royalist in the troubles of Charles I.; but does not appear ever to have armed for him.

He testified, however, his attachment to the King and to the Church, by occasional tracts in support of regal and ecclesiastical claims.

His *Irone*, a rhetorical remonstrance against the measures of the covenanters, procured him a letter of thanks from the gallant Marquis of Montrose; who also sent him a protection, dated August 1645, immediately after the battle of Kilsyth, with another letter, in which he highly commends his learning and loyalty.

The writer of his life says, "Being reputed a malignant, he was extremely harassed by the prevailing party, and for his verses and discourses frequently summoned before their circular tables."

We are also told, that though "he was a great cavalier, and much addicted to the King's party, yet he was forced to send men to the army, which fought against the King, and his estate lying in three different shires, he had not occasion to send one entire man, but halves and quarters, and such like fractions, upon which he wrote *extempore* the following verses to his Majesty:

Of all these forces raised against the King,
'Tis my strange hap, not one whole man to bring

From divers parishes; yet divers men,
 But all in halves and quarters: Great King, then,
 In halves and quarters, if they come 'gainst thee,
 In halves and quarters send them back to me;
 Or,
 In legs and arms, send thou them back to me.

He had the affliction to survive the church and the monarchy, the downfall of which he predicted at the beginning of the troubles; and his grief, on account of the King's being brought to the scaffold, is said to have been so great, as to have shortened his days. He died on the 4th of December 1649, in the 64th year of his age, and was buried in his own aisle in the church of Lasswade. He left several children, the eldest of whom, William, was knighted by Charles II., and Elizabeth was married to Dr. Henderson, physician in Edinburgh. Mrs. Abernethy-Drummond, who now possesses the estate of Hawthornden, is the representative of his family.

Some of his *Sonnets and Poems* were printed at Edinburgh in 1616, and there is said to have been an earlier edition. The *Flowers of Sion* were printed at Edinburgh in 1630. Another edition, greatly enlarged, was published after his death, under the direction of Sir John Scott, with this title, *Poems by that most famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden*, London 1656, 8vo, with a preface, by Edward Phillips, author of the *Theatrum Poetarum*.

His *History of the Five James's* was first printed at London, in folio, 1655, with a preface by Mr. Hall of Gray's Inn, and reprinted in 8vo, 1681.

A complete edition of his works, in prose and verse, was published at Edinburgh, in one volume folio, by Watson, in 1711, with this title: *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which were designed for the press. Now published from the author's original copies.*

To this edition an account of the life of the author was prefixed, "taken," says the editor, "from some few notes left by himself, and the best information we could get," with commendatory verses by Colonel George Lauder of Hatton, Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Arthur Johnston, David Crawford, Esq. of Drumfoyle, Edward Phillips, &c.

This volume contains his *History of the Five James's*, *Cypress Grove*, some political tracts and papers, *Familiar Epistles*, several miscellaneous tracts, and his *Poems*, consisting of *Sonnets*, *Songs*, *Madrigals*, *Divine Poems and Hymns*, *Meliades*, and *The River of Forth Feasting*, *Polemo-Middinia*, &c. The *Cypress Grove*, and *Polemo-Middinia*, have been frequently reprinted.

An edition of his poems was printed at London, in small 8vo, 1791. They are now reprinted from the Edinburgh edition 1711, and received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Drummond has little indulgence to demand for his age or country. His manners were as polite and amiable, as his talents were elegant and respectable. His heart was eminently the seat of the Graces. Tenderness, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic. His piety was fervent, unaffected, and cheerful. He was a sincere friend and an easy companion. He heartily loved his country, with a passion, that was strengthened perhaps, but not exasperated, by political prejudice. Throughout his whole life, he was fond of literature and retirement, and had little inclination for riches or honours. He sometimes amused himself with playing at chess, and was a skilful player on the lute.

Among his friends, he numbered every man eminent for literature at that time in his own country. Principal Adamson, Dr. Arthur Johnston, and Sir Robert Kerr, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, encouraged his poetical studies by their approbation and example; but one of his most intimate friends appears to have been Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, a distinguished statesman, courtier and poet. His works are printed in folio, under the title of "The Recreations of the Muses," the chief of which, are four "Monarchic Tragedies" in alternate rhyme. He is a masculine writer, and greatly superior to the style of his age. His "Aurora" and "Parænesis" are almost classical performances, and well merit republication.

He spent very little time in England, though he corresponded with Drayton and Jonson, the latter of whom had a high respect for him. Their attachment, however, does not appear to have been quite reciprocal; for the character given by Drummond of Jonson, which has been inserted in his life, is a very unfavourable one; owing probably to his having made memorandums of expres-

sions, imprudently or inadvertently uttered by Jonson in the unsuspecting freedom of familiar intercourse, or the wantonness of convivial gaiety. In committing these to writing, however, he appears to have had no intention to publish them; and therefore he cannot be fairly accused, in this instance, of violating the rights of friendship or hospitality.

The character of Drummond, as a prose writer, is given with ostentatious praise, which is always to be suspected of some degree of partiality. "*The Cypress Grove*," says the writer of his life, "is a piece of excellent prose, both for the sublimity and piety of the thoughts, and for the fineness of the style." It is perhaps the best of his prose works; and though the style is quaint and affected, is worth reading for its dignified vein of morality.

The able and ingenious Mr. Pinkerton, calls it "a poor piece of tinsel," and says of Drummond, that, "like other great poets, he could not write prose." He is perhaps more mistaken in his general position, than even in the particular instance specified. Many of our best poets have rivalled, and some have exceeded the professional prose writers of their time. Spenser, Daniel, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, and Goldsmith, are unrivalled by any contemporary prose writer.

His *History of the James's* has been praised at least as much as it deserves. Phillips "ranks him in the number of the best writers, and scruples not to compare him with Thuanus himself." "Drummond," says Mr. Granger, "stands in the first rank of modern historians. He, for his excellence in telling a story, and interesting his reader in what he relates, is thought to be comparable to Livy."

The Earl of Orford calls him, "one of the best modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy." Mr. Pinkerton, on the contrary, speaking of this work, says, that it is "the most deplorable performance that ever aspired to the name of history, full of false orations, false brilliancy, false sense, and false facts." The general opinion of his countrymen is much more favourable, and probably more just; for it is, upon the whole, an eloquent and masculine performance. Setting panegyric aside, there does not appear much resemblance between Livy and Drummond as historical writers. His style is too elaborate and ornamented for historic narrative. He has certainly given a very partial account of the reigns of the Princes he writes upon, and has vindicated or palliated some of their most atrocious actions. The history also contains very servile and absurd political sentiments and observations.

The poetry of Drummond amply establishes his fame; and it is but doing justice to the ability and erudition of Mr. Pinkerton, to acknowledge, that his endeavours to extend the fame and honour of Drummond's poetry, which is so closely allied to the fame and honour of the nation, merit the gratitude of his countrymen; and of none more than the compiler of this collection, who recognizes, in the learned editor of the "*Ancient Scottish Poems*," and the Historian of Scotland, the companion of his youthful and classical studies, and a pupil of the Lanark school, that rivals the genius and literature of Græme, the pride of that once flourishing seminary, the boast of its late respectable master, and

"The lost companion of his youth's gay prime!"

It is in vain the readers of English poetry lament the fate of many of our obscure writers, who have undeservedly fallen victims to a premature oblivion, when the finished productions of Drummond are neglected, and their excellencies not half enough praised or acknowledged.

Among all the writers of that age, who flourished after Spenser and Shakspeare, there is not one who deserves more attention from the general readers of English poetry, than Drummond.

In a survey of Drummond's poetry, the consideration of his country need not be offered to extenuate faults, but to increase our admiration. It is characterised by an exquisite Doric delicacy and simplicity, enriched, and sometimes debased by opulence of imagery and quaintness of expression. His thoughts are generally bold, and highly poetical: He follows nature, but sometimes indulges in metaphysical subtilties, unsuitable to the language of passion: His diction is classical and elegant, and his versification is exquisitely polished, and delicately harmonious.

Petrarch seems to have been his model, in his *Sonnets*, the most perfect of his pieces; and he has shown, in some of these compositions, nearly the spirit of Petrarch himself.

Drummond and Petrarch had this in common, that each lamented, first the cruelty, and then the loss of his mistress: So that their sonnets are alike naturally divided into two parts; those before, and those after their several mistresses' deaths.

THE LIFE OF DRUMMOND.

Drummond has himself told us, "that he was the first in the isle that did celebrate a dead mistress, and Englished the madrigal;" and it may be justly doubted, that among all the sonnetteers in the English language, any one is to be preferred to him.

The Sonnets *To Sir William Alexander*, *To Sleep*, *To his Lute*, *To the Spring*, *To the Nightingale*, and those which begin, "*I know that all beneath the moon decays*," "*Alexis, here she slay'd among these pines*," "*Trust not, sweet soul, those curl'd waves of gold*," "*What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face*," "*If cross with all misbaps be my poor life*," "*Look as the flower which ling'ringly doth fade*," are eminently beautiful. The Sonnet, *To the Spring*, has been imitated by Gray, in his fine Sonnet on the Death of West.

His Epitaphs *On the Death of a Young Lady*, *On Armeline, a Favourite Dog*, *On the Death of a Scotch Lord*, are distinguished by pathetic tenderness and simplicity. Among his *Madrigals*, which are improperly arranged with the Sonnets, the little poem *To the Rose* deserves particular commendation. In his "*Tears on the Death of Mæliades*," there are some lines "as strong, as deep, as gentle, and as full" as any that are to be found in the compositions of Waller, Denham, or Dryden. He laments the fate of Prince Henry, that he died not in some glorious cause of war. "Against the Turk," he says "thou hadst ended thy life, and the Christian war together,"

Or, as brave Bourbon, then hadst made old Rome
Queen of the world, thy triumph and thy tomb.

Of the lamentation of the river Forth,

And, as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
She seem'd to plain, that heaven had done her wrong.

Farther.

Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with her towns, fair Seine with all she claims:
But ah, poor lovers! death did them betray,
And, unsuspected, made their hopes his prey.

And concludes:

The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear,
Of flowers, and with each flower let fall a tear;
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

In the *River of Forth Feasting*, a piece of court-flattery, there are many vigorous and harmonious passages, which would justify selection; Pope has apparently imitated the following lines, in his third pastoral, which do not, in point of harmony, fall much short of the imitation.

To virgins, flowers, to sun-burnt earth, the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

The easy flow of the lines in Pope are justly admired.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

In *The Flowers of Sion*, Drummond has this line.

The grief was common, common were the cries,

Sonn. 6.

Which is evidently imitated by Pope, in the "Epistle to Abelard:"

The crime was common, common be the pain.

In his "*Shadow of the Judgment*," there are some passages which approach sublimity. The following lines, describing God moved to wrath, are in Milton's manner.

So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
Mansion of saints, deflowered all by sin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath,
The world's great Sov'reign moved was to wrath:

THE LIFE OF DRUMMOND.

Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
 Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place :
 The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake,
 The earth, and earth-embracing seas, did shake ;
 Carmel, and Hæmus felt it, Athos tops
 Affrighted shrunk, and near the Æthiops,
 Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Appenine,
 And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
 Then to the synod of the sp'rits he swore,
 Man's care should end, and time should be no more ;
 By his own self he swore, &c.

His *Polemo Middinia*, is perhaps the most popular of his productions. The measure is hexameter, the numbers Virgilian, and the language Latin, mixed with broad Scotch. Nothing can be more ludicrous than such a combination : It is dignity and meanness in the extreme ; the humour is local, and rather coarse, and the images, though strong, not quite delicate.

The testimonies of his contemporaries, Jonson and Drayton, are unquestionable authorities in his favour. Drayton thus mentions him and his friend, Sir William Alexander.

And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
 For his much love, and proud was I to know
 His poesy, for which two worthy men,
 I Menstric still shall love, and Hawthornden.
Of Poets, and Poesie.

From the particular commendation Phillips has noticed him with, it is not improbable that he retailed the opinions of his uncle, Milton, as many of Drummond's combinations, and some of his phraseology is to be traced in Milton.

" His poems," says he, " are the effects of genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced. Neither Tasso, Guarini, or any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge any advantage above him. Here are all those graces met together, that conduce any thing towards the making up a complete and perfect poet ; a decent and becoming majesty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit flowing and sparkling." He observes, with regret, the strange neglect into which Drummond's poems had even then fallen ; but this was no wonder, when Milton's smaller poems met with the same fate.

The modern testimonies to his merits are few, when compared with his deserts.

" He was a poet," says Mr. Pinkerton, who first brought him forward to notice, " of the most amiable and exquisite genius. It may safely be said, that if any poems possess a very high degree of that exquisite Doric delicacy, which we so much admire in " *Comus*," those of Drummond do. Milton may be often traced in him, and he had certainly read and admired him. Drummond was the first who introduced into English the fine Italian vein ; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps, we should never have seen the delicacies of " *Comus*," " *Lycidas*," " *Il Penseroso*," and " *L'Allegro*." Milton has had justice done him by posterity ; Drummond has not been so fortunate."

The late Mr. Headley has very judiciously enriched his collection of " *Ancient English Poetry*" with several of Drummond's productions, and laments the neglect into which they have undeservedly fallen " It is but truth to observe, says that amiable and ingenious writer, " That many of his Sonnets, those more especially which are divested of Italian conceits, resemble the best Greek epigrams in their best taste, in that exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and simplicity of expression, for which our language has no single term, but which is known to all classical readers by the term *επίγραμμα*. When the finished productions of this man are little known, and still less read, may we not exclaim in the words of Antipater,

Perii enim : te autem multum defleverunt filia,
 Mnemosynes, mater vero præ aliis Calliope,
 Quid defunctis ingemimus natis, cum defendere
 Liberis Orcum ne Diis quidem potestas ?"

Antholog.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

De Gulielmo Drummondo.

QUÆSIVIT Latio Buchananus carmine laudem,
Et patrios dura respuit aure modos.
Cum possit Latiis Buchananum vincere musis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui.
Major uter? primas huic defert Scotia, vates
Vix inter Latios ille secundus erat.

ARTH. JOHNSTON.

To William Drummond.

SOME will not leave that trust to friend nor heir,
But their own winding-sheet themselves prepare;
Fearing, perhaps, some courser cloth might shrow'd
The worms descended from their noble blood:
And shalt not thou (that justly may'st suspect
Far courser stuff, in such a dull neglect
Of all the arts, and dearth of poetry)
Compose before-hand thine own elegy?
Who but thyself is capable to write
A verse, or, if they can, to fashion it
Unto thy praises? none can draw a line
Of thy perfections, but a hand divine.

If thou wilt needs impose this task on us,
(A greater work than best wits can discuss)
We will but only so far emblem thee,
As in a circle, men, the Deity.
A wreath of bayes we'll lay upon thy herse;
For that shall speak thee better than our verse:
That art in number of those things, whose end,
Nor whose beginning we can comprehend.
A star, which did the other day appear,
T' enlighten up our dark'ned hemisphere:
Nor can we tell nor how, nor whence it came,
Yet feel the heat of thy admired flame.
'Twas thou that thaw'd our north, 'twas thou
didst clear

The eternal mists which had beset us here,
Till by thy golden beams and powerful ray
Thou chas'd hence darkness, and brought out
the day.

But as the sun though he bestow all light
On us, yet hinders by the same our sight
To gaze on him; so thou, though thou dispense
Far more on us by thy bright influence;
Yet such is thy transcendent brightness, we
Thereby are dazzled, and cannot reach thee;

Then art thou less'n'd, should we bound thy praise
T' our narrow dull conceit, which cannot raise
Themselves beyond a vulgar theme, nor fly
A pitch like unto thine in poesy;
Yet (as the greatest kings have sometimes dain'd
The smallest presents from a poor man's hand;
When pure devotion gave them) it may be
Your genius will accept a mite from me:
It speaks my love, although it reach not you;
And you are praised, when I would so do.

JOHN SPOTSWOOD.

*Damon: or, a Pastoral Elegy, on the death of his
Honoured Friend William Drummond of Hawke-
thornden. By G. Lauder.*

*Tu decus omne tuis, postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo. VIRG.*

THE lonely Lysis, whom a froward fate
Full twenty summers in a sober state,
Had seen a stranger to his native soil,
In foreign fields, worn with the weary toil
Of wand'ring, waiting on a wayward flock
Which neither hois'd his hopes, nor swell'd his
stock;

One day went pensive o'er a pleasant plain,
Near where old Maes doth fall into the main:
His heart was heavy, and he knew not why,
His lambs did bleating go, the surly sky
Seem'd to presage a storm, which to prevent,
Unto his old retreat he swiftly went.

An aged elm there was, whose spreading arms
Had shelter'd him from many showers and storms;
And on whose wrinkl'd rind in such distress
His knife his younger fancies did express,
In love-knots, letters, ciphers; which could shew
The story of his life to them who knew
His former loves. There scarce he was well set,
When o'er the plain came posting, panting, wet,
The young Alcedon, who not long before
Was from his native Albany come o'er.

Lysis, who lov'd him (since he had not seen
His face in many years) thought it had been
Some ghost or shadow that did fool his sense,
Until his smile did check that fear's offence;
Then falling on his neck in kind embrace,
Dear son, said he, my soul this hap doth bless

R r ij

That brought thee hither, welcome with my heart,
Come sit by me, and freely now impart
The state and story of the herds and swains
That graze on Caledonia's hills and plains.
Alcyon sigh'd, and with a down-cast look,
Eyes swollen with tears, thus staring, softly spoke.

Heaven's anger long hath blaz'd into a flame,
And scorched that land, whose sin hath brought
on shame;

Since Sion's shepherd's sweet and saving song
Was flighted there, the sheep have all gone
wrong:

Strange schism the sacrifices hath defac'd,
New ways of worship purblind zeal hath plac'd,
And planted in the people's giddy pates,
Where each will have his own, all other hates:
These frenzies from the neighbour country came,
Where sects have shuffl'd all things out of frame,
And (which with horror all the world doth
hear

Rebellion chok'd religion, treason fear;
So far that clowns conspir'd against the crown,
And hew'd heaven's sacred image headless down.
Which heinous crime hath call'd a curse from
high,

That yet upon the land doth heavy lie.
And we, whose tender hearts were ta'en with tears
At first, to be made fools, (though promis'd shares,
In that pretended happiness they preach'd,
When with joint powers their point they should
have reach'd)

Now reap for thanks, disdain, contempt and scorn,
Hostility and hate of knaves forsworn;
And were it not the hope they have at home,
To see their prince, to save his people, come,
The swains would all for sorrow faint and fly,
As many do for grief and anguish die,
Of which, alas! old Damon was the first,
Whose royal, loyal, noble heart did burst,
To see these stirrs, the stars with sad aspects
Had shown him long with all their dire effects;
For he was well acquainted with the spheres,
And knew how they inclin'd, whose power sways
their's.

When Lysis, list'ning, heard of Damon's death,
A deep fetch'd sigh well nigh drew out his breath,
Tears drown'd his eyes, his hoary head he hung,
And in that posture had not pulse nor tongue,
But, like a lifeless statue, senseless sat;
So deep these words did wound as thunder-shot:
Till with Alcyon's loud and frighted cry
(Who call'd for help, though none there was
near by)

Awak'd, he lifted up his heavy head,
And softly said, ay me, is Damon dead?
Then, as reviving, fetching breath again,
In scalding sighs, tears trickling down amain,
Am I awake, said he? or do I dream?
To hear that Damon now is but a name,
And his fair soul to heaven hath ta'en her flight,
For lasting sun-shine leaving this weak light:
The glory then of Grampian swains is gone:
Let fields and flocks his loss for ever moan.

Burst forth my soul in sorrow's saddest strain,
Sigh heart, and break, and wish no more again

Those home-bred haunts and flow'ry fields to see
Whose love and longing late possessed thee.
Farewell those fancies, since the herdsmen's head,
(Apollo's priest, whose learned lays did lead
The lovely nymphs, enchanted with his song,
O'er Ochil's snowy tops in pompous throng,
And brought these beauteous girls, in gawdy train,
Home dancing to his Hawthornden again.)

Is now no more the wonder of our woods,
The valley's wish, the fav'rite of our floods,
Since he, O grief! hath left these lawns and hills,
These silver streams, and soft meandering rills,
Which often stray'd and swell'd for joy to hear
His roundelay, and did their burden bear
To Thetis court, where all the Tritons rounded
About to learn, and straight the tunes resounded.

Ah! when I call to mind that happy time,
When my fresh youth was in her flow'ry prime,
E'er beauty's force I found, or felt love's flame,
And first a stripling 'mongst the shepherds came,
Kind Damon was the peer of all the plains,
The valley's honour, glory of the swains;
And when his reed or sweet rebeck was heard,
Our flocks forgot to feed, they stood and star'd,
The nightingales came near new notes to learn,
The stags were roused from the brushy fairn,
The wanton wood-nymphs were no longer wild,
But danc'd about, and on him sweetly smil'd:
Or did he sing, the shepherds all were still,
The birds were hush'd, brooks slept, from dale
nor hill

No noise was heard, soft silence shut up all,
To muse on his melodious madrigal.
His matchless muse had such a swelling vein,
In rich expressions, and so sweet a strain,
That sun, stars, season's glory, nature's treasure,
All that is rich and rare for pomp and pleasure,
Could scarcely serve his subject to set forth
Or fit his fancy's force, his brain's huge birth,
Gold, sapphires, roses, rubies, azure, skies,
Albaster, amber, diamonds wanted dyes,
To limn his Auristella to the life
Whose beauty brav'd the Lemnian's lovely wife;
Nor Ochil's snows, nor lilly of the brook,
Nor Tyrian purple, nor that flower that took
His blush from that fair boy Apollo flew,
Had colours fine enough for her fair hue,
While by fair Ora's flow'ry banks she sported,
Where swans did sweetly sing, and swains re-
sorted.

In what sweet sighs did he his sorrows sing,
And all Bodotria's weeping beauties bring
Like Niobe's to wash the sacred urn,
With tears the brave Mæliades to mourn?
That from the swelling banks of Tweed and
Thame,
He made deaf Nilus dwellers hear his name,
And gawdy Ganges nymphs in sad despair,
To rend their vails and tear their golden hair,
Blue Doris and her daughters were so taken
With grief, that they all songs have since for-
saken;
The Driad in his cave that closely dwells,
Did fright the neighbouring woods with woful
yells,

And make the fainting Elk for fear look black
To keep that colour for her Henry's sake.

And how did he from black Benlomond bring
Old father Forth, to feast his lord and king?
With all these famous floods so well attended,
(A train that Tiber envy'd, but commended)
And to his prince a panegyric sung,
That Mantua's muse, and Asra's both had hung
Their heads for shame, his heavenly strains to hear;
For Po ne'er had a nymph that could come near
His high and hardy note, nor Helicon
A more majestic muse ne'er sat upon.

O how could he with more than mortal measure
Transport the soul into that height of pleasure?
In sacred ecst'fy when he sung the wonders
Of him that fram'd the world, and forg'd the
thunders?

And soaring high on contemplation's wings,
Show how the earth below self-ballanc'd hings,
By heaven alike embrac'd on every side,
And sees here snow, there summer's painted pride?
Or when in raptures ravish'd he would rise
To reach a strain beyond the stars and skies,
In what transcendent terms could he set forth
Heav'n's glory (though no words can weigh their
worth)

And of the choicest flowers of Sion frame
For angels brows a fragrant anadem?

How could his soul in sacred silence steal
Into these blessed bounds, and thence reveal
The state and splendor of the court above,
So sweetly shadow'd in his Cypress Grove?
Had he not had his Urany for guide,
Her holy ways to walk, her paths to tread?

What heathen hath a heart so hard, to hear
His sacred song, and would not faint for fear?
While he the shadow of the judgment sings,
That court of conscience, where the King of Kings
The wicked world shall from the four winds call,
Before his throne, both rich, poor, great and small,
To hear a happy or a horrid doom,
Where, ah! too many never think to come,
But dally out their days in vain delight,
Delaying still, till death blows out their light,
And darkness drown them in a dungeon deep,
Where damned ghosts still dying wail and weep.

But when my soul with wonder and delight
Those holy numbers weighs: where ravish'd quite
Beyond himself, above the heavens as far,
As from earth's surface to old Saturn's star,
He sings that smooth hymn of the fairest fair,
In sweet seraphic stile, high swelling rare,
My thoughts transported in a trance outfly
The reach of reason and mortality;
And humbly falling heaven's high throne before,
With sighs and fear that Majesty adore,
Whose glorious grandeur there he seeks to limn
As bright as art can draw with eyes so dim;
(Though all her skill come far far short alas!)
As one would with a coal the sun-shine trace;
Yet never mortal more divinely sung
Those marvels that best suit an angel's tongue.

His youthful fancies, though he term'd them
toys,

Were rich conceits, beyond the common poise

Of vulgar wits, which could not value them
At half the worth, for few did find his aim;
And nothing had more handsomely been said,
Than in those flashes when he freely play'd.
When old grey hairs began grave thoughts to suit,
Chaste Clio charm'd his fancies with her flute,
To leave the mountains, fields and flocks forsake,
And to a nobler task himself betake,
Soft shelter'd in his grove, wrapt in his gown,
Which with more glory might his name renown:
The Stuart's story was a subject fit,
And both requir'd his pen, and crav'd his wit,
Those five great James's, to the world well known,
At home were strangers still unto their own:
And he must set them on the stage again,
To speak their country's language smooth and
plain,

So sweetly flowing in a flourish'd phrase,
That Tully's soul his style doth lead and raise;
And such remarks, wise sentences, advices,
Good counsels, precepts, his whole labour graces,
That on Parnassus he may claim his seat
Next that great Roman, rich in rules of state.

Dear Damon! is it true that thou art dead?
And Lylis lives a lothed life to lead?
My thoughts, alas! were always set on thee,
With hope at last thy long wish'd look to see,
That my poor muse might do thee homage due,
And, after absence long, old love renew;
Which since thou hast borne hence to heav'n with
thee

Thy Lylis still shall love thy memory,
And make both Maes and Rhine thy name resound,
As far as shepherds by their banks are found.
Ay, me! why have not I old Ayton's vein?
Or great Alexis stately tragic strain?
To sound thy virtues, sing thine obsequies
In panegyrics and sad elegies?
Earth's farthest climates with thy worth should ring,
And worship thee, where fame can stretch a wing.
Yet with that vigour, my poor verse can fly,
It shall record to after-times that I
So dearly lov'd thy worth, thy name ador'd,
Thy friendship honour'd, and thy death deplor'd;
That wheresoe'er the world my rhymes shall read,
There Damon's love shall live, when we're both
dead:

Nor shall I fear antiquity to wrong,
With our own home-bred haunts to stuff my song,
And say our Forth, which doth so winding wander,
As famous is by thee, as old Meander:
Thy murmuring Elk and Ora's rusky hair,
With Mincius and old Tiber to compare?
And why shall I not freely venture then
To match with Helicon thy Hawthornden?
Thy grot, in which grim Saturn still remains,
Bound to the rock with mighty metal'd chains;
The same prophetic spirit doth inspire
That in Trophonus' cave set souls on fire;
And if the earth from hence a passage yields,
It is the entry to th' Elysian fields:
A fitter place the Fates could never find
To lay thy sacred relics up enshrin'd;
There all the nymphs and shepherd swains can come
And yearly sing sad hymns before thy tomb,

Which on the marble cold these lines shall keep,
 For pilgrims all to read, and parting weep,
 That once thy care commanded should be cut
 Upon thy grave, if I have not forgot,
*Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes grace
 The murmuring Esk, may roses shade the place.*
 But soft my sorrow, now the setting sun,
 To 'Thetis' kind embrace doth posting run;
 Good night, Alcydon, all good luck attend thee,
 And what thy soul doth wish, thy fortune send thee.

This said, they parted, and poor Lylis' grief
 So seiz'd his soul, which look'd for no relief,
 That while he careless and cross-armed went,
 With staggering steps his loss for to lament,
 He often stood to sigh, and at the name
 Of Damon fainted: so he lov'd his fame.

Sunt artibus arma decori.

G. LAUDER.

On the Report of the Death of the Author.

Is that were true which whisper'd is by Fame,
 That Damon's light no more on earth doth burn,
 His patron Phœbus' physic would disclaim,
 And cloth'd in clouds as erst for Phaeton mourn.

Yea, Fame by this had got so deep a wound,
 That scarce she could have power to tell his death,
 Her wings cut short; who could her trumpet sound,
 Whose blaze of late was nurs'd but by his breath.

That sp'rit of his, which most with mine was free,
 By mutual traffic interchanging store,
 If chas'd from him, it would have come to me,
 Where it so oft familiar was before.

Some secret grief distemp'ring first my mind,
 Had (though not knowing) made me feel this loss;
 A sympathy had so our souls combin'd,
 That such a parting both at once would toss.

Though such reports to others terror give,
 Thy heavenly virtues who did never spy,
 I know thou, that canst make the dead to live,
 Immortal art, and needs not fear to die.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Upon the incomparable Poems of Mr. William Drummond.

To praise these poems well, there doth require
 The self-same spirit, and that sacred fire
 That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot choose
 But pay an admiration to a muse
 That sings such handsome things: never brake forth,
 From climes so near the Bear, so bright a worth;
 And I believe the Caledonian bowr's
 Are full as pleasant and as rich in flow'rs
 As Tempe e'er was fam'd, since they have nourish'd
 A wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd;
 There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,
 Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
 But such an ardour as creates the spring,
 And throws a cheerfulness on every thing;
 Such a sweet calmness runs through every verse,
 As shows how he delighted to converse

With silence, and his muse, among those shades
 Which care, nor busy tumult e'er invades;
 There would he oft, the adventures of his loves
 Relate unto the fountains, and the groves,
 In such a strain as Laura had admir'd
 Her Petrarch more, had he been so inspir'd.
 Some Phœbus gives a smooth and streaming vein,
 A great and happy fancy some attain,
 Others unto a soaring height he lifts;
 But here he hath so crowded all his gifts,
 As if he had design'd in one to try,
 To what a pitch he could bring poetry;
 For every grace should he receive a crown,
 There were not bays enough in Helicon:
 Fame courts his verse, and with immortal wings
 Hovers about his monument, and brings
 A deathless trophy to his memory;
 Who, for such honour, would not wish to die?
 Never could any times afford a story
 Of one so march'd unto great Sidney's glory;
 Or fame so well divided, as between
 Penhurst's renowned shades, and Hawthornden.

EDW. PHILLIPS.

*Sir George Mackenzie, his Majesty's Advocate, being
 in Hawthornden's Closet, wrote down this Elogy of
 him.*

HERE liv'd that poet, whose immortal name
 Was crown'd by laurels, and adorn'd by fame;
 Whom every man next to himself did love;
 Who durst be loyal, and, what's more, reprove
 The vices of that base rebellious age;
 His was a poet's, theirs a tyrant's rage.
 Each man him then his neighbour wish'd to be,
 And we now grieve that we did not him see.
 They did his wit, we do his works admire,
 And each young spark does kindle at his fire:
 Or, which is more, he poems can beget
 On my old muse, though now such past the date.

To the Memory of William Drummond of Hawthornden.

He who endeavours Damon's worth to raise,
 Does not the bards, but his own merit praise.
 Here our's, and England's wits, in vain have strove
 To write his merit, and express their love.
 For poets now to sound enslave their sense,
 And gild, where they should paint true excellence;
 And who in duller prose can hope to show,
 What's to his name or to his labours due?
 I own no art can Drummond's worth proclaim;
 So vast his merit, and so loud his fame.

DAVID CRAWFORD OF DRUMSOY.

By the same Hand.

HERE Damon liv'd, a man by Heav'n inspir'd,
 At home ador'd, by foreigners admir'd:
 Vast was his muse, his thoughts by art refin'd;
 His judgment, like his fancy, unconfin'd;
 His country's honour, and his friend's delight;
 Great Britain's wonder, and the age's light.
 In ev'ry thing we find the bard excel,
 And his five Jameses, and his poems tell,
 No man e'er thought, and spoke his thoughts so
 well.

Heav'n guard the place, and may his race maintain
That stock of fame which he did justly gain.

Upon Hawthornden's Muse. By the same.

HERE mighty Damon often sat,
When he in heav'nly numbers writ.
The place seems pointed out by Fate,
And for a muse, like his, made fit.

His Cypress Grove, and easy poems show,
What shades like these on souls like his can do.
This was his muse. This rais'd the godlike thought,
Which art and judgment to perfection brought.

April 20. 1702.

Parthenius, on his Sonnets.

WHILE thou dost praise the roses, lilies, gold,
Which in a dangling tress and face appear,
Still stands the sun in skies, thy songs to hear,
A silence sweet each whispering wind doth hold:
Sleep in Pasithea's lap his eyes doth fold,
The sword falls from the god of the fifth sphere,
The herds to feed, the birds to sing forbear,
Each plant breathes love, each flood and fountain
cold.

And hence it is, that that once nymph, now free,
Who did th' Amphrysian shepherds sighs disdain,
And scorn'd his lays mov'd by a sweeter vein,
Is become pitiful, and follows thee.

Thee loves, and vaunteth that she hath the grace,
A garland for thy locks to entrelace.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Alexis, on the Madrigals.

THE love Alexis did to Damon bear,
Shall witness'd be to all the woods and plains
As singular, renown'd by neighbouring swains,
That to our relics time may trophies rear.
Those madrigals we sung amidst our flocks,
With garlands guarded from Apollo's beams,
On Ochils whiles, whiles near Bodotrian streams,
The echo's did resound them from the rocks;
Of foreign shepherds bent to try the states
Though I (world's guest) a vagabond do stray,
Thou may that store which I esteem survey,
As best acquainted with my soul's conceits.

Whatever fate heavens have for me design'd,
I trust thee with the treasure of my mind.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Chlorus.

SWAN, which so sweetly sings,
By Aska's banks, and pitifully plains,
That old Meander never heard such strains,
Eternal fame thou to thy country brings:
And now our Caledon
Is by thy songs made a new Helicon.
Her mountains, woods, and springs,
While mountains, woods, springs be, shall sound
thy praise:

And though fierce Boreas oft make pale her bays,
And kill these myrtles with enraged breath,
Which should thy brows inwreath;

Her floods have pearls, seas amber do send forth,
Her heaven hath golden stars to crown thy
worth.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Moeris.

THE sister nymphs which haunt the Thespian
springs,

More lib'rally their gifts ne'er did bequeath
To them who on their hills suck sacred breath,
Than unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings,
Ne'er did Apollo raise on Pegase wings
A muse more near himself, more far from earth,
Than thine; whether thou weep thy lady's death,
Or sing those sweet four pangs that passion brings.
To write our thoughts in verse doth merit praise,
But thus the verse to gild in fiction's ore,
Bright, rich, delightful, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy melodious lays:

No doubt thy muses fair morn doth bewray

The swift approach of a more glist'ring day.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Upon the Tears on the Death of Moliades.

IN waves of woe thy sighs my soul do toss,
And make run out the flood-gates of my tears,
Whose rankling wound no soothing balm long
bears,

But freely bleeds when ought upbraids my loss.

'Tis thou so sweetly sorrow makest to sing,

And troubled passions dost so well accord,

That more delight thy anguish doth afford,

Than other joys can satisfaction bring.

What sacred wits, (when ravish'd) do affect,

To force affections, metamorphose minds,

Whilst numerous power the soul in secret binds,

Thou hast perform'd, transforming in effect.

For never plaints did greater pity move,

The best applause that can such notes approve.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

R r liij

P O E M S.

THE FIRST PART.

I. Sonnet.

IN my first prime, when childish humours fed
My wanton wit, ere I did know the bliss
Lies in a loving eye, or amorous kiss,
Or with what sighs a lover warms his bed;
By the sweet Thespian sisters error led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my head.
Love smil'd to see me take so great delight,
To turn those antiques of the age of gold,
And that I might more mysteries behold,
He set so fair a volume to my sight,
That I Ephemerides laid aside
Glad on this blushing book my death to read.

II. Sonnet.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought,
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the muses heavenly lays,
With toil of sp'rit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of minds accords,
Where sense and will bring under Reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

III. Sonnet.

Ye who so curiously do paint your thoughts,
Enlight'ning ev'ry line in such a guise,
That they seem rather to have fal'n from skies,
Than of a human hand by mortal draughts.
In one part sorrow so tormented lies,
As it his life at ev'ry sigh would part:
Love here blindfolded stands with bow and dart,
There Hope looks pale, Despair with flaming eyes:
Of my rude pencil look not for such art,
My wit I find too little to devise
So high conceptions to express my smart,
And some say love is feign'd that's too too wise.

These troubled words and lines confus'd you find,
Are like unto the model, my sick mind.

IV. Sonnet.

AY, me! and I am now the man whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suff' red that blind boy abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove;
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind into a better course to move;
Reason may chide her fill, and oft reprove
Affection's power, but what is that to me?

Who ever think, and never think on ought
But that bright cherubim which thralls my
thought.

V. Sonnet.

How that vast heaven intitl'd first is roll'd,
If any glancing tow'rs beyond it be
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this all uphold:
What motion have those fixed sparks of gold,
The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high,
By sp'rits, or bodies cross-ways in the sky,
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold.
How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round,
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light, and seas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts, when thy
sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

VI. Sonnet.

FAIR is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart,
My bit is gold, though shortened be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart,
Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains,
That, like Arabia's bird, my wait'd heart
Made quick by death, more lively still remains.

I joy though oft my waking eyes spend tears,
 I never want delight, even when I groan,
 Best companied when most I am alone,
 A heaven of hopes I have 'midst hells of fears:
 Thus every way contentment strange I find,
 But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

VII. Sonnet.

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glorious
 lights, [shine,
 Which though most bright, yet see not when they
 And shining, cannot show their beams divine
 Both in one place, but part by days and nights;
 Earth vaunt not of those treasures you enshrine,
 Held only dear, because hid from our sights,
 Your pure and burnish'd gold, your diamonds fine,
 Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights,
 Nor seas of those dear wares are in you found.
 Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
 A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground;
 These all more fair are to be had in her:
 Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
 Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold.

VIII. Sonnet.

WHEN nature now had wonderfully wrought
 All Auristella's parts, except her eyes,
 To make those twins two lamps in beauty's skies,
 She counsel of her starry senate sought.
 Mars and Apollo first did her advise,
 To wrap in colour black, those comets bright,
 That Love him so might soberly disguise,
 And unperceived wound at every sight.
 Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dies;
 But Jove and Venus green about the light,
 To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
 That to pin'd hearts hope might for ay arise:
 Nature (all said) a paradise of green [seen.
 There plac'd, to make all love which have them

IX. Sonnet.

THAT learned Grecian who did so excel
 In knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd
 Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell,
 That all the time when first our souls are fram'd,
 Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
 They live bright rays of that eternal light,
 And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height;
 Not toil'd with ought to reason doth rebel.
 It is most true, for straight at the first sight
 My mind me told that in some other place
 It elsewhere saw th' idea of that face,
 And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
 What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
 Since I her lov'd ere on this earth she came?

X. Sonnet.

Now while the night her sable veil hath spread,
 And silently her resty coach doth roll,
 Rowling with her from Tethy's azure bed,
 Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole,
 While Cynthia in purest cypress clad,
 The Latmian shepherd in a trance describes,
 And looking pale from height of all the skies,
 She dyes her beauties in a blushing red,
 While sleep (in triumph) closed hath all eyes,
 And birds, and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
 And Proteus monstrous people in the deep,
 The winds and waves (hush'd up) to rest entice,

I wake, I turn, I weep oppress'd with pain,
 Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

XI. Sonnet.

SLEEP, silence child, sweet father of soft rest,
 Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
 Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd.
 Lo by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,
 With fained solace ease a true-felt woe;
 Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

XII. Sonnet.

FAIR moon who with thy cold and silver shine,
 Makes sweet the horror of the dreadful night,
 Delighting the weak eye with smiles divine,
 Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light,
 Bright queen of the first heaven, if in thy shrine
 By turning oft, and heaven's eternal might,
 Thou hast not yet that once sweet fire of thine
 Endymion, forgot, and lovers plight:
 If cause like thine may pity breed in thee,
 And pity somewhat else to it obtain,
 Since thou hast power of dreams as well as he
 Who paints strange figures in the slumb'ring brain:
 Now while she sleeps in doleful guise her show,
 These tears, and the black map of all my wo.

XIII. Sonnet.

LAMP of heaven's crystal hall that brings the
 hours,
 Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
 At thy approach fly to her slumb'ry bow'rs,
 And fills the world with wonder and delight.
 Life of all lives, death-giver by thy flight
 To the south pole from these fix signs of ours,
 Goldsmith of all the stars, with silver bright
 Who moon enamels, Apelles of the flow'rs.
 Ah from these wat'ry plains thy golden head
 Raise up, and bring the so long ling'ring morn,
 A grave, nay hell, I find become this bed,
 This bed so grievously where I am torn:
 But wo is me though thou now brought the day,
 Day shall but serve more sorrows to display.

XIV. Song.

It was the time when to our northern pole
 The brightest lamp of heaven begins to roll,
 When earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
 And scorning skies her flow'rs in rainbows bear-
 eth,
 On which the air moist diamonds doth bequeath,
 Which quake to feel the kissing zephyrs breath:
 When birds from shady groves their love forth
 warble, [marble.
 And sea-like heaven, heaven looks like smoothest
 When I in simple course free from all cares,
 Far from the muddy world's enslaving snares,
 By Ora's flow'ry banks alone did wander:
 Ora that sports her like to old Meander,
 A flood more worthy fame and lasting praise
 Than that which Phaeton's fall so high did raise:

By whose pure moving glass the milk-white lilies
Do dress their tresses and the daffadillies—
Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about
And (seems) forgets the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious fountain
Springs from the swelling breast of a proud moun-
tain,

Whose falling streams the quiet caverns wound,
And make the echoes shrill resound that sound.
The laurel there the shining channel graces,
The palm her love with long stretch'd arms em-
braces,

The poplar spreads her branches to the sky,
And hides from sight that azure canopy. [nourish,
The streams, the trees, the trees their leaves still
That place grave winter finds not without flourish.
If living eyes Elysian fields could see.

This little Arden might Elysium be.
Oft did Diana there herself repose,
And Mars the Arcidalian queen enclose. [flow'rs,
The nymphs oft here their baskets bring with
And Anadems weave for their paramours.
The Satyrs in those shades are heard to languish,
And make the shepherds partners of their anguish,
The shepherds who in barks of tender trees
Do grave their loves, disdains and jealousies:
Which Phillis, when there by her flocks she feedeth,
With pity now, anon with laughter readeth.

Near to this place, when sun in midst of day
In highest top of heaven his coach did stay,
And (as advising) on his career glanced
As all along, that morn he had advanced
His panting steeds along those fields of light,
Most princely looking from that glorious height:
When most the grasshoppers are heard in meadows,
And loftiest pines or small, or have no shadows:
It was my hap, O woful hap! to bide
Where thickest shades me from all rays did hide,
In a fair arbor, 'twas some Sylvan's chamber,
Whose ceiling spread was with the locks of amber
Of new bloom'd sycamores, floor wrought with
flow'rs,

More sweet and rich than those in princes bow'rs.
Here Adon blush'd, and Clitia all amazed
Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gazed,
The amaranthus smil'd, and that sweet boy
Which sometimes was the god of Delos joy:
The brave carnation, speckled pink here shined,
The violet her fainting head declined
Beneath a sleepy cheslow, all of gold
The marigold her leaves did here unfold. [der,

Now while that ravish'd with delight and won-
Half in a trance I lay those arches under,
The season, silence, place began t' entice,
Eyes drowsy lids to bring night on their skies,
Which softly having stoll'n themselves together
(Like evening clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.
As cowards leave the fort which they should keep,
My senses one by one gave place to sleep,
Who followed with a troop of golden slumbers
Thrust from my quiet brain all base encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his rod of gold,
A heaven of visions in my temples roll'd,
To countervail those pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent prison clos'd he left me.

Methought through all the neighbour woods a
noise

Of quiriſters, more sweet than lute or voice,
(For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given
By the soft touches of the nine-string'd heaven,
Such airs, and nothing else) did wound mine ear,
No soul but would become all ear to hear:
And whilst I list'ning lay, O lovely wonder!
I saw a pleasant myrtle cleave asunder;
A myrtle great with birth, from whose rent womb
Three naked nymphs more white than snow forth
come,

For nymphs they seem'd, about their heavenly faces,
In waves of gold floated their curling tresses,
About their arms, their arms more white than milk;
They blushing armlets wore of crimson silk.
The goddesses were such that by Scamander,
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander:
Aglaia and her sisters such perchange
Are, when about some sacred spring they dance.
But scarce the grove their naked beauties graced,
And on the verdure had each other traced,
When to the flood they ran, the flood in robes
Of curling crystal their breasts ivory globes
Did all about encircle, yet took pleasure
To show white snows throughout her liquid azure.

Look how Prometheus man when heavenly
fire

First gave him breath, days brandon did admire,
And wond'ring at this world's amphitheatre:
So gaz'd I on those new guests of the water.
All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as Phœbus doth the Cyprian star,
Or diamonds, small gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that shining shell is call'd their mother.

Her hair more bright than are the morning's
beams

Hung in a golden shower above the streams,
And dangling sought her forehead for to cover,
Which seen did straight a sky of milk discover,
With two fair brows, love's bows, which never
bend

But that a golden arrow forth they send,
Beneath the which two burning planets glancing
Flash'd flames of love, for love there still is dancing.
Her either cheek resembled blushing morn,
Or roses gules in field of lilies born:

'Twixt which an ivory wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased when it's praised.
Her lips like rows of coral soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel:
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth's sweet cherry closes.
Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midst, to make the rest more clear:
Her neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias's master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breast.
Which did their tops with coral red increst:
There all about as brooks them sport at leisure,
With circling branches veins did swell in azure:
Within those crooks are only found those isles
Which fortunate the dreaming old world styles.
The rest the streams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a crystal's fair transparent belly.

I who yet human weakness did not know,
 (For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
 Nor could I think that from the coldest water
 The winged youngling burning flames could scatter)
 On every part my vagabounding sight
 Did cast, and drown mine eyes in sweet delight.
 O wond'rous thing, said I, that beauty's named!
 Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,
 And never found in all my flying days
 Joy unto this, which only merits praise.
 My pleasures have been pains, my comforts crosses,
 My treasure poverty, my gains but losses.
 O precious sight! which none doth else descry
 Except the burning sun, and quivering I.
 And yet, O dear-bought sight! O would for ever
 I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!
 O happy flood! if so ye might abide,
 Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
 Adjure your rilllets all for to behold her,
 And in their crystal arms to come and fold her;
 And since ye may not long this bliss embrace,
 Draw thousand portraits of her on your face,
 Portraits which in my heart are more apparent,
 If like to yours my breast were but transparent.
 O that I were while she doth in you play,
 A dolphin to transport her to the sea!
 To none of all those gods I would her render,
 From Thule to Inde though I should with her
 wander.

Oh! what is this? the more I fix mine eye,
 Mine eye the more new wonders doth espy,
 The more I spy, the more in uncouth fashion
 My soul is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.

But look not eyes, (as more I would have said)
 A sound of rattling wheels me all dismay'd,
 And with the sound forth from the trembling
 bushes,

With storm-like course a sumptuous chariot rushes,
 A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
 The nails and axel gold on which it roll'd:
 The upmost part a scarlet veil did cover,
 More rich than Danae's lap spread with her lover.
 In midst of it in a triumphing chair,
 A lady sat, miraculously fair,
 Whose pensive countenance, and looks of honour,
 Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
 Than the most wanton face and amorous eyes,
 That Amathus or flow'ry Paphos sees;
 A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
 The diamond she, they seem the gold without
 her.

Such Thetis is when to the billows roar
 With mermaids nice she danceth on the shore:
 So in a fable night the sun's bright sister
 Among the lesser twinkling lights doth glister:
 Fair yokes of ermelines, whose colour pass
 The whitest snows on aged Grampus' face,
 More swift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
 To the astonish'd banks, whereas it bided
 But long it did not bide, when poor those streams,
 Ay me, it made, transporting those rich gems,
 And by that burthen lighter, swiftly driven
 Till, as me thought, it at a row'r arrived.

Upon a rock of crystal shining clear
 With diamonds wrought, this castle did appear,

Whose rising spires of gold so high them reared,
 That Atlas-like it seem'd the heaven they beared.
 Amidst which heights, on arches did arise
 (Arches which gilt flames brandish to the skies)
 Of sparkling topazes, proud, gorgeous, ample,
 (Like to a little heaven) a sacred temple.
 The walls no windows have, nay all the wall
 Is but one window, night there doth not fall,
 More when the sun to western worlds declineth,
 Than in our zenith when at noon he shineth.
 Two flaming hills the passage strait defend
 Which to this radiant building doth ascend,
 Upon whose arching tops on a pilaster,
 A port stands open, rais'd in love's disaster.
 For none that narrow bridge and gate can pass,
 Who have their faces seen in Venus' glass.
 If those within, but to come forth do venture,
 That stately place again they never enter.
 The precincts strength'n'd with a ditch of fears,
 In which doth swell a lake of inky tears
 Of madding lovers, who abide their moaning,
 And thicken even the air with piteous groaning.
 This hold to brave the skies the destined fram'd,
 And then the fort of chastity is nam'd.
 The queen of the third heaven once to appal it,
 The god of Thrace here brought who could not
 thrall it;

For which he vow'd ne'er arms more to put on,
 And on Riphean hills was heard to groan.

Here Psyche's lover hurls his darts at random, [don.
 Which all for nought him serve, as doth his Bran-

What grievous agony did invade my mind?

When in that place my hope I saw confin'd,

Where with high tow'ring thoughts I only reach'd
 her, [proach'd her.

Which did burn up their wings when they ap-
 Methought I set me by a cypress shade;

And night and day the hyacinth there read:

And that bewailing nightingales did borrow

Plaints of my plaint, and sorrows of my sorrow.

My food was wormwood; mine own tears my drink,

My rest, on death and sad mishaps to think.

And for such thoughts to have my heart enlarged,

And ease mine eyes with briny tribute charged,

Over a brook I laid my pining face;

But then the brook, as griev'd at my disgrace,

A face me show'd so pin'd, sad, over-clouded,

That at the sight afraid mine eyes them throw'd,

This is the guerdon, love, this is the gain,

In end which to thy servants doth remain, [me,

More would I say, when fear made sleep to leave

And of those fatal shadows did bereave me.

But ah, alas! instead to dream of love,

And woes, I now them in effect did prove:

For what into my troubled brain was painted,

Awak'd I found that time and place presented.

XV. Sonnet

As burning thoughts! now let me take some rest,
 And your tumultuous broils a while appease;

Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest

Me all at once, but ye must too displease?

Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast,

My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise;

What though I trace not right heaven's steppy
 ways,

It doth suffice my fall shall make me blest,
 I do not doat on days, I fear not death,
 So that my life be good, I wish'd not long;
 Let me renown'd live from the vulgar throng,
 And when heaven lifts, recal this borrowed breath,
 Men but like visions are, time all doth claim,
 He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

XVI. Sonnet.

NOR Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
 Sebethus, nor the flood into whose streams
 He fell, who burnt the world with borrowed beams,
 Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
 Sorgue, Roine, Loire, Garron, not proud banked
 Seine,

Peneus, Phafis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
 Nor she whose nymphs excel her loved Adon,
 Fair Tamesis nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
 Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
 Pearly Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander,
 The flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
 Nile that far far his hidden head doth range,
 Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,
 As Ora where this northern phoenix stays.

XVII. Sonnet.

To hear my plaints fair river Christaline
 Thou in a silent slumber seems to stay,
 Delicious flowers, lily and columbine,
 Ye bow your heads when I my woes display,
 Forests in you the myrtle, palm and bay,
 Have had compassion list'ning to my groans,
 The winds with sighs have solemniz'd my moans
 'Mong leaves which whispered what they could
 not say,

The caves, the rocks, the hills, the Sylvan's thrones,
 (As if even pity did in them appear)
 Have at my sorrow rent their ruthless stones,
 Each thing I find hath sense except my dear.
 Who doth not think I love, or will not know
 My grief, perchance delighting in my wo.

XVIII. Sonnet.

SWEET brook, in whose clear crystal I my eyes
 Have oft seen great in labour of their tears,
 Enamell'd bank whose shining gravel bears
 The sad characters of my miseries, [spheres
 High woods, whose mounting tops menace the
 Wild citizens, amphions of the trees,
 You gloomy groves at hottest noons which freeze,
 Elysian shades which Phœbus never clears;
 Vast solitary mountains, pleasant plains,
 Embroidered meads that ocean-ways you reach;
 Hills, dales, springs, all whom my sad cry con-
 strains,

To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's speech,
 Will that remorseless fair e'er pity show?
 Of grace now answer if ye ought know: No.

XIX. Sonnet.

WITH flaming horns the bull now brings the year,
 Melt do the mountains rolling floods of snow,
 The silver rivers in smooth channels flow,
 The late bare woods green anadems do wear,
 The nightingale forgetting winter's wo,
 Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear,
 Spread are those flow'rs which names of princes
 bear,
 Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.

Here lows a heifer, there bea-wailing strays
 A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds;
 The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays:
 And all about the echoing air resounds.

Hills, dales, woods, floods, and every thing
 doth change,

But she in rigour, I in love am strange.

XX. Sonnet.

THAT I so slenderly set forth my mind;
 Writing I wot not what in ragged rhymes,
 O'ercharg'd with brass in these so golden times
 When others tower so high, am left behind:
 I crave not Phœbus leave his sacred cell
 To bind my brows with fresh Aonian bays;
 But leav't to those who tuning sweetest lays
 By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's well;
 Nor yet to Venus tree do I aspire,
 Since she for whom I might affect that praise,
 My best attempts with cruel words gainsays,
 And I seek not that others me admire.
 Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
 With a sad cypress to adorn my grave.

XXI. Madrigal.

WHEN as she smiles, I find
 More light before mine eyes,
 Than when the sun from Inde
 Brings to our world a flow'ry paradise:
 But when she gently weeps,
 And pours forth pearly showers,
 On cheeks fair blushing flowers,
 A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.
 Both feed so my disease,
 So much both do me please,
 That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
 Love to behold her smile, or pity mourn.

XXII. Sonnet.

MY tears may well Numidian lions tame,
 And pity breed into the hardest heart
 That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
 When she them first of blushing rocks did frame.
 Ah, eyes! which only serve to wail my smart,
 How long will you my inward woes proclaim,
 May't not suffice you bear a weeping part
 All night, at day but you must do the same?
 Cease idle sighs to spend your storms in vain,
 And these sweet silent thickets to molest,
 Contain you in the prison of my breast,
 You do not ease but aggravate my pain;
 Or if burst forth you must, that tempest move
 In sight of her whom I so dearly love.

XXIII. Sonnet.

You restless seas, appease your roaring waves,
 And you who raise huge mountains in that plain,
 Air's trumpeters, your hideous sounds contain,
 And listen to the plaints my grief doth cause.
 Eternal lights! though adamantine laws
 Of destinies to move still you ordain,
 Turn hither all your eyes, your axels pause,
 And wonder at the torments I sustain.
 Sad earth, if thou made dull by my disgrace,
 Be not as senseless, ask those powers above,
 Why they so cross a wretch brought on thy face,
 Fram'd for mishap, th' Anachorit of love,
 And bid them (that no more Ætna's may burn)
 To Erimanth, or Rhodope me turn.

XXIV. *Sonnet.*

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be tofs'd with love, with weakness age.
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to-be;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these lothsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

XXV. *Sonnet.*

ALL other beauties howso'er they shine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore;
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like her's that comes the sun before;
Match'd with that heavenly hue and shape divine,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts
adore,
Look but as shadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine,
Who sees those eyes, their force that doth not prove?
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love?
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,
He would have died with wond'ring on thy
face.

XXVI. *Sextain.*

THE heaven doth not contain so many stars,
Nor levell'd lie so many leaves in woods,
When autumn and cold Boreas sound their wars;
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my torn mind hath torments all the night,
And heart spends sighs, when Phoebus brings the
light.

Why was I made a partner of the light,
Who crost in birth, by bad aspect of stars,
Have never since had happy day nor night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis crystal floods,
But fram'd a man for love and fortune's wars?

I look each day when death should end the wars,
Uncivil wars 'twixt sense and reason's light:
My pains I count to mountains, meads and floods,
And of my sorrow partners make the stars,
All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night
Mother of peace, but ah! to me of wars,
And Cynthia queen-like shining through the woods,
But straight those lamps come in my thought,
whose light

My judgment dazzl'd, passing brightest stars,
And then my eyes in-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to their springs again first shall the floods,
Clear shall the sun the sad and gloomy night,

To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of place and light,
E'er I find rest in city, fields, or woods.

End these my days you inmates of the woods,
Take this my life ye deep and raging floods,
Sun never rise to clear me with thy light,
Horror and darkness keep a lasting night,
Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars,
And stay your influence over me bright stars.

In vain the stars the inhabitants o' th' woods,
Care, horror, wars I call, and raging floods,
For all have sworn no night shall dim my light.

XXVII. *Sonnet.*

O SACRED blush, enpurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings which spread thee like the
morn,
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which though slid down on earth doth heaven
adorn.

O tongue in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn,
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born.
And you her words, words, no, but golden chains
Which did enslave my ears, ensnare my soul,
Wife image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of senses to controul:
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

XXVIII. *Sonnet.*

SOUND hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen pain,
With soul-enchancing sounds your accents strain,
Unto these tears incessantly which flow,
Sad treble weep, and you dull baffles show
Your masters sorrow in a doleful strain;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor comfort keep, but when you do complain,
Fly Phoebus rays, abhor the irksome light,
Wood's solitary shades for thee are best,
Or the black horrors of the blackest night,
When all the world save thou and I do rest:
Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part,
Thou hell canst move, though not a woman's
heart.

XXIX. *Sonnet.*

IN vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
To quench the fever burning in my veins,
In vain (love's pilgrim) mountains, dales and
plains

I over-run, vain help long absence brings,
In vain my friends your counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things;
Ah! like the bird that fired hath her wings,
The more I move, the greater are my pains,
Desire (alas) desire a Zeuxis new,
From th' orient borrowing gold, from western
skies,

Heavenly Cinabre, sets before my eyes,
In every place, her hair, sweet look, and hue:
That fly, run, rest, I, all doth prove but vain,
My life lies in those eyes which have me slain.

XXX. Sonnet.

SLIDE soft fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wond'ring hold your
peace:

Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
From sending sighs, feeling a lover's case,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain.
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From my oppressed breast, and the sails fill,
Or some sweet breath new brought from Paradise:
The floods do smile, love o'er the winds prevails;
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

XXXI. Sonnet.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my
wo,

When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do
show,

Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass re-
joice,

And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers,
Shall once, ay me, not spare that spring of yours

XXXII. Sonnet.

IN mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent:
My course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told,
But scarce thus think I, when love hath control'd
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

XXXIII. Sonnet.

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows sends
E'er that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear) stars stay to hear thy plight,
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in wo, in woe's despatch.
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long long sing) for what thou thus complain'st,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?

The birds, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I
love.

XXXIV. Sonnet.

O CRUEL beauty, sweetness inhumane,
That night and day contends with my desire,
And seeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm to ease my pleasant pain.
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would
aspire,

And bound my bliss, do not, alas! disdain
That I your matchless worth and grace admire,
And for their cause these torments sharp sustain.
Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death,
Found in the midst of those Sicilian flames,
And Phaeton that heaven him rest of breath,
And Dædal's son who nam'd the Samian streams:
Their haps I not envy, my praise shall be
That the most fair that lives mov'd me to die.

XXXV. Sonnet.

THE Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus snow,
Or Arimasus (cruel) first thee bred,
The Caspian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And fawns did human blood on thee bestow.
Fierce Orithya's lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didst not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or those by icy Tanais head.
Since thou disdain'st my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and still affects my death:
Of thee, nor heaven I'll seek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath;
But yield unto my stars, that thou may'st prove,
What loss thou hadst in losing such a love.

XXXVI. Song.

PHŒBUS arise,
And paint the fable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,
Make an eternal spring:
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou was wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wish'd day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And Fates my hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou too sweeter eyes
Shall see than those which by Peneus's streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear:
Now Flora deck thyself in fairest guise,
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,

Your furious chidings stay,
 Let Zephyr only breathe,
 And with her tresses play,
 Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
 The winds all silent are,
 And Phoebus in his chair,
 Enfaffroning sea and air,
 Makes vanish every star :
 Night like a drunkard reels
 Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels :
 The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
 The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue :
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And nothing wanting is save she, alas !

XXXVII. Sonnet.

Who hath not seen into her saffron bed
 The morning's goddess mildly her repose,
 Or her of whose pure blood first sprang the rose,
 Lull'd in a slumber by a myrtle shade ?
 Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red,
 Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close
 In that Ionian hill, to ease her woes,
 Which only lives by her dear kisses fed ?
 Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,
 The sighing rubies of those heavenly lips,
 The Cupids which breasts golden apples keep.
 Those eyes which shine in midst of their eclipse :
 And he them all shall see, perhaps and prove
 She waking but persuades, now forceth love.

XXXVIII. Sonnet.

See Citherera's birds, that milk-white pair
 On yonder leavy myrtle tree which groan,
 And waken with their kisses in the air
 Th' enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one ;
 If thou but sense hadst like Pigmaliôn's stone,
 Or hadst not seen Medusa's snaky hair,
 Love's lessons thou might'st learn : and, learn
 Sweet fair,
 To summer's heat, e'er that thy spring be grown,
 And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
 Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
 And binds and clasp with many a wanton fold,
 And courting sleep, o'er shadows all the place ;
 Nay, seems to say, dear tree, we shall not part,
 In sign whereof, lo in each leaf a heart.

XXXIX. Sonnet.

The sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
 And flaming rubies leaves his eastern bed,
 Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
 When clouds engem'd show azure, green and red.
 To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
 And from heaven's windows each star shows her
 head,
 Earth's silent daughter, night is fair though brown,
 Fair is the moon though in love's livery cled.
 The spring is fair when it doth paint April,
 Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair,
 Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair, [smile.
 And apple's-queen, when rose-cheek'd she doth
 That heaven and earth, and seas are fair is true,
 Yet true that all not please so much as you.

XL. Madrigal.

Like the Idalian queen
 Her hair about her een,
 And neck, on breasts ripe apples to be seen,

At first glance of the morn
 In Cyprus gardens gathering those fair flowers
 Which of her blood were born,
 I saw, but fainting saw my paramours.
 The graces naked danc'd about the place,
 The wind and trees amaz'd,
 With silence on her gaz'd,
 The flowers did smile like those upon her face,
 And as the aspin stalks those fingers bind,
 That she might read my case
 I wish'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

XLI. Sonnet.

Then is she gone ? O fool and coward I !
 O good occasion lost, ne'er to be found !
 What fatal chains have my dull senses bound,
 When best they might, that did not fortune try ?
 Here is the fainting grass where she did lie,
 With roses here she stelly'd the ground,
 She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling pond,
 Nor time, nor place seem'd ought for to deny.
 Too long, too long respect I do embrace,
 Your counsel full of threats and sharp disdain.
 Disdain in her sweet heart can have no place,
 And though come there, must straight retire again ;
 Henceforth respect farewell, I've heard it told
 Who lives in love can never be too bold,

XLII. Sonnet.

What cruel star into this world me brought ?
 What gloomy day did dawn to give me light :
 What unkind hand to nurse me (Orphan) sought,
 And would not leave me in eternal night ?
 What thing so dear as I hath essence bought ?
 The elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
 The smallest living things which nature wrought,
 Be freed of wo, if they have small delight.
 Ah only I abandon'd to despair,
 Nail'd to my torments in pale horror's shade,
 Like wand'ring clouds see all my comforts fled,
 And ill on ill with hours my life impair : [turn,
 The heavens and fortune which were wont to
 Stay in one mansion fixt to cause me mourn.

XLIII. Sonnet.

Dear eye, which deign'st on this sad monument,
 The fable scroll of my mishaps to view,
 Though it with mourning muses tears be spent,
 And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true ;
 If thou not dazzl'd with a heavenly hue,
 And comely feature, didst not yet lament,
 But happy lives unto thyself content,
 O let not love thee to his laws subdue.
 Look on the woful shipwreck of my youth,
 And let my ruins thee for bacon serve,
 To shun this rock Capharean of untruth, [starve :
 And serve no god which doth his churchmen
 His kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon tears,
 What he gives more is jealousies and fears.

XLIV. Madrigal.

To the delightful green
 Of your fair radiant een,
 Let each black yield beneath the starry arch.
 Eyes burnisht heavens of love,
 Sinople lamps of Jove,
 Save all those hearts which with your flames you
 parch :
 Two burning suns you prove ;

All other eyes compar'd with you, dear lights,
Are hells, or if not hells, yet dumpish night.
The heavens (if we their glafs
The sea believe) are green not perfect blue
They all make fair whatever fair yet was,
And they are fair because they look like you.

XLV. *Sonnet.*

Nymphs, sister nymphs, which haunt this crystal
And happy in these floating bowers abide, [brook,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide,
Which make Idrean woods in every crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes my agonizing cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again: [tears,
Fair nymphs, say all these streams are but my
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell that the bitt'rest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her can be no longer sour.

XLVI. *Sonnet.*

SHE whose fair flowers no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue celestial earthly hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone to brave the pride of May;
And whilst through flowry lists she made her way,
That proudly smil'd her fight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought to make of him her prey:
For which of golden locks a fairest hair
To bind the boy she took, but he afraid
At her approach sprang swiftly in the air,
And mounting far from reach, lookt back and said,
Why shouldst thou sweet, me seek in chains to
bind,
Sith in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?

XLVII. *Madrigal.*

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which does all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you:
In flow'ry Pæstum's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon flew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blest,
My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kiss.

XLVIII. *Madrigal.*

ON this cold world of ours,
Flow'r of the seasons, season of the flow'rs,
Sun of the sun, sweet spring,
Such hot and burning days why dost thou bring?
Is it because these high eternal pow'r's
Flash down that fire this world environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaeton
Enflame the sea and air?
Or rather is't not usher of the year,
Or that last day among the flow'rs alone
Unmask'd thou saw'st my fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And to thy brother summer doth thee turn.

XLIX. *Sonnet.*

DEAR wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive.
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes stateli' courts.

L. *Sonnet.*

AH! who can see those fruits of Paradise,
Celestial cherries which so sweetly swell,
That sweetness self confin'd there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest parts about despise?
Ah who can see and feel no flame surprise
His hard'ned heart? For me, alas! too well
I know their force, and how they do excel,
Now through desire I burn, and now I freeze,
I die (dear life) unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flow'rs,
Or there be silver drops in Iris show'rs,
Or stars there be in all embracing heaven;
And if displeas'd ye of the match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

LI. *Sonnet.*

IS'T not enough (ay me!) me thus to see
Like some heaven banish'd ghost still wailing go,
A shadow which your rays do only show;
To vex me more unless you bid me die;
What could ye worse allot unto your foe?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes even try
To choose what sort of death shall end my woe,
Once did I find that whiles you did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting soul so sweet a touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my bliss,
I do but crave my death's wound may be such:
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much joy?

LII. *Madrigal.*

UNHAPPY light,
Do not approach to bring the woful day,
When I must bid for ay
Farewell to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair moon with gentle beams,
The light who never mars, [stars,
Clear long heaven's fable vault, and you bright
Your golden locks long view in earth's pure
Let Phœbus never rise, [streams,
To dim your watchful eyes;
Prolong, alas! prolong my short delight,
And if ye can, make an eternal night.

LIII. *Sonnet.*

WITH grief in heart, and tears in swelling eyes,
When I to her had given a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else moisten'd face from beauty's skies;
So strange amazement did my mind surprise,
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,

Like one whom a torpedo stupifies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein:
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast looks I both envy'd and blest'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Until my eyes that flying object mis'd;
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagle's talons bore him through the air.

LIV. *Sextain.*

SITH gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
That clear'd my life's dark sphere, nature's sweet
treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon,
What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till heaven transform me to fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, chrystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this moun-
tain

So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiss the moon,
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus trea-
sure,

Thou needest not envy, nor yet the fountain,
In which the hunter saw that naked moon, [sure,
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and plea-
And I remain like marigold of sun
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this
mountain

Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet Sylvans and the wond'ring sun,
When as you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid her farewell, who placed here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon, [tain
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos moun-
Or when she views her silver locks for pleasure,
In Thetis streams, proud of so gay a treasure,
Such was my fair when she sat by this fountain,
With other nymphs to shun the amorous sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprived is the moon,
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart, eyes shun the sun,
Teats be your treasure, which the wand'ring moon
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale and fountain,

LV. *Sonnet.*

WINDOW sometime which served for a sphere,
To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beautiful did appear,
What mourning weeds alas! dost thou now wear?
How loathsome to my eyes is thy sad sight?

VOL IV.

How poorly looks thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since set's that sun which made thee shine so bright?
Unhappy, now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wert a Paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art whence clouds of sighs arise:
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly sees my murdered joys in thee.

LVI. *Sonnet.*

How many times night's silent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with stars in silver mask,
In heaven's great hall, she hath begun her task,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place?
How oft the sun hath made by heaven's swift race
The happy lover to forsake the breast
Of his dear lady, wishing in the west,
His golden coach to run had larger space?
I ever count and tell, since I, alas,
Did bid farewell to my heart's dearest guest,
The miles I number, and in mind I chase,
The floods and mountains hold me from my rest.
But woe is me, long count and count may I,
E'er I see her whose absence makes me die.

LVII. *Sonnet.*

Or death some tell, some of the cruel pain
Which that bad craftsman in his work did try,
When (a new monster) flames once did constrain
A human corps to yield a bellowing cry.
Some tell of those in burning beds who lie,
Because they durst in the Phlegrean plain
The mighty ruler of the skies defy,
And siege those chrystal tow'rs which all contain,
Another counts of Phlegeton's hot floods,
The souls which drink Ixion's endless smart,
And his who feeds a vulture with his heart,
One tells of spectres in enchanted woods:
Of all those pains th' extremest who would prove,
Let him be absent and but burn in love.

LVIII. *Sonnet.*

HAIR, precious hair, which Mida's hand did strain,
Part of the wreath of God that crowns those brows
Which winter's whitest white in whiteness stain,
And lily by Eridan's bank that grows,
Hair fatal present, which first caus'd my woes,
When loose ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
Sweet nets which sweetly do all hearts enchain;
Strings, deadly strings, with which love bends his
How are ye hither come, tell me O hair? [bows,
Dear Armelet, for what were thus ye given?
I know, a badge of bondage I you wear,
Yet hair for you, O that I were a heaven!
Like Berenice's locks, that ye might shine,
(But brighter far) about this arm of mine.

LIX. *Sonnet.*

ARE these the flow'ry banks? Is this the mead
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Was't here her eyes exhal'd mine eyes salt show'rs,
And on her lap did lay my wearied head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erspread,
Whose tender rhind, cut forth in curious flow'r's
By that white hand, contains these flames of ours?
Is this the murmuring spring us music made?
Desflourisht mead, where is your heavenly hue?
And bank, that arras did you late adorn?
How look'st thou elm, all withered and forlorn?

S f

Only sweet spring nought alter'd seems in you
But while here chang'd each other thing ap-
pears,
To salt your streams take of mine eyes these
tears.

LX. Sonnet.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd, among these pines,
Sweet hermitress she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian
mines.

Here sat she by these musket eglantines,
The happy flow'rs seem yet the print to bear,
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an
ear.

She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face:
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what serves't t'have been made happy
Since pass'd pleasures double but new woe. [so?]

LXI. Sonnet.

PLACE me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Afric fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phoenix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore.
Place me by Gange or India's ennamell'd shore,
Where smiling heav'ns on earth cause double
springs,

Place me where Neptune's quire of Syrens sings,
Or where made hoarse through cold he leaves to
roar:

Place me where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye,
Or you outrageous Fates upon me frown,
Till pity wailing see disaster'd me:
Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget myself, but not my love.

LXII. Madrigal.

THE ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lips, of hair,
So lively sleep doth show to inward sight,
That wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair:
Myself so to deceive
With long shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure here I have
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die.

LXIII. Sonnet.

FAME, who with golden wings abroad doth range,
Where Phœbus leaves the night, or brings the day,
Fame, in one place who restless doth not stay
Till thou hast flown from Atlas unto Gange;
Fame, enemy to time, that still doth change,
And in his changing course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making virtue to herself look strange:
Daughter of heaven; now all thy trumpets sound,
Raise up thy head unto the highest sky,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found,
And when she from this mortal globe shall fly,

In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her names;
So thou by her, she by ~~these~~ live shall fame.

LXIV. Sonnet.

LET Fortune triumph now, and lo sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this load of care,
Let her what most I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She who high palmy empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the dust the proudest king,
Let her vaunt how my blefs she did impair,
To what low ebb she now my flow doth bring.
Let her count how (a new Ixion) me,
She in her wheel did turn, how high nor low
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be.
Weep soul, weep plaintful soul, thy sorrows know,
Weep of thy tears till a black river swell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy hell.

LXV. Sonnet.

O NIGHT, clear night, O dark and gloomy day!
O woful waking! O soul-pleasing sleep!
O sweet conceits which in my brains did creep!
Yet four conceits which went so soon away.
A sleep I had more then poor words can say,
For clos'd in arms (me thought) I did thee keep,
A sorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd? when light doth lies bewray.
O that that night had ever still been black!
O that that day had never yet begun!
And you mine eyes would ye no time saw fun!
To have your fun in such a zodiack:
Lo, what is good of life is but a dream,
When sorrow is a never-ebbing stream.

LXVI. Madrigal.

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe,
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show,
Let sky and earth combin'd,
Strive (if they can) to end my life and woe:
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrow,
Or if that ought can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

LXVII. Sonnet.

So grievous is my pain, so painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of Death,
But (breath half gone) that tyrant called death,
Who others kills, restoreth me to life:
For while I think how wo shall end with life,
And that I quiet peace shall joy by death,
That thought ev'n doth o'erpow'r the pains of
death,
And call me home again to lothed life:
Thus doth mine evil transcend both life and death,
While no death is so bad as is my life,
Nor no life such which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life:
O happy those who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languish heaven affordeth life.

LXVIII. Sonnet.

I CURSE the night, yet doth from day me hide,
The Pandionian birds I tire with moans,
The eccho's even are weary'd with my groans,
Since absence did me from my bliss divide.
Each dream, each toy, my reason doth affright,
And when remembrance reads the curious scroll

Of past contentments caused by her sight,
Then bitter anguish doth invade my soul,
While thus I live eclipsed of her light.
(O me!) what better am I then the mole
Or those whose zenith is the only pole,
Whose hemisphere is hid with so long night?
Save that in earth he rests, they hope for fun,
I pine, and find mine endless night begun.

LXIX. *Madrigal.*

TRITONS, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your king his watery tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main.

THE SECOND PART.

I. *Sonnet.*

Of mortal glory, O soon darken'd ray!
O posting joys of man! more swift than wind,
O fond desires! which wing'd with fancies stray,
O trait'rous hopes! which do our judgments blind:
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that sun (from whence it came) com-
bin'd,
Now makes more radiant heavens eternal day.
Let beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears,
Let widow'd music only roar and 'plain:
Poor virtue get thee wings, and mount the spheres,
And let thine only name on earth remain
Death hath thy temple raz'd, love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness
spoil'd.

II. *Sonnet.*

THOSE eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Of which that eye of heaven which brings the light,
Oft jealous, stay'd amaz'd them to admire.
That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
Those pearls, those rubies which inflam'd desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple asir of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ay me!) up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she who caused all thy bliss is gone?
Thy ever-burning lamps, rounds ever-whorl'd
Cannot unto thee model such a one:
Or if they should such beauty bring on earth,
They should be forc'd again to give her birth.

III. *Sonnet.*

O FATE, conjur'd to pour your worst on me?
O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit with leaves have scatter'd on the ground,
A little space of earth my love doth bound,
That beauty which did raise it to the sky,
Turn'd in disdain'd dust, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? ah! did I love?
And was't for this (fierce powers) she did excel,
That e'er she well the sweets of life did prove,
She should (too dear a guest) with darkness dwell?
Weak influence of heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought.

IV. *Sonnet.*

O woful life! life, no, but living death,
Frail boat of crystal in a rocky sea;
A gem expos'd to Fortune's stormy breath,
Which kept with pain with terror doth decay:
The false delights, true woes thou dost bequeath
My all-appall'd mind so do affray,
That I those envy who are laid in earth,
And pity those who run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn?
When had my tossed soul one night of rest?
When did not angry stars my projects scorn?
O! now I find what is for mortals best:
Ev'n, since our voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike sail, and perish in the port.

V. *Sonnet.*

DISSOLVE, my eyes, your globes in briny streams,
And with a cloud of sorrow dim your sight,
The sun's bright sun is set, of late whose beams
Gave lustre to your day, day to your night.
My voice, now cleave the earth with anathems,
Roar for a challenge in the world's despight,
Till that disguised grief is her delight,
That life a slumber is of fearful dreams;
And woful mind abhor to think of joy,
My senses all from comforts all you hide,
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, sighs, mourning weeds, graves
gaping wide.
I have nought left to wish, my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

VI. *Sonnet.*

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with flaming rays of glory crown'd
Most blest abides above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up bears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears,
Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My off'rings take, let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise: [green,
And whilst kings tombs with laurels flourish
Thine shall with myrtles and these flow'rs be
seen.

VII. *Sonnet.*

SWEET spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly
train, [flow'rs,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
show'rs, [hours,
Turn thou, sweet youth? but ah! my pleasant
And happy days with thee come not again,
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweet to fours.
'Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

VIII. *Sonnet.*

WHAT doth it serve to see the sun's bright face?
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or jetty moon at night in chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold?
The mountains pride, the meadows flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old, [brace?
The sport of floods, which would themselves em-
What doth it serve to hear the Sylvan's songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains?
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here.

IX. *Madrigal.*

THIS life which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By sporting childrens breath,
Who chase it every where,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height;
That only is, because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

X. *Sonnet.*

My lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is rest from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans wailings to their fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

XI. *Sonnet.*

AN handkerchief! sad present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpless pain,
When I thee got thou showest my state too clear

I never since have ceased to complain,
I since the badge of grief did ever wear,
Joy in my face durst never since appear.
Care was the food which did me entertain,
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this tribute pay thee for mine een,
And that I (this short time I am to live)
Laund're thy filken figures in this brine:
No, I must yet even beg of thee the grace,
That in my grave thou deign to shroud my face.

XII. *Madrigal.*

TREES happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook those plains:
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky,
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know mine endless love and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help you to rise so tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd breath,
So for her sake I now court ling'ring death,

XIII. *Song.*

SAD Damon being come,
To that for ever lamentable tomb,
Which these eternal powers that all controul,
Unto his living soul,
A melancholy prison had prescrib'd:
Of colour, heat, and motion depriv'd,
In arms weak, fainting, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold:
And having made it warm with many a shower,
Which dimmed eyes did pour,
When grief had given him leave, and sighs them
stay'd
Thus with a sad alas, at last be said.

Who would have thought to me
The place where thou didst lie could grievous be?
And that (dear body) long thee having sought,
(O me)! who would have thought,
Thee once to find it should my soul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound?
Thou didst disdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthless stone them bears,
Mine eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
And let that course them keep,
Although thou never would'st them comfort show,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.

Ah wretch! too late I find
How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind;
For if that virtue could release from death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst breath:
For if she e'er appear'd to mortal een,
It was in thy fair shape that she was seen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outrageous Fates which dimm'd thy sight,
Let me see hateful light?
They without me made death thee to surprise,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.
O grief! and could one day
Have force such excellence to take away?
Could a swift flying moment, ah! deface
Those matchless gifts, that grace,
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd,
To make thy body paragon thy mind?

Have all pass'd like a cloud,
And doth eternal silence now them shroud?
Is that so much admir'd, now nought but dust,
Of which a stone hath trust?
O change? O cruel change, thou to our sight
Show'st the Fates rigour equal to their might!

When thou from earth didst pass,
Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was,
And this of late so glorious world of ours,
Like meadow without flowers,
Or ring of a rich gem made blind, appear'd,
Or starless night, or Cynthia nothing clear'd.
Love when he saw thee die,
Entom'd him in the lid of either eye,
And left his torch within thy sacred urn,
There for a lamp to burn:
Worth, honour, pleasure, with thy life expir'd,
Death since grown sweet begins to be desir'd.

Whilst thou to us wert given,
The earth her Venus had as well as heaven:
Nay, and her suns which burnt as many hearts,
As he the eastern parts;
Bright suns which forc'd to leave these hemispheres,
Benighted set into a sea of tears.
Ah death, who shall thee flie,
Since the most mighty are o'erthrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the crow, and nightingale doth kill,
And triumph'st at thy will,
But give thou cannot such another blow,
Because earth cannot such another show.

O bitter sweets of love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
That when we do your pleasures most possess,
To find them thus made less?
O! that the cause which doth consume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too destroy?
What doth this life bestow,
But flow'rs on thorns which grow?
Which though they sometime blandish soft delight,
Yet afterwards us smite:
And if the rising sun them fair doth see,
That planet setting doth behold them die.

This world is made a hell,
Depriv'd of all that did in it excel.
O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May,
Turn'd is to night our day,
For sake thy pipe, a sceptre take to thee,
Thy locks disgarland, thou black Jove shall be.
The flocks do leave the meads,
And, lothing three leav'd grass, hold up their heads,
The streams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds sing as before,
Hills stand with clouds like mourners veil'd in
black,

And owls upon our roofs foretel our wrack.

That zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her: that wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen;
That in the saddest months oft sung the meads,
It was for her: for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy these our shades and calm resorts,
It was for her; and she is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,

Bud doth the rose and daisie, winter's done,
But we once dead, do no more see the sun.

Whose names shall now make ring
The echoes? of whom shall the nymphets sing?
Whose heavenly voice, whose soul-invading strains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in east,
Weep that a fairer riseth in the west?
Fair sun, post still away,
No music here is left thy course to stay. [bow'rs.
Sweet Hybla's swarms, with wormwood fill your
Gone is the flow'r of flow'rs:
Blush no more, rose, nor lily pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain.

Ay me! to wail my plight,
Why have not I as many eyes as night?
Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I still, still may weep?
But though I had, my tears unto my cross
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loss.
Yet of you, briny show'rs,
Which here I pour, may spring as many flow'rs,
As come of those which fell from Helen's eyes:
And when ye do arise,
May every leaf in fable letters bear
The doleful cause for which ye spring up here.

XIV. *Madrigal.*

THE beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears! O grief! hung at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her knife:
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take the last leave of the heart:
Nought else did want save death, for to be dead:
When the sad company about her bed
Seeing death invade her lips, her cheeks, her eyes,
Cried ah! and can death enter Paradise?

XV. *Sonnet.*

O! IT is not to me bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face,
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists began'st thy race,
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place.
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid,
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

XVI. *Madrigal.*

DEAR night, the ease of care,
Untroubled seat of peace,
Time's eldest child, which oft the blind do see,
On this our hemisphere,
What makes thee now so sadly dark to be?
Comes thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
Or do those stars which should thy horror clear,
In Jove's high hall advise,
In what part of the skies,
With them, or Cynthia she shall appear?
Or ah! alas! because those matchless eyes,

Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
Striv'st thou to make all other's eyes look blind?

XVII. Sonnet.

SINCE it hath pleas'd that first and supreme fair,
To take that beauty to himself again,
Which in this world of sense not to remain,
But to amaze, was sent, and home repair,
The love which to that beauty I did bear,
Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain,
And endless, which even death cannot impair,
I place on him who will it not disdain.
No shining eyes, no locks of curling gold:
No blushing roses on a virgin face,
No outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall power have, my thoughts henceforth to hold:
Love here on earth huge storms of care doth
toss,

But plac'd above exempted is from loss.

XVIII. Song.

It autumn was, and on our hemisphere,
Fair Erycin began bright to appear,
Night westward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights that greater lights might
shine:

The crested bird had given alarm twice
To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes,
The owl had left to 'plain, and from each thorn
The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
Who (while she dress'd her locks in Ganges'
streams)

Set open wide the crystal port of dreams:
When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
In sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
And, for that heavens to die did me deny,
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
And slack'd scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day,
Had with his fable pencil put away,
And left me in a still and calm mood,
When by my bed, me thought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If such rare beauty measur'd be by time,
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown like purest light,
Pure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Where modesty high majesty did grace;
Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
Here, weaker sights their sparklings could sustain.
No feigned deity which haunts the woods
Is like to her, nor Syren of the floods:
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When blushing in the east he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.

How long wilt thou, said she, estrang'd from
joy.

Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy?
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight?
Esteem that loss, which (when well view'd) is
gain,

Or if a loss, yet not a loss to 'plain!
O leave thy plaintful soul more to molest,
And think, that woe when shortest then is best.

If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the sky
Be dead; what then? was she not born to die?
Was she not mortal born? if thou dost grieve,
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep, that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold.
For that she was not then, thou may'st deplore,
As well as that she now can be no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance,
With those which are to come: Shal' heavens
them stay,

And th' universe dissolve, thee to obey?
As birth, death, which so much thee doth apall,
A piece is of the life of this great all.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains.

If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
Hath past the line, whose length but loss bewrays,
Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
Where pleasures seldom, woe doth still repair.
For all the pleasures which it doth contain,
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, this poor spark of fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath,
But some few years, which birth draws out to
death?

Which if thou parallel with lustres run,
Or those whose courses are but now begun,
In days great number they shall less appear,
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
But why should'st thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all nature's pomp to see.
Nay, even one day and night: This moon, that sun,
Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same, which under Saturn's reign.
Did the serpentine seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age, which all abhor (yet would embrace)
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.
Then leave laments, and think thou didst not live
Laws to that first eternal cause to give,
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot err, whatever foggy mists
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.

But what if she, for whom thou spends those
groans,
And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthless moans,
She, for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Courts solitary shades and irksome night,
Doth live? ah! if thou canst, through tears, a space
Lift thy dim'd lights, and look upon this face,
Look if those eyes which, fool, thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if those roses death could ought impair
Those roses which thou once said'st were so fair,
And if these locks have lost ought of that gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.

purple
azure wings

Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And blind here suck the air of woe beneath,
Each thing in senses balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible, which world we name,
Within whose walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches with cross motions turn,
Where th' elemental brothers nurse their strife,
And by intestine wars maintain their life:
There is a world, a world of perfect blest,
Pure, immaterial, bright as, far from this,
As that high circle which the rest enspheres,
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears.
A world, where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than heaven and ground:
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs,
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast
Which decks of the harmonious shores the waste,
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,
No creature dieth there through heat or cold:
Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others wrack:
There heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change:
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,
Days make no months, but ever blooming Mays.

Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend;
Whatever pleasant this low place contains,
Is but a glance of what above remains.
Those who, perchance, think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide expansion which they see;
And that nought else mounts stars circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some ambime
In the deep ocean kept had all his time:
Who born and nourish'd there, cannot believe
Than elsewhere ought without those waves can
live:

Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,
Which go beyond his caves and dampish bow'rs:
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than what he finds within the churlish waves:
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts there are excel the scaly flocks,
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground;
But think that man from this abime being brought
Did see what curious nature here hath wrought,
Did view the meads, the tall and shady woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods;
And all the beasts which nature forth doth bring,
The feather'd troops that flee, and sweetly sing:
Observ'd the palaces and cities fair,
Mens fashion of life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the sun that dims his sight,
The moon, and splendors of the painted night:
What sudden rapture would his mind surprise?
How would he his late dear resort despise?
How would he muse how foolish he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was seen?

Why do we get this high and vast desire,
Unto immortal things still to aspire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that highest happiness even climb?
If we are nought but what to sense we seem,
And more than dust as worldlings do esteem?
We are not made for earth, though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome goal of care and pain.

But thou, who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to rouse up thy mind to view this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better lost than with such travel gain'd.
Think that on earth what worldlings greatness
call,

Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
Not in themselves, but to small mines are great:
That those who losti'st mount do hardest light,
And deepest falls be from the highest height:
That fame an echo is, and all renown
Like to a blasted rose, e'er night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this
round

Is but a little point which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
And in that love eternal only trust,
And beauty, which when once it is possess'd
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears, [tears;
Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor
False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath
What ends all love here most augments it, death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which but some few days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings:
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such power had as through ears thy soul/
If once thou on that purely fair could gaze,
What flames of love would this within thee raise?
In what amazing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that quire celestial sing?
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,
Which erst didst breed delight, then would dis-
please,

But discords hoarse were earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise, which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass which clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies.
That silver star which with her purer light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night,
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In heaven's great volume gorgeously divine;
All wonders in the sea, the earth, the air,
Be but dark pictures of that sovereign fair,
And tongues which still thus cry into your ear
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear).
From fading things, fond men, list your desire,
And in your beauty, his us made admire:
If we seem fair? O think how fair is he,
Of whose great fairness, shadows, steps we be:

waves

No shadow can compare unto the face,
 No step with that dear foot which did it trace,
 Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
 And do not drown them in the mist of sense :
 O do not, do not by false pleasures might
 Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
 That happiness ye seek is not below,
 Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.

Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect,
 Did towards me those laming twins direct.
 The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
 To answer make, thrice faulting tongue it stay'd.
 And while upon that face I fed my sight,
 Methought she vanish'd up in Titan's light;
 Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
 Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

XIX. *Madrigal.*

Poor turtle, thou bemoans
 The loss of thy dear love,
 And I for mine send forth these smoking groans,
 Unhappy widow'd dove,
 While all about do sing,
 I at the root, thou on the branch above,
 Even weary with our moans the gawdy spring.
 Yet these our plaints we do not spend in vain,
 Sith sighing zephyrs answer us again.

XX. *Sonnet.*

As in a dusky and tempestuous night,
 A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
 And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
 Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight :
 Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
 And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
 Till ugly death depriving us of light,
 In his grim misty arms thee did enfold,
 Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
 What hope doth more in any heart remain,
 That such perfections shall his reason rein?
 If beauty with thee born, too died with thee?
 World 'plain no more of love, nor count his
 harms,
 With his pale trophies death has hung his arms.

XXI. *Madrigal.*

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
 I do detest my life,
 And with lamenting cries
 Peace to my soul to bring,
 Oft call that prince, which here doth monarchise,
 But he grim grinning king,
 Who catiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
 Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
 Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

URANIA. OR SPIRITUAL POEMS.

I.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
 Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
 Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
 Which men divine unto the world set forth :
 States, which ambitious minds in blood do raise,
 From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
 Gigantal frames held wonders rarely strange,
 Like spider's webs are made the sport of days.
 Nothing is constant but in constant change.
 What's done still is undone, and when undone
 Into some other fashion doth it range ;
 Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon :
 Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,
 Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

II.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
 And too long painted on the ocean streams,
 Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
 Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames,
 Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
 And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
 I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
 A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
 Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,
 For only thou canst grant what I do crave ;
 Thy nail my pen shall be, thy blood mine ink,
 Thy winding-sheet my paper ; study, grave :
 And till my soul forth of this body flee,
 No hope I'll have but only only thee.

III.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
 And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold,
 To place this pond'rous globe of earth so even,
 That it should all, and nought should it uphold ;
 With motions strange t'indue the planets seven,
 And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold,
 To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
 Of all that jars that sweet accords are given,
 Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy
 might,
 But that thou should'st, thy glory laid aside,
 Come basely in mortality to bide,
 And die for those deserv'd an endless night ;
 A wonder is so far above our wit,
 That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

IV.

WHAT hapless hap had I for to be born
 In these unhappy times, and dying days
 Of this now doating world, when good decays,
 Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn !
 When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
 Who with a golden fleece them can adorn ;
 When avarice and lust are counted praise,
 And bravest minds live orphan-like forlorn !
 Why was not I born in that golden age,
 When gold was not yet known ? and those black
 arts
 By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
 With horrid acts staining earth's stately stage ?

To have been then, O Heaven, 't had been my
bliss,
But bliss me now, and take me soon from this.

V.

ASTREA in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven,
Or if she live, it is not without crime,
That she doth use her power,
And she is no more virgin, but a whore,
Whore prostitute for gold:
For she doth never hold her balance even,
And when her sword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, false, she not o'erthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

VI.

WHAT serves it to be good? Goodness by thee
The holy wise is thought a fool to be,
For thee the man to temperance inclin'd,
Is held but of a base and abject mind,
The continent is thought for thee but cold,
Who yet was good, that ever died old?
The pitiful, who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himself, and goodness doth him ill:
The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
By thee is to some giant's brood made slave.
Poor goodness, thine thou to such wrongs set'st forth,
That, O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
And when I look to earth, and not to heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MOELIADES.

O HEAVENS! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan,
* Moeliades, bright day-star of the west,
A comet blazing terror to the east:
And neither that thy sp'rit so heavenly wise,
Nor body, though of earth, more pure than skies,
Nor royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
Of cruel destinies could quench the rage?
O fading hopes! O short while lasting joy
Of earth-born man, that one hour can destroy!
Then even of virtue's spoils death trophies rears,
As if he gloried most in many tears.
Forc'd by hard fates, do heavens neglect our cries?
Are stars set only to act tragedies?
Then let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
Raise whom they list to thrones, entron'd de-
throne, [Gange,
Stain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to
In Cyprus sad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou hast left to live, and in the time,
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime:
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close:
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus rays,
So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
Chok'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our sight,
Astonish'd nature fullen stands to see,
The life of all this all so chang'd to be.

* The name, which in these verses is given unto
Prince Henry, it that which he himself, in the challenges
of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use;
Meliades, prince of the isles, which in anagram maketh
a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, a
knight (if time had suffered his actions answer the
world's expectation) only worthy of such a word, miles
Deo.

In gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,
The sea with murmuring mountains beats the
shore
Black darkness reels o'er all in thousand show'rs,
The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
That, in a palsy, quakes to see so soon
Her lover set, and night burst forth ere noon.
If Heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'st thy valour
try?
And to the wond'ring world at least set forth
Some little spark of thy expected worth?
Moeliades, O that by Ister's streams,
'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams
Of warm vermilion swords, and cannons roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caspian shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing helms and
shields,
Huge heaps of slaughter'd bodies long the fields,
In Turkish blood made red like Mar's star,
Thou ended hadst thy life and Christian war:
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old
Rome
Queen of the world, thy triumph and thy tomb.
So heaven's fair face to th' unborn world, which
reads,
A book had been of thy illustrious deeds.
So to their nephews aged fires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns raz'd and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd
bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands.
And in rich arras, virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While some new Homer imping wings to fame,
Deaf Nilus dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didst not attain these honours spheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of years.

A youth more brave pale Troy with trembling
walls

Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titan's golden bow'rs in bloody fights,
Must'ring on Mars his field, such Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of wit and courage, showing all their might;
When they thee fram'd. Ay me! that what is
brave

On earth, they as their own so soon should crave.
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore.

From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore. [didst pass
When Forth thy nurse, Forth where thou first
Thy tender days (who smil'd oft on her glass,
To see thee gaze) meandering with her streams,
Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus
beams,

She sought to flee, but forced to return
By neighbouring brooks, she set herself to mourn:
And as she rush'd her Cyclades among, [wrong.
She seem'd to 'plain, that heaven had done her
With a hoarse 'plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad
with flocks,

Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death,
The ocean it roar'd about the earth,
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told, [hairs roll'd
Who shrunk through grief, and down his white
Huge streams of tears, which changed were to
floods, [woods.

Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains and
The lesser brooks as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a consort to the public woe.
The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies:
Some broke their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays,
Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.

Chaste maids, which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring,
With anthems sad, thy music, Phœbus, turn
To doleful 'plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling, who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays.
And to a trumpet raise thy amorous style,
'That floating Delos envy might this isle,
You Acidalian archers, break your bows, [snows
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars his plain.
His eyes once were your darts, nay even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame,
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them betray,
And not suspected made there hopes his prey!
Tagus bewails his loss in golden streams
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.

Eye pleasing meads, whose painted plain forth
brings [kings,

White, golden, azure flow'rs which once were
In mourning black, their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the
morn,

Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn,
O hyacinths! for ay your AI keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill.
And you, O flow'r! of Helen's tears that's born,
Into these liquid pearls again you turn.
Your green locks, forests, cut to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypresses, and ink-dropping firs, [dark
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows
Wing'd Syrens wail, and you sad echoes mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And 'plain that brave Mæliades is gone.
Stay sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb!
And over it still wat'ry Iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters which still weep:
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.

Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, tho' weak, appears,
Our loss not thine, when we complain, we weep
For thee, the glist'ring walls of heaven do keep,
Beyond the planets wheels, 'bove highest source
Of spheres, that turns the lower in his course.
Where sun doth never set, nor ugly night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:
Where Boreas stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds, in lightnings bursting, minds astound.
From care's cold climates far, and hot desire,
Where time's exil'd, and ages ne'er expire:
'Mongst purest sp'rits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below, t'have been but
dreams,

And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of heaven, pow'd red with troops of streaming stars:
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the moon, the sun in gold,
Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns, retire, advance.
Thou wond'rest earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty cloister of this all:
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small spot of ground.
Nay, that they even dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change, that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
Like smoke that's scatt'ed in the empty skies.
Other high hills and forests, other tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor bow'rs,
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds.
Thou sweeter songs dost hear and carollings,
Whilst heavens do dance, and quires of angels sing,
Then muddy minds could fain, even our annoy,
If it approach that place, is chang'd to joy.

Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams though dazzling, do delight,
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause,
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause:

Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
 Lover and beauty that doth excel.
 Rest happy soul, and wonder in that glass,
 Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
 While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
 And nothing be, but an eternal day.
 Forever rest, thy praise fame will enroll
 In golden annals, while about the pole
 The slow Bootes turns, or sun doth rise
 With scarlet scarf to cheer the mourning skies.
 The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
 Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear.
 Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore
 From Thule to Hydaspes on the pearly shore.

OF JET
 Or PORPHYRY

Or that white stone
 PAROS affords alone,
 Or these in AZURE dye,
 Which seem to scorn the SKY;
 Here Memphis' wonders do not set,
 Nor ARTEMISIA's huge frame,
 That keeps so long her Lover's name,
 Make no great marble Atlas stoop with gold
 To please the vulgar EYE shall it behold.
 The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
 A crystal tomb to him, thro' which his worth appears.

STAY, passenger, see where enclosed lies,
 The paragon of princes, fairest frame,
 Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
 In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
 At least that part the earth of him could claim
 This marble holds (hard like the destinies)
 For as to his brave sp'rit, and glorious name,
 The one the world, the other fills the skies,
 Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
 Sad violet, and that sweet flow'r that bears
 In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
 Spread on this stone and wash it with your tears.
 Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde, [fin'd.
 You saw where earth's perfections were con-

Sonnet.

A PASSING glance, a light'ning 'long the skies,
 Which ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight,
 A spark that doth from jarring mixtures rise,
 Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and
 night:
 Is this small trifle, life, held in such price,
 Of blinded wights, who ne'er judge ought aright?
 Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight,
 As life, that wastes itself, and living dies.
 Ah! what is human greatness, valour, wit!
 What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
 To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
 Thrall earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise?
 That's all a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
 In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

I. *The Statue of Medusa.*

Or that Medusa strange,
 Who those that did her see in rocks did change,
 No image carv'd is this:
 Medusa's self it is:
 For while at heat of day
 To quench her thirst she by this spring did stay,
 Her hideous head beholding in this glass,
 Her senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

II. *The Portrait of Mars and Venus.*

FAIR Paphos, wanton queen
 (Not drawn in white and red)
 Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
 She was of all heaven's laughing senate seen.
 Gaze on her hair, and een,
 Her brows, the bows of love,
 Her back with lilies spread:
 Ye also might perceive her turn and move,
 But that she neither so will do, nor dare,
 For fear to wake the angry god of war.

III. *Narcissus.*

FLOODS cannot quench my flames, ah! in this well
 I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

IV. *Dametas's Dream.*

DAMETAS dream'd he saw his wife at sport,
 And found that sight was through the horny port.

V. *Cherries.*

My wanton weep no more
 The losing of your cherries,
 Those and far sweeter berries
 Your sister in good store
 Hath in her lips and face,
 Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your peace.

VI. *Icarus.*

WHILE with audacious wings
 I cleav'd those airy waves,
 And fill'd (a monster new) with dread and fears,
 The feathered people and their eagle kings:
 Dazzl'd with Phœbus rays,
 And charmed with the music of the spheres,
 When quills could move no more and force did fail,
 Though down I fell from heaven's high azure
 bounds,

Yet doth renown my losses countervail,
 For still the shore my brave attempt resounds
 A sea an element doth bear my name,
 What mortal's tomb's so great in place or fame.

VII. *On his Lady beholding herself in a Marble.*

WORLD, wonder not, that I
 Keep in my breast engraven
 That angels face hath me of rest bereaven.
 See dead and senseless things cannot deny

To lodge so dear a guest :
 Ev'n this hard marble stone
 Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

VIII. *To Sleep.*

How comes it, sleep, that thou
 Even kisses me affords
 Of her (dear her) so far who's absent now ?
 How did I hear those words,
 Which rocks might move, and move the pines to
 bow ?

Ay me ! before half day
 Why did'st thou steal away ?
 Return, I thine forever will remain,
 If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again,

IX. *A pleasant Deceit.*

OVER a crystal source
 Idlas laid his face,
 Of purling streams to see the restless course.
 But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,
 When in the water he a child espies,
 So like himself in stature, face, and eyes,
 That glad he rose, and cried,
 Dear mates, approach, see whom I have descried,
 The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
 Oft called Hylas, dwelleth in this well.

X. *The Cannon.*

WHEN first the cannon from her gaping throat
 Against the heaven her roaring sulphur shot,
 Jove wak'ned with the noise did ask with wonder,
 What mortal wight had stol'n from him his thun-
 der :

His crystal tow'rs he feared, but fire and air
 So high did stay the ball from mounting there.

XI. *Thais Metamorphosis.*

INTO Briareus huge
 Thais wish'd she might change
 Her man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,
 Nor fondly think it strange ;
 For if (said she) I might the parts dispose,
 I wish you not a hundred arms nor hands,
 But hundred things like those
 With which Priapus in our garden stands.

XII. *The Quality of a Kiss.*

THE kiss, with so much strife,
 Which I late got (sweet heart)
 Was it a sign of death, or was it life ?
 Of life it could not be,
 For I by it did sigh my soul in thee :
 Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
 Thou silent stand'st, ah ! what did'st thou bequeath,
 A dying life to me, or living death ?

XIII. *His Lady's Dog.*

WHEN her dear bosom clips
 That little cur, which fawns to touch her lips,
 Or when it is his hap
 To lie lap'd in her lap,
 O it grows noon with me,
 With hotter pointed beams
 I burn, than those are which the sun forth streams,
 When piercing lightning his rays call'd may
 be :

And as I muse how I to those extremes
 Am brought, I find no cause, except that she
 In love's bright zodiac having trac'd each room,
 To the hot dog-star now at last is come.

XIV. *An Almanack.*

This strange eclipse one says,
 Strange wonders doth foretel :
 But you whose wives excel,
 And love to count their praise,
 Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
 The sun did threat the world this time with horns.

XV. *The Silk Worm of Love.*

A DÆDALE of my death,
 Now I resemble that fly worm on earth,
 Which prone to its own harm doth take no rest :
 For day and night oppress,
 I feed on fading leaves
 Of hope, which me deceives,
 And thousand webs do warp within my breast,
 And thus in end unto myself I weave
 A fast-shut prison, or a closer grave.

XVI. *Deep Impression of Love to his Mistress.*

WHOM a mad dog doth bite,
 He doth in water still
 That mad dog's image see :
 Love mad (perhaps) when he my heart did smite
 (More to dissemble his ill)
 Transform'd himself to thee :
 For thou art present ever since to me.
 No spring there is, no flood, nor other place,
 Where I (alas) not see thy heavenly face.

XVII. *A Chain of Gold.*

ARE not those locks of gold
 Sufficient chains the wildest hearts to hold ?
 Is not that ivory hand
 A diamantine band,
 Most sure to keep the most untamed mind,
 But ye must others find ?
 O yes ; why is that golden one then worn ?
 Thus free in chains (perhaps) love's chains to scorn.

XVIII. *On the Death of a Linnet.*

IF cruel death had ears,
 Or could be pleas'd by songs,
 This wing'd musician had liv'd many years,
 And Nisa mine had never wept these wrongs :
 For when it first took breath,
 The heavens their notes did unto it bequeath :
 And if that Samians sentences be true,
 Amphion in this body liv'd anew.
 But death, who nothing spares, and nothing hears
 As he doth kings, kill'd it, O grief ! O tears !

XIX. *Lilla's Prayer.*

LOVE, if thou wilt once more
 That I to thee return,
 (Sweet God) make me not burn
 For quivering age, that doth spent days deplore.
 Nor do thou wound my heart
 For some unconstant boy,
 Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy.
 But, (ah !) if I must prove thy golden dart,
 Of grace, O let me find
 A sweet young lover with an aged mind.
 Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
 (Who heard) Dear have thy wish, for such am I.

XX. *Armeline's Epitaph.*

NEAR to this eglantine
 Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline ;
 Once Chloris only joy,
 Now only her annoy,

Who envied was of the most happy swains,
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or
For oft she bore the wanton in her arm, [plains :
And oft her bed, and bosom did he warm ;
Now when unkind fates did him destroy,
Blest dog he had the grace,
That Cloris for him wet with tears her face.

XXI. *Epitaph.*

THE bawd of justice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn, and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our state, whose heart and mouth
Were farther distant than is north from south,
That cormorant who made himself so gross
On people's ruin, and the prince's loss,
Is gone to hell, and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honest devil.

XXII. *A Translation.*

Fierce robbers were of old
Exil'd the champion ground ;
From hamlets chac'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold :
But now (when all is fold)
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltless lodge,
And clad in purple gowns
The greatest thieves command within the towns.

XXIII. *Epitaph.*

Then death thee hath beguil'd
Alecto's first born child ;
Then thou who thrall'd all laws
Now against worms cannot maintain thy cause :
Yet worms (more just than thou) now do no
wrong,

Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long ;
For though from life thou didst but lately pass,
Twelve springs are gone since thou corrupted was.

Come citizens erect to death an altar,
Who keeps you from ax, fuel, timber, halter.

XXIV. *A Jest.*

IN a most holy church, a holy man,
Unto a holy saint with visage wan,
And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer
And with strange words and sighs, made black the
air,

And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thousand crosses on himself he lay'd,
And with some sacred beads hung on his arm
His eyes, his mouth, his temples, breast did charm.
Thus not content (strange worship hath no end)
To kiss the earth at last he did pretend,
And bowing down besought with humble grace
An aged woman near to give some place.

She turn'd, and turning up her hole beneath,
Said, Sir, kiss here, for it is all but earth.

XXV. *Proteus of Marble.*

THIS is no work of stone,
Though it seems breathless, cold, and sense hath
But that false god which keeps [none ;
The monstrous people of the raging deeps :
Now that he doth not change his shape this while,
It is thus constant more you to beguile.

XXVI. *Pamphilus.*

SOME ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
I like their wanton sport, then care not for them.

XXVII. *Apelles enamour'd of Campaspe, Alexander's Mistress.*

POOR painter while I fought
To counterfeit by art
The fairest frame which nature ever wrought.
And having limn'd each part
Except her matchless eyes :
Scarce on those suns I gaz'd,
As lightning falls from skies, [maz'd,
When straight my hand grew weak, my mind a-
And ere that pencil half them had express'd,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my breast.

XXVIII. *Campaspe.*

ON stars shall I exclaim,
Which thus my fortune change,
Or shall I else revenge
Upon myself this shame,
Inconstant monarch, or shall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles prove
The sweet delights of Alexander's love ?
No, stars, myself, and thee, I all forgive,
And joys, that thus I live ;
Of thee, blind king, my beauty was despis'd.
Thou didst not know it, now being known 'tis
priz'd.

XXIX. *Coruncopia.*

IF for one only horn,
Which nature to him gave,
So famous is the noble unicorn,
What praise should that man have,
Whose head a lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn ?

XXX. *Love suffers no Parosol.*

THOSE eyes, dear eyes, be spheres
Where two bright suns are roll'd,
That fair hand to behold
Of whitest snow appears :
Then while ye coyly stand
To hide from me those eyes,
Sweet I would you advise
To choose some other fan than that white hand :
For if ye do, for truth must true this know, [snow.
Those suns ere long must needs consume warm

XXXI. *Unpleasant Music.*

IN fields Ribaldo stray'd
May's tapestry to see,
And hearing on a tree
A cuckow sing, sigh'd to himself and said,
Lo how alas even birds sit mocking me.

XXXII. *Sleeping Beauty.*

O SIGHT too dearly bought !
She sleeps, and though those eyes
Which lighten Cupid's skies
Be clos'd, yet such a grace
Environeth that place,
That I through wonder to grow faint am brought :
Suns if eclips'd you have such powers divine,
What power have I t'endure you when you shine ?

XXXIII. *Alcon's Kiss.*

WHAT others at their ear,
Two pearls, Camelia at her nose did wear,
Which Alcon who nought saw
(For love is blind) robb'd with a pretty kiss ;
But having known his miss,
And seek what ore he from that mine did draw,

When she to come again did him desire,
He fled, and said, foul water quenched fire.

XXXIV. *The Statue of Venus sleeping.*

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind
To make me mine eyes unfold;
For if thou should'st them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

XXXV. *Laura to Petrarch.*

I RATHER love a youth and childish rhyme,
Than thee whose verse and head are wise through
time.

XXXVI. *The Rose.*

Flow'r, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood
Which Venus wept, another white was born:
The sweet Cynarean youth thou lively shows,
But this sharp-pointed thorn
So proud about thy crimson folds that grows,
What doth it represent?
Boars teeth (perhaps) his milk-white flank which
rent.

O show in one of unesteemed worth
That both the kill'd, and killer setteth forth!

XXXVII. *A Lover's Prayer.*

NEAR to a crystal spring,
With thirst and heat oppress'd,
Narcissus fair doth rest,
Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth
bring

Now interlace your trembling tops above,
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in heaven's highest house when sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her tears.

XXXVIII. *Iola's Epitaph.*

HERE dear Iolas lies,
Who whilst he liv'd in beauty did surpass
That boy, whose heavenly eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him to death who look'd in wat'ry glass,
Even judge the god of love,
And if the nymph once held of him so dear
Dorine the fair, would here but shed one tear,
Thou should'st in nature's scorn
A purple flow'r see of this marble born.

XXXIX. *The Trojan Horse.*

A HORSE I am, who bit,
Rein, rod, spur do not fear,
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back they sit.
No streams I drink, nor care for grass or corn;
Art me a monster wrought
All nature's works to scorn;
A mother I was without mother born,
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought:
What thousand ships, and champions of renown
Could not do free, captive I raz'd a town.

XL. *For Dorus.*

WHY, Nais, stand ye nice
Like to a well wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He's but a child (old men be children twice)
And even a toothless one:
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will these cherries bite.

XLI. *Love Vagabonding.*

SWEET nymphs, if, as ye stray,
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea,
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chafest bosoms prove;
Who leaving all the heavens hath run away:
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart
Tell her, he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

XLII. *To a River.*

SITH she will not that I
Show to the world my joy,
Thou, who oft mine annoy
Hast heard, dear flood, tell Thetis, if thou can,
That not a happier man
Doth breathe beneath the sky.
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, hands, and amber hair,
Tell none did ever touch,
A smaller daintier waste
Tell, never was embrac'd:
But peace, since she forbids thee tell too much.

XLIII. *Lida.*

SUCH Lida is, that who her sees,
Through envy, or through love, straight dies.

XLIV. *Phraene.*

AONIAN sisters, help my Phraene's praise to tell,
Phraene, heart of my heart, with whom the Graces
dwell,
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know
What first to praise of her, her breast, or neck of
snow, [eyes,
Her cheeks with roses spread, or her two sun-like
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweet-
ness lies, [set forth,
But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes
That, muses, ye need not to say ought of their
worth, [known,
Then her white swelling paps essay for to make
But her white swelling paps through smallest vail
are shown, [rest
Yet she hath something else more worthy than the
Not seen; go fing of that which lies beneath her
breast, [doth run;
And mounts like fair Parnasse, where Pegase well
Here Phraene stay'd my muse, ere she had well
begun.

XLV. *Kisses desired.*

THOUGH I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet kisses in such store,
As he who long before
In thousands them from Lesbja did receive:
Sweet heart, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss
Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor one no number is,
Another word of me ye shall not hear
After one kiss, but still one kiss my dear,

XLVI. *Desired Death.*

DEAR life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,

And sweetly me invite to do as much :
 All panting in my lips,
 My heart my life doth leave,
 No sense my senses have,
 And inward powers do find a strange eclipse :
 This death so heavenly well
 Doth so me please that I
 Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
 If that even thus I only could but die.

XLVII. *Phæbe.*

Is for to be alone, and all the night to wander,
 Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phæbe with-
 out slander.

XLVIII. *Answer.*

Fool, still to be alone, all night in heaven to wan-
 der, [without slander.
 Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste

XLIX. *The Cruelty of Rora.*

WHILST fighting forth his wrongs,
 In sweet, though doleful songs,
 Alexis sought to charm his Rora's ears,
 The hills were heard to moan,
 To sigh each spring appeared, [tears,
 Trees, hardest trees through rhind distill'd their
 And soft grew every stone :
 But tears, nor sighs, nor songs could Rora move,
 For she rejoiced at his 'plaint and love,

L. *A Kiss.*

HARK, happy lovers, hark,
 This first and last of joys,
 This sweet'ner of annoys,
 This nectar of the gods,
 You call a kiss, is with itself at odds
 And half so sweet is not
 In equal measure got,
 At light of sun, as it is in the dark,
 Hark, happy lovers, hark.

LI. *Kala's Complaint.*

KALA, old Mopsus wife,
 Kala with fairest face,
 For whom the neighbour swains oft were at strife,
 As she to milk her snowy flock did tend,
 Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
 And said, What wretch like me doth lead her life ;
 I see not how my task shall have an end,
 All day I draw these streaming dugs infold,
 All night mine empty husband's soft and cold.

LII. *Phyllis.*

IN petticoat of green,
 Her hair about her een,
 Phyllis beneath an oak
 Sat milking her fair flock :
 'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)
 Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white.

LIII. *A Wish.*

To forge to mighty Jove
 The thunderbolts above,
 Nor on this round below
 Rich Midas skill to know,
 And make all gold I touch,
 Do I desire, it is for me too much ;
 Of all the arts practis'd beneath the sky,
 I would but Phyllis lapidary be.

LIV. *Nisa.*

NISA, Palemon's wife, him weeping told
 He kept not grammar rules now being old ;

For why (quoth she) position false make ye,
 Putting a short thing where a long should be.

LV. *A Lover's Heaven.*

THOSE stars, nay sun, which turn
 So stately in their spheres,
 And dazzling do not burn,
 The beauty of the morn
 Which on these cheeks appears,
 The harmony which to that voice is given,
 Makes me think you are heaven :
 If heaven you be, O that my powerful charms,
 I Atlas were enfolded in your arms?

LVI. *Epitaph.*

THIS dear, though not respected earth, doth hold
 One for his worth, whose tomb should be of gold.

LVII. *Beauty's Idea.*

WHO would perfection's fair idea see,
 On pretty Chloris let him look with me ;
 White is her hair, her teeth white, white her skin,
 Black be her eyes, her eye-brows Cupid's inn :
 Her locks, her body, hands do long appear,
 But teeth short, short her womb, and either ear ;
 The space 'twixt shoulders, eyes are wide, brow
 wide, [pride,
 Strait waist, the mouth strait, and her virgin
 Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks swelling there,
 Her nose is small, small fingers, and her hair :
 Her sugar'd mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red,
 Little her foot, breast little, and her head.

Such Venus was, such was that flame of Troy,
 Such Chloris is, mine hope, and only joy.

LVIII. *Lalus's Death.*

AMIDST the waves profound,
 Far, far from all relief,
 The honest fisher Lalus, ah ! is drown'd,
 Shut in his little skiff :
 The boards of which did serve him for a bier,
 So that when he to the black world came near,
 Of him no silver greedy Charon got,
 For he in his own boat
 Did pass that flood, by which the gods do swear.

LIX. *To Thaumantia singing.*

Is it not too too much
 Thou late didst to me prove,
 A basilisk of love ?
 And didst my wits bewitch :
 Unless (to cause more harm)
 Made Syren too thou with thy voice me charm ?
 Ah ! though thou so my reason didst controul,
 That to thy looks I could not prove a mole :
 Yet do me not that wrong,
 As not to let me turn asp to thy song.

LX. *Upon a Glass.*

Is thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
 Where love his wealth doth show ?
 But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold :
 If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than
 snow,
 And read on wonder's book ?
 Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look,
 Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
 Whose thorns do hurt each heart ?
 Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close.
 Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart,
 Or meteors divine ?
 But take this glass, and gaze upon thine een,

No, planets, rose, snow, gold, can not compare
With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair.

LXI. *Of a Bee.*

As an audacious knight,
Come with some foe to fight,
His sword doth brandish, makes his armour ring:
So this proud bee (at home, perhaps, a king)
Did buzzing fly about,
And (tyrant) after thy fair lip did sting:
O champion strange as stout!
Who hast by nature found, [wound.
Sharp arms, and trumpet shrill, to sound and

LXII. *Of that same.*

O do not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee;
Sweet, it was no despite,
But hue did him deceive:
For when thy lips did close,
He deemed them a rose.
What wouldst thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with joy did bite.

LXIII. *Of a Kiss.*

Ah! of that cruel bee
Thy lips have suck'd too much:
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt, and sweet'ned me:
This by the sting they have,
And that they of the honey do receive:
Dear kiss, else by what art
Couldst thou at once both please and wound my
heart?

LXIV. *Idmon to Venus.*

If Acidalia's queen,
Thou quench in me thy torch;
And with the same Thaumantia's heart shall scorch,
Each year a myrtle tree
Here I do vow to consecrate to thee:
And when the meads grow green,
I will of sweetest flowers
Weave thousand garlands, to adorn thy bowers.

LXV. *A Lover's Complaint.*

In midst of silent night,
When men, birds, beasts, do rest,
With love and fear possesst,
To heaven, and Flore, I count my heavy plight.
Again with roseate wings
When morn peeps forth, and Philomela sings,
Then void of all relief,
Do I renew my grief:
Day follows night, night day, whilst still I prove,
That heaven is deaf, Flore careless of my love.

LXVI. *His Firebrand.*

LEAVE page that slender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only shine the light
Of love's hot brandon, which my heart doth scorch:
A sigh, or blast of wind,
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind:
Whilst this like Ætna burning shall remain.

LXVII. *Daphnis's Vow.*

When sun doth bright the day
From the Hesperian sea,
Or moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole,

When serpents can not hiss,
And lovers shall not kiss:
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

LXVIII. *The Statue of Venus Sleeping.*

BREAK not my sweet repose, [place,
Thou, whom free will, or chance, brings to this
Let lids these comets close,
O do not seek to see their shining grace:
For when mine eyes thou see'st, they thine will blind,
And thou shalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

LXIX. *Anthea's Gift.*

THIS virgin-lock of hair
To Idmon Anthea gives,
Idmon for whom she lives,
Though oft she mix his hopes with cold despair:
This now, but absent if he constant prove,
With gift more dear she vows to meet his love.

LXX. *To Thaumantia.*

COME, let us live, and love,
And kiss Thaumantia mine:
I shall the elm be, be to me the vine,
Come let us teach new billing to the dove:
Nay, to augment our bliss,
Let souls even other kiss,
Let love a workman be,
Undo distemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kisses three make one, of one make three:
Though moon, sun, stars, be bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight,

LXXI. *A Lover's Day and Night.*

BRIGHT meteor of day,
For me in Thetis bow'rs for ever stay:
Night, to this flow'ry globe
Ne'er show for me thy star-embroider'd robe;
My night, my day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on Mira's brow:
For when she low'rs, and hides from me her eyes,
Midst clearest day I find black night arise,
When smiling she again those twins doth turn,
In midst of night I find noon's torch to burn,

LXXII. *The Statue of Adonis.*

WHEN Venus, 'longst that plain,
This Parian Adon saw, [law,
She sigh'd, and said, What power breaks destiny's
World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with stretcht arms she ran him to enfold:
But when she did behold
The boar, whose snowy tusks did threaten death,
Fear closed up her breath:
Who can but grant then that these stones do live,
Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give?

LXXIII. *Clorus to a Grove.*

OLD oak, and you thick grove,
I ever shall you love,
With these sweet smelling briers:
For briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my desires,
When underneath your shade
I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

LXXIV. *A Couplet Encomiastick.*

I	2	3	I	2	3
Love,	Cypria,	Phœbus,	will feed,	deck,	and crown,
I	2	3	I	2	3
Thy heart,	brows,	verse,	with flames,	with flowers	
	3				
	renown.				

LXXV. *Another.*

THEY muse not-able, full, ill-lustred rhimes,
Make thee the poetaster of our times.

LXXVI. *Upon a Bay Tree, not long since growing in the Ruins of Virgil's Tomb.*

THOSE stones which once had trust
Of Maro's sacred dust,
Which now of their first beauty spoil'd are seen,
That they due praise not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A Delian tree (fair nature's only plant)
Now courts, and shadows with her tresses green :
Sing to Pæan, ye of Phœbus train, [down,
Though Envy, Avarice, Time, your tombs throw
With maiden laurels nature will them crown.

LXXVII. *Flora's Flower.*

VENUS doth love the rose,
Apollo those dear flowers
Which were his paramours,
The queen of sable skies,
The subtle lunaries,
But Flore likes none of those,
For fair to her no flower seems save the lily :
And why ? Because one letter turns it P.

LXXVIII. *Melampus's Epitaph.*

ALL that a dog could have
The good Melampus had :
Nay, he had more than what in beasts we crave,
For he could play the brave,
And often, like a Thraso stern, go mad :
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your parish clerk.

LXXIX. *The Happiness of a Flea.*

How happier is that flea
Which in thy breast doth play,
Than that py'd butterfly [die ?
Which courts the flame, and in the fathe doth
That hath a light delight
(Poor fool) contented only with a sight,
When this doth sport, and swell with dearest food,
And if he die, he knight-like dies in blood.

LXXX. *Of that same.*

POOR flea, then thou didst die,
Yet by so fair a hand,
That thus to die was destiny to command :
Thou didst die, yet didst try
A lover's last delight,
To vault on virgin plains, her kifs and bite :
Thou diedst, yet hast thy tomb
Between those paps, O dear and stately room !
Flea, happier far, more blest,
Than Phoenix burning in his spicy nest.

LXXXI. *Lina's Virginity.*

WHO Lina weddeth shall most happy be,
For he a maid shall find,
Though maiden none be she,
A girl, or boy, beneath her waist confin'd :
And though bright Ceres locks he never shorn,
He shall be sure this year to lack no corn.

LXXXII. *Love Naked.*

AND would ye, lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go ?
Fond, waggish, chāngeling lad,
Late whilst Thaumantia's voice
He wond'ring heard, it made him so rejoice,
That he o'erjoy'd ran mad :

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And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
And since from lip and lap hers can not stray.

LXXXIII. *Niobe.*

WRETCH'D Niobe I am,
Let wretches read my case,
Not such who with a tear ne'er wet their face ;
Seven daughters of me came,
And sons as many, which one fatal day
(Orb'd mother !) took away :
Thus rest by heavens unjust,
Grief turn'd me stone, stone too me doth entomb,
Which if thou dost mistrust,
Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
And here thou shalt find marble and no dust.

LXXXIV. *Change of Love.*

ONCE did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one
Who did affect my death :
But now (thanks to Disdain)
I live reliev'd of pain,
For sighs I singing go,
I burn not as before, no, no, no, no.

LXXXV. *Wild Beauty.*

IF all but ice thou be,
How dost thou thus me burn ?
Or how at fire which thou dost raise in me
(Sith ice) thyself in streams dost thou not turn ?
But rather (plaintful case !)
Of ice art marble made to my disgrace :
O miracle of Love ! not heard till now,
Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow.

LXXXVI. *Constant Love.*

TIME makes great states decay,
Time doth May's pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the fairest face,
Time wisdom, force, renown, doth take away,
Time doth consume the years,
Time changes works in Heaven's eternal spheres ;
Yet this fierce tyrant which doth all devour,
To lessen love in me shall have no power.

LXXXVII. *To Chloris.*

SEE Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists,
And how with Stygian mists
Each horned hill his giant forehead shrouds,
Jove thundereth in the air,
The air grown great with rain,
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again :
I see thee quake ; come, let us home repair ;
Come, hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

LXXXVIII. *Thyrsis in Dispraise of Beauty.*

THAT which so much the doating world doth prize,
Fond ladies only care, and sole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth rise,
Is but an abject let of nature's might ;
Most woful wretch, whom shining hair and eyes,
Lead to love's dungeon, traitor'd by a sight,
Most woful : for he might with greater ease
Hell's portals enter, and pale death appease.

As in delicious meads beneath the flowers,
And the most wholesome herbs that May can
show,
In crystal curls the speckled serpent lowr's,

T t

As in the apple (which most fair doth grow)
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours,
As in gilt cups with Gnosian wine which flow,
Oft poison pompously doth hide its fours :
So lewdness, falsehood, mischief, them advance,
Clad with the pleasant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chac'd, where beauty doth appear,
Mild lowliness with pity from it fly,
Where beauty reigns as in their proper sphere,
Ingratitude, disdain, pride, all descry,
The flower and fruit which virtue's tree should
bear,
With her bad shadow beauty maketh die :
Beauty a monster is, a monster hurl'd
From angry heaven, to scourge this lower world.

As fruits which are unripe, and sour of taste,
To be confect'd more fit than sweet we prove,
For sweet in spite of care themselves will waste,
When they long kept, the appetite do move :
So in the sweetness of his nectar love
The soul confects, and seasons of his feast :
Sour is far better which we sweet may make,
Than sweet which sweeter sweetness will not
take.

Foul may my lady be, and may her nose
(A Tanariff) give umbrage to her chin ;
May her gay mouth (which she no time may close)
So wide be, that the moon may turn therein,
May eyes, and teeth, be made conform to those,
Eyes set by chance, and white, teeth black and
thin :
May all what seen is, and is hid from sight,
Like unto these rare parts be framed right.

I shall not fear thus though she stray alone,
That others her pursue, entice, admire,
And though she sometime counterfeit a groan,
I shall not think her heart feels uncouth fire,
I shall not style her ruthless to my moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to desire :
Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal
line,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine.

LXXXIX. *Eurymedon's Praise of Mira.*

GEM of the mountains, glory of our plains,
Rare miracle of nature, and of love,
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's heavens sustains,
No, beauty's heaven, where all her wonders move,
The sun from east to west who all doth see,
On this low globe sees nothing like to thee.

One phoenix only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And earth but did one queen of love admire,
Three graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three muses sung to Phœbus' lyre,
Two phoenixes be now, love's queens are two,
Four graces, muses ten, all made by you.

For those perfections which the bounteous heaven
To diverse worlds in diverse times assign'd,
With thousands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made thy mind :

And that thy like no age should more behold
When thou wast fram'd they after brake the
mold

Sweet are the blushes, on thy face which shine,
Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thine
eyes,
Sweet are his torments, who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his death, for thee who sweetly dies ;
For if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

What, are my slender lays to show thy worth ?
How can base words a thing so high make known ?
So wooden globes bright stars to us set forth ;
So in a crystal is sun's beauty shown :
More of thy praises, if my muse should write,
More love and pity must the same indite.

XC. *Thaumantia at the Departure of Idmon.*

FAIR Dian, from the height [place,
Of heav'n's first orb, who cheer'st this lower
Hide now from me thy light ;
And pitying my case,
Spread with a scarf of clouds thy blushing face.

Come with your doleful songs,
Night's sable birds, which 'plain when others sleep,
Come, solemnize my wrongs,
And consort to me keep,
Sith heaven, earth, hell, are set to cause me weep.

This grief yet I could bear,
If now by absence I were only pin'd ;
But ah ! worse evil I fear ;
Men absent prove unkind,
And change (unconstant like the moon) their
mind.

If thought had so much power
Of thy departure, that it could me slay ;
How will that ugly hour
My feeble sense dismay ?
Farewell, sweet heart, when I shall hear thee say ?

Dear life, sith thou must go,
Take all my joy and comfort hence with thee,
And leave with me thy woe ;
Which, until I thee see,
Nor time, nor place, nor change, shall take from
me.

XCI. *Erycine at the Departure of Alexis.*

AND wilt thou then, Alexis, mine depart ?
And leave these flow'ry meads, and crystal streams ?
These hills as great as green with gold and gems,
Which court thee with rich treasure in each part ?
Shall nothing hold thee ? not my loyal heart,
That bursts to lose the comforts of thy beams ?
Nor yet this pipe, which wildest Satyrs tames ?
Lor lambkins wailing ? nor old Dorus smart ?
O, ruthless shepherd, forests strange among,
What canst thou else but fearful dangers find !
But ah, not thou, but honour doth me wrong !
O, cruel honour ! tyrant of the mind !

This said sad Erycine, and all the flowers
Impearled, as she went, with eyes salt showers,

FLOWERS OF SION : OR, SPIRITUAL POEMS.

I.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
 A sweet with floods of gall, that runs combin'd,
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name;
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death make us our errors know.

II.

LIFE a right shadow is;
 For if it long appear,
 Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near.
 Shadows are moving light;
 And is there ought so moving as is this?
 When it is most in sight,
 It steals away, and none knows how or where;
 So near our cradles to our coffins are.

III.

LOOK as the flow'r which ling'ringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
 Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath
 been.

Therefore as doth the pilgrims, whom the night
 Hasten darkly to imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

IV.

THE weary mariner so fast not flies
 An howling tempest, harbour to attain,
 Nor shepherd hastes (when frays of wolves arise
 So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
 As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
 Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
 And sanctuary seek, free to remain
 From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes.
 To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
 While senses light minds perspective kept blind;
 Now, like imagin'd landskip in the air,
 And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
 Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
 It is an obscure life, and silent grave.

V.

OF this fair volume which we world do name,
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
 Find out his power, which wildest pow'rs doth
 tame,
 His providence, extending every where,
 His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page no period of the same:
 But silly we like foolish children rest,
 Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
 On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
 Or if by chance we stay our minds on ought,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

VI.

THE grief was common, common were the cries,
 Tears, sobs, and groans of that afflicted train,
 Which of God's chosen did the sum contain,
 And earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were
 skies;
 All good had left the world, each vice did reign
 In the most monstrous sorts hell could devise,
 And all degrees and each estate did stain,
 Nor further had to go whom to surprise;
 The world beneath the prince of darkness lay,
 And in each temple had himself install'd,
 Was sacrific'd unto, by prayers call'd,
 Responses gave, which (fools) they did obey:
 When (pitying man) God of a virgin's womb
 Was born, and those false deities struck dumb.

VII.

RUN (shepherds), run, where Beth'lem blest ap-
 pears,
 We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
 A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
 Amidst the rolling heaven this earth who stay'd;
 In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid,
 A weakling did him bear who all upbears,
 There he in clothes is wrapt, in manger laid,
 To whom too narrow swadlings are our spheres;
 Run (shepherds), run, and solemnize his birth;
 This is that night, no, day, grown great with bliss;
 In which the power of Satan broken is;
 In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth:
 Thus singing through the air, the angels swam,
 And all the stars re-echoed the same.

VIII.

O, THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer night,
 Night to best days, in which a sun doth rise,
 Of which that golden eye which clears the skies,
 Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow-light!
 And blessed ye (in silly pastors sight)
 Mild creatures in whose warm crib now lie,

That heaven-sent Youngling, holy maid-born wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophesies :
Blest cottage, that hath flow'rs in winter spread,
Though withered blessed grafs, that hath the grace
To deck, and be a carpet to that place.

Thus singing to the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe, the shepherds bow'd their knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropt from trees.

IX.

THE last and greatest herald of heav'n's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the desarts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild ;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd,
There burst he forth ; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these desarts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn.
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, repent, repent.

X.

THESE eyes (dear Lord) once tapers of desire,
Frail scouts, betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep ;
These locks of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wrackful shelves to shadow deep,
Rings wedding souls to sin's lethargic sleep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,
O, let me not be ruin's aim'd-at mark !
My faults confess'd, Lord, say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

XI.

I CHANGED countries, new delights to find,
But, ah ! for pleasure I did find new pain,
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain :
For tables rich, for bed, for following train
Of careful servants to observe my mind,
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My bed's a rock, and herbs my life sustain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worse harms,
Father and lord I turn, thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate,
This where an aged oak had spread its arms
Thought the lone child, while as the herds he led,
And pin'd with hunger on wild acorns fed.

XII.

Is that the world doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad deploring mood
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again ;
How should we wonder at that sovereign Good,
Who from that serpent's sting (that had us slain)
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd to endless joy our endless pain ?
Ungrateful soul, that charm'd with false delight,
Hast long long wander'd in sin's flow'ry path,
And didst not think at all, or thoughtst not right
O this thy pelican's great love and death,

Here pause, and let (though earth it scorn) hea-
ven see

Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for
thee.

XIII.

Is in the east when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun do rise,
With rosy robs and crown of flaming gold ;
If gazing on that empress of the skies,
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's
watchful eyes ;

If seeing how the seas tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows, have their course confin'd,
How unsustain'd the earth still steadfast stands ;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er found in your mind
A thought, that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd :
A king who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love ;
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,
See, see (alas !) him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light ;
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make
great,

Bemoan this cruel death and ruthless case,
If ever plaint's just woe could aggravate.
From sin and hell to save us human race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity ! love in strange degree !
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such worthiness to see.
Poor wights, behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a crept rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature weep ! astonish'd world lament !
Lament, you winds ! you, heaven, that all con-
tains !

And thou (my soul) let nought thy griefs relent !
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the
reins

Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bear rent for thee their veins :
Those feet, which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through
and torn ;
For thee heaven's King from heaven himself
debars :

This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.

Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journies up heaven's sapphire path ;
And cutting from her brows her tresses bright,
The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night.

All staggering and lazy low'r the skies ;
The earth and elemental stages quake ;
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought ?
And man (though born with cries) shall pity
lack ?

Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your souls, that with his life them life he
bought.

What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures? wretched
brood!

Shall for your sake again God ever die?

O, leave deluding shows! embrace true God!

He on yon calls, forego sin's shameful trade,

With prayers now seek heaven, and not with
blood.

Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,

Nor altars blush for sin: live every thing;

That long time long'd for sacrifice is made.

All that is from you crav'd by this great King

Is to believe, a pure heart incense is,

What gift (alas!) can we him meaner bring?

Haste sin-sick souls, this season do not miss,

Now while remorseless Time doth grant you
space,

And God invites you to your only bliss:

He who you calls will not deny you grace,

But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent,

His arms (lo!) stretched are you to embrace.

When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,

So you accept what freely here is given,

Like brood of angels deathless, all-content,

Ye shall for ever live with him in heaven.

XIV.

Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing
bands,

Fair citizens of that immortal town,

Come see that king which all this all commands,

Now (overcharg'd with love) die for his own;

Look on those nails which pierce his feet and hands,

What a sharp diadem his brows doth crown?

Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,

And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands.

Come forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,

Preserve this sacred blood that earth adorns,

Gather those liquid roses off his thorns,

O! to be lost they be of too much worth:

I 2 3 I

For streams, juice, balm they are, which quench,

2 3

kills, charms

I 2 3 I 2 3

Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

XV.

SOUL, whom hell did once enthrall,

He, He for thine offence,

Did suffer death, who could not die at all.

O sovereign excellence,

O life of all that lives,

Eternal bounty which each good thing gives,

How could death mount so high?

No wit this point can reach,

Faith only doth us teach,

He died for us, at all who could not die.

XVI.

LIFE, to give life, deprived is of life,

And death display'd hath ensign against death;

So violent the rigour was of Death,

That nought could daunt it but the Life of Life:

No power had pow'r to thrall life's pow'rs to
death,

But willingly life down hath laid his life,

Love gave the wound which wrought this work
of death.

His bow and shafts were of the tree of life;

Now quakes the author of eternal death,

To find that they whom late he rest of life,

Shall fill his room above the lists of death,

Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.

Dead Jesus lies, who Death hath kill'd by death,

No tomb his tomb is, but new source of life.

XVII.

Rise from those fragrant climes thee now em-
brace,

Unto this world of ours, O haste thy race,

Fair sun, and though contrary ways all year

Thou hold thy course, now with the highest share,

Join thy blue wheels to hasten time that lowrs,

And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;

The night and death too long a league have made,

To slow the world in horror's ugly shade:

Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays

So fair, that it outshine all other days;

And yet do not presume (great eye of light)

To be that which this day must make so bright,

See, an eternal Sun hastes to arise,

Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,

Or any stranger worlds heaven's concaves have,

But from the darkness of an hollow grave,

And this is that all powerful Sun above,

That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made
thee move.

Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs

Proclaim this day, this the angelic pow'rs

Have done for you; but now an opal hue

Bepaints heaven's crystal to the longing view;

Earth's late hid colours shine, light doth adorn

The world, and (weeping joy) forth comes the
morn;

And with her, as from a lethargic trance

The breath return'd that bodies doth advance,

Which two sad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,

And with an iron guard environed:

Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,

From a base jail forth comes the King of Kings,

What late was morial thrall'd to every wo.

That Lackey's life, or upon sense doth grow,

Immortal is of an eternal stamp,

Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.

So from a black eclipse outpeers the sun:

Such [when her course of days have on her run

In a far forest in the pearly east,

And she herself hath burnt and spicy nest]

The lovely bird with youthful pens and comb,

Doth soar from out her cradle and her comb:

So a small seed that in the earth lies hid

And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,

Adorn'd with yellow locks of new is born,

And doth become a mother great with corn

Of grains brings hundred with it, which when
old,

Enrich the furrows which do float with gold

Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail

That hell doth ransack, against death prevail

O how thou long'd for com'ft! with joyful cries,
 The all-triumphing Palatinates of skies
 Salute thy rising, earth would joys no more
 Bear, if thou rising didst then not restore:
 A silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
 Who did heaven's trembling terraces dispose;
 No monument should such a jewel hold,
 No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold,
 Thou didst lament and pity human race,
 Bestowing on us of thy free-given grace
 More than we forfeited and losed first,
 In Eden rebels when we were accurst.
 Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but giv'n,
 Earth and earth's blefs thou hast exchang'd with
 heav'n.

O what a height of good upon us streams
 From the great splendour of thy bounty's beams!
 When we deserv'd shame, horror, flames of wrath,
 Thoubled'st our wounds, and suffer didst our death,
 But Father's justice pleas'd, hell, death o'ercome,
 In triumph now thou risest from thy tomb,
 With glories which past sorrows countervail,
 Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail! [sense,

Hence humble sense, and hence, ye guides of
 We now reach heaven, your weak intelligence
 And searching pow'rs were in a flash made dim,
 To learn, from all eternity that Him
 The Father bred, then that he here did come
 (His bearers parent) in a virgin's Womb;
 But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd
 with thorn,

Nail'd to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
 Entomb'd, him risen from a grave to find, [blind.
 Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you
 Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
 Nay, didst each other birth eat up and waste,
 Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
 Impartial, equaler of all with dust,
 Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
 Made fruitful, now life's mother art become,
 A sweet relief of cares the soul molest,
 An harbinger to glory, peace, and rest,
 Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
 To daily sinning life, proud of thy fall,
 Assemble all thy captives, haste to rise,
 And every corse in earth quakes where it lies,
 Sound from each flowery grave and rocky jail,
 Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!

The world that wanning late and faint did lie,
 Applauding to our joys thy victory,
 To a young prime essays to turn again,
 And as e'er soil'd with sin yet to remain,
 Her chilling agues she begins to miss.

All bliss returning with the Lord of Bliss.
 With greater light heaven's temples opened shine,
 Morn's smiling rise, even's blushing do decline,
 Clouds dappled glister, boist'rous winds are calm,
 Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
 In silent calms the sea hath hush'd her roars,
 And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores:
 All-bearing earth, like a new-married queen,
 Her beauties heightens in a gown of green,
 Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with
 flow'rs,

urs various, figures, smelling, pow'rs,

Trees wanton in the groves with leavy locks,
 Her hills enamell'd stand, the vales, the rocks
 Ring peals of joy, her floods and prattling brooks,
 (Stars liquid mirrors) with serpentine crooks,
 And whispering murmurs sound unto the main,
 The golden age returned is again.

The honey people leave their golden bow'rs,
 And innocently prey on budding flow'rs,
 In gloomy shades perch'd on the tender sprays
 The painted fingers fill the air with lays:
 Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversly do sound,
 Yet all their diverse notes have but one ground,
 Re-echo'd here down from heaven's azure vale,
 Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!

O day on which Death's adamant chain
 The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's reign,
 And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
 Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
 With name of his own day; the law to grace,
 Types to their substance yield, to thee give place
 The old new-moons, with all festival days,
 And what above the rest deserveth praise,
 The reverend Sabbath, what could else they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
 We should enjoy? shades past, now shine thou clear,
 And henceforth be thou empress of the year,
 This glory of thy sisters fix to win,
 From work on thee, as other days from sin,
 That mankind shall forbear, in every place
 The prince of planets warmeth in his race
 And far beyond his paths in frozen climes;
 And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
 That when heaven's choir shall blaze in accents
 loud

The many mercies of their Sovereign Good,
 How he on thee did sin, death, hell destroy,
 It may be still the burden of their joy.

XVIII.

BENEATH a sable vale, and shadows deep,
 Of unaccessible and dimming light,
 In silence ebon clouds more black than night,
 The world's great mind his secrets hid doth keep,
 Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
 Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
 To pry, and in his mysteries to creep,
 With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight;
 O sun invisible, that dost abide
 Within thy bright abysses, most fair, most dark,
 Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
 O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
 To guide me in life's night, thy light me show,
 The more I search of thee, the less I know.

XIX.

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
 The Architect of this great round did frame,
 This palace visible, short lists of Fame,
 And silly mansion but of dying wits;
 How many wonders, what amazing lights
 Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
 That doth transcend all this all's vastest heights,
 Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam?
 O blest abode! O happy dwelling place!
 Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign,
 Blest people which do see true Beauty's face,
 With whose far shadow scarce he earth doth deign;

All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

XX.

Love, which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war,
A shrill tempestuous wind,
Which doth disturb the mind,
And like wild waves all our designs commove :
Among those pow'rs above,
Which see their Maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy which nothing can molest.

XXI.

THAT space where curled waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy isle,
Was sometime land, and now where ships do glide
Once with laborious art the plough did toil :
Once those fair bounds stretch'd out so far and wide,
Where towns, no shires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Where all ignoble sea and marish vile,
Where Proteus flocks danc'd measures to the tide ;
So age transforming all still forward runs,
No wonder though the earth doth change her
face,
New manners, pleasures new, turn with new suns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace ;
Nay, mind's rare shape doth change, that lies
despis'd,
Which was so dear of late and highly priz'd.

XXII.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is death,
His speedy greyhounds are,
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe ;
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chace,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

XXIII.

WHY (worldlings) do ye trust frail honour's dreams?
And lean to gilded glories, which decay ?
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away ?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal sun spreads lasting beams ;
There, it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble ever noble is.

Look home, lest he your weak'ned wit make
thrall,

Who Eden's foolish gard'ner earst made fall,

XXIV.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake where God pour'd from the
sky [throw :
Huge show'rs of flames, worse flames to over-
Such are their works that with a glaring show

Of humble holiness, in virtues die
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Bad is that angel that earst fell from heaven,
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven :
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

XXV.

Now doth the sun appear,
The mountain's snow decay,
Crown'd with frail flow'rs forth comes the infant
year ;
My soul, time posts away,
And thou yet in that frost,
Which flow'r and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay !
For shame ! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes
black,
And there at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs which fear not rage of
days.

XXVI.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clam'rous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love :
O how more sweet is birds harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs un-
fold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, flights ;
Woods harmless shades have only true delights.

XXVII.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs :
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels lays.

XXVIII.

As when it happ'neth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who both by sword and flames himself installs,
And (shameless) it in tears and blood doth drown,
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmain'd within her weeping walls ;

So, after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck,
That time, the world, and death could bring
 combin'd,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all fearless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcendent rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

XXIX.

LET us each day inure ourselves to die;
If this (and not our fears) be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith,
With fair immortal pinions to flie;
If this be death, our best part to untie
(By ruining the jail) from lust and wrath,
And every drowsy languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of sky:
To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,
The fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour?
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare?

XXX.

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs unclothe,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.
Upon her head she wore
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a porch did bear,
Unvail'd skins whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hang down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.
The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd:
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed; her voice to hear,
World wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life (ere known amiss)
In glittering griefs is spent, [bliss.
Come learn (said she) what is your choicest
From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind, [dure.
Which shall, when time's swift glass is run, en-
Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold;
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit;
Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil'd,
All Seres silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phoenix plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed.

Frail beauty to abuse,
And (wanton Sybarites)
On-past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise,
But what the ear delights, [voice.
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's
Nor can it blis you bring,
Hid Nature's depths to know, [spring,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth
Nor that your fame should range,
And after worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
All these have not the pow'r
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in stealth doth glance;
In sickness lurks or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.
No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load star of all blis,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possess'd.
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hands and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray.
To heed each action so,
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive wo;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may repentance bring:
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at Glory's breath,
Which shadow like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm:
To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires,
To have the wit and will
Conforting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill.
Never on neighbours goods,
With cockatrice's eye,
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcendent all;
A love, which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that Increated Sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That (if sense saw her gleams)
All lookers on would pine and die for love.
Who such a life would live,
You happy even may call
Ere ruthless death a wished end him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,

For humans earth, enjoying angels heaven.
 Swift is your mortal race,
 And glassy is the field,
 Vast are desires not limited by grace,
 Life a weak taper is:
 Then while it light doth yield,
 Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.
 This when the nymph had said,
 She div'd within the flood,
 Whose face with smiling curls long after staid,
 Then sighs did zephyrs press,
 Birds sang from every wood,
 And echoes rang; this was true happiness.

XXXI.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
 Emboss'd with sparkling stars,
 Doors of eternity,
 With diamantine bars,
 Your arras rich uphold,
 Loose all your bolts and springs,
 Ope wide your leaves of gold;
 That in your roofs may come the King of Kings.
 Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
 He doth ascend the air,
 Straight doth the moon him shrowd
 With her resplendent hair;
 The next encrystal'd light
 Submits to him its beams,
 And he doth trace the height
 Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.
 He towers those golden bounds
 He did to sun bequeath,
 The higher wandring rounds
 Are found his feet beneath;
 The milky way comes near,
 Heaven's axle seems to bend,
 Above each turning sphere
 That rob'd in glory Heaven's King may ascend.
 O well-spring of this all,
 Thy father's image vive,
 Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason, live;
 The soul's eternal food,
 Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
 All truth, love, beauty, good,
 To thee, to thee be praises ever given.
 What was dismarshal'd late
 In this thy noble frame,
 And lost the prime estate,
 Hath re-obtain'd the same,
 Is now most perfect seen;
 Streams which diverted were
 (And troubled strayed unclean)
 From their first source, by thee home turned are.
 By thee that blemish old,
 Of Eden's leprous prince,
 Which on his race took hold,
 And him exil'd from thence,
 Now put away is far:
 With sword, in ireful guise,
 No cherub more shall bar
 Poor man the entries into Paradise.
 By thee those spirits pure,
 First children of the light,
 Now fixed stand and sure,
 In their eternal right;

Now human companies
 Renew their ruin'd wall,
 Fall'n man-as thou mak'st rise,
 Thou giv'st to angels that they shall not fall,
 By thee that prince of sin,
 That doth with mischief swell,
 Hath lost what he did win,
 And shall endungeon'd dwell;
 His spoils are made the prey,
 His phanes are sackt and torn,
 His altars raz'd away,
 And what ador'd was late now lies a scorn.
 These mansions pure and clear,
 Which are not made by hands,
 Which once by him joy'd were,
 And his (then not stain'd) bands
 (Now forfeit'd, dispossess'd,
 And headlong from them thrown)
 Shall Adam's heirs make blest,
 By Thee their great Redeemer made their own.
 O well-spring of this all,
 Thy fathers image vive,
 Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason, live;
 Whose work is, but to will,
 God's coeternal Son,
 Great banisher of ill,
 By none but Thee could these great deeds be
 done.

Now each ethereal gate,
 To Him hath opened been;
 And glory's king in state,
 His palace enters in;
 Now come is this high priest,
 In the most holy place,
 Not without blood address, [grace.
 With glory heaven, the earth to crown with
 Stars which all eyes were late,
 And did with wonder burn
 His name to celebrate,
 In flaming tongues them turn;
 Their orby crystals move
 More active than before,
 And entheate from above,
 Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The quires of happy souls,
 Wak'd with that music sweet,
 Whose descant care controuls,
 Their Lord in triumph meet;
 The spotless sp'rits of light
 His trophies do extol,
 And arch'd in squadrons bright,
 Greet their great victor in his capitol.
 O glory of the heaven,
 O sole delight of earth,
 To thee all power be given,
 God's uncreated birth;
 Of mankind lover true,
 Endurer of his wrong,
 Who dost the world renew;
 Still be thou our salvation and our song.
 From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
 When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

XXXII.

MORE oft than once, Death whisper'd in mine ear,
 Grave what thou hears in diamond and gold,

I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in dust their far-stretch'd pride up-
roll'd.

All, all, is mine beneath moon's silver sphere,
And nought, save virtue, can my power with-
hold :

This (not believ'd) experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors thou right use mightst make,
And a more sacred path of living take :
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow,
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.

331 *An Hymn on the Fairest Fair.*

I FEEL my bosom glow with wontless fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar press my mind aspires
(Wing'd with high thoughts) unto his praise to
climb,
From deep eternity who call'd forth time,
That essence, which not mov'd makes each thing
move,

Uncreate beauty, all-creating love ;
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My heart appall'd, enfeebled rests my sight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine :
If thou in me this sacred heat hast wrought,
My knowledge sharpen, parcels lend my thought :
Grant me (time's father, world-containing king)
A pow'r of thee in pow'rful lays to sing,
That as thy beauty in earth lives, heaven shines,
So it may dawn or shadow in my lines.

As far beyond the starry walls of heaven,
As is the loftiest of the planets seven
Sequester'd from this earth, in purest light
Out-shining ours, as ours doth fable night,
Thou all-sufficient Omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,
God various in names, in essence one,
High art installed on a golden throne,
Out-reaching heaven's wide bespangled vault,
Transcending all the circles of our thought,
With diamantine sceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world com-
mand,

This world of concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a ball lies prostrate at thy feet.

If so we may well say (and what we say
Here wrapt in flesh, led by dim reason's ray,
To show by earthly beauties which we see
That sp'ritual excellence that shines in thee,
Good Lord forgive) not far from thy right side,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide,
Rose-cheeked Youth who garlanded with flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto thee pours
Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old ;
And as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Successionless that thou be still the same.

Near to thy other side restless night,
From head to foot in burnisht armour bright,
That rings about him with a waving brand,
And watchful eye, great sentinel doth stand ;

That neither time nor force in ought impair
Thy workmanship, nor harm thine empire fair,
Soon to give death to all again that would,
Stern Discord raise which thou destroy'd of old,
Discord that foe to order, nurse of war,
By which the noblest things demolisht are,
But (caitiff) she no treason doth devise,
When Might to nought doth bring her enterprise ;
Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins,
And her to hell throws bound in iron chains.

With locks in waves of gold that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than snow,
Truth stedfastly before thee holds a glass,
Indent'd with gems, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be, here ere ought was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth
brought, [make,

And more, things numberless which thou could'st
That actually shall never being take ;
Here thou behold'st thyself, and (strange) dost
prove

At once the beauty, lover and the love.

With faces two (like sisters) sweetly fair ;
Whose blossoms no rough autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her looks disperse
Through every corner of this universe,
Thy Providence, at once which general things
And singular, doth rule as empires kings ;
Without whose care this world (lost) would re-
main,

As ship without a master in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of souls, whereby they be, live, move.

But who are they which shine thy throne so
near ?

With sacred countenance, and look severe,
This in one hand a pond'rous sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with balances of gold,
That with brows girt with bays, sweet-smiling face,
Doth bear a brandon, with an infant grace
Two milk-white wings him easily do move ;
O she thy Justice is, and this thy Love !
By this thou brought'st this engine great to light,
By that it fram'd in number, measure, weight,
That destine doth reward to ill and good ;
But sway of justice is by love withstood,
Which did it not relent and mildly stray,
This world ere now had found its funeral day

What bands (incluster'd) near to these abide,
Which into vast infinity them hide ?

Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it :
Here Bounty sparkleth, here doth Beauty shine,
Simplicity, more white than gelsomine,
Mercy with open wings, ay-varied bliss,
Glory, and Joy, that Bliss's darling is.

Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all free,
Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee ;
No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame ;
Ere sun, moon, stars began their restless race,
Ere painted was with light heaven's pure face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their
show'rs

Ere sea embraced earth, ere earth bare flow'rs,

Thou happy liv'dst; world nought to thee supply'd,
 All in thyself thy self thou satisfi'd:
 Of good no slender shadow doth appear,
 No age-worn track, in thee which shin'd not clear,
 Perfection's sun, prime cause of every cause,
 Midst, end, beginning where all good doth pause:
 Hence of thy substance, differing in nought,
 Thou in eternity thy Son forth brought,
 The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
 Thine image, pattern-like that ever shin'd,
 Light out of light, begotten not by will
 But nature, all and that same essence still
 Which thou thyself, for thou dost nought possess
 Which he hath not, in nought nor is he less
 Than thou his great begetter; of this light
 Eternal, double-kindled was thy spright
 Eternally; who is with thee the same,
 All-holy gift, ambassador, knot, flame:
 Most sacred Triad, O most holy One,
 Unprocreate Father, ever procreate Son,
 Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are, still
 shall be,

(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
 Uncomprehensible by reachless height,
 And unperceived by excessive light.
 So in our souls three and yet one are still,
 The understanding, memory, and will;
 So (though unlike) the planet of the days
 So soon as he was made, begat his rays,
 Which are his offspring, and from both was
 hurl'd,

The rosy light which consoles the world,
 And none fore-went another: So the spring,
 The well-head and the stream which they forth
 bring,

Are but one self-same essence, nor in ought
 Do differ, save in order, and our thought
 No chime of time discerns in them to fall,
 But three distinctly 'bide one essence all.
 But these express not thee: Who can declare
 Thy being? Men and angels dazzl'd are.
 Who would this Eden force with wit or sense,
 A cherubim shall find to bar him thence.

Great Architect, Lord of this Universe,
 That light is blinded would thy greatness pierce.
 Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
 Or Atlas temples crown'd with winter glass,
 The airy Caucasus, the Appenine,
 Pyrene's cliffs where sun doth never shine,
 When he some craggy hills hath over went,
 Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
 Till mounting some tall mountain he doth find,
 More heights before him than he left behind:
 With halting pace so while I would me raise
 To the unbounded limits of thy praise,
 Some part of way I thought to have o'er-run,
 But now I see how scarce I have begun,
 With wonders new my spirits range possessest,
 And wandering wayless in a maze them rest.

In these vast fields of light ethereal plains,
 Thou art attended by immortal trains
 Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou broughtst forth
 To praise thy goodness, and admire thy worth,
 In numbers passing other creatures far,
 Since most in number noblest creatures are,

Which do in knowledge us no less outrun,
 Than moon in light doth stars, or noon the sun,
 Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band,
 (If beauty in disparity doth stand)
 Arch-angels, angels, cherubs, seraphims,
 And what with name of thrones amongst them
 shines,

Large-ruling princes, dominations, pow'rs,
 All acting virtues of those flaming tow'rs;
 These freed of umbrage, these of labour free,
 Rest ravish'd with still beholding thee,
 Inflam'd with beams which sparkle from thy face,
 They can no more desire, far less embrace.

Low under them, with flow and staggering
 pace

Thy handmaid nature thy great steps doth trace,
 The source of second causes, golden chain
 That links this frame as thou doth it ordain;
 Nature gaz'd on with such a curious eye,
 That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.
 By nature led those bodies fair and great,
 Which faint not in their course, nor change their
 state,

Unintermixt, which no disorder prove,
 Though aye and contrary they always move,
 The organs of thy providence divine,
 Books ever open, signs that clearly shine,
 Time's purpled maskers, then do them advance,
 As by sweet music in a measur'd dance;
 Stars host of heaven, ye firmament's bright flow'rs,
 Clear lamps which overhang this stage of ours,
 Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
 Nor pageant like to please the vulgar sight;
 Great causes sure ye must bring great effects,
 But who can descant right your grave aspects?
 He only who you made decypher can
 Your notes: Heavens eyes, ye blind the eyes of
 man.

Amidst these sapphire far extending heights,
 The never twinkling, ever wandering lights,
 Their fixed motions keep, one dry and cold,
 Deep-lead-colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
 With rule and line for Time's steps metting even
 In twice three lustres he but turns his heaven.
 With temperate quality's and count'nance fair,
 Still mildly smiling sweetly debonaire:
 Another cheers the world, and way doth make
 In twice six autumns through the zodiac:
 But hot and dry with flaming locks and brows
 Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows:
 Together running with like speed, if space,
 Two equally in hands achieve their race,
 With blushing face this oft doth bring the day,
 And ushers oft to stately stars the way,
 That various in virtue, changing light,
 With his small flame impearls the vail of night,
 Prince of this court, the sun in triumph rides,
 With the year snake-like in herself that glides,
 Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
 Through sky's twelve posts as he doth run his
 course,

Heart of this all, of what is known to sense,
 The likeliest to his Maker's excellence,
 In whose diurnal motion doth appear
 A shadow, no true portrait of the year,

The moon moves lowest, silver sun of night,
Dispersing through the world her borrow'd light,
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change.

Sad queen of silence, I ne'er see thy face,
To wax, or wane, or shine with a full grace,
But straight (amaz'd) on man I think, each day
His state who changeth, or if he find stay,
It is in dreary anguish, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a thought
Lodge in my breast, as to trust thou first brought
Here in earth's shady cloister wretched man,
To suck the air of woe, to spend life's span
Midst sighs and plaints, a stranger unto mirth,
To give himself his death rebuking birth?
By sense and wit of creatures made king,
By sense and wit to live their underling?
And what is worst, have eagles eyes to see
His own disgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliss, the place, if he might thereto climb,
And not live thrall'd to imperious time?
Or (dotard) shall I so from reason swerve,
To dim those lights which to our use do serve,
(For thou dost not them need) more nobly fram'd
Than us that know their course, and have them
nam'd?

No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass
As far as they do asterisms of glass,
When thou us made, by treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first estate we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this earth, which is of death the lot,
Where he doth use the power which he hath got,
Indiff'rent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The supreme monarch of all mortal things.

When first this flow'ry orb was to us given,
It but in place disvalu'd was to heaven;
These creatures which now our sovereigns are,
And as to rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our vassals; no tumultuous storm,
No thunders, earthquakes, did her form deform,
The seas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moist crystal whisper'd on the shore,
No snake did trace her meads, nor ambush'd lurk
In azure curls beneath the sweet-spring flow'r;
The nightshade, henbane, nape, aconite,
Her bowels then not bare, with death to smite
Her guileless brood; thy messengers of grace,
As their high rounds did haunt this lower place;
O joy of joys! with our first parents thou
To commune then didst deign, as friends do now:
Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each creature rebelled against us,
Earth, rest of what did chief in her excel,
To all become a jail, to most a hell,
In Time's full term until thy Son was given,
Who man with thee, earth reconcil'd with heaven.

Whole and entire all in thyself thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part,
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy state admit,
Or place or substance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many, as the rays which stream
From day's bright lamp for madding wits do dream,

They would not reel in ought, nor wand'ring
stray,

But draw to thee, who could their centres stay;
Were but one hour this world disjoin'd from thee,
It in one hour to nought reduc'd should be,
For it thy shadow is, and can they last
If sever'd from the substances them cast?
O only blest, an author of all bliss,
No, bliss itself, that all where wished is,
Efficient, exemplary, final good,
Of thine own self but only understood;
Light is thy curtain, thou art light of light,
An ever-waking eye still shining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of passive pow'r,
And change, in change since death's pale shade
doth low'r:

All times to thee are one, that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act, what past, is, or to be;
Day-livers we remembrance do lose
Of ages worn, so miseries us toss
(Blind and lethargic of thy heavenly grace,
Which sin in our first parents did deface,
And even while embryos curst by justest doom)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come,
But thou in thy great archive scrolled hast
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble wheels of Time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same thy day and yesterday,
An undivided Now, a constant Ay.

O King whose greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless goodness doth to all extend,
Light of all beauty, ocean without ground,
That standing flowest, giving dost abound,
Rich palace, and indweller ever blest,
Never not working, ever yet in rest;
What wit cannot conceive, words say of thee,
Here where we as but in a mirror see,
Shadows of shadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owely-ey'd when staring on thy light;
Grant that released from this earthly jail,
And freed from clouds which here our knowledge
vail,

In heaven's high temples where thy praises ring,
In sweeter notes I may hear angels sing.

XXXIV.

GREAT God, whom we with humble thoughts
adore,

Eternal, Infinite, Almighty King, [before
Whose dwellings heaven transcend, whose throne
Archangels serve, and Seraphims do sing: [eyes
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring
We do behold within this spacious round,
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies,
At whose command clouds peals of thunder sound:
Ah! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
(Evil to ourselves) against thy laws rebel,
Wash off those spots which still in conscience glass
(Though we be loth to look) we see too well.
Deserv'd revenge, oh do not, do not take,
If thou revenge, who shall abide thy blow? [make,
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow:

What soul is found whom parents crime not stains?
Or what with its own sins defil'd is not?
Though Justice rigour threaten, yet her reins
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.

Less are our faults far far than is thy love,
O what can better seem thy grace divine,
Than they who plagues deserve, thy bounty prove,
And, where thou may'st show'r vengeance, there
to shine?

Then look and pity, pitying forgive
Us guilty slaves, or servants now in thrall,
Slaves, if, alas! thou look how we do live;
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all:
Of an ungrateful mind a foul effect;
But if thy gifts which largely heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd thou dost respect,
We are thy servants, nay, than servants more,
Thy children, yes, and children dearly bought.
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor worthless wights how lowly are we brought,
Whom Grace once children made, Sin hath made
slaves, [break?
Sin hath made slaves, but let those bands Grace
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear,
Thy wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak,
But thousand ways, they can make worlds thee
fear.

O Wisdom boundless! O mirac'lous Grace!
Grace, Wisdom which makes wink dim Reason's
eye, [place,
And could Heaven's King bring forth his placeless
On this ignoble stage of care to die:
To die our death, and with the sacred stream
Of blood and water gushing from his side,
To make us clean of that contagious blame,
First on us brought by our first parents pride.
Thus thy great love and pity (Heavenly King)
Love, pity which so well our loss prevent,
Of evil itself (lo!) could all goodness bring,
And sad beginning cheer with glad event.
O Love and Pity! ill known of those times,
O Love and Pity! careful of our need,
O Bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes
(Grown numberless) contend near to exceed.
Make this excessive ardour of thy love,
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wisdom our will, Faith may our wit subdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,
Hell's candy'd poison killing our best part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust,
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.

Grant when at last our souls these bodies leave,
Their loathsome shops of sin and mansions blind,
And doom before thy royal seat receive,
A Saviour more than Judge they thee may find.

XXXV. *The Shadow of the Judgment.*

Above those boundless bounds where stars do move,
The cieling of the crystal round above,
And rainbow-sparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each undersphere,
In a rich mansion radiant with light,
To which the sun is scarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet so pure is fram'd,
That almost spiritual it may be nam'd;

Where bliss aboundeth, and a lasting May
All pleasures height'ning flourisheth for ay,
The King of ages dwells. About his throne
(Like to these beams day's golden lamp hath on)
Angelic splendours glance, more swift than ought
Reveal'd to sense, nay than the winged thought,
His will to practise: here do Seraphims
Burn with immortal love, there Cherubims
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the sun, delight their flight:
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which (freed of death) that cloister high em-
bowers,

Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Blest subjects acting what their king commands;
Sweet quiriſters, by whose melodious strains
Skies dance, and earth untir'd their brawl sustains.
Mixed among whose sacred legions dear
The spotless souls of humans do appear,
Divesting bodies which did cares divest,
And there live happy in eternal rest. [noy,

Hither furcharg'd with grief, fraught with an-
(Sad spectacle into that place of joy)
Her hair disordered dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace,
The crimson mantle wont her to adorn
Cast loose about, and in large pieces torn.
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eea
Along her cheeks distilling crystal brine,
Which downward to her ivory breast was driven,
And had bedewed the milky-way of Heaven,
Came Piety: At her left hand near by
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whose tender babes her snowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip;
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did
glow,

But late look pale (a poor and ruthful show!)
She sobbing shrunk the throne of God before,
And thus began her case to him deplore.

Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate, to whom should I
My refuge have, below or in the sky,
But unto thee? See (All-beholding King
That servant, no, that darling thou didst bring
On earth, lost man to save from hell's abime,
And raise unto these regions above time;
Who made thy name so truly be implor'd,
And by the reverend soul so long ador'd,
Her banish'd now see from these lower bounds,
Behold her garments shreds her body's wounds:
Look how her sister Charity there stands,
Proscrib'd on earth, all maim'd by wicked hands:
Mischiefs there mounts to such an high degree,
That there, now none is left that cares for me.
There dwells Idolatry, there Atheism reigns,
There man in dumb, yet roaring, sins him stains;
So foolish, that he puppets will adore
Of metal, stone, and birds, beasts, trees, before
He once will to thy holy service bow,
And yield thee homage: Ah, alas! yet now
To those black spirits which thou dost keep in
chains:

He vows obedience, and with shameful pains
Infernal horrors courts; case fond and strange?
To bane than bliss desiring more the change.

'Thy Charity, of graces once the chief,
 Did long time find in hospitals relief,
 Which now lie levell'd with the lowest ground,
 Where sad memorials scarce are of them found.
 Then (vagabonding) temples her receiv'd,
 Where my poor cells afforded what she crav'd;
 But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
 Those places stains, late where thy altars stood:
 Times are so horrid, to implore thy name
 That it is held now on the earth a blame.
 Now doth the warrior, with his dart and sword,
 Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word;
 Religion, faith pretending to make known,
 All have all faith, religion quite o'erthrown,
 Men awless, lawless live (most woful case)
 Men, no more men, a God-contemning race.

Scarce had she said, when from the nether world,
 (Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
 That scores with flames the way, and every eye
 With terror dazzles as it swimmeth by)
 Came Justice; to whom angels did make place,
 And Truth her flying footsteps straight did trace.
 Her sword was lost, the precious weights she bare
 Their beam had torn, scales rudely bruised were;
 From off her head was rest her golden crown,
 In rags her veil was rent, and star-spangl'd gown,
 Her tear-wet locks hang'd o'er her face, which
 made

Between her and the mighty King a shade;
 Just wrath had rais'd her colour (like the morn)
 Portending clouds moist embryo's to be born)
 Of which, she taking leave, with heart-swoln great,
 Thus strove to 'plain before the throne of state.

Is not the earth thy workmanship (great King)
 Didst thou not all this all from nought once bring
 To this rich beauty which doth on it shine:
 Bestowing on each creature of thine
 Some shadow of thy bounty? Is not man
 Thy vassal, plac'd to spend his life's short span
 To do thee homage? And then didst not thou
 A queen install me there, to whom should bow
 Thy earth's indwellers, and to this effect
 Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
 Now wretched earthlings, to thy great disgrace,
 Perverted have my pow'r, and to deface
 All reverend tracts of justice; now the earth
 Is but a frame of shame, a funeral hearth,
 Where every virtue hath consumed been,
 And nought, (no not their dust) rests to be seen,
 Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chased me,
 Expell'd at last, here I have fled to thee,
 And forthwith rather would to hell repair,
 Than earth, since Justice execute is there.
 All live on earth by spoil, the host his guest
 Betrays, the man of her lies in his breast
 Is not assured; the son the father's death
 Attempts, and kindred kindred reave of breath
 By lurking means, of such age few makes sick,
 Since hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic,
 Whom murders, foul assassins defile,
 Most who the harmless innocents beguile;
 Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
 Is held most virtuous, hath a worthy's name;
 So on embolden'd Malice they rely,
 That (madding) thy great puissance they defy:

First man resembl'd thy portrait, soil'd by smoke
 Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
 Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
 An aged lady in a heavy mood)
 Doth break her staff, denying human race
 To come of her, things born to her disgrace!
 The dove the dove, the swan doth love the swan,
 Nought so relentless unto man as man.
 O! if thou mad'st this world, govern'st it all,
 Deserved vengeance on the earth let fall;
 The period of her standing perfect is,
 Her hour-glass not a minute short doth miss.
 The end (O Lord!) is come, then let no more
 Mischief still triumph, bad the good devour;
 But of thy word since constant, true thou art,
 Give good their guerdon, wicked due desert.

She said: Throughout the shining palace went
 A murmur soft, such as afar is sent
 By musked zephyr's sighs along the main,
 Or when they curl some flow'ry lee and plain;
 One was their thought, one their intention, will,
 Nor could they err, Truth there residing still:
 All (mov'd with zeal) as one with cries did pray,
 Hasten, (O Lord!) O hasten the last day.

Look how a generous prince when he doth hear
 Some loving city, and to him most dear,
 Which went with gifts and shows him entertain,
 (And, as a father's did obey his reign)
 A rout of slaves and rascal foes to wreck
 Her buildings overthrow, her riches sack,
 Feels vengeful flames within his bosom burn,
 And a just rage all respects overturn:
 So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
 Mansion of saints, deflowered all by sin,
 And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath;
 The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath.
 Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
 Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
 The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
 The earth, and earth-embracing sea, did shake:
 Carmel and Hæmus felt it, Athos tops
 Affrighted shrunk, and near the Æthiops
 Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
 And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
 Then to the synod of the sp'its he swore,
 Man's care should end, and time should be no
 more;

By his own self he swore of perfect worth,
 Straight to perform his word sent angels forth.

There lies an island where the radiant sun,
 When he doth to the northern tropics run,
 Of six long months makes one tedious day,
 And when through southern signs he holds his way,
 Six months turneth in one loathsome night
 (Night neither here is fair, nor day hot bright,
 But half white and half more) where sadly clear
 Still coldly glance the beams of either bear,
 The frosty Groen-land. On the lonely shore
 The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,
 And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
 Casts various rainbows, which in froth he chokes;
 Gulfs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
 Than Nilus cataraacts more vast and deep,
 To the wild land beneath to make a shade,
 A mountain listeth up his crested head:

His locks are ice-shockles, his brows are snow,
 Yet, from his burning bowels deep below,
 Comets, far-flaming pyramids are driven,
 And pitchy meteors, to the cope of heaven,
 No summer here the lovely grass forth brings,
 Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypress springs.
 Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the air,
 By human voice was never waken'd here:
 In stead of night's blackbird, and plaintful owl,
 Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
 A mouth yawns in this height so black obscure
 With vapours that no eye it can endure:
 Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
 Such fable damps, though they be hideous black;
 Stern horrors here eternally do dwell,
 And this gulf destine for a gate to hell,
 Forth from this place of dread (earth to appal)
 Three furies rushed at the angel's call.
 One with long tresses doth her visage mask,
 Her temples clouding in a horrid cask,
 Her right hand swings a brandon in the air,
 Which flames, and terror hurleth every where
 Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a shield,
 Where Gorgon's head looks grim in fable field:
 Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair stills blood,
 Blood trills from either pap, and where she stood
 Blood's liquid coral sprang her feet beneath;
 Where she doth stretch her arm is blood and death.

Her Stygian head no sooner she uprears,
 When earth of swords, helms, lances, straight ap-
 pears

To be delivered, and from out her womb
 In flame-wing'd thunders artillery doth come,
 Floods silver streams do take a blushing dye,
 The plains with breathless bodies buried lie;
 Rage, wrong, rape, sacrilege do her attend,
 Fear, discord, wreck, and woes which have no end:
 Town is by town, and prince by prince withstood,
 Earth turns an hideous shamble, a lake of blood.

The next with eyes, sunk hollow in her brains,
 Lean face, snarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
 Her dry'd-up bones scarce covered with her skin,
 Bewraying that strange structure built within
 Thigh-bellyless, most ghastly to the sight,
 A wasted skeleton resembleth right.

Where she doth roam in air, faint do the birds,
 Yawn do earth's ruthless brood and harmless herds,
 The woods wild forragers do howl and roar,
 The humid swimmers die along the shore;
 In towns, the living do the dead up-eat,
 Then die themselves, alas! and wanting meat;
 Mothers not spare the birth of their own wombs,
 But turn those nests of life to fatal tombs.

Last did a saffron-colour'd hag come out,
 With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
 With dusky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
 Her breath with stinking fumes the air bespread,
 In either hand she held a whip, whose wires,
 Still'd poison, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
 (Relentless) she each state, sex, age defiles,
 Earth streams with gores, burns with envenom'd
 boils;

Where she repairs, towns do in deserts turn,
 The living have no pause the dead to mourn,

The friend (ah!) dares not lock the dying eyes
 Of his belov'd, the wife the husband flies;
 Men basilisks to men prove, and by breath
 Than lead or steel bring worse and swifter death:
 No cypress, obsequies, no tomb they have,
 The sad heaven mostly serves them for a grave.

These over earth tumultuously do run,
 South, north, from rising to the setting sun;
 They sometime part, yet than the winds more fleet,
 Forthwith together in one place they meet.
 Great quinsy ye it know, Sufania's pride,
 And you where stately Tiber's streams do glide,
 Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
 And where Euripus seven-fold tide doth flow:
 Ye know it empresses on Thames, Rhosne, Seine,
 And ye fair queens by Tagus, Danube, Rhine,
 Though they do scour the earth, roam far and
 large,

Not thus content the angels leave their charge:
 We of her wreck these slender signs may name,
 By greater they the judgment do proclaim.

This centre's centre with a mighty blow
 One bruileth, whose crack'd concaves louder low,
 And rumble, than if all th' artillery
 On earth discharg'd at once were in the sky;
 Her surface shakes, her mountains in the main
 Turn topsy turvy, of heights making plain:
 Towns them ingulf, and late where towers did
 stand,

Now nought remaineth but a waste of sand:
 With turning eddies seas sink under ground,
 And in their floating depths are vallies found;
 Late where with foamy crests, waves tilted waves,
 Now fishy bottoms shine and mossy caves.

The mariner casts an amazed eye
 On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
 Yet can he see no shore; but whilst he thinks,
 What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,
 The streams rush back again with storming tide,
 And now his ships on crystal mountains glide,
 Till they be hurl'd far beyond seas and hope,
 And settle on some hill or palace top;
 Or by triumphant surges overdriven, [heaven.
 Show earth their entrails, and their keels the
 Skies cloudy tables some do paint with fights
 Of armed squadrons, jostling steeds and knights,
 With shining crosses, judge, and sapphire throne,
 Arraigned criminals to howl and groan,
 And plaints send forth, are heard: New worlds
 seen shine

With other suns and moons, false stars decline,
 And dive in seas; red comets warm the air,
 And blaze, as other worlds were judged there.
 Others the heavenly bodies do displace,
 Make sun his sister's stranger steps to trace;
 Beyond the course of spheres he drives his coach,
 And near the cold Arcturus doth approach;
 The Scythian amaz'd is at such beams,
 The Mauritanian to see icy streams;
 The shadow which erewhile turn'd to the west,
 Now wheels about, then reeleth to the east:
 New stars above the eighth heaven sparkle clear,
 Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars's sphere,
 Shrunk nearer earth, all blacken'd now and brown,
 In mask of weeping clouds appears the moon,

There are no seasons, autumn, summer, spring,
All are stern winter, and no birth forth bring :
Red turns the sky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the judge with purple robe,

At first (entranc'd) with sad and curious eyes,
Earth's pilgrims stare on those strange prodigies :
The star-gazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no skill can prove
The firmament's stay'd firmness. They which
dream

An everlastingness in world's vast frame, [wreck,
Think well some region where they dwell may
But that the whole, nor time nor force can shake ;
Yet (frantic) muse to see heaven's stately lights,
Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Vasts of the sea and empires of land,
Repine to see their countries overthrown,
And find no fee their fury to make known :
Alas (say they) what boots our toils and pains
Of care on earth is this the furthest gains ?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate,
O no ! to blast our pride the heavens do threat :
In dust now must our greatness buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die.
As more and more the warning signs increase,
Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace ;
From out their grandame earth they fain would fly ;
But whither know not, heavens are far and high ;
Each would bewail and mourn his own distress,
But public cries do private tears suppress,
Laments, plaints, shrieks of woe disturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.

Amidst this mass of cruelty and flights,
This galley full of God-despising wights,
This jail of sin and shame, this filthy stage
Where all act folly, misery, and rage ;
Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for hell,
Those numbers which no Archimede can tell,
A silly crew did lurk, a harmless route
Wand'ring the earth, which God had chosen out
To live with him (few roses which did blow
Among those weeds earth's garden overgrow ;
A dew of gold still'd on earth's sandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which shine)
By purple tyrants which puriu'd and chas'd,
Liv'd recluses, in lonely islands plac'd ;
Or did the mountains haunt, and forests wild,
Which they than towns more harmless found and
mild :

Where many an hymn they to their Maker's praise,
Teach'd groves and rocks, which did resound their
lays.

Nor sword, nor famine, nor plague-poisoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the sad disorder of this All,
Could this small handful of the world appal ;
But as the flow'r, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in sap uproll'd,
So soon as the great planet of the year
Begins the twins dear mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A spring of beauty and delight doth yield :
So at those signs and apparitions strange,
Their thoughts, looks, gestures, did begin to change,

Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns music, in their eyes doth glance.

What can (say they) these changes else portend,
Of this great frame, save the approaching end ?
Past are the signs, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower,
Burn shall this mortal mass amidst the air,
Of divine justice turn'd a trophy fair ;
Near is the last of days, whose light embalms
Past griefs, and all our stormy cares becalms.
O happy day ! O cheerful holiday !
Which night's sad fables shall not take away !
Farewell complaints, and ye yet doubtful thought
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time
fought,

Wip'd from our eyes now shall be every tear,
Sighs stopt, since our salvation is so near.
What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
Earth's chosen bands to join with those of heaven ;
Now noble souls a guerdon just shall find,
And rest and glory be in one combin'd ;
Now, more than in a mirror, by these cynes,
Even face to face our Maker shall be seen :
O welcome wonder of the soul and sight !
O welcome object of all true delight !
Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all past toils to reap the dear effect :
Since thou art just, perform thy holy word,
O come still hop'd-for, come long wish'd-for, Lord.

While thus they pray, the heavens in flames ap-
pear,
As if they show fires elemental sphere,
The earth seems in the sun, the welkin gone,
Wonder all hushes ; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
Than deaf'ning thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangour quakes,
Immur'd with flames, earth in a palsy shakes,
And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and mustereth into human shapes :
Hell bursts, and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd,
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold and the electar bright,
Ushering the way still where the Judge should
move,

In radiant rainbows vault the skies above ;
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And beaming glory shows the *King of Heaven*.

What Persian prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering squadrons crown'd,
Ent'ring a breached city, where conspire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire ;
Where cuted carcasses quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunt the reeking steel,
Resembleth now the ever-living King ?
What face of Troy which doth with yelling ring,
And Grecian flames transported in the air,
What dreadful spectacle of Carthage fair ;
What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wreck,
Or of Numantia the hideous sack,
Or these together shown, the image, face
Can represent of earth, and painful case ;

The English Works, P. L. II. 10.

Which must lie smoking in the world's vast
womb,

And to itself both fuel be and tomb?

Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering Emperor of Time
Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant
balms,

And every hill, and Colin crowns with palms;

Where incense sweats, where weeps the precious
myrrh,

And cedars overtop the pine and fir,
Near where the aged Phoenix, tir'd of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death:
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth,

[The rest is wanting.]

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING:

*A Panegyric to the High and Mighty Prince James, King of Great Britain, France
and Ireland.*

To his Sacred Majesty.

If in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph (great King) doth come to thee so
near

That thy harmonious ears her accents hear;
Give pardon to her hoarse and lowly song:
Fain would she trophies to thy virtues rear;
But for this stately task she is not strong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong,
Yet as she could she makes thy worth appear.

So in a map is shown this flow'ry place;
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand
With heaven and blazing stars doth Atlas stand,
So drawn by charcoal is Narcissus face:

She like the morn may be to some bright sun,
The day to perfect that's by her begun.

WHAT blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deep,
And seem to call me from my wat'ry court?
What melody? what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each neighbouring spring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring?
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And (full of wonder) overlook the land?
Whence comes these glitt'ring throngs, these me-
teors bright,

This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love, arise?
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake? or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain;
My much beloved prince is come again;
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun doth roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights
Fair Helen's brothers show their cheering lights:

VOL. IV.

So comes Arabia's wonders from her woods,
And far far off is seen by Memphis floods,
The feather'd Sylvans, cloud-like by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky,
Nile marvels, Seraph's priests (entranced) rave,
And in Mydonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let Mother Earth now deck'd with flow'rs be
seen: [green,

And sweet breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows
Let Heaven weep rubies in a crimson show'r,
Such as on Indies shores they use to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-ey'd maid was
born.

May never hours the web of day outweave,
May never night rise from her fable cave.
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you my nymphs, rise from your moist repair;
Strow all your springs and grotts with lilies fair:
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
What e'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Granipius mists, or Ochel's
snows:

Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Drees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Neverne, which doth see our longest day;
Nefs smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains
crown'd

Strange Lowmond for his floating isles renown'd:
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Air,
The snaky Dun, the Ore with rusky hair,
The crystal streaming Nid, loud bellowing Clyde,
Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
Rank-swelling Annan, hid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names,
To ev'ry one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests;

U u

And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
 Bid them bid sea gods keep this festival;
 This day shall by our currents be renown'd,
 Our hills about shall still this day resound;
 Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
 Let us with it henceforth begin our year. [rain;
 To virgins, flow'rs; to sun-burnt earth, the
 To mariners fair winds amidst the main,
 Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
 Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.
 That day (dear prince) which robb'd us of thy sight,
 [Day, no, but darkness and a dusky night]
 Did fill our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
 Turn'd minutes to sad months, sad months to years,
 Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flow'rs,
 Brooks hid their heads within their sedge bow'rs,
 Fair Ceres curst our fields with barren frost,
 As if again she had her daughter lost:
 The muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
 Sat sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs.
 You know it, meads; your murmuring woods it
 know,

Hills, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe;
 And you it know, my streams, which from their
 een

Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearly brine;
 O Naiad's dear (said they) Napeas fair,
 O nymphs of trees, nymphs which on hills repair.
 Gone are those maiden glories, gone that state,
 Which made all eyes admire our bliss of late.
 As looks the Heaven when never star appears,
 But slow and weary shroud them in their spheres,
 While Titon's wife embosom'd by him lies,
 And world doth languish in a dreary guise:
 As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd,
 As woods in winter by rough Boreas foil'd,
 As portraits raz'd of colours us'd to be:
 So look'd these abject bounds depriv'd of thee.

While as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
 They did not envy Tiber's haughty streams,
 Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
 Nor clear Hydaspes which on pearls doth roar,
 Nor golden Gange that sees the sun new born,
 Nor Achelous with his flow'ry horn,
 Nor floods which near Elysian fields do fall:
 For why? thy sight did serve to them for all.
 No place there is so desert, so alone,
 Even from the frozen to the torrid zone,
 From flaming Hecla to great Quinsy's lake,
 Which thy abode could not most happy make;
 All those perfections which by bounteous Heaven
 To divers worlds in divers times were given,
 The starry senate pow'r'd at once on thee,
 That thou exemplar might'st to others be,

Thy life was kept till the Three Sisters spun
 Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
 With chequer'd clouds when skies do look most
 fair,

And no disorder'd blasts disturb the air,
 When lilies do them deck in azure gowns;
 And new-born roses blush with golden crowns,
 To prove how calm we under thee should live,
 What Halcyonian days thy reign should give,
 And to two flow'ry diadems thy right;
 The heavens thee made a partner of the light.

Scarce wast thou born, when join'd in friendly
 bands

Two mortal foes with other clasped hands; [grace
 With Virtue Fortune strove, which most mould
 Thy place for thee, thee for so high a place,
 One vow'd thy sacred breast not to forsake,
 The other on thee not to turn her back;
 And that thou more her loves effects might'st feel,
 For thee she left her globe, and broke her wheel.

When years thee vigour gave, O then how clear
 Did smothered sparkles in bright flames appear!
 Amongst the woods to force the flying hart,
 To pierce the mountain wolf with feather'd dart;
 See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
 Outrun the wind-out-running Dædale hare
 To breathe thy fiery steed on every plain,
 And in meand'ring gyres him bring again,
 The press thee making place, and vulgar things,
 In Admiration's air, on Glory's wings;
 O! thou far from the common pitch didst rise,
 With thy designs to dazzle Envy's eyes:
 Thou fought'st to know this All's eternal source,
 Of ever-turning heaven the restless course, [run,
 Their fixed lamps, their lights which wand'ring
 Whence moon her silver hath, his gold the sun,
 If Fate there be or no, if planets can
 By fierce aspects force the free will of man;
 The light aspiring fire, the liquid air,
 The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
 Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow,
 Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail, and snow,
 The roaring elements, with people dumb,
 The earth with what conceiv'd is in her womb.
 What on her moves were set unto thy sight,
 Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might,
 But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain,
 As to be read in man, and learn to reign:
 To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
 To spare the humble, proud ones tumble down.
 When from those piercing cares which thrones
 invest,

As thorns the rose, thou weary'd would'st thee [rest,
 With lure in hand, full of celestial fire,
 To the Pierian groves thou didst retire:
 There garlanded with all Urania's flow'rs,
 In sweeter lays than builded Thebes tow'rs,
 Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
 Or which did call Eurydice again,
 Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
 Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear.
 The god with golden hair the sister maids,
 Did leave their Helicon, and Tempe's shades,
 To see thine isle, here lost their native tongue,
 And in thy world-divided language sung.

Who of thine after age can count the deeds,
 With all that Fame in Time's huge annals reads,
 How by example more than any law,
 This people fierce thou didst to goodness draw;
 How while the neighbour worlds (toss'd by the
 Fates)

So many Phaetons had in their states. [thrones,
 Which turn'd to heedless flames their burnish'd
 Thou (as enspher'd) kept'st temperate thy zones;
 In Afric shores the sands that ebb and flow,
 The shady leaves on Arden's trees that grow;

He sure may count, with all the waves that meet
To wash the Mauritanian Atlas feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a king by
birth,

Thy worth deserves the richest crown on earth
Search this half sphere, and the Antarctic ground,
Where is such wit and bounty to be found?
As into silent night, when near the bear,
The virgin huntress shines at full most clear,
And strives to match her brother's golden light,
The host of stars doth vanish in her sight,
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the lion's ire,
Po burns no more with Phaetontal fire:
Orion faints to see his arms grow black,
And that his flaming sword he now doth lack:
So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
Lose all their lustre parallel'd with thee,
By just descent thou from more kings dost shine,
Then many can name men in all their line:
What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou scornest, orient gems, and flatter'ing gold;
Esteeming treasure surer in men's breasts,
Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in chests;
No stormy passions do disturb thy mind,
No mists of greatness ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meek? thou life didst give
To them who did repine to see thee live;
What prince by goodness hath such kingdoms
gain'd?

Who hath so long his people's peace maintain'd?
Their swords are turn'd to scythes, to culcers
spears,

Some giant post their antic armour bears:
Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton swain sits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder scorn,
The gawdy huntsman winds his shrill-tun'd horn:
Her green locks Ceres doth to yellow die,
The pilgrim safely in the shade doth lie,
Both Pan and Pales careless keep their flocks,
Seas have no dangers save the winds and rocks:
Thou art this isle's Palladium, neither can
(Whiles thou dost live) it be o'erthrown by man.

Let others boast of blood and spoils of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, hliads of woes,
Of hated pomp, and trophies reared fair,
Gore-spangled ensigns streaming in the air,
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gaditan and foldier of Aurora,
Unhappy boasting! to enlarge their bounds,
That charge themselves with cares, their friends
with wounds,

Who have no law to their ambitious will,
But man-plagues) born are human blood to spill:
Thou a true victor art, sent from above
What others strain by force, to gain by love,
World-wand'ring Fame this praise to thee imparts,
To be the only monarch of all hearts.

They many fear who are of many fear'd,
And kingdoms got by wrongs, by wrongs are
tear'd;

Such thrones as blood doth raise, blood throweth
No guard so sure as love unto a crown.

Eye of our western world, Mars-daunting king,
With whose renown the earth's seven climates ring,

Thy deeds not only claim these diadems,
To which Thame, Liffy, Tay, subject their streams:
But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
All that the planet of the year doth view;
Sure if the world above did want a prince
The world above to it would take thee hence.

That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That honour more than riches men respect,
That worthiness than gold doth more effect,
That Piety unmasked shows her face,
That Innocency keeps with Power her place,
That long-exil'd Astraea leaves the Heaven, [even.
And turneth right her sword, her weights holds
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
That daily, Peace, Love, Truth, delights increase,
And Discord, Hate, Fraud, with Incumber's, cease,
That men use strength not to shed others blood,
But use their strength now to do others good;
That Fury is enchain'd, disarmed Wrath,
That (save by Nature's hand) there is no death,
That late grim foes, like brothers other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmless dove,
That wolves with lambs do friendship entertain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
That towns increase, that ruin'd temples rise,
That their wind-moving vanes do kiss the skies,
That Ignorance and Sloth hence run away,
That bury'd Arts now rouse them to the day,
That Hyperion far beyond his bed

Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread;
That Iber courts us, Tyber not us charms;
That Rhine with hence-brought beams his bosom
warms;

That ill doth fear, and good doth us maintain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign,

O Virtue's pattern, glory of our times,
Sent of past days to expiate the crimes,
Great King, but better far than thou art great,
Whom state not honours, but who honours state,
By wonder born, by wonder first install'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd;
Young kept by wonder from home-bred alarms,
Old sav'd by wonder from pale traitors harms,
To be for this thy reign, which wonders brings,
A king of wonder, wonder unto kings.
If Piet, Dane, Norman, thy smooth yoke had seen.
Piet, Dane, and Norman had thy subjects been;
If Brutus knew the bliss thy rule doth give,
Even Brutus joy would under thee to live,
For thou thy people dost so dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.

O days to be desir'd! Age happy thrice!
If you your heaven-sent good could duly prize;
But we (half palsy sick) think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our sight,
Prize only summer's sweet and musked breath,
When armed winters threaten us with death,
In pallid sickness do esteem of health,
And by sad poverty discern of wealth:
I see an age when after some few years,
And revolutions of the slow-pac'd spheres,
These days shall be 'bove other far esteem'd,
And like Augustus palmy reign be deem'd.

U u ij

Wit Octobers 1696

C. 935

The names of Arthur, fabulous Paladines,
 Grav'n in Time's furly brows, in wrinkled lines,
 Of Henreys, Edwards, famous for their fights,
 Their neighbour conquests, orders new of knights,
 Shall by this Prince's name be past as far
 As meteors are by the Idalian star.

If gray-hair'd Proteus songs the truth not miss,
 And gray-hair'd Proteus oft a prophet is,
 There is a land hence distant many miles,
 Outreaching fiction and Atlantic isles, [name,
 Which (homelings) from this little world we
 That shall emblazon with strange rites his fame,
 Shall rear him statues all of purest gold,
 Such as men gave unto the gods of old,
 Name by him temples, palaces, and towns,
 With some great river, which their fields renouns:
 This is that king who should make right each wrong,
 Of whom the bards and mystic Sibyls sung,
 The man long promis'd, by whose glorious reign,
 This isle should yet her ancient name regain,
 And more of fortunate deserve the style, [smile.
 Than those where heavens with double summers

Run on (Great Prince) thy course in glory's
 way,

The end the life, the evening crowns the day;
 Heap worth on worth, and strongly soar above
 Those heights which made the world thee first to
 love:

Surmount thyself, and make thine actions past
 Be but as gleams or lightnings of thy last,
 Let them exceed those of thy younger time,
 As far as autumn doth the flow'ry prime. [eye,
 Through this thy empire range, like world's bright
 That once each year surveys all earth, and sky,
 Now glances on the flow and resty bears,
 Then turns to dry the weeping Auster's tears,
 Hurries to both the poles, and moveth even
 In the figur'd circle of the heaven:
 O long long haunt these bounds, which by thy fight
 Have now regain'd their former heat and light.
 Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
 Here meadows stretch them out with painted pride,
 Embroid'ring all the banks, here hills aspire
 To crown their heads with the ethereal fire,
 Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
 Which never friends did flight, nor sword made
 thralls;

Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
 Men here (in health) outlive old Nestor's days:
 Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,
 Bound in our caves, with many metall'd chains,

Bulls haunt our shades like Leda's lover white,
 Which yet might breed Pefiphæe delight,
 Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which for sport
 Endymion of old the moon did court,
 High-palmed harts amidst our forests run,
 And, not impal'd, the deep-mouth'd hounds do
 shun;

The rough-foot hare safe in our bushes shrouds,
 And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidst our
 clouds.

The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,
 Blue, golden, purple flow'rs shall to thee bring,
 Pomona's fruits the Panisks, Thetis girls,
 The Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls;
 The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,
 Shall give thee what far distant shores can yield,
 The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems,
 Vast Plato's silver, gold of Peru streams,
 Antarctic parrots, Ethiopian plumes,
 Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes:
 And I myself wrapt in a watchet gown
 Of reeds and lilies, on mine head a crown,
 Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,
 And yearly sing due Pæans to thy praise.

Ah! why should Isis only see thee shine?
 Is not thy Forth, as well as Isis thine?
 Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in
 store,

Let it suffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
 Though she for beauty may compare with Seine,
 For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial Rhine,
 Yet for the title may be claim'd in thee,
 Nor she, nor all the world can match with me.
 Now when (by honour drawn) thou shalt away
 To her already jealous of thy stay,
 When in her amorous arms she doth thee fold,
 And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
 Much asking of thy fare, much of thy sport,
 Much of thine absence, long, how e'er so short,
 And chides (perhaps) thy coming to the north,
 Lothe not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
 O love these bounds, where of thy royal stem
 More than an hundred wore a diadem.
 So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
 So never time may see thy race outworn,
 So of thine own still may'st thou be desir'd,
 Of strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
 So Memory thee praise, so precious hours
 May character thy name in starry flow'rs;
 So may thy high exploits at last make even,
 With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven.

S P E E C H E S

*To the High and Excellent Prince Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,
at his entering his City of Edinburgh: Delivered from the Pageants, June 15th, 1633.*

I. *The Speech of Caledonia, representing the Kingdom.*

THE heavens have heard our vows, our just desires
Obtained are, no higher now aspires
Our wishing thought, since to his native clime
The flower of princes, honour of his time,
Enchearing all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
(As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams)
Is come, and radiant to us in his train
The golden age and virtues brings again;
Prince so much longed for, how thou becalm'st
Mind's caseless anguish, every care embalm'st
With the sweet odours of thy presence: now
In swelling tides joys every where do flow
By thine approach, and that the world may see
What unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who since that day
That ruthless fate thy parent rest away,
And made a star, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.

Hail princes Phœnix, monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of Love and Justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive; to thee this crown
Is due by birth; but more, it is thine own
By just desert; and ere another brow [should flow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcases of slain,
This isle become a Red Sea: now how sweet
Is it to me when Love and Laws thus meet
To wreath thy temples with this diadem,
My nurselings sacred fear, and dearest gem:
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad alarms
Could this acquire and keep; the heavens in arms
From us repel all perils, nor by wars
Ought here was won, or gaping wounds and scars,
Our Lion's Clymaeric now is past,
And crown'd with bays, he rampeth free at last.

Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians sold;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd halls,
Nor Memphis spires, nor Quinzays arched frames
Captiving seas, and giving lands their names:
Faith (milk white faith), of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell,
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here banish'd Honour bears them company,
A Mars-adoring brood is here, their wealth,
Sound minds, and bodies of as sound a health;
Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,

Doth guard this isle, or all those forts and tow'rs
Amphion's harp rais'd about Ithebe's bow'rs,
Heavens arch is oft their roofs, the pleasant shade
Of oak and plain oft serves them for a bed;
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,
Rivers o'ercome, the wastest lakes appal,
(Being to themselves, oars, steerers, ship and all)
Is their renown; a brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace;
Yet the firm base on which their glory stands,
In peace true hearts, in wars is valiant hands,
Which here (great King) they offer up to thee,
Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree:
Though it be much to come of princely stem
More is it to deserve a diadem.

Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish'd here with us,
To think my thoughts, and see what I do see,
A prince all gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine,
Of virtues (like the stars about the pole
Gilding the night) enlight'neth every soul,
Your sceptre sways; a prince born in this age
To guard the innocents from tyrants rage,
To make peace proper, justice to resflow'r,
In desert Hamlet, as in lordly bow'r;
A prince, that though of none he stands in awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own law,
Who joys in good, and still, as right directs,
His greatness measures by his good effects,
His people's pedestal, who rising high
To grace his throne, makes Scotland's name to
fly

On Halcyons wings (her glory which restores)
Beyond the ocean to Columbus shores:
God's sacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more,
High value what you hold, him deep engrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have:
For as Moon's splendour from her brother springs,
The people's welfare streameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O love this prince with an eternal love.

Pray that those crowns his ancestors did wear,
His temples long (more orient) may bear,
That good he reach by sweetness of his sway,
That even his shadow may the bad afraid;
That heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatness grow,
That your begun felicities may last,
That no Orion do with storms them blast,

That victory his brave exploits attend,
East, west, or south, where he his force shall bend;
Till his great deeds all former deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimrod of the Hellespont:
That when his well-spent care all care becalms,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palms;
And rearing up fair trophies, that heavens may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

II. *The Song of the Muses at Parnassus.*

At length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richest robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

Here could thy prince still stay,
Each month should turn to May;
We need not star nor sun,
Save him, to lengthen days and joys begun:
Sorrow and night to far climes haste away.

Now Majesty and Love
Combin'd are from above,
Prince never sceptre sway'd,
Lov'd subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst Heaven's great orbs do
move.

Joys did you always last,
Life's spark you soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet delight,
As day is shadowed by sable night,
Yet shall remembrance keep you still when past.

III. *The Speeches at the Horoscopal Pageant by the Planets.*

Endymion.

Rous'd from the Latmian cave, where many years
That empress of the lowest of the sphere,
Who cheers the night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in beauty as the morning rose;
Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,
And sweet lays warbling to my Cynthia's beams,
Outsang the cygnets of Meander's streams:
To whom (for guerdon) she Heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and pow'rs of stars;
By this dear lady's strict commandment
To celebrate this day I here am sent.
But whether is this Heaven, which stars do crown,
Or are Heaven's flaming splendours here come
down

To beautify this nether world with me?
Such state and glory did e'er shepherd see?
My wits and sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd,
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd;
Sure this is Heaven, for every wand'ring star,
Forsaking those great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All dismal sad aspects abandoning,
Are here met to salute some gracious king;
Nor is it strange if they Heaven's height neglect,
It of undoubted worth is the effect:
Then this it is, thy presence (royal youth)
Hath brought them here within azymuth,
To tell by me (their herald) coming things,
And what each Fate to her stern distaff sings:

Heaven's volume to unclasp, vast pages spread,
Mysterious golden cyphers clear to read:
Hear the then augur of thy future days,
And what the starry senate of thee says;
For, what is firm decreed in heaven above,
In vain on earth strive mortals to improve.

Saturn.

To fair hopes to give reins now it is time,
And soar as high as just desires may climb;
O Halcyonian, clear and happy day!
From sorry wights let sorrow fly away,
And vex Antartic climes, Great Britain's woes
Vanish, for joy now in her zenith glows;
The old Leucadian scythe-bearing fire
(Though cold) for thee feels flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height,
Shall keep thy sceptre's majesty as bright
And strong in power and glory every way,
As when thy peerless parent did it sway,
Ne'er turning wrinkled in Time's endless length,
But one in her first beauty, youthful strength,
Like thy rare mind, which steadfast as the pole
Still fixed stands, however spheres do roll,
More, to enhance with favours this thy reign,
His age of gold he doth restore again,
Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Men's sp'rits with white simplicity endue,
Make all to live in Plenty's endless store
With equal shares, none wishing to have more;
No more shall cold the ploughmen's hopes beguile,
Skies shall on earth with lovely glances smile;
Which shall untill'd each flow'r and herb bring forth,
And lands to gardens turn of equal worth,
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortal dates,
Thus Heaven's decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Jove.

DELIGHT of Heaven, sole honour of the earth,
Jove (courting thine ascendant) at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a king, and made it true,
That to thy worth great monarchies are due;
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to state,
Rare gifts whose ardours burn the hearts of all,
Like tinder when flint's atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane which thy fair course directs,
Thy counsels shall approve by their effects;
Justice kept low by giants, wrongs, and jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistening stars,
Whom nought save law of force could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turn clients to the force of law,
Thou arms shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,
Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold;
All overcome, at last thyself o'ercome,
Thou shalt make Passion yield to Reason's doom:
For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor shall disasters make it ere declin'd,
True honour shall reside within thy court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith, thou shalt all treacheries
Detest, and fawning parasites despise,
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thyself, but give, that thou may'st still give more;
Thou shalt no paranymp'h raise to high place,
For friz'd locks, quaint pace, or painted face;

On gorgeous raiments, womanizing toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth destroys.
The maze of fools, thou shalt no treasure spend,
Thy charge to immortality shalt tend,
Raise palaces, and temples vaulted high,
Rivers o'er arch, of hospitality
And sciences the ruin'd inns restore,
With walls and ports encircle Neptune's shore,
To new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their
course,

And find of Canada th' unknown source,
People those lands which pass Arabian fields,
In fragrant woods and musk which zephyrs yields;
Thou fear'd of none, shalt not thy people fear,
Thy people's love thy greatness shall uprear,
Still rigour shall not shine, and mercy lour,
What love can do thou shalt not do by pow'r;
New and vast taxes thou shalt not extort,
Load heavy those that bounty should support,
Thou shalt not strike the hinge nor master-beam
Of thine estate, but errors in the same
By harmless justice graciously reform,
Delighting more in calm than roaring storm;
Thou shalt govern in peace as did thy fire,
Keep, save thine own, and kingdoms new acquire,
Beyond Alcide's pillars, and those bounds
Where Alexander gain'd the Eastern crowns,
Till thou the greatest be amongst the greats;
Thus Heavens ordain, so have decreed the Fates.

Mars.

Son of the lion, thou of loathsome bands
Shalt free the earth, and whate'er thee withstands
Thy noble paws shall tear; the god of Thrace
Shall be thy second; and before thy face,
To Truth and Justice, whilst thou trophies rears,
Armies shall fall dismay'd with panic fears.
As when Aurora in sky's azure lists
Makes shadows vanish, doth disperse the mists,
And in a twinkling with her opal light,
Night's horrors checketh, putting stars to flight,
More to enflame thee to this noble task,
To thee he here resigns his sword and cask,
A wall of flying castles, armed pines
Shall bridge thy sea like heaven with steel that
shines.

To aid earth's tenants by foul yokes oppress'd,
And fill with fears the great king of the west:
To thee already Victory displays
Her garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
Thy triumph finish shall all old debates?
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Sun.

WEALTH, Wisdom, Glory, Pleasure stoutest hearts,
Religion, Laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy just reign, which shall far far surpass
Of emperors, kings, the best that ever was;
Look how he dims the stars; thy glory's rays
So darken shall the lustre of these days:
For in fair Virtue's zodiac thou shalt run,
And in the heaven of worthies be the sun.
No more condemn'd shall hapless Learning lie;
The maids of Pindus shall be raised high;
For bay and ivy which their brows inroll'd,
Thou shalt them deck with gems and shining
gold.

Thou open shalt Parnassus' crystal gates;
Thus Heavens decree, so do decree the Fates.

Venus.

THE Acidalian queen amidst thy bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleasant days;
She did make clear thy house, and with her light
Of churlish stars put back the dismal spight;
The Hymenean bed fair brood shall grace,
Which on the earth continue shall their race,
While Flora's treasure shall the meads endear;
While sweet Pomona rose-cheek'd fruits shall bear,
While Phoebe's beams her brothers emulate;
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Mercury.

GREAT Atlas nephew, shall the works of peace,
(The springs of plenty) tillage, trades increase,
And arts in time's gulfs lost again restore,
To their perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect artists, Cyclops in their forge
Shall mould those brazen Typhons, which disgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and smoke,
Muffling the air up in a sable cloke.

Geryons, harpies, dragons, sphinges strange,
Wheely, where in spacious gires the fume doth
range,

The sea shrinks at the blow, shake doth the ground,
The world's vast chambers doth the sound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove appall'd doth shrowd him in the dark;
Many a Typhis in adventures tost
By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast,
With thy fill-winged Argosies and out,
Which like the sun shall run the earth about;
And far beyond his paths score wavy ways,
To Cathai's lands by Hyperborean seas;
He shall endue thee both in peace and war,
With wisdom, which than strength is better far,
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts shall grace thy
states;

Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

The Moon.

O how the fair queen with the golden maids,
The sun of night, thy happy fortune aids;
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To them she wane, to thee would full appear;
Her handmaid Thetis daily walks the round
About thy Delos that no force it wound.
Then when thou lefst it, and abroad didst stray,
(Dear pilgrim) she did straw with flowers thy
way,

And turning foreign force and counsel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again;
To thee she kindgoms, years, blifs did divine;
Quelling Medusa's grim snakes with her shine,
Beneath thy reign Discord, (fell Mischiefs forge,
The bane of peoples, states, and kingdoms scourge),
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice's eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die):
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garamants shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates,
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Endymion.

THAT heretofore to thy heroic mind
Hopes did not answer as they were design'd:

O do not think it strange, times were not come,
 And these fair stars had not pronounc'd their doom;
 The destinies did on that day attend,
 When to this northern region thou shalt lend
 Thy cheerful presence, and charg'd with renown,
 Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown;
 Thy virtues now thy just desire shall grace,
 Stern chance shall change, and to desert give place,
 Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
 To their grave counsel, and to every wit

That courts Heaven's inside; this let Sibyls know,
 And those mad Corybants who dance and glow
 On Dindymus high tops with frantic fire:
 Let this be known to all Apollo's choir;
 And people, let it not be hid from you,
 What mountains noise, and floods proclaim as true:
 Wherever Fame abroad his praise shall ring,
 All shall observe, and serve this blessed king.

The end of King Charles's entertainment at Edinburgh,

1633.

MISCELLANIES.

I.

ALL good hath left this age, all tracts of shame,
 Mercy is banished, and Pity dead,
 Justice from whence it came to heaven is fled;
 Religion maim'd, is thought an idle name,
 Faith to distrust, and Malice hath given place,
 Envy with poison'd teeth hath Friendship torn,
 Renowned Knowledge is a despis'd scorn,
 Now evil 'tis, all evil not to embrace.

There is no life save under servile bands,
 To make desert a vassal to their crimes,
 Ambition with Avarice join hands,
 O ever-shameful, O most shameless times!

Save that sun's light we see, of good here tell,
 This earth we court too much, were very hell,

II.

DOETH then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
 Is this the justice which on earth we find?
 Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
 Are these your influences, pow'rs above?
 Those souls which vices moody mists most blind,
 Blind Fortune blindly most their friend doth prove:
 And they who thee (poor idol) Virtue love
 Fly like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
 Ah! (if a providence doth sway this all,)
 Why should best minds groan under most distress,
 Or why should Pride Humility make thrall,
 And injuries the innocent oppress?

Heavens hinder, stop this fate, or grant a time
 When good may have as well as bad their prime.

III. A Reply.

Who do in good delight
 That sovereign Justice ever doth reward,
 And though sometime it smite,
 Yet it doth them regard;
 For even amidst their grief,
 They find a strong relief,
 And death itself can work them no despite.
 Again, in evil who joy,
 And do in it grow old,
 In midst of mirth are charg'd with sin's annoy,
 Which is in conscience scoll'd,
 And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
 Their punishment find equal to each crime.

IV.

Look how in May the rose
 At sulphur's azure fumes,
 In a short space her crimson blush doth lose
 And all amaz'd a pallid white assumes.
 So time our best consumes,
 Makes youth and beauty pass,
 And what was pride turns horror in our glass.

V. *To a Swallow building near the Statue of Medea.*
 FOND Progne, chattering wretch,
 That is Medea, there,

Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
 Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
 Learn from her frantic face
 To seek some fitter place.

What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
 Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

VI. Venus armed.

To practise new alarms
 In Jove's great court above,
 The wanton queen of Love
 Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid arms,
 Where gazing in a glass,
 To see what thing she was,
 To mock and scoff the blue-ey'd maid did move,
 Who said, Sweet queen, thus should you have been
 dight

When Vulcan took you napping with your knight.

VII. The Boar's Head.

AMIDST a pleasant green
 Which sun did seldom see,
 Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian queen,
 The head of a wild boar hung on a tree;
 And driven by zephyrs breath,
 Did fall and wound the lovely youth beneath,
 On whom yet scarce appears
 So much of blood as Venus eyes shed tears.
 But ever as she wept, her anthem was
 Change, cruel change, alas!
 My Adon, whilst thou liv'd, was by thee slain,
 Now dead, this lover must thou kill again!

VIII. To an Owl.

ASCALPHUS, tell me,
 So may night's curtain long time cover thee,

So ivy ever may
 From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed,
 And in moon's livery clad;
 So may'st thou scorn the choiristers of day,
 When 'plaining thou dost stay
 Near to the sacred window of my dear,
 Dost ever thou her hear
 To wake and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?
 And when she wakes, doth e'er a stol'n sigh creep
 Into thy list'ning ear?
 If that deaf god doth yet her careless keep,
 In louder notes my grief with thine-express,
 'Till by thy shrieks she think on my distress.

IX. *Daphnis.*

Now Daphnis arms did grow
 In slender branches, and her braided hair
 Which like gold waves did flow,
 In leavy twigs were stretched in the air,
 The grace of either foot
 Transform'd was to a root,
 A tender bark enwraps her body fair.
 He who did cause her ill
 Sore wailing stood, and from his blubber'd een
 Did show'rs of tears upon the Rhine distil,
 Which water'd thus did bud and turn more green.
 O deep despair! O heart-appalling grief,
 When that doth wo encrease should bring relief.

X. *The Fear of Love.*

In woods and desert bounds
 A beast abroad doth roam,
 So loving sweetness and the honey-comb,
 It doth despise the arms of bees and wounds:
 I by like pleasure led
 To prove what heavens did place
 Whilst therewith I am fed,
 Rest careless (Bear of Love) of hellish smart,
 And how those eyes afflict and wound my heart.

XI. *Five Sonnets for Galatea.*

I.

STREPHON, in vain thou brings thy rhymes and
 songs,
 Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs.
 In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
 And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
 Thou hast slept never under myrtles shade,
 Or if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd
 It is but for some Grecian mistress dead.
 Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast;
 How can true love with fables hold a place?
 Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
 Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove,
 Thou sue'st for grace, in scorn more to disgrace;
 I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
 O no, thou learn'd'st thy love in lovers books.

II.

No more with candid words infect mine ear,
 Tell me no more how that ye pine in anguish
 When sound ye sleep: no more say that ye lan-
 guish,
 No more in sweet despite say you spread tears.
 Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see;
 How those that are hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
 And bold give out the muses do them follow,
 Though in love's library yet no lovers be.

If we, poor souls, least favour but them show,
 That straight in wanton lines abroad is blaz'd,
 Their names do soar on our fame's overthrow,
 Mark'd is our lightness, whilst their wits are prais'd;
 In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
 He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

YE who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
 Frame Ædal nets our beauty to surprise,
 Telling strange castles builded in the skies,
 And tales of Cupid's bow, and Cupid's dart;
 Well, howsoever ye act your fained smart,
 Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
 When you accuse our chastity's best part,
 Nam'd cruelty, ye seen not half too wise,
 Yea, ye yourselves it deem most worthy praise;
 Beauty's best guard; that dragon which doth keep
 Hesperian fruit, the spur in you does raise;
 That Delian wit that otherways may sleep.
 To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
 Of many pitiful, not one poor word.

IV.

If it be love to wake out all the night,
 And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans;
 And when the sun brings to the world his light,
 To waste the day in tears and bitter groans.
 If it be love to dim weak reason's beam
 With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind
 In hellish agonies a heav'n to dream,
 Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;
 If it be love to stain with wanton thought
 A spotless chastity, and make it try
 More furious flames, than his whose cunning
 wrought
 That brazen bull where he entomb'd did fry;
 Then sure is love the causer of such woes,
 Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes.

V.

AND would you then shake off love's golden chain,
 With which it is best freedom to be bound?
 And cruel, do you seek to heal the wound
 Of love, which hath such sweet and pleasant pain?
 All that is subject unto nature's reign,
 In skies above, or on this lower round,
 When it is long and far sought, and hath found,
 Doth in decadence fall, and slack remain;
 Behold the moon, how gay her face doth grow,
 Till she kiss all the sun, then doth decay;
 See how the seas tumultuously do flow,
 Till they embrace lov'd banks, then post away:
 So is't with love, unless you love me still;
 O, do not think I'll yield unto your will!

XII.

CARE's charming sleep, son of the fable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
 Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
 With dark forgetting of my care's return,
 And let the day be long enough to mourn
 The ship-wreck of my ill-adventured youth;
 Let wat'ry eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the troubles of the night's untruth;
 Cease dreams, fond image of my fond desires,
 To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
 Let never rising sun approve your tears,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow;

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

XIII. *Comparison of his Thoughts to Pearls.*

With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew,
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed;
And then the birth of that ethereal seed
Shows when conceiv'd, if skies look dark or blue:
So do my thoughts (celestial twins) of you,
At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true;
If ye then smil'd, or lour'd in mourning weed:
Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
If heavens in their conceptions do look clear:
But if they thunder, or do threat a storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear;

Right so my thoughts, and so my notes do change,
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

XIV. *All changeth.*

The angry winds not ay
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay;
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs,
And love hath sweets, when gone are all the fours.
This said, a shepherd closing in his arms
His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

XV. *Silenus to King Midas.*

The greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
The All-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breath, or breathing once,
A suckling ends his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

XVI. *To his amorous Thought.*

SWEET wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
Like taper-fly still circling, and still turn
About that flame; that all so much admire
That heavenly fair, which doth out-blush the morn,
Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire
Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire;
Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
The poor intelligence that moves that sphere,
Like souls ascending to those joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Since fairest things thus soonest have their end,
And as on bodies shadows do attend,
Soon all our bliss is followed with annoy.
Yet she's not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

XVII. *A Translation.*

I.

Ah! silly soul, what wilt thou say,
When he, whom earth and heaven obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day?

II.

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace?

III.

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

IV.

With wat'ry eyes, and high-swollen heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part!
While conscience with remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded day of wrath and shame,
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

VI.

O! with what grief shall earthlings groan,
When that great Judge set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one.

VII.

Shrill-sounding trumpets, through the air,
Shall from dark sepulchres each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

VIII.

Nature and death amaz'd remain,
To find their dead arise again,
And process with their Judge maintain.

IX.

Display'd then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry,
For which the guilty world must die.

X.

The Judge enthron'd (whom bribes not gain),
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

XI.

O, who then pity shall poor me!
Or who mine advocate shall be?
When scarce the justest pass shall free.

XII.

All wholly holy dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring.

XIII.

Then, sweet Jesu, call to mind,
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find.

XIV.

In search of me, thou, full of pain,
Didst sweat blood, death on cross sustain;
Let not these sufferings be in vain.

XV.

Thou Supreme Judge, most just and wise,
Purge me from guilt, which on me lies,
Before that day of thine assize.

XVI.

Charg'd with remorse (lo!) here I groan,
Sin makes my face a blush take on;
Ah, spare me prostrate at thy throne!

XVII.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lendst the thief on cross thine ear,
Show me fair hopes I should not fear.

XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And save me from hell's burning lake.

XIX.

On that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band.

XX.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
O, to thy chosen, Lord, me call!

XXI.

That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity.

XVIII. *A Translation of Sir John Scott's Verses, beginning, Quod vitæ sectabor iter.*

WHAT course of life should wretched mortals take?
In books hard questions large contention make;

Care dwells in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affright'ning dangers yield,
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distressed.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children borne?
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void:
Gray hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two offers try,
Not to be born: or, being born to die?

EPITAPHS.

I. *A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir William Alexander.*

In sweetest prime, and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon ravish'd from this mortal stage,
The shepherds mourn'd, as they him lov'd before:
Among the rout him Idmon did deplore.
Idmon, who, whether sun in east did rise,
Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid crystal under hawthorn shade,
At last to trees and rocks this 'plaint he made:
Alcon, delight of heaven, desire of earth,
Offspring of Phœbus, and the muses birth,
The Graces darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the fairest nymphs the earth sustains,
What power of thee hath us bereft? What fate,
By thy untimely fall would ruin
Our hopes? O death! what treasure in one hour
Hast thou dispersed? How dost thou devour
What we on earth hold dearest? All things good?
Too envious heavens, how blast ye in the bud?
The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown;
Nor doth the verdant fruits the gard'ner pull:
But thou art cropt before thy years were full.
With thee (sweet youth) the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields.
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads,
The years their early seasons, cheerful days,
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of rays:
Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's choristers salute the spring;
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r,
Ah, destinies! and you whom skies embow'r,
To his fair spoils his spirit again yet give,
And like another phoenix make him live.
The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their
stems,
And make with crimson blush our anadems;
The sun, when in the west he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine;

His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,
Revives; and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a frame
Return to us again, and be the same?
But, wretch, what wish I? To the winds I send
These plaints and prayers; destinies cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor heavens consent will thus,
Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres
Without those lamentations and tears.

Thou wast all virtue, courtesy and worth,
And as sun's light is in the moon set forth;
World's supreme excellence in thee did shine:
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our memories live, while dolphins streams
Shall haunt, whilst eagles stare on Titan beams,
Whilst swains upon their crystal tombs shall sing,
Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.
A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor sung to oaten reed: [blaze,
Whilst what she found in thee my muse would
Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.

How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among, [chafe
Condemn'd earths glow-worm greatness, and the
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace
To court inconstancy? How oft have we
Some Chloris name graven in each virgin tree,
And finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away?
Wofeful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement shadows any trace.
But there to me thou shin'st: Late glad desires,
And ye once roses how are ye turn'd briars?
Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief?

When from thy native soil love had thee driven,
(Thy safe return prefiguring) a heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,
These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods;

My Alcon will return, and once again
 His chosen exiles he will entertain.
 The populous city holds him, amongst harms
 Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.
 These banks (said I) he visit will, and streams,
 These silent shades ne'er kist by courting beams.
 Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
 Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
 With his aspect; I first shall hear his voice,
 Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
 To learn his passed perils, know the sports
 Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
 No pleasure to the fields, an happy state
 The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate:
 Free of proud cares they innocently spend
 The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
 Wise nature's darlings they live in the world,
 Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.
 These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
 These shades the Sylvans, and here Pales strains
 Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs
 Dance on these pastures: here Amyntas sings;
 Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades are here,
 Or what the eastern Inde and west hold dear.
 Come then, dear youth, the wood-nymphs twine
 thee boughs

With rose and lily, to impale thy brows.
 Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
 Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate:
 Amidst these trances Fame thy loss doth sound,
 And through my ears gives to my heart a wound;
 With stretch'd out arms I sought thee to embrace,
 But clasp'd (amaz'd) a coffin in thy place.
 A coffin! of our joys which had the trust, [dust:
 Which told that thou wert come but chang'd to
 Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this wreck,
 Nor that thy time and glory heavens would break.
 Now since I cannot see my Alcon's face,
 And find nor vows, nor prayers to have place
 With guilty stars, this mountain shall become
 To me a sacred altar, and a tomb
 To famous Alcon: here as days, months, years
 Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears:
 Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
 Till death at last turn monarch of my earth.

Shepherds on Forth, and you by Doven rocks,
 Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,
 Pay tribute here of tears, ye never had
 To aggravate your moans a cause more sad;
 And to their sorrows hither bring your 'mands,
 Charg'd with sweetest flow'rs, and with pure
 hands;

(Fair nymphs) the blushing hyacinth and rose
 Spread on the place his relic do enclose,
 Weave garlands to his memory, and put
 Over his herse a verse in cypress cut:
 Virtue did die, goodness but harm did give;
 After the noble Alcon ceas'd to live,
 Friendship an earthquake suffer'd; losing him,
 Love's brightest constellation turned dim.

Hymn.

SAVIOUR of mankind, man Emanuel,
 Who sinless died for sin, who vanquish'd hell,
 The first-fruits of the grave, whose life did give
 Light to our darkness, in whose death we live,

O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
 That mine may thine obey: Protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the hour
 When thou whose body sanctify'd thy tomb
 (Unjustly judg'd) a glorious Judge shalt come
 To judge the world with justice; by that sign
 I may be known and entertain'd for thine.

II. An Epitaph of one named Margaret.

In shells and gold pearls are not kept alone,
 A Margaret here lies beneath a stone;
 A Margaret that did excel in worth
 All those rich gems the Indies both send forth.
 Who had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
 Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten,
 And forc'd those happy times her days that
 claim'd

From her to be the age of pearl still nam'd:
 She was the richest jewel of her kind,
 Grac'd with more lustre than she left behind,
 All goodness, virtue, bounty, and could cheer
 The sadest minds, now nature knowing here [best,
 How things but shown, then hidden are lov'd
 This Margaret shrin'd in this marble chest.

III. On a Drunkard.

NOR aramanths nor roses do bequeath
 Unto this herse, but tamarisks and wine, [pine,
 For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him
 Which made him so carouse while he drew breath.

IV. Aretinus Epitaph.

HERE Aretine lies, bitter gall,
 Who whilst he liv'd spoke evil of all,
 Only of God the arrant sot
 Nought said, but that he knew him not.

V. Verses on the late William Earl of Pembroke.

I.

THE doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
 Though rais'd in the highest joy in love,
 As in this slippery state more grief I find,
 Than they who never such a bliss did prove;
 But fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
 Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loser's pain.

II.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
 And not to rise less danger than to fall;
 The want of jewels we far better bear,
 Than so possess at once to lose them all:
 Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
 When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

III.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
 Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent,
 The precipice behind ye cannot see,
 On which high fortunes are too pronely bent:
 If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
 Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

IV. A Reply.

I.

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
 Where fairer virtues fairest beauties grace,
 Then in himself such store of worth doth find,
 That he deserves to hold so good a place:
 For chilling fears how can he be set forth,
 Whose fears condemn his own, doubts others
 worth?

II.

Desire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrors meets,
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty satiate with sweets
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd?
The fairest hopes time in the bud destroys,
When sweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

III.

It is no hill but heaven where you remain;
And whom desert advanced hath so high
To reach the guardian of his burning pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling die; [breath
His hopes are crown'd, what years of tedious
Can them compare with such a happy death?

VII. *Upon John Earl of Lauderdale's Death.*

I.

Or those rare worthies, who adorn'd our north,
And shin'd like constellations, thou alone
Remained'st last (great Maitland) charg'd with
worth,

Second in Virtue's theatre to none.

But finding all eccentric in our times,

Religion into superstition turn'd,

Justice silenc'd, exil'd, or inurn'd:

Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed crimes.

The young man destinate by sword to fall,

And trophies of their countries spoils to rear;

Strange laws the ag'd, and prudent to appal,

And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear:

And for nor great, nor virtuous minds a room,

Disdaining life, thou shroud'st in thee thy tomb.

II.

WHEN misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty orators in thund'ring terms
Shall move you (people) to arise in arms,
And churches hallow'd policy deface;
When you shall but one general sepulchre
(As Averroes did one general soul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predecessors rites controul;
Ah spare this monument, great guests it keeps,
Three grave justiciars, whom true worth did raise,
The muses darlings, whose loss Phœbus weeps:
Best mens delight, the glory of their days.

More we would say but fear, and stand in awe

To turn idolaters, and break your law.

III.

Do not repine (blest soul) that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse!
No high-strain'd muse our times and sorrows fits;
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy herse.
The wisest prince, e'er manag'd Britain's state
Did not disdain in numbers clear and brave,
The virtues of thy fire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didst deserve no less; and here in jet,
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee: the cause is now this land hath none.

Such giant moods our parity forth brings,

We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

VIII. *To the obsequies of the blessed Prince James,
King of Great Britain.*

LET holy David, Solomon the wise,

That king, whose breast *Ageria* did inflame,

Augustus, Helen's son, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy Mausolean frame,
And bow before thy laurels anadem.
Set all those sacred swains, which to the skies
By never dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to south, where sun doth set and rise.
Religion orphan'd, waileth o'er thy urn,
Justice weeps out her eyes, now truly blind,
To Niobe's the remnant virtues turn:
Fame, but to blaze thy glories, stays behind
I' th' world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

IX. *On the Death of a young Lady.*

THIS beauty which pale death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like to thunder burn,
So little life, so much of worth it had!
Heavens but to show their might here made it
shine,

And when admir'd then in the world's disdain
(O tears! O grief!) did call it back again,
Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end;
And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy!
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

FOND wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state,
And worlds of pleasure honours dost devise,
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great,
Nor glorious; by this monument turn wise.
One it enshrineth, sprung of ancient stem,
And if that blood nobility can make,
From which some kings have not disdain'd to take,
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gem;
A beauty here it holds, alas, too fast,
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd;
Ah! too too like to morn and rose at last.

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend, to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given;
For virtue meteor turn'd, when she a star.

Fair mirth, sweet conversation, modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By muses nine, and graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.

Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo! how much worth a little dust doth bound.

FAR from these banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleasures, music (care's relief):
Tears, sighs, plaints, horrors, frightments, sad an-
noys

Invest these mountains, fill all hearts with grief.

Here nightingales and turtles vent your moans;

Amphyrian shepherd here come feed thy flock,

And read thy hyacinth amidst our groans,

'Plain, echo, thy Narcissus from our rocks.

Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems;
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade;

The fairest flow'r of all our anadems
 Death cropped hath, the Lesbia chaste is dead.
 Thus sigh'd the Tyne, then shrunk beneath his urn,
 And meads, brooks, rivers, hills about did mourn.

THE flower of virgins in her prime of years
 By ruthless destinies is ta'en away,
 And rap'd from earth; poor earth, before this day,
 Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.
 Beauty to heaven is fled, sweet modesty
 No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds
 Did ravish sense, and charm mind's deepest wounds,
 Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie.

Fair hopes now vanish'd are; she should have
 grac'd

A prince's marriage-bed; but (lo!) in heaven
 Blest paramours to her were to be given!
 She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a name exactly trimm'd,
 Interpreting what she was in effect,
 A shadow from her frame which did reflect,
 A portrait by her excellencies limn'd.

Thou whom free-will, or chance hath hither
 brought,

And read'st, Here lies a branch of Maitland's stem,
 And Seton's offspring; know, that either name
 Designs all worth yet reacht by human thought.

Tombs (elsewhere) use life to their guests to
 give,

These ashes can frail monuments make live.

X. *Another on the same Subject.*

LIKE to the garden's eye, the flower of flow'rs
 With purple pomp that dazzle doth the sight;
 Or as among the lesser gems of night;
 The usher of the planet of the hours:
 Sweet maid, thou shined'st on this world of ours,
 Of all perfections having trac'd the height;
 Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward pow'rs,
 A sapphire lantern, and an incense light.
 Hence the enamour'd heav'n, as too too good
 On earth's all-thorny soil long to abide,
 Translated to their fields so rare a bud,
 Where from thy sun no cloud thee now can hide.

Earth moan'd her loss, and wish'd she had the
 grace

Not to have known, or known thee longer space.

HARD laws of mortal life!
 To which made thralls we come without consent,
 Like tapers lighted to be early spent;
 Our griefs are always rise,
 When joys but halting march, and swiftly fly
 Like shadows in the eye:

The shadow doth not yield unto the sun,
 But joys and life do waste, even when begun.

XI. *On the Death of a Nobleman in Scotland, buried
 at Aithen.*

AITHEN, thy pearly coronet let fall,
 Clad in sad robes upon thy temples set,
 The weeping cypress, or the sable jet.

Mourn this thy nursing's loss, a loss which all
 Apollo's choir bemoans, which many years
 Cannot repair, nor influence of spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find shepherd like to him,
 Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
 Then all those gems thy rocks and streams send
 forth.

His splendour others glow-worm light did dim,
 Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
 He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildness thy half-barbarous swains,
 The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
 Unparallel'd in friendship, world's delight.
 For hospitality along thy plains
 Far-fam'd, a patron, and a pattern fair,
 Of piety, the muses chief repair.

Most debonair in courtesy supreme,
 Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great,
 Ne'er dash'd by Fortune, nor cast down by Fate,
 To present, and to after times a theme.
 Aithen, thy tears pour on this silent grave,
 And drop them in thy alabaster cave,
 And Niobe's imagery become;
 And when thou hast distilled here a tomb,
 Enchase in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
 Aithen's best gem and honour shrin'd lies here.

XII.

FAME, register of time,
 Write in thy scroll, that I
 Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
 Was cropped in my prime:
 And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die,

XIII.

JUSTICE, Truth, Peace, and Hospitality,
 Friendship, and Love, being resolv'd to die
 In these lewd times, have chosen here to have
 With just true pious——their grave;
 Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,
 That they on earth would choose none other place.

XIV.

WHEN death to deck his trophies stopt thy breath,
 Rare ornament and glory of these parts,
 All with moist eyes might say, and ruthless hearts,
 That things immortal vassal'd were to death.

What good in parts on many shar'd we see
 From nature, gracious heaven, or fortune flow,
 To make a master-piece of worth below,
 Heaven, nature, fortune gave in gross to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich, in valour, wit,
 In courtesy; born of an ancient race,
 With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace,
 Match'd great, with offspring for great actions fit.
 No rust of times, nor change, thy virtue wan
 With times to change; when truth, faith, love de-
 cay'd

In this new age (like Fate) thou fixed stay'd
 Of the first world an all-substantial man.

As erst this kingdom given was to thy fire,
 The prince his daughter trusted to thy care;
 And well the credit of a gem so rare
 Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth that now appears
 By others set as diamonds among pearls,
 A queen's dear foster, father to three earls,
 Enough on earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life a sea-voyage is, death is the haven,
And fraught with honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which thousands seeking have on rocks been driven;

That good adorns thy grave which with thee liv'd:

For a frail life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast, freed of annoy.

XV.

WITHIN the closure of this narrow grave,
Lie all those graces a good wife could have:
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

XVI.

THE daughter of a king of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief,
Load-star of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends and husband's only joy, now grief:
Is here pent up within a marble frame,
Whose parallel no times, no climates claim.

XVII.

VERSES frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame,
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,
With envy, avarice, time e'er long confound,
Or misdevotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair Virtue's temple, they did dwell,
And liv'd ador'd in thee; nought did excel
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The Graces darling, and the maids of Jove;
Court'd by Fame for bounties which the heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in parcels given
To many, such we happy sure might call;
How happy then wast thou who enjoy'dst them all?
A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now (sequester'd) cannot be but blest,
Inrob'd in glory, 'midst those hi'rarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies, [free
Bright faints and angels; there from cares made
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good from thee.
Thou smil'st at earth's confusions and jars,
And how for Centaur's children we wage wars:
Like honey-flies whose rage whole swarms consumes
Till dust thrown on them makes them veil their
plumes,

Thy friends to thee a monument would raise,
And limn thy virtues; but dull grief thy praise
Breaks in the entrance, and our task proves vain,
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet love a pyramid of sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewells and tears.

XVIII.

I.

THOUGH marble, porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praise these spoils, yet can they not too much
For beauty last, and this stone doth close,
Once earth's delight, heaven's care, a purest rose.
And (reader) should'st thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appear;
Sad violets and hyacinths which grow
With marks of grief, a public loss to show.

II.

Relenting eye, which deignest to this stone
To lend a look, behold, here laid in one,
The living, and the dead interr'd, for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and she fled
From earth, her choos'd this place of grief
To bound thoughts, a small and sad relief.
He is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame, a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

III.

Instead of epitaphs and airy praise
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame, and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill trumpet sound,
Though time her life, no time her love could
bound.

XIX. To Sir William Alexander.

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever
mourn
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breath,
For late born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss those joys heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave.

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmur'ing Esk, may roses shade the place,

POLEMO-MIDDINIA INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highissima monta Fisæa,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crosta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi fleucca et sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis lobster monifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis:

Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linguite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas,
Whittlantesque simul sechtam memorate bloodæam,
Sechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, quæque nympharum cockelsheclarum

Maia ubi sheepifeda, atq; ubi solgoosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum sol bootatus Edenum
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris,

* * * * *

Quo viso ad sechtæ noisam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram; cecidere grues, plish plashque dedere
Solgoosæ in pelago prope littora Bruntiana;
Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flapavit.
Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipse
Ingeminans clig clag mediis sluitavit in undis.

Namque a principio floriæ tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,

“Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos

“Nebernæ per crosta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.”

Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,

Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, et little Johnus,

Et Jamy Richæus, et Rout Michel Henderlonus,

Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,

Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;

Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus

Filius eldestus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,

Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat;

Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,

Alshender Aitken,

Et ploucky-fac'd Waty Strang, atque inkneed

At Willy Dick heavy-arslus homo, pigerrimus om-
nium,

Qui tulit in pileo maguum rubrumque favorem,

Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc cornegrevius heros

Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.

Insuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, et Hen. Wat-
sonus,

Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus

Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus

Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,

Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter

(Deil stick it ignoro nomen) flavry beardius homo

Qui pottas dightavit, et assas jecerat extra.

Denique præ reliquis Geordeum affatur, et inquit,

Geordi mi formane, inter stoutissimus omnes,

Huc ades et crook saddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,

Brechemesque simul omnes bindato jumentis;

Ablentemque meum namum, fattumque mariti

Cursorem, et reliquos troittantes sumito averos;

In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam

Crosta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras

Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,

In sydis tu pone manus, et dicito fart jade.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos.

Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi

Extemplo cartas bene fillavere gigantes:

Whistlavere viri, workhorfosque ordine swieros

Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque

Fartavere omnes, et sic turba horrida mustrat,

Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis

Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.

Interea ante alios dux Piper Latus heros

Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam

Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare batellum.

Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipsa egressa, videntque

Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta

Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facta,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladæos,
Iackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivsters at-
que pleughmannos

Tumlantefq; simul reckoso ex kitchine boyos,

Hunc qui dirtiferas terfit cum dishclouty dishas,

Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,

Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,

Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,

Coalheughos nigri ginnanites more divelli,

Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,

Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,

Et doctum sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,

Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;

Nanfæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,

Yellantemque Elpen, longo bardamque Anapellam,

Farrantemque simul Gyllam, gliedamque Katæam

Egregie indutam blacko caput sooty clouto;

Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte

Infantum teneras blande oscularier arfas;

Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy singria Betty.

Tum deum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis

Fartit; et guttas rawsuinibus implet amaris, [tum,

Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haus-

Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sydera riftas

Barmisumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.

Nec mora marchavit foras longo ordine turma,

Ipsa prior Neberna suis stout facta ribaldis.

Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum:

Tandem muckreilios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos.

“Ite, ait, uglæi fellows, si quis modo posthac

“Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,

“Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapel-

lumi,

“Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc

“Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo [vit.”

“Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba fini-

Obstupit Vitarva diu dirtfluida, sed inde

Contagium accipiens, muckreillos ordine cunctos

Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.

O qualem primo fleurem gustasses in ipso

Battelli onsetto! Pugnat muckreillitis heros

Fortiter, et muckam per posteriora cadentem

In creilibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit, si forte vidisses

Pypantes arfas, et flavo sanguine breeckas

Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!

O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo

Ne vel footbreddum yeræ yieldare volebat,

Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta ca-

terva!

Tum vero è medio muckdryvster profilit unus

Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam

Nebernæ, (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)

Dirtavitque totam peticotam guttu e thicke,

Pearlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,

Vasquineamque rubram mucktherda begariavit.

Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit

Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque pro-

fundum.

Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;

Extemplo Gillæa ferox invalit, et ejus

In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrida facta

Boublentem grippans berdæm, sic dixit ad illum:

Vade domum, silthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.]

Tunc cum gereuleo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu sberdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneefing valde operativum,
Pro premio, fwingere, tuo, tum denique fleido
Ingentem Gilly wamphra dedit, validamque ne-
vellam,

Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic Gylla triumphat.
Obstupuit bonabaizdus homo: backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; et O fy!

Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam fœde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Laufavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurit absens;
Non audens gimpare iterum, nennworfa tulisset.

Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est,
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,

Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti monsmegga cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
Sumpserunt, retrospexit Jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.

Quod si King Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare fluissam, fluissam dingasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipsam continuo townam dingasset in yerdam.

Exit Congrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo:
Sed needlo per feustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans lookansque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, et dixit, O deus! O God!
Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

THE Scottish kirk the English church do name;
The English church the Scots a kirk do call.
Kirk, and not church, church and not kirk, O
shame.

Your Kappa turn in chi, or perish all.
Assemblies meet, post bishops to the court,
If these two nations fight, 'tis strangers sport.

II.

AGAINST the king, Sir, now why would ye fight
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a knight?
And ye, my lords, why 'arm ye 'gainst King Charles?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy church-men, what is your intent?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons to tumult thus, why are you driven?
Priests us persuade it is the way to heaven.

Are these just cause of war, (good people), grant:
Hoe! plunder! thou ne'er swore our covenant.

Give me a thousand cov'nants, I'll subscribe
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive,
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treason bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiss'd, plander'd, banish'd hence
For more years standing for a * * * prince.
His castles all are taken, and his crown,
His sword and sceptre, ensigns of renown,
With that lieutenant, fame did so extol,
And captives carried to the capital,
I'll not die martyr for a mortal thing,
'Tis enough to be confessor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honest men?
I've written rebels? pox upon the pen.

III.

THE king a negative voice most justly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

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IV.

IN parliament one voted for the king,
The crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
His voice again being heard, was no such thing,
For that which was mistaken was a fart.

V.

BOLD Scots, at Bannockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to such a non-plus bring
To authorise rebellion by an act? may be?
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted
But if he do't, cause swaddle him for a baby.

VI. A Reply.

SWADDL'D is the baby, and almost two years
(His swadd'ling time) did neither cry nor stir,
But star'd, smil'd, did lie still, void of all fears,
And sleep'd, though barked at by every cur.
Yea had not wak'd, if Lesly that hoarse nurse
Had not him hardly rock'd, old wives him curse.

VII.

THE king, nor band, nor host had him to follow
Of all his subjects; they were given to thee,
Lesly. Who is the greatest? By Apollo,
The emperor thou, some palegrave scarce seems he.
Could'st thou pull lords as we do bishops down,
Small distance were between thee and a crown.

VIII.

WHEN lately Pym descended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called loud to tell,
To whom, a devil: this is the lower house.

IX. The Statue of Alcides.

FLORA upon a time
Naked Alcides statue did behold,
And with delight admir'd each amorous limb,
Only one fault, she said, could be oft told.
For by right symmetry
The craftsman had him wrong'd,
To such tall joints a taller club belong'd:

X x

The club hung by his thigh,
To which the statuary did reply,
Fair nymph, in ancient days your * * * by far
Were not so hugely vast as now they are.

X.

GREAT lies they tell, preach our church cannot err,
Lies lies, who say the king's not head of her;
Great lies, who cry we may shed others blood,
Lies lies, who swear dumb bishops are not good;
Great lies they vent, say we for God do fight;
Lies lies, who guess the king does nothing right;
Great lies and lies lies all our aims descry.
To pulpits some, to camp the rest apply.

XI. *A Speech at the King's entry into the Town of
Linlithgow, pronounced by Mr. James Wiseman
Schoolmaster there, enclosed in a Plaster made in the
figure of a Lion.*

THrice royal Sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech.
A miracle: for, since the days of Æsop,
No lion till those times his voice dar'd raise up
To such a majesty: then king of men
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den;
Who, though he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free was Lithgow's wife school-
master.

XII.

A COUNTRY maid Amazon like did ride,
To sit more sure with leg on either side;

Her mother who her spy'd said, that ere long
She should just penance suffer for that wrong;
For when time should on her more years bestow,
That horses hair between her thighs would grow.
Scarce winter twice was come (as was her told)
When she found all to frizzle there with gold,
Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her sick,
And forc'd her keep her bed almost a week.
At last her mother calls, who scarce for laughter
Could hear the pleasant story of her daughter,
But that this frenzy should no more her vex,
She swore thus bearded were their weaker sex;
Which when deny'd, think not (said she) I scorn,
Behold the place (poor fool) where thou was born.
The girl that seeing cry'd, now void of pain,
Ah mother, you have ridden on the mane.

XIII.

GOD's judgments seldom use to cease, unless
The sins which them procur'd men do confess:
Our cries are Baal's priests, our fasting vain,
Our pray'rs not heard, nor answer'd us again,
Till perjury, wrong, rebellion be confest,
Think not on peace, nor to be freed of pest.

XIV.

THE king gives yearly to his senate gold,
Who can deny but justice then is sold!

XV.

HERE Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
Who 'plains he came to hell without a cause.

PHYLLIS, ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

AN! if ye ask, my friends, why this salt shower
My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour?
Gone is my sparrow, he whom I did train,
And turn'd so toward, by a cat is slain:
No more with trembling wings shall he attend
His watchful mistress. Would my life could end;
No more shall I him hear chirp pretty lays,
Have I not cause to loathe my tedious days?
A *Didalos* he was to catch a fly,
Nor wrath, nor rancour men in him could spy,
To touch or wrong his tail, if any dar'd
He pinch'd their fingers, and against them war'd
Then might that crest be seen shake up and down,
Which fixed was unto his little crown.
Like *Hector's*, *Troy's* strong bulwark, when in ire
He rag'd to set the Grecian fleet on fire.
But (ah, alas!) a cat this prey espies,
Then with a leap did thus our joys surprise.
Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treason,
Or otherwise had of that fiend had reason.
Thus was *Achilles* by weak *Paris* slain,
And stout *Camilla* fell by *Aruns* vain.

So that false horse, which *Pallas* rais'd 'gainst
Troy,
King *Priam* and that city did destroy.
Thou now whose heart is big with this frail
glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's story.
If any knowledge resteth after death
In ghosts of birds, when they have left to breathe,
My darling's ghost shall know in lower place,
The vengeance falling on the cattish race.
For never cat nor catling I shall find,
But mew shall they in *Pluto's* palace blind.
Ye who with gawdy wings and bodies light
Do dint the air, turn hitherwards your flight,
To my sad tears comply these notes of yours,
Unto his idol bring an harv'st of flowers;
Let him accept from us, as most divine
Sabæan incense, milk, food, sweetest wine;
And on a stone let us these words engrave,
Pilgrim, the body of a sparrow brave,
In a fierce gluttonous cat's womb clos'd remains,
Whose ghost now graceth the *Elysian* plains.

DIVINE POEMS.

I. *Peter, after the Denial of his Master.*

LIKE to the solitary pelican
The shady groves I haunt, and deserts wild,
Amongst wood's burgessees, from sight of man,
From earth's delight, from mine own self exil'd.
But that remorse which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild,
But rents my soul, and like a famish'd child
Renews its cries, though nurse does what she can.
Look how the skrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place,
Of sun, of moon, of stars I shun the light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace:
How to heaven's lights should I lift these of mine,
Sith I denied him, who made them shine.

II. *On the Virgin Mary.*

THE woeful Mary 'midst a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death suffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did stand,
Which sees her younglings rest before her eyes,
And hath nought else to guard them save her
cries:

Love thither had her brought, and misbelief
Of these sad news, which charg'd her mind to
fears,

But now her eyes more wretched than her tears,
Bear witness (ah, too true,) of feared grief:

Her doubts made certain, did her hopes destroy,
Abandoning her soul to black annoy.

Long fixing down-cast eyes on earth at last
She longing them did raise, (O torturing sight!)
To view what they did shun, their sole delight
Embru'd in his own blood, and naked plac'd,

To sinful eyes, naked save that black veil

Which heaven him shrouded with, that did
bewail.

It was not pity, pain, grief did possess
The mother, but an agony more strange,
Cheek's roses in pale lilies straight did change;
Her sp'rits (as if she bled his blood) turn'd less,

When she him saw, woe did all words deny,

And grief her only suffer'd sigh, O my!

O my dear Lord and Son! then she began,
Immortal birth, though of a mortal born,
Eternal bounty which doth heaven adorn,
Without a mother, God; a father, man:

Ah, what hast thou deserv'd, what hast thou
done!

Thus to be treat? woe's me, my son, my son!
Who bruise'd thy face, the glory of this all,
Who eyes engorg'd, load-stars to paradise,
Who, as thou were a trimmed sacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?

Who rais'd thee, whom so oft the angels serv'd,
Between those thieves who that foul death de-
serv'd?

Was it for this thou bred wast in my womb?

Mine arms a cradle serv'd thee to repose?

My milk thee fed, as morning-dew the rose?

Did I thee keep till this sad time should come,

That wretched men should nail thee to a tree,

And I a witness of thy pangs must be?

It is not long, the way's bestrow'd with flowers,
With shouts to echoing heavens and mountains
roll'd,

Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold

In royal pomp approach'd proud Sion's towers:

Lo, what a change! who did thee then em-
brace,

Now at thee shake their heads, inconstant race.

Eternal Father, from whose piercing eye

Hid nought is found, that in this all is form'd

Deign to vouchsafe a look unto this round,

This round, the stage of a sad tragedy: [know,

Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canst
On an unhappy tree, a shameful show.

Ah! look if this be he, Almighty King,

Before heavens spangled were with stars of gold,

E'er world a centre had it to uphold,

Whom from eternity thou forth didst bring.

With virtue, form and light, who did adorn

Sky's radiant globes, see where he hangs a
scorn.

Did all my prayers tend to this? is this

The promise that celestial Herald made

At Nazareth, when full of joy he said,

I happy was, and from thee did me bless;

How am I blest? no, most unhappy I,

Of all the mothers underneath the sky.

How true and of choice oracles the choice

Was that blest Hebrew? whose dear eyes in peace

Mild death did close, e'er they saw this disgrace,

When he forespake with more than angel's voice;

The sun should (malice sign) be set apart

Then, that a sword should pierce the mother's
heart.

But whither dost thou go, life of my soul?

O stay a little till I die with thee;

And do I live thee languishing to see?

And cannot grief frail laws of life controul?

If grief prove weak, come cruel squadrons kill

The mother, spare the Son, he knows no ill:

He knows no ill, those pangs base men are due

To me and all the world, save him alone;

But now he doth not hear my bitter moan;

Too late I cry, too late I plaints renew;

Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,

Dim turn those eyes once wont so bright to
shine. [move,

The heavens which in their mansions constant

That they may not seem guilty of this crime,

Benighted have the golden eye of time;

Ungrateful earth, canst thou such shame approve.

And seem unmov'd this done upon thy face,
Earth trembled then, and she did hold her
peace.

III. *Hymn.*

HIM, whom the earth, the sea and sky
Worship, adore and magnify;
And doth this threefold engine steer,
Mary's pure closet now doth bear.

Whom sun and moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call;
Pouring from heaven his sacred grace,
I' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.

Mother most blest by such a dower,
Whose maker, Lord of highest power;
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himself restrains.

Blest by a message from heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught;
Of nations the desired King,
Within thy sacred womb doth spring.

Lord may thy glory still endure,
Who born wast of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the Sp'rit's of love
Which endless worlds may not remove.

IV. *An Evening Hymn.*

MAKER of all, we thee entreat,
Before the joyful light descend,
That thou with wonted mercy great
Us, as our keeper would'st defend.

Let idle dreams be far away,
And vain illusions of the night,
Repress our foe, lest that he may
Our bodies to foul lust incite.

Let this, O Father, granted be,
Through our dear Saviour's boundless merit,
Who doth for ever live with thee,
Together with the holy Spirit.

V. *Complaint of the Blessed Virgin.*

THE mother stood with grief confounded,
Near the cross; her tears abounded,

While her dear Son hanged was,
Through whose soul, her sighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,

Sharpest points of swords did pass:
O how sad and how distress'd,
Was the mother ever-blest'd,

Who God's only Son forth-brought.
She in grief and woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what anguish
To her noble Son was wrought.

VI. *Hymn upon the Nativity.*

CHRIST, whose redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone
Before the world began to be,
Didst spring from him by means unknown.

Thou his clear brightness, thou his light,
Thou everlasting hope of all,
Observe the prayers which in thy sight
Thy servants through the world let fall.

O dearest Saviour bear in mind
That of our body thou a child

Didst whilom take the natural kind,
Born of the virgin undefil'd.

This much the present day makes known,
Passing the circuit of the year,
That thou from thy high Father's throne
The world's sole safety didst appear.

The highest heaven, the earth and seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because he sent thee us to ease
With mirthful songs his praise resound.

We also who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from sinful state,
For this thy birth-day will prepare
New hymns this feast to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee
Whom the unspotted virgin bore,
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghost for evermore.

VII. *Hymn upon the Innocents.*

HAIL you sweet babes that are the flowers,
Whom (when you life begin to taste),
The enemy of Christ devours,
As whirlwinds down the roses cast.

First sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offer'd lambs a tender sort;
With palms and crowns you innocent
Before the sacred altar sport.

VIII. *Dedication of a Church.*

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd,
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She deck'd in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding-chamber now descends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclos'd,
And streets are of pure gold compos'd.
The gates adorn'd with pearls most bright
The way to hidden glory show,
And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus's merits go.

All these who are on earth distress'd
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.
These stones the work-men dress and beat,
Before they thoroughly polish'd are,
Then each is in his proper seat
Establish'd by the builder's care.

In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can sever.
To God who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity,
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing their praise for evermore.

IX. *Hymn.*

JESU, our prayers with mildness hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The sole example of her sex.

Thou feeding there where lilies spring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy spouse dost to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whithersoever thou dost go,
They trace thy steps with songs of praise,
And in sweet hymns thy glory show.

Cause thy protecting grace we pray
In all our senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our souls with foul corruption wound.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While time lasts, and when time is done.

X. *Hymn.*

BENIGN Creator of the stars,
Eternal light of faithful eyes,
Christ, whose redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers despise.

Who for the state of mankind griev'd,
That it by death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseased world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'dst to come
Out of thy wedding-chamber dear,
Thy virgin mother's purest womb.

To the strong force of whose high reign
All knees are bow'd with gesture low,
Creatures which heaven or earth contain,
With reverence their subjection show.

O holy Lord, we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preserve us as the times require,
From our deceitful foes assaults.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great,
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilst time lasts, and when time is done.

XI. *Hymn for Sunday.*

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days
With the first work of splendor bright,
The world didst to beginning raise.

Who morn with evening join'd in one
Commandest should be call'd the day:
The foul confusion now is gone,
O hear us when with tears we pray;
Lest that the mind with fears full fraught,
Should lose best life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is inwapt in sinful chains.

O may it beat the inmost sky,
And the reward of life possess;
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedness.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

XII. *Hymn for Monday.*

GREAT Maker of the heavens wide,
Who least things mixt should all confound;
The floods and waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the heavens their bound.

Ordering where heavenly things shall stay,
Where streams shall run on earthly soil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Least they the globe of earth should spoil.

Sweet Lord into our minds infuse
The gift of everlasting grace,
That no old faults which we did use
May with new frauds our souls deface.

May our true faith obtain the light,
And such clear beams our hearts possess,
That it vain things may banish quite,
And that no falsehood it oppress.

Dear Father grant what we entreat, &c.

XIII. *Hymn for Tuesday.*

GREAT Maker of man's earthly realm,
Who didst the ground from waters take,
Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
And it unmoveable didst make.

That there young plants might fitly spring,
While it with golden flowers attir'd
Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
And yield sweet fruit by all desir'd.

With fragrant greenness of thy grace
Our blasted souls of wounds release,
That tears foul sins away may chase,
And in the mind bad motions cease:

May it obey thy heavenly voice,
And never drawing near to ill,
T' abound in goodness may rejoice,
And may no mortal sin fulfil.

Dear Father, &c.

XIV. *Hymn for Wednesday.*

O HOLY God of heavenly frame,
Who mak'st the pole's high centre bright,
And paint'st the same with shining flames,
Adorning it with beauteous light:

Who, framing on the fourth of days
The fiery chariot of the sun,
Appoint'st the moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run.

That thou might'st by a certain bound
'Twixt night and day division make;
And that some sure sign might be found
To show when months beginning take.

Men's hearts with lightsome splendor bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
Throw down the heaps of sinful blots.

Dear Father, &c.

XV. *Hymn for Thursday.*

O God, whose forces far extend,
Who creatures which from waters spring
Back to the flood dost partly send,
And up to th' air dost partly bring.

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the heavens above,

That natures from one flock deriv'd
 May thus to several dwellings move :
 Upon thy servants grace bestow,
 Whose souls thy bloody waters clear,
 That they no sinful falls may know,
 Nor heavy grief of death may bear :
 That sin no soul oppress'd may thrall,
 That none be lifted high with pride,
 That minds cast downward do not fall,
 Nor raised up may backward slide.

Dear Father, &c.

XVI. *Hymn for Friday.*

God, from whose work mankind did spring,
 Who all in rule dost only keep,
 Bidding the dry land forth to bring
 All kind of beasts which on it creep :
 Who hast made subject to man's hand
 Great bodies of each mighty thing,
 That taking life from thy command,
 They might in order serve their King.
 From us thy servants (Lord) expel
 These errors which uncleanness breeds,
 Which either in our manners dwell,
 Or mix themselves among our deeds.
 Give the rewards of joyful life ;
 The plenteous gifts of grace increase ;
 Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife ;
 Knit fast the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, &c.

XVII. *Hymn for Saturday.*

O TRINITY, O blessed light,
 O Unity, most principal ;
 The fiery sun now leaves our sight,
 Cause in our hearts thy beams to fall :
 Let us with sons of praise divine
 At morn and evening thee implore,
 And let our glory bow'd to thine
 Thee glorify for ever more.

To God the Father glory great,
 And glory to his only Son,
 And to the holy Paraclete,
 Both now and still while ages run.

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

XVIII. *Hymn.*

O merciful Creator, hear
 Our prayers to thee devoutly bent,
 Which we pour forth with many a tear
 In this most holy fast of Lent.
 Thou mildest searcher of each heart,
 Who know'st the weakness of our strength
 To us forgiving grace impart,
 Since we return to thee at length.
 Much have we sinned to our shame,
 But spare us who our sins confess ;
 And for the glory of thy name
 To our sick souls afford redress.
 Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
 By means of outward abstinence,
 As that the sober watchful mind
 May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O blessed Trinity ;
 Pure Unity to this incline,
 That the effects of fasts may be
 A grateful recompence for thine.

XIX. *On the Ascension Day.*

O Jesu, who our souls dost save,
 On whom our love and hopes depend,
 God from whom all things being have,
 Man when the world drew to an end.
 What clemency thee vanquish'd so,
 Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
 And cruel death to undergo,
 That thou from death us free might make.
 Let thine own goodness to thee bend,
 That thou our sins may'st put to flight ;
 Spare us, and as our wishes tend,
 O satisfy us with thy sight ;
 Mayst thou our joyful pleasures be,
 Who shall be our expected gain,
 And let our glory be in thee
 While any ages shall remain.

XX. *Hymn for Whitsunday.*

CREATOR, Holy Ghost descend,
 Visit our minds with thy bright flame,
 And thy celestial grace extend
 To fill the hearts which thou didst frame :
 Who Paraclete are said to be,
 Gift which the highest God bestows,
 Fountain of life, fire, charity,
 Ointment whence ghostly blessings flows.
 Thy seven-fold grace thou down dost send,
 Of God's right hand thou finger art,
 Thou by the Father promised
 Unto our mouths dost speech impart.
 In our dull senses kindle light ;
 Infuse thy love into our hearts,
 Reforming with perpetual light
 Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.
 Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
 And quickly peace unto us bring,
 Be thou our guide, before to go,
 That we may shun each hurtful thing.
 Be pleased to instruct our mind,
 To know the Father and the Son,
 The Spirit who them both dost bind,
 Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
 And to the Son who from the dead
 Arose, and to the Paraclete
 Beyond all time imagined.

XXI. *On the Transfiguration of our Lord, the 6th of August. A Hymn.*

ALL you that seek Christ, let your sight
 Up to the height directed be,
 For there you may the sign most bright
 Of everlasting glory see.
 A radiant light we there behold,
 Endless, unbounded, lofty, high :
 Than heaven or that rude heap more old,
 Wherein the world confus'd did lie.
 The Gentiles this great Prince embrace ;
 The Jews obey this King's command,

Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A blessing while the world shall stand.

By mouths of prophets free from lies,
Who seal the witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should him believe and hear :

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this day ;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost for ay.

XXII. *On the Feast of St. Michael the Arch-Angel.*

To thee, O Christ, thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inspires,
In presence of thine angels bright,
We sing with voice and with desires :
Ourselves we mutually invite,
To melody with answering quires.
With reverence we these soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly throne abide,
And chiefly him whom God doth raise,
His strong celestial host to guide ;
Michael who by his power dismays,
And beateth down the devils pride.

A N E L E G Y

Upon the Victorious King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus.

LIKE a cold fatal sweat which ushers death,
My thoughts hang on me, and by labouring breath
Stopt up with sighs, my fancy big with woes
Feels two twin mountains struggle in her throws,
Of boundless sorrow th' one, th' other of sin,
For less let no man call it, to begin
Where honour ends in great Gustavus' flame,
That still burn'd out and wasted to a name;
Does barely live with us, and when the stuff
Which fed it fails, the taper turns to snuff;
With this poor snuff, this airy shadow, we
Of fame and honour must contented be,
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substances, now he is dead.
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Else whilst we hear the sound we shall forget
What it delivers, let hoarse rumour cry
Till she so many echoes multiply,
That may like numerous witnesses confute
Our unbelieving souls that would dispute
And doubt this truth for ever, this one way
Is left our incredulity to sway ;
T' awaken our deaf sense, and make our ears
As open, and dilated as our tears.
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not sain, but must believe,
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd ;
Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower centre now, than Sweden's grave.

O could not all the purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy flesh immortalize ?
Were not thy virtue, nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from those outward harms
Which could not reach thy soul? could not thy
spirit

Lend somewhat which thy frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner part that death nor heat
Nor envy's bullets e'er could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in stern fight
Turn from the Pole, the Dane, the Muscovite?

Which were thy triumphs, seeds as pledges sown,
That when thy honour's harvest was ripe grown
With full plum'd wing thou falcon-like could fly,
And cuff the eagle in the German sky,
Forcing his iron beak, and feathers feel
They were not proof 'gainst thy victorious steel.
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail
To fright that coward death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?
Alas they could not; destiny gives place
To none. Nor is it seen that princes lives
Can saved be by their prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold lead,
Dost from thyself a mournful lecture read
Of man's short dated glory. Learn you kings,
You are like him but penetrable things,
Though you from demi-gods derive your birth,
You are at best but honourable earth.
And howe'er sifted from that courser bran
Which doth compound and knead the common
man;

Nothing immortal, or from earth refin'd
About you, but your office and your mind.
Hear then, break your false glasses which present
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make truth your mirror now, since you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his fall.

Yet since it was decreed thy life's bright sun
Must be eclips'd e'er thy full course was run,
Be proud thou didst in thy black obsequies
With greater glory set than others rise.
For in thy death, as life, thou holdest one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how the circles drawn by compass meet
Indivisibly, joined head to feet;
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite.
So did thy fate and honour both contend
To match thy brave beginning with thine end;
Therefore thou hadst instead of passing bells
The drums, and canons, thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didst triumphing die,
Closing thy eye-lids with a victory,

That so by thousands that there lost their breath,
King like, thou might'st be waited on in death.

Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cæsar tell,
He could make none but thee his parallel,
Whose tide of glory swelling to the brim
Needs borrow no addition from him:
When did great Julius in any clime
Atchieve so much, and in so short a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When over the Germans first his eagle tow'rd,
What saw the legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy bodies made their swords to try
Subjects, not for his fight, but slavery,
In that so vast expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and scorn), he found
Nothing worth Cæsar's valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose strength nor wiles, nor practice in the war,
Might the fierce torrent of his triumphs bar;
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.
Besides, the Roman thought he had done much
Did he the banks of Rhenus only touch,
But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.

And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquest stretch'd to such extent
Thou might'st Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic ocean.

But death hath span'd thee, nor must we
divine

What here thou hadst to finish thy design;
Or who shall thee succeed as champion
For liberty, and for religion.

Thy task is done, as in a watch the spring,
Wound to the height relaxes with the string.
So thy steel nerves of conquest from their sleep,
Ascent declin'd, lie slack'd in thy last sleep.
Rest then, triumphant soul, for ever rest,
And, like the phoenix in her spicy nest,
Embalm'd with thine own merit upward fly,
Borne in a cloud of perfume to the sky,
Whilst, as in deathless urns, each noble mind
Treasures thine ashes which are left behind.
And if perhaps no Cassiopeian spark
(Which in the north did thy first rising mark),
Shine o'er thy herse, the breath of our just
praise

Shall to the firmament thy virtues raise,
Then fix and kindle them into a star,
Whose influence may crown thy glorious war.

THE FIVE SENSES.

I. Seeing.

From such a face whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne,
Resign to some young Phaeton,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky,
Beholding earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err,
The proud usurping charioteer,
And cure (though Phœbus grieve) our woe:
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou hast a being,
Bless my sov'reign and his seeing.

II. Hearing.

From jests profane, and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spanish treaties that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from heav'n's paradise;
From prophets, such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my sovereign and his hearing.

III. Tasting.

From all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;

From bread of labours, sweat and toil,
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft-wrangled
From their estates, and from that's strangled;
From the candid poison'd baits
Of Jesuits and their deceits;
Italian fallads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine that can destroy the brain,
And from the dangerous figs of Spain,
At all banquets, and all feasting,
Bless my sov'reign and his tasting.

IV. Feeling.

From prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, Heaven bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From such a smooth and beardless chin,
As may provoke or tempt to sin;
From such a hand whose moist palm may
My sov'reign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my sov'reign and his feeling.

V. Smelling.

Where myrrh and frankincense is thrown,
The altar's built to gods unknown,
O let my sov'reign never dwell,
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for hell.

Let no such scent his nostrils stain,
 From smells that poison can the brain,
 Heavens still preserve him. Next I crave
 Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God, to save
 My sov'reign from a Ganymede,
 Whose whorish breath hath power to lead
 His excellence which way it list,
 O let such lips be never kist.
 From a breath so far excell'g,
 Bless my sov'reign and his smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

Seeing.

AND now, just God, I humbly pray,
 That thou wilt take the slime away;

That keeps my sovereign's eyes from seeing
 The things that will be our undoing.

Hearing.

THEN let him hear (good God,) the sounds,
 As well of men as of his hounds.

Taste.

GIVE him a taste, and truly too,
 Of what his subjects undergo.

Feeling, and Smelling.

GIVE him a feeling of their woes,
 And then no doubt his royal nose
 Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
 Whose black deeds have eclips'd his worth;
 They found and scourg'd for their offences,
 Heavens bless my sovereign and his senses.

THE CHARACTER OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR
MALIGNANT.

WOULD you know these royal knaves
 Of free-men would turn us slaves;
 Who our union do defame
 With rebellion's wicked name;
 Read these verses, and ye will spring them.
 Then on gibbets straight cause hing them.
 They complain of sin and folly,
 In these times, so passing holy
 They their substance will not give
 Libertines that we may live.
 Hold those subjects too too wanton,
 Under an old king dare canton.
 Neglect they do our circular tables,
 Scorn our acts and laws as fables,
 Of our battles talk but meekly,
 With four sermons pleas'd are weekly,
 Swear King Charles is neither Papist,
 Armenian, Lutheran or Atheist:
 But that in his chamber-prayers,
 Which are pour'd 'midst sighs and tears
 To avert God's fearful wrath,
 Threat'ning us with blood and death;
 Persuade they would the multitude,
 This king too holy is and good.
 They avouch we'll weep and groan,
 When hundred kings we serve for one,
 That each shire but blood affords,
 To serve the ambition of young lords,
 Whose debts ere now had been redoubled
 If the state had not been troubled.
 Slow they are our oath to swear,
 Slower for its arms to bear,
 They do concord love and peace,
 Would our enemies embrace:
 Turn men proselytes by the word,
 Not by musket, pike and sword.

They swear that for religion's sake
 We may not massacre, burn, sack:
 That the beginning of these pleas
 Sprang from the ill-spe'd A, B, C's.
 For servants that it is not well
 Against their masters to rebel,
 That that devotion is but flight
 Doth force men first to swear, then fight.
 That our confession is indeed
 Not the Apostolic Creed,
 Which of negations we contrive,
 Which Turk and Jew may both subscribe.
 That monies should men's daughters marry,
 They on frantic war miscarry.
 Whilst dear the soldiers they pay,
 At last who will snatch all away.
 And as times turn worse and worse,
 Catechise us by the purse.
 That debts are paid with bold stern looks,
 That merchants pray on their count-books;
 That justice dumb and sullen frowns
 To see in croflets hang'd her gowns;
 That preachers ordinary theme
 Is 'gainst monarchy to declaim.
 That since leagues we began to swear,
 Vice did ne'er so black appear;
 Oppression, bloodshed, ne'er more rife,
 Foul jars between the man and wife;
 Religion so contemn'd was never
 Whilst all are raging in a fever.
 They tell by devils and some sad chance
 That that detestable league of France,
 Which cost so many thousand lives,
 And two kings by rebellious knives,
 Is amongst us, though few descry,
 Though they speak truth, yet say they lie.

He who says that night is night,
 That cripple folk walk not upright,
 That the owls into the spring
 Do not nightingales out-sing;
 That the seas we may not plow,
 Ropes make of the rainy bow;
 That the foxes keep not sheep,
 That men waking do not sleep;
 That all's not gold doth gold appear,
 Believe him not although he swear.
 To such Sirens stop your ear,
 Their societies forbear.
 Ye may be tossed like a wave,
 Verity may you deceive;
 Just fools they may make of you,
 Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.
 Were it not a dangerous thing,
 Should we again obey the king;

Lords lose should sovereignty,
 Soldiers haste back to Germany,
 Justice should in our towns remain,
 Poor men possess their own again.
 Brought out of hell that word of plunder
 More terrible than devil or thunder,
 Should with the covenant fly away,
 And charity amongst us stay;
 Peace and plenty should us nourish,
 True religion 'mongst us flourish.
 When you find these lying fellows,
 Take and flower with them the gallows.
 On others you may too lay hold,
 In purse or chest, if they have gold.
 Who wise or rich are in this nation,
 Malignants are by protestation.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Phyllis and Damon.

Pb. SHEPHERD dost thou love me well?
Da. Better than weak words can tell.
Pb. Like to what, good shepherd say?
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Pb. O how strange these words I find;
 Yet to satisfy my mind,
 Shepherd, without mocking me
 Have I any love for thee,
 Like to what, good shepherd say.
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Pb. Better answer had it been
 To say thou lov'd me as thine own.
Da. Woe is me, these I love not,
 For by them love entrance got,
 At that time they did behold
 Thy sweet face and locks of gold.

Pb. Like to what, dear shepherd say,
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Pb. Once, (dear shepherd,) speak more plain,
 And I shall not ask again;
 Say, to end this gentle strife,
 Dost thou love me as thy life?
Da. No, for it is turn'd a slave
 To sad annoys, and what I have
 Of life by love's stronger force
 Is rest, and I'm but a dead corse.
Pb. Like to what, good shepherd say?
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Pb. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
 And say I love as I do me.
Da. Alas I do not love myself,
 For I'm split on beauty's shelf.
Pb. Like to what, good shepherd say?
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.

SONNET TO THE EARL OF STIRLING,

On his "Doomsday," 1637.—Not inserted in any former Edition.

LIKE Sophocles (the hearers in a trance)
 With crimson cothurne, on a stately stage, [glance]
 If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth
 To moan the monarchs of the world's first age:
 Or if like Phœbus thou thyself advance, [badge,
 All bright with sacred flames, known by heavens
 To make a day, of days which scorns the rage:
 Whilst, when they end, it, what should come, doth
 scance.

Thy phoenix-muse still wing'd with wonders flies
 Praise of our brooks, stain to old Pindus springs,
 And who thee fellow would, scarce with their eyes
 Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly
 sings
 Though string'd with stars, heavens, Orpheus
 harp enrol,
 More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD CRASHAW.

Containing

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE,
SACRED POEMS,

||

DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES,
TRANSLATIONS,

U. S. U. S.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Poet and faint ! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven ;
The hard and rarest union that can be
Next that of Godhead and humanity.
Ah, wretched we, poets of earth ! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now.
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so sweet as thine ;
Equal society with thee to hold,
Thou needst not make new songs, but say the old ;
And they (kind spirits !) shall all rejoice to see,
How little less than they exalted man may be.

COWLEY'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
Anno 1793.

PHYSICAL WORLD

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

W. H. BURNHAM

PRINTED BY W. H. BURNHAM, NEW YORK

THE LIFE OF CRASHAW.

Of the personal history of RICHARD CRASHAW, very few particulars have descended to posterity. Most of the facts which have been transmitted concerning him, were originally told by the Oxford biographer; to whom every lover of literary history has very great obligations. As the researches which have been made in the societies at Cambridge to which he belonged, have furnished no new memorials of his person or his genius, his biographers have contented themselves with repeating the few melancholy incidents which originally formed the slender history of his life.

According to Wood, he was the son of William Crashaw, an eminent divine; but the time and place of his birth are not certainly known.

He was educated at the Charter-House, after previously sharing the beneficence of Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crewe; and afterwards became a scholar of Pembroke-Hall; and from thence a fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge; where he was distinguished for his poetical talents, in 1637; as appears from his Latin *Verses on the Birth of a Princess, the fifth Child of Charles I.* printed in the "Cambridge Congratulations" of that year.

He was afterwards admitted to the degree of Master of Arts; in which it is supposed he was incorporated at Oxford, in 1641; "not that it appears so in the public register," says Wood, "but in the private observations of a certain Master of Arts, that was this year living in the university."

In 1634, he published, at Cambridge, a collection of *Sacred Epigrams*, in Latin, with a dedication to Benjamin Lany, master of Pembroke-Hall, "the fruits (as he calls them) of a tender age."

During his residence at Cambridge, he displayed the extreme tenderness and enthusiasm of his character, in writing the poems, "which were intituled *Steps to the Temple*," says the editor, "because in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St. Mary's Church, near to Peter-House. There he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels. There he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow, near the house of God; where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day."

In 1644, when the Earl of Manchester, under the authority of the Parliament, new-modelled the University of Cambridge, by expelling such members as refused the Covenant, he was ejected from his fellowship, and reduced to great indigence.

Being driven from Cambridge, he repaired to London, and lingered there some time, without any plan of a livelihood.

At length, for reasons best known to himself, and which it would at all times have been impertinent, and is now useless to inquire after, he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and sought a refuge in France.

His conversion has been attributed to motives of interest; but he seems rather to have been converted by his passionate admiration for that fair canonized enthusiast, St. Teresa of Spain; whose pious compositions appear to have been his favourite study.

If he changed his religion from worldly motives, he obtained no advantage from it; as in 1646, he was discovered at Paris in a miserable condition, by Cowley, his generous admirer; who recommended him to the patronage of the exiled Queen, Henrietta Maria.

The Queen, who wanted rather ability than inclination to reward English Catholics, procured him letters of recommendation to several persons in Italy; whither he soon went. On his arrival at

Rome, he became Secretary to a Cardinal there; and obtained the office of a Canon in the Church of Loretto; where he died of a fever soon after his election, in 1650.

This is all that is known of Crashaw, an accomplished scholar, and a devout poet; whose writings have not, hitherto, received so much attention as they deserve.

Had the interesting letters of Cowley been given to the world, by his friend and biographer, Sprat, they would probably have supplied us with many particulars relating to a literary exile, so warmly beloved by a poet remarkable for the fervency and steadiness of his friendship. But although such particulars might have gratified our curiosity, they could hardly have added to the honour which the talents and virtues of Crashaw have received from the verses of Cowley on his death.

"Cowley," says Dr. Johnson, with a quaint obscurity rarely found in his forcible language, "seems to have had the skill to rate his own performances by their just value; and has therefore closed his *Miscellanies* with the "Verses upon Crashaw;" which apparently excel all that have gone before them; and in which there are beauties, which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition."

The "Verses on the death of Crashaw," are indeed beautiful, and highly honourable, both to Crashaw and Cowley; but fine as they are, they are not faultless; for Cowley has sometimes fallen into the principal defect of the poet whom he praises. He now and then speaks of sacred things, with a vulgar and ludicrous familiarity of language; "by which (to use a happy expression of Dr. Johnson's) readers, far short of sanctity, may be offended in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate."

If the poetical talents of Crashaw seem not to answer this glowing panegyric, yet in his higher character of saint, he appears to have had the purest title to this affectionate eulogy.

His poems were printed, during his exile, in one volume, 8vo, in 1646, by his friend Thomas Car; as he informs us, in a few introductory lines:

Sweet Crashaw was his friend, he Crashaw's brother;
So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent,
That what his riches penn'd, poor Car should print;
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one,
Who was belov'd by all, disprais'd by none.

The volume is divided into three parts; 1st, *Steps to the Temple*; 2d, *Delights of the Muses*; 3d, *Sacred Poems, presented to the Countess of Denbigh, by her most devoted servant, Richard Crashaw, in hearty acknowledgment of his immortal obligation to her goodness and charity*. Perhaps the last division, to which Car's verses are prefixed, was the only one published in 1646.

The second edition was printed in 12mo, 1648, and afterwards with the false date of 1670, and the omission of many passages, and entire poems; but accompanied with the *Sacred Epigrams*, in Latin, not in the edition 1648. A judicious selection from his works, under the title of "Poetry, by Richard Crashaw," was printed by Mr. Peregrine Philips, in small 8vo, 1775. His whole works, reprinted from the edition in 1648, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

Though the poetry of Crashaw was sinking into utter oblivion, when his merits were asserted by Mr. Philips, yet his genius and probity obtained him the admiration and esteem of his contemporaries.

To his attainments, which were numerous and elegant, all his biographers have borne witness. Wood says, "he was excellent in five languages, besides the mother-language, viz. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish."

He was celebrated by Cowley, the most eloquent of his poetical contemporaries; and appears to have been personally regarded by Selden, the most eminent literary character of his time; who mentions him in his "Table Talk," under the article *Poetry*.

The singular incidents of his life, and the peculiar turn of his compositions, may in a great measure account for the oblivion into which he sunk for so considerable a period.

"Crashaw," says Mr. Philips, "was an object of resentment to the Protestants, for having changed his religion in the Puritanical times, from the Church of England, to that of Rome. His book, containing some church services, and doctrinal persuasives to the Countess of Denbigh, and others,

was in a great measure suppressed; and as he finished a short, studious life, in the year 1650, the latter end whereof was wholly devoted to solitude and religious offices, in the Chapel of Loretto, it may not seem extraordinary, that no friend or relation should have attempted to rescue his remembrance from oblivion."

The character of Crashaw, however, has little to fear from the liberality of the present age. Tenderness and piety seem to have been the peculiar characteristics of this amiable poet, at every period of his life. The reader of sensibility, who peruses his *Verses to St. Teresa*, whatever he may think of his tender bigotry, will hardly suspect that his piety was not perfectly sincere.

O! thou undaunted daughter of desires,
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And by thy thirsts of love, more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss,
That seal'd thy parting soul, and made thee his;
By all the heavens thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim;
By all of him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me;
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

The poetry of Crashaw is chiefly devoted to pious subjects. He is a writer of the same class with Herbert and Quarles, though infinitely superior to the former in sublimity and imagination, and to the latter in beauty and tenderness. Quarles has original imagery, striking sentiment, and fertility of expression. Herbert has enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without either ingenuity or imagination. Quarles has suffered unmerited neglect. Herbert still lingers among the favourites of the people; though no one who takes up his "Temple," would suspect that he had been public orator of an university, and a favourite of his sovereign; that he had received flattery and praise from Donne and from Bacon; and that the biographers of the day had enrolled his name among the first names of his country.

The title of the first division of Crashaw's poems, seems to have been borrowed from Herbert's "Temple." The additional poems, intituled the "Synagogue," are attributed by Mr. Granger to Crashaw; but they are unworthy of him.

The poetical talents of Crashaw were very great; but it was not given to him to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup, nor to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus. His poetry bears marks of a fervid mind, and a poetical imagination; it has strength, warmth, and originality; but it is sometimes debased by the deplorable conceits which characterise the pious poetry of Herbert.

It is sometimes tender and beautiful, and sometimes absurd and disgusting. It is a compound of piety and enthusiasm, sublimity and vulgarity, elegance and affectation, pathos and extravagance. He is an unequal writer; but his compositions are chiefly characterised by tenderness of sentiment, beauty of expression, and harmony of numbers.

One of his most striking performances is a translation of the *Sospetto d'Herode*, from a posthumous and scarce work of Marino, published at Venice, 1633. It is intituled, *Stragi de gli Innocenti*, in four books; 1st, *Sospetto d'Herode*; 2d, *Consiglio de Satrapi*; 3d, *Esecutione della Strage*; 4th, *Il Limbo*. Marino had a strong, though not a refined imagination; and the version of Crashaw is executed with a spirit, equal, if not superior, to the original. Of Marino's poem, it is to be lamented, that poetical readers in general know so little; from the specimen here produced, every English reader must be inclined to wish for more. A very intelligent writer has told us (Maty's Review, 1785), that the whole poem has been rendered into English verse; and that the title-page of the translation stands thus: "The Slaughter of the Innocents, by Herod, written in Italian by the famous Cavalier Marino, in four books, newly Englished, 1675." To which he says, 'in my copy is added in writing, En-

glished by T. R.;" to whom the initials T. R. belong, I know not; but the translation seems superior to Crashaw." If this translation is executed in a superior style to Crashaw, which seems hardly possible, it well merits republication.

The particular relation that the *Sospetto d'Herode* bears to many passages in "Paradise Lost," and the great sublimity of the poetry, are reasons sufficient to make it acceptable to every reader of taste, notwithstanding its being a translation.

The passages in this singular performance, which appear to have been imitated by Milton, are in stanzas 5, 7, 9, 18, 19, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.

It is remarkable that Milton, who visited Italy four years after the publication of "The Slaughter of the Innocents," has taken no notice of it in his Latin epistle to his elegant Italian friend Manso, where he alludes to the other work of Marino; whose life is supposed to have been written by that accomplished nobleman, the biographer of Tasso.

It is to the honour of Crashaw, that he attracted the notice of Pope, who has condescended to borrow some lines from him, as every reader of both poets will instantly perceive.

"Though it may be deemed wonderful," says Mr. Philips, "that writers of eminence in the English language should have joined in a poetical confederacy, to divest this poor gentleman of his rights, and dress themselves in his borrowed robes, without the smallest acknowledgment; yet how much will the wonder increase, when the sweetest versifier, declaredly at least of the same persuasion, is found among the number; for whoever reads Mr. Pope's epitaph on Elijah Fenton, will be obliged to confess, that he has not only adopted the thoughts, but in some places, the very words of Crashaw's *Epitaph on Mr. Ashton*. Mr. Pope's faint praise might therefore be the most probable means of secreting his obligations to one, whom he affects rather to contemn; which appears by his epistolary correspondence upon this subject with H. Cromwell, Esq."

The zeal of Mr. Philips, in vindicating the memory of Crashaw, is commendable; but he seems to have unjustly accused Pope of an invidious desire to sink the reputation of his poetical and Catholic brother.

Pope, on the contrary, has drawn his character, though not in full proportion, yet not unfavourably, and with an accuracy and discrimination, which appear to have been the result of his genuine sentiments.

"This poem," says he, [*Lett. 22.*] speaking of his *Musick's Duel*, the celebrated Latin production of Strada, on the nightingale, "was many years since imitated by Crashaw; out of whose verses the following are very remarkable.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Musick's pulse in all its arteries;
Caught in a net, which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

"I take this poet," he adds [*Lett. 26.*], "to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours; and more to keep out of idleness, than to establish a reputation; so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry), all that concerns exactness or consent of parts (which is the body), will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry), may be found in these verses."

"This author formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather on Marino. His thoughts one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far-fetched, and too often strained and stiffened, to make them appear the greater. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st stanzas, are as sublimely dull as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d stanzas of the same copy, are soft and pleasing; and if these last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean; and by this example in the first, one may guess all the rest to be like this, a mixture of tender, gentle thoughts, and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off, and

use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, he will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little; but what he did in his own natural middle way, is best."

"To speak of his numbers, is a little difficult; they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric. 'Tis evident his heroic verse (the best example of which is his *Musie's Duel*), is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough; not extremely majestic, but sweet; and the time considered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is), none of the worst versifiers." I will just observe, that the best pieces of this author are, a *Paraphrase on Psalm XXIII*, on *Leffius*, *Epitaph on Mr. Ashton*, *Wishes to his supposed Mistress*, and the *Dies Ira*.

The partiality of this selection of Pope is objectionable, as it excludes the *Sospetto d'Herode*, and many other pieces of unquestionable merit; but on comparing his opinion with the passages of Crashaw, to which he refers, there seems to be no reason to question the integrity of his judgment. His not commending the translation from Marino, might proceed from his contempt of the original author, who was then considered as the prime corrupter of Italian poetry, and reckoned, by severe critics, "too sublime to be censured, and too fantastic to be praised." It cannot be denied, that he has taken some passages from Crashaw without acknowledgment; but it is highly unjust to accuse an author of intentional and invidious secrecy, who does not always specify his obligations of this kind; because it is hardly possible, from the nature of the human faculties, that he should be able, at all times, to distinguish the genuine offspring of his own imagination, from the adopted children of memory.

The following passages in Crashaw, are evidently imitated by Pope; and surely no compliment could be more flattering.

All-daring dust and ashes, only you,
Of all interpreters, read nature true.—*Death's Lecture.*

O death! all eloquent, you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.—*Eloisa.*

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man.—*Epitaph on Mr. Ashton.*

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man.—*Epitaph on Fenton.*

And I, what is my crime? I cannot tell,
Unless it be a crime to have lov'd too well.—*3d Elegy on St. Alexias*

Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.*

It is probable, that these *Elegies* of Crashaw, written as the complaint of a tender female, deserted on her wedding night by her bridegroom, suggested to Pope the idea of his "Eloisa."

It is but doing justice to this amiable scholar, to recommend him to the attention of the classical reader, as an elegant writer of Latin verse. Ovid appears to have been his model for language and versification; but he has an original character and manner of his own in his Latin, as well as in his English poetry. Though it is to be wished, that in his Latin compositions he had been more attentive to the simplicity of Lucretius, Virgil, and Tibullus, yet his pieces display uncommon powers of invention and sentiment; and are valuable, as much for their fancy and genius, as for their style and expression.

The following epigram on *Jean II. Aqua in vinum versa*, the production "of a tender age," is selected, because it contains a well-known verse, which has been frequently celebrated, without being appropriated to its real author.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas.
 Numen (convivæ) præfens agnoscite numen,
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

The readers of English poetry are indebted for the following version of it, to William Hayley, Esq. the most elegant and classical poet of our country.

Whence does the crystal redden to the eye,
 And lucid water take a roseate dye ?
 Here own him present, who gives nature law !
 This element saw God, and blush'd with awe.

It is no unpleasant reflection, to be able to find so many elegant writers of Latin among our English poets ; in the first rank of which, Crashaw stands very high. Jonson, Cowley, Crashaw, May, Milton, Marvell, Smith, Addison, Gray, Smart, Johnson, and Warton, are such writers of Latin verse, as any country might with justice be proud of. The following testimonies to his merits deserve to be inserted ; as they do honour to his genius and virtue, and as they exhibit a contrast of candid and liberal criticism, to exuberant and indiscriminate praise.

" Crashaw," says Winstanley, " was the darling of the muses ; whose delight was the fruitful Mount Sion, more than the barren Mount Parnassus ; a religious pourer forth of his divine raptures and meditations in smooth and pathetic verse. His poems consist of three parts ; the first, intituled *Steps to the Temple*, being, for the most part, epigrams upon several passages of the New Testament, charming the ear with a holy rapture. The second part, *The Delights of the Muses*, or poems upon several occasions, both English and Latin ; such rich pregnant fancies, as shewed his heart to be filled with Phœbean fire. The third and last part, *Carmen Deo Nostro*, being hymns and other sacred poems ; all which bespeak him

The learned author of immortal strains."

" Crashaw was a poet," says the late amiable and ingenious Mr. Headly, " who deserves preservation, for better reasons than his having accidentally attracted the notice of Pope. He has originality in many parts ; and, as a translator, is entitled to the highest applause. With a peculiar devotional cast, he possessed one of those ineffable minds, which border on enthusiasm ; and when fortunately directed, occasionally produced great things. But he had too much religion to devote his whole strength to poetry ; he trifled for amusement, and never wrote for fame."

" As the original verses of Crashaw," says the elegant and classical Hayley, " are chiefly devoted to pious subjects, we ought to observe, for the honour both of poetry and religion, that the works of this poet have been neglected, not merely because they are devotional, but because their author has fallen into the worst defects of style in his mode of treating subjects that peculiarly require a chaste dignity of expression. He seems to have chosen the pious George Herbert for his model. He entrusted his muse to a very affectionate guardian ; whose panegyric will not be thought extravagant, when it is remembered, that Crashaw, however neglected in later days, was the companion of Selden, and the idol of Cowley."

P O E M S.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

The Weeper.

I.

HAIL, sister springs,
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing crystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalen.

II.

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth, to countershine
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

III.

But we are deceived all,
Stars indeed they are too true,
For they but seem to fall
As heav'n's other spangles do:
It is not for our earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.

IV.

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heav'n's bosom drinks the gentle stream,
Where th' milky rivers creep
Thine floats above, and is the cream.
Waters above the heavens what they be,
We're taught best by thy tears, and thee.

V.

Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something tips,
Whose sacred influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips,
Then to his music, and his song
Tastes of his breakfast all day long.

VI.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair:
No where but here did ever meet,
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

VII.

When Sorrow would be seen,
In her brightest majesty,
(For she is a queen)
Then is she dress'd by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her proudest pearls, I mean thy tears.

VIII.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

IX.

There is no need at all
That the balsam-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His medicinal tears; for now
Nature hath learn'd t' extract a dew,
More sovereign, and sweet from you.

X.

Yet let the poor drops weep
(Weeping is the ease of woe)
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquish'd so.
They though to others no relief
Balsam may be for their own grief.

XI.

Such the maiden gem
By the purpling vine put on
Peeps from her stem,
And blushes at the bridegroom Sun:
This wat'ry balsam of thy cen,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

XII.

When some new bright guest,
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heav'n will make a feast
Angels with crystal vials come,
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's waters: their own wine.

Y y ij

XIII.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmurs though;
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would go;
So much more rich would he esteem,
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

XIV.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
The April in thine eyes;
Mutual sweetness they express:
No April e'er lent kinder showers,
Nor May return'd more faithful flowers.

XV.

O cheeks! beds of chaste loves,
By your own showers seasonably dash'd,
Eyes! nests of milky doves
In your own wells decently wash'd.
O wit of love that thus could place,
Fountain and garden in one face!

XVI.

O sweet contest of woes
With loves, and tears, and smiles disputing,
O fair and friendly foes
Each other kissing and confuting,
White rain and sunshine, cheeks and eyes,
Close in kind contrarieties.

XVII.

But can these fair floods be
Friends with the balsam fires that fill thee?
Cause great flames agree
Eternal tears should thus distil thee?
O floods! O fires! O suns! O showers!
Mixt, and made friends by Love's sweet powers!

XVIII.

'Twas his well pointed dart
That digg'd these wells, and dress'd this vine,
And taught that wounded heart
The way into those weeping een,
Vain loves avaunt! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipt his white foot here.

XIX.

And now where'er he strays
Among the Galilæan mountains,
Or more unwelcome ways,
He's follow'd by two faithful fountains,
Two walking baths, two weeping motions;
Portable and compendious oceans.

XX.

O thou, thy Lord's fair store,
In thy so rich and large expences,
Even when he show'd most poor,
He might provoke the wrath of princes;
What princes wanton't pride e'er could,
Wash with silver, wipe with gold?

XXI.

Who is that kin, but he
Who his crown to be call'd thine,
That thus can boast to be
Waited on by a wand'ring mine,
A voluntary mint that strows
Warm silver showers, where'er he goes?

XXII.

O precious prodigal!
Fair spendthrift of thyself! thy measure

(Merciless love!) is all

Even to thy last pearl in thy treasure:
All places, times, and objects, be
Thy tears sweet opportunity.

XXIII.

Does the day-star rise?
Still thy stars do fall, and fall;
Does day close his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let night or day do what they will,
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

XXIV.

Does thy song lull the air?
Thy falling tears keep faithful time;
Does thy sweet breath'd prayer,
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is a tear, doth drop.

XXV.

At these thy weeping gates
(Watching their wat'ry motion)
Each winged moment waits,
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
By thine eyes tinct ennobled thus
Time lays him up: he's precious.

XXVI.

Not so long she lived
Shall thy tomb report of thee,
But so long she grieved,
Thus must we date thy memory:
Others by moments, months, and years
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

XXVII.

So do perfumes expire,
So sigh tormented sweets, oppress'd
With proud unpitying fire;
Such tears the suffering rose that's vex'd
With ungentle flames does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXVIII.

Say ye bright brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes
Your fruitful mothers,
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow?

XXIX.

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth:
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say,
Why you trip so fast away?

XXX.

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head:
Though the fields eyes, too, weepers be,
Because they want such tears as we.

XXXI.

Much less mean we to trace,
The fortune of inferior gems,
Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or perch'd upon fear'd diadems:

Crown'd heads are toys; we go to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

The Tear.

I.
WHAT bright soft thing is this,
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expence?
A moist spark it is,
A wat'ry diamond; from whence
The very term I think was found,
The water of a diamond.

II.
O 'tis not a tear,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its sphere,
The sun will stoop and take it up,
Proud will his sister be to wear
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

III.
O 'tis a tear,
Too true a tear; for no sad een
How sad soe'er
Rain so true a tear as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so dear,
Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

IV.
Such a pearl as this is
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rose bud's sweet lip kisses;
And such the rose itself when vex'd
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warm a bed.

V.
Such the maiden gem,
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry sun:
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

VI.
Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust? O no,
The dust shall never be thy bed;
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing:

VII.
Thus carried up on high,
(For to heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lie,
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

VIII.
There thyself shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' hadst rather there have shone,
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

Divine Epigrams.—On the Water of our Lord's Baptism.

EACH blest drop, on each blest limb,
Is wash'd itself, in washing him:
'Tis a gem while it stays here,
While it falls hence, 'tis a tear.

Acts viii.—On the Baptized Ethiopian.

LET it no longer be a forlorn hope
To wash an Ethiop:
He's wash'd, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
For his white soul is made;
And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove,
A black fac'd house will love.

On the Miracle of Multiplied Loaves.
SEE here an easy feast that knows no wound,
That under Hunger's teeth will needs be found,
A subtle harvest of unbounded bread;
What would ye more? here Food itself is fed.

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.
HERE where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried.

The Widow's Mites.
Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land
Falls from a steady heart though trembling hand:
The others wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away, she only gave.

Luke xv.—On the Prodigal.
TELL me bright boy, tell me my golden lad,
Whither away so frolic? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in counsel? all thy state?
Are husks so dear? troth 'tis a mighty rate.
On the still surviving Marks of our Saviour's Wounds.
WHATEVER story of their cruelty,
Or nail, or thorn, or spear have writ in thee,
Are in another sense,
Still legible;
Sweet is the difference,
Once I did spell
Every red letter
A wound of thine,
Now (what is better)
Balsam for mine.

Acts v.—The Sick implore St. Peter's shadow.
UNDER thy shadow may I lurk a while,
Death's busy search I'll easily beguile;
Thy shadow, Peter, must show me the sun,
My light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.
Mark vii.—The Dumb healed, and the People enjoined silence.

CHRIST bids the dumb tongue speak, it speaks,
the sound
He charges to be quiet, it runs round;
If in the first he us'd his finger's touch,
His hands whole strength here could not be too
much.

Matth. xxviii.—Come see the place where the Lord lay.
SHOW me himself, himself (bright Sir), O show
Which way my poor tears to himself may go;
Were it enough to show the place and say,
Look Mary here, see where thy Lord once lay:
Then could I show these arms of mine, and say
Look, Mary here, see where thy Lord once lay.

To Pontius washing his hands.
THY hands are wash'd, but O the water's spilt
That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt;
The flood, if any can, that can suffice,
Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs.
Go, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,
In Heaven you'll learn to sing, ere here to speak:
Nor let the milky founts that bath your thirst

Be your delay,
The place that calls you hence, is at the worst
Milk all the way.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

Now, Lord, or never, they'll believe on thee:
Thou to their teeth hast prov'd thy Deity.
Mark iv.—*Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?*
As if the storm meant him,
Or 'cause Heaven's face is dim,
His needs a cloud:
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind?
Or wave so proud?

The wind had need be angry, and the water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten
wreck.

There is no storm but this
Of your own cowardice
That braves you out;
You are the storm that mocks
Yourself; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt:

Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger here;
And he that here fears danger, does deserve his
fear.

On the Blessed Virgin's baseness.

THAT on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
The fair star is well fix'd, for where, O! where,
Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven she sees; heaven's God
there lies,

She can see heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:
This new guest to her eyes, new laws hath given,
'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to hea-
ven.

Upon Lazarus's Tears.

RICH Lazarus! richer in those gems thy tears,
Then Dives in the robes he wears;
He scorns them now, but O! they'll suit full well
With th' purple he must wear in hell.

Two went up into the Temple to Pray.

Two went to pray? O! rather say
One went to brag, th' other to pray:
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not send his eye;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

Upon the Ass that bore our Saviour.

HATH only anger an omnipotence
In eloquence?
Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell
No miracle?
Why else had Balaam's ass a tongue to chide
His master's pride? [word
And thou (heaven burthen'd beast) hast ne'er a
To praise thy Lord?
That he should find a tongue and vocal thunder
Was a great wonder,
But, O! me thinks 'tis a far greater one
That thou find'st none.

Matth. viii.—*I am not worthy that thou should'st come
under my Roof.*

THY God was making haste into thy roof,
Thy humble faith, and fear, keeps him aloof.

He'll be thy guest, because he may not be,
He'll come—into thy house? no, into thee.

Upon the Powder-day.

How fit our well-rank'd feasts do follow
All mischief comes after All-Hallow.

I am the Door.

AND now thou'rt set wide ope, the spear's sad art
Lo! hath unlock'd thee at the very heart:
He to himself (I fear the worst)

And his own hope
Hath shut these doors of heaven, that durst
Thus set them ope.

Matth. x.—*The Blind cured by the word of our Saviour.*

THOU speak'st the word (thy word's a law)
Thou spak'st and straight the blind man saw:
To speak, and make the blind man see,
Was never man, Lord, spake like thee!
To speak thus was to speak (say I)
Not to his ear, but to his eye.

Matth. xxvii.—*And he answered them nothing.*

O MIGHTY nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be.
God spake once, when he all things made,
He sav'd all when he nothing said.
The world was made of nothing then;
'Tis made by nothing now again.

To our Lord, upon the Water made Wine.

THOU water turn'st to wine (fair friend of life),
Thy foe to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turns wine to water back again.

Matth. xxii.—*Neither durst any Man from that Day
ask him any more Questions.*

'MIDST all the dark and knotty snares,
Black wit or malice can, or dares,
Thy glorious wisdom breaks the nets,
And treads with uncontrouled steps;
Thy quell'd foes are not only now
Thy triumphs, but thy trophies too:
They both at once thy conquests be,
And thy conquest's memory.
Stony amazement makes them stand
Waiting on thy victorious hand,
Like statues fixed to the fame
Of thy renown, and their own shame;
As if they only meant to breathe
To be the life of their own death.
'Twas time to hold their peace, when they
Had ne'er another word to say,
Yet is their silence unto thee,
The full sound of thy victory;
Their silence speaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd Panygeris.
While they speak nothing, they speak all
Their share in thy memorial.
While they speak nothing, they proclaim
Thee, with the shrillest trump of fame.

To hold their peace is all the ways
These wretches have to speak thy praise.

Upon our Saviour's Tomb, wherein never Man was laid.

How life and death in thee
Agree!
Thou hadst a virgin womb,
And tomb,
A Joseph did betrothe
Them both.

It is better to go into Heaven with one Eye, &c.

ONE eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,
To fix those full-fac'd glories, O he's poor
Of eyes that has but Argus store. [thee,
Yet if thou'lt fill one poor eye, with thy heaven, and
O grant, (sweet Goodness!) that one eye may
All, and every whit of me. [be

Luke xi.—*Upon the dumb Devil cast out, and the slanderous Jews put to Silence.*

Two devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A speaking devil this, a dumb one that.
Was 't thy full victories fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his
peace?

Luke x.—*And a certain Priest coming that way, looked on him, and passed by.*

WHY dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that
passest by, [eye?
Handling and turning them with an unwounded
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwreck mine,
for O!

Venom'd to see one wretched is to make him so.

Luke xi.—*Blessed be the Paps which thou hast suck'd.*

SUPPOSE he had been tabled at thy teats,
Thy hunger feels not what he eats:
He'll have his teat e'er long, a bloody one,
The mother then must suck the Son.

To Pontius washing his Blood-stain'd hands.

'S MURDER no sin? or a sin so cheap
That thou didst heap

A rape upon 't? till thy adult'rous touch [face,
Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd
She was a nymph, the meadows knew none such,
Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race,
The daughter of a fair, and well fam'd fountain,
As ever silver-tipt the side of shady mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
Nothing but tears,

Each drops a tear, that weeps for her own waste;
Hark how at every touch she does complain her;
Hark how she bids her frightened drops make haste,
And, with sad murmurs, chides the hands that
stain her:

Leave, leave for shame, or else (good Judge) decree

What water shall wash this, when this hath
washed thee.

Matth. xxiii.—*Ye build the Sepulchres of the Prophets.*

THOU trim'st a prophets tomb, and dost bequeath
The life thou took'st from him unto his death:
Vain man! the stones that on his tomb do lie
Keep but the score of them that made him die,

Upon the Infant Martyrs.

To see both blended in one flood,
The mothers milk, the childrens blood,
Makes me doubt if heav'n will gather
Roses hence, or lilies rather.

John xvi.—*Verily, I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament.*

WELCOME, my grief, my joy; how dear's
To me my legacy of tears!

I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:

Thou, thou (dear Lord!) even thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none.

John xv.—*Upon our Lord's last comfortable Discourse with his Disciples.*

All Hybla's honey, all that sweetness can,
Flows in thy song (O fair, O dying swan!)
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

Luke xvi.—*Dives asking a Drop.*

A DROP, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my pearl tipt finger's top?
My wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
Spare this one jewel; I'll be Dives still,

Mark xii.—*(Give to Caesar—) (And to God—)*

ALL we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are;
All is God's; and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cæsar's too;
All is Cæsar's; and what odds,
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

But now they have seen and hated.

SEEN? and yet hated thee? they did not see,

They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee:

No, no, they saw thee not, O life, O love,

Who saw ought in thee that their hate could
move.

Upon the Crown of Thorns taken from our Blessed Lord's Head, all bloody.

KNOW'ST thou this Soldier? 'tis a much chang'd
plant, which yet

Thyself did'st set.

O! who so hard a husbandman did ever find,
A foil so kind?

Is not the foil a kind one which returns
Roses for thorns?

Luke vii.—*She began to wash his Feet with Tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head.*

HER eyes flood licks his feet's fair stain,
Her hairs flame licks up that again:
This flame thus quencht hath brighter beams,
This flood thus stained, fairer streams.

On St. Peter cutting off Malchus's Ear.

WELL, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword,
Well for thyself (I mean), not for thy Lord:
To strike at ears, is to take heed there be
No witness Peter of thy perjury.

John iii.—*But Men loved Darknes rather than Light.*

THE world's light shines, shine as it will,
The world will love its darkness still:
I doubt though, when the world's in hell,
It will not love its darkness half so well.

Acts xxi.—*I am ready not only to be Bound, but to Die.*

COME death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my
cars,

At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;

No other fear than this, the fear to die

On St. Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviour's call.

THOU hast the art on't Peter, and canst tell

To cast thy nets on all occasions well: [stay,

When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Our Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.

To thee these first fruits of my growing death
(For what else is my life?) lo, I bequeath:
Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy wrath that wades here now, e'er long shall
swim,

The floodgate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst
To drown the wantonness of his wild thirst.
Now's but the nonage of my pains, my fears
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
The day of my dark woe is yet but morn,
My tears but tender, and my death new born.
Yet may these unshedg'd griefs give Fate some
guess,

These cradle torments have their towardness.
These purple buds of blooming death may be,
Ere the full stature of a fatal tree.

And till my riper woes to age are come,
This knife may be the spear's Præludium.

On the Wounds of our Crucified Lord.

O THESE wakeful wounds of thine!

Are they mouths? or are they eyes?
Be they mouths, or be they een,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo, a mouth! whose full bloom'd lips
At too dear a rate are roses:

Lo, a blood-shot eye! that weeps,
And many a cruel tear discloses.

O thou that on this foot hast laid
Many a kiss, and many a tear,
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
What so'er thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips
To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses,
To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,
Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference only this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)

The debt is paid in ruby-tears
Which thou in pearls did'st lend.

On our Crucified Lord Naked and Bloody.

THEY have left thee naked, Lord! O that they
had;

This garment too, I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side:
O never could there be garment too good
For thee to wear, but this of thine own blood.

Easter Day.

I.

RISE, Heir of fresh eternity
From thy virgin tomb,
Rise mighty Man of wonders, and thy world with
thee,

Thy tomb the universal east
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb fair immortalities perfum'd nest.

II.

Of all the glories make noon gay,
This is the morn,
This rock bud's forth the fountain of the streams
of day,

In joys white annals lives this hour

When life was born,
No cloud scowl on his radiant lids, no tempest
hour.

III.

Life, by this Light's nativity
All creatures have,
Death only by this days just doom is forc'd to die:
Nor is death forc'd; for may he lie

Thron'd in thy grave
Death will on this condition be content to die,
On the Bleeding Wounds of our Crucified Lord.

I.

JESU, no more, it is full tide,
From thy head and from thy feet,
From thy hands and from thy side,
All the purple rivers meet.

II.

What need thy fair head bear a part
In showers, as if thine eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thy heart
That streams in torrents of its own,

III.

Thy restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal good,
As they were ever wont, what though?
They swim, alas! in their own blood.

IV.

Thy hands to give thou can'st not lift;
Yet will thy hand still giving be:
It gives, but O itself's the gift;
It gives though bound, though bound 'tis free.

V.

But O thy side, thy deep-digg'd side
That hath a double Nilus going,
Nor ever was the Pharian tide
Half so fruitful, half so flowing.

VI.

No hair so small but pays his river
To this Red Sea of thy blood,
Their little channels can deliver
Something to the general flood.

VII.

But while I speak whither are run
All the rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong, there is but one,
But O that one is one all o'er.

VIII.

Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud,
Bent all to drown and overflow;
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

IX.

This thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance;
A deluge least we should be drown'd.
Ne'er wast thou in a sense so sadly true
The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

Samson to his Dalilah.

COULD not once blinding me, cruel! suffice?
When first I look'd on thee I lost mine eyes.

Psalms xxiii.

HAPPY, me! O happy sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep;

Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss;
On whose pastures cheerful spring,
All the year doth sit and sing,
And rejoicing smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery:
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her breast,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my feet the blubb'ring mountain
Weeping melts into a fountain,
Whose soft silver sweating streams
Make high noon forget his beams:
When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes, and tames my rapid grief,
And does woo me into life:
When my simple weakness strays,
(Tangled in forbidden ways)
He (my shepherd) is my guide;
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me; he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path as clear as day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy conducted feet,
Whil'ft they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new lays
Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise,
Come now all ye terrors, fally,
Must'ring forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a fable wing that covers
Brooding horror. Come, thou Death!
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make Darkness self afraid;
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind!
Still, my Shepherd, still my God
Thou art with me, still thy rod,
And thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board:
While I feast, my foes do feed
Their rank malice not their need,
So that with the self-same I read
They are starv'd and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'erlook's her brims!
So, even so still may I move
By the line of thy dear love;
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths, so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind.
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
Lighting to eternity;
There I'll dwell, for ever there
Will I find a purer air

To feed my life with, there I'll sup
Balm, and nectar in my cup,
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm into the arms of death.

Psalm cxxxvii.

On the proud banks of great Euphrates flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our harps that now no music understood,
Nodding on the willows slept,
While unhappy captiv'd we
Lovely Sion thought on thee.
They, they that snatcht us from our country's
breast
Would have a song carv'd to their ears
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)
When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to day.
Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play
If not Jerusalem to thee?
Ah, thee, Jerusalem! ah sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, then I
The music of thy memory,
Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this same busy speaking art,
Unparch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest
A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.
No, no, thy good Sion alone must crown
The head of all my hope-nurst joys.
But Edom, cruel thou! thou cryd'st down, down
Sink Sion, down and never rise,
Her falling thou did'st urge, and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust,
Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on
Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
Even such as these; laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes, too late do rouse thy fears.
Laugh till thy childrens bleeding bones
Weep precious tears upon the stones.
Quem vidistis Pastores, &c.—A Hymn of the Na-
tivity. Sung by the Shepherds.

Chorus.

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
Hath met love's noon, in nature's night,
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the sun that lies too long.
To all our world of well-stoln joy,
He slept, and dream't of no such thing;
While we found out Heav'n's fairer eye,
And kist the cradle of our King;
Tell him he rises now too late,
To show us ought worth looking at.
Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before
Which to be seen needs not his light;
Tell him Tityrus where th' hast been,
Tell him Thyrsis what th' hast seen.
Tit. Gloom my night embrac'd the place
Where the noble infant lay,
The Babe look't up and show'd his face,
In spite of darkness it was day:

It was thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the east, but from thine eyes.
Chor. It was thy day, Sweet, &c.

Tbyrf. Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry north to wage his wars,
The north forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars,
By those sweet eyes persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flowers.
Chor. By those sweet eyes, &c.

Botb. We saw thee in thy balmy nest
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

Tit. Poor world (said I), what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger!
Is this the best thou canst bestow
A cold, and not too cleanly manger?
Contend ye powers of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth.
Chor. Contend ye powers, &c.

Tbyrf. Proud world (said I), cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone,
The phoenix builds the phoenix nest,
Love's architecture is all one,
The Babe whose birth embraces this morn,
Made his own bed ere he was born.
Chor. The Babe, &c.

Tit. I saw the curl'd drops, soft and flow,
Come hovering o'er the places head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
Forbear (said I), be not too bold
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.
Chor. Forbear (said I), &c.

Tbyrf. I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings
Since Heaven itself lies here below:
Well done (said I), but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure.
Chor. Well done (said we), &c.

Tit. No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose his royal head,
See, see, how soon his new bloom'd cheek
'Twixt's mothers breasts is gone to bed
Sweet choice (said I), no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.
Chor. Sweet choice, &c.

Botb. We saw thee in thy balmy nest
Bright dawn of our eternal day;
We saw thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee, by thine own sweet light,
Chor. We saw thee, &c.

Full Chorus.

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man;

Great little one! Whose all embracing birth
Lift earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to
earth.

Welcome though not to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birthright is;
Two sister seas of virgin milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss
That breath's at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.
She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie;
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagles eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
But to poor shepherds, home-spun things,
Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband showers,
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first born of her flowers,
To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head.
To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must
keep

The shepherds more than they their sheep,
To thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves;
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves,
Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.—LIB. I.

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's Master his own death divines.
Struggling for help, his best hope is
Herod's suspicion may heal his.
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake;
Who fears (in vain), that he whose birth
Means heaven should meddle with his earth.

I.

MUSE, now the servant of soft love's no more,
Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers breast:
The blooms of martyrdom. O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors, whose throats answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for
words.

II.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings!
The beauties of whose dawn what eye may bide?
With which the sun himself weighs equal wings;
Map of heroic worth! whom far and wide
To the believing world fame boldly sings:
Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that
bows
To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

III.

Nor needs my muse a blush, or these bright flow'rs
Other than what their own blest beauties bring.
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bow'rs,
That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,
Nor Syrian flame, nor Borean frost deflowers:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busy
wing,

Suck hidden sweets, which well-digested proves
Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

IV.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent
worth,

Holds high the rein of fair Parthenope,
That neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rival to thee!
Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient earth,
Far more than matter for my muse and me.

The Tyrrhene seas, and shores sound all the same,
And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

V.

Below the bottom of the great abyfs,
There where one centre reconciles all things;
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischiefs old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

VI.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears,
He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire:
And for his old fair robes of light he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where sev'n tall horns (his empires pride) as-
pire.

And to make up hell's majesty, each horn
Sev'n-crested Hydra's horribly adorn.

VII.

His eyes, the fullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a dismal red:
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead.
From his black nostrils and blue lips in spite
Of hell's own stink a worse stench is spread,
His breath hell's lightning is; and each deep
groan

Disdains to think that Heaven thunders alone.

VIII.

His flaming eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction,
(His shop of flames) he fries himself beneath
A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong
lash.

IX.

Three rigorous virgins, waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king;
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
'They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need
sting.

Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings. [reigns,
Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

X.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise?
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise
Narcissus? foolish Phaeton? who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'st but a flaming
fall.

XI.

From Death's sad shades, to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood;
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
New matter to make good his great suspect.

XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of Heaven on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves; he does inquire
Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire
To crown their past predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs,

XIII.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what
awe
Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb, neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth, by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

XIV.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy north, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks, and Lybian sands.
He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi's honey-sweating fountains
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the
mountains.

XV.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The heav'n-rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spight
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of Heaven and
earth.

XVI.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,
Make proud the ruby portals of the east.

He saw the temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols, all confess
A coming Deity. He saw the nest
Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to
burst.

XVII.

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The golden eyes of night, whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun) by day as night,
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious handmaid) rais'd
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men
went
Westward to find the world's true Orient.

XVIII.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptoms so deadly unto death and him;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which like two bosom'd sails embrac'd the dim
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

XIX.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He toss'd his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell.
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of
night,
The while his twisted tail he gnawed for spite.

XX.

Yet on the other side, fain would he start
Above his fears, and think it cannot be.
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feel the pulse of every prophecy.
He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)
The heav'n expecting ages hope to see
A mighty Babe, whose pure unspott'd birth,
From a chaste virgin womb should bless the
earth.

XXI.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him) devour;
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower;
How God's eternal Son should be man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectual power.
How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
And Life itself wear Death's frail livery.

XXII.

That the Great Angel blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye.
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie.
That from his mother's breast he milk should
drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's fair family,
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

XXIII.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the old
Eternal Word should be a child and weep:
That he who made the fire, should fear the cold:
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controul'd: [fears;
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and
And free Eternity, submit to years.

XXIV.

And further, that the law's eternal Giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense.
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Entangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

XXV.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
Was in his shady forehead seen express.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress,
A desperate, Oh me! drew from his deep breast.

XXVI.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he); oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought and leave it in a trance?
Frown I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance;
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

XXVII.

He has my Heaven (what would he more) whose
bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear.
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

XXVIII.

Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I; and climb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I mist my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

XXIX.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of Heav'n, rebuke these
eyes?
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

xxx.

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were giv'n?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven,

Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine
eyes,

Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

xxxI.

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
Renders thee double to thy present woes.

Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.

If hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathise:
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

xxxII.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
Myself? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, Heav'n, earth, whate'er dost
boast,

A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.

Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.

Heav'n's saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the fight.

xxxIII.

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their
hands.

And all the powers of hell in full applause
Flourish'd their snakes, and tost their flaming
brands.

We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy laws,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands.

Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

xxxIV.

What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou 'bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven.

Let Heav'n's Lord chide above louder than thou
In language of his thunder, thou art even

With him below; here thou art lord alone
Boundless and absolute; hell is thine own.

xxxV.

If usual wit and strength will do no good,
Virtues of stones nor herbs; use stronger charms,
Anger and love, best hooks of human blood.

If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
And pouring on Heav'n's face, the sea's huge flood
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our a-
larms,

Ruin where'er she sleeps at Nature's feet;
And crush the world till his wide corners meet.

xxxVI.

Reply'd the proud king, O my crown's defence,
Stay of my strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
The frighted stars took faint experience,
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched
forth;

Still you are prodigal of your love's expence,
In our great projects both 'gainst Heav'n and earth.
I thank you all, but one must single out;
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

xxxVII.

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution.

But chiefly there does she delight to be,

Where hell's capacious cauldron is set on;

And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seethe
o'er.

xxxVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the
sound,

Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of hell profound;

At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,

She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round,

A gen'ral hiss from the whole tire of snakes

Rebounding, through hell's inmost caverns came,
In answer to her formidable name.

xxxIX.

'Mongst all the palaces in hell's command,

No one so merciless as this of hers.

The adamant doors, for ever stand

Impenetrable, both to pray'rs and tears;

The walls inexorable steel, no hand

Of time, or teeth of hungry ruin fears.

Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,

Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash'd out
brains.

XL.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,

Whose ever brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood.

About her Hate, Wrath, War, and slaughter sweat;

Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.

There rude impetuous rage does storm, and fret:

And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,

Swinging a huge scythe stands impartial Death,

With endless business almost out of breath.

XLI.

For hangings and for curtains, all along

The walls, (abominable ornaments!)

Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;

Fell executioners of foul intents,

Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,

Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments

Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains

Of brothers mutual blood, and fathers brains.

XLII.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,

Which harpies, with lean famine feed upon,

Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,

Inhuman Erisicthon too makes one;

Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests:

Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.

The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull,

Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff
brim-full

XLIII.

The foul Queen's most abhorred maids of honour
Medea, Jezabel, many a meagre witch,

With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her
But her best housewives are the Parcae, which
Still work for her, and have their wages from her,
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.

XLIV.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree.
Each flower's a pregnant poison, try'd and good,
Each herb a plague. The winds sighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
Of dragons, hydras, sphinxes, fill the grove.

XLV.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus dogs appear,
With the fierce lions of Therodamas,
Busiris has his bloody altar here,
Here Sylla his severest prison has.
The Lestrigonians here their table rear;
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brags.
Here cruel Scyron boasts his bloody rocks,
And hateful Schinis his so feared oaks.

XLVI.

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelimus, names
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames
Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,
Whence the fourth fury answer'd Pluto's call.

XLVII.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king,
The horrid sum of his intentions tell;
But she (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left hell.
She rose, and with her to our world did bring,
Pale proof of her fell presence. Th' air too well
With a chang'd countenance witness'd the sight,
And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

XLVIII.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw hell in the sight.
The fields fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flow'ry lids, for ever night,
And winter strew her way; yea, such a fore
Is she to nature, that a general fright,
An universal palsy spreading o'er
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

XLIX.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing wip'd from the brows of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a Lethean band.

L.

When the Erinny's her black pinions spread,
And came to Bethle'm, where the cruel king
Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
His breast a while from Care's unquiet sling;

Such as at Thebes dire feast she show'd her head
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

LI.

By Herod———now was borne
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd;
Whose right by David's image so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

LII.

Up, through the spacious palace passed she,
To where the king's proudly reposed head
(If any can be soft to tyranny
And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
As it is seen by Hell; and seen with dread.
To change her face's style she doth devise,
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

LIII.

Herself a while she lays aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortal part.
Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes,
What he by nature was, is she by art. [flakes
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand
His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
Life's forge; fam'd is her voice, and false too, be
Her words: sleep'st thou fond man? sleep'st
thou? (said she.)

LIV.

So sleeps a pilot, whose poor bark is prest
With many a merciless o'er mast'ring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
Which of them deep'st shall dig her wat'ry grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest,
In deathlike slumbers; while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? look up and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

LV.

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem
(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung
A most strange Babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw: already is the stream
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful rebels this their young
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

LVI.

What busy motions; what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy brains? they've fire
Already in their bosoms; and their hand
Already reaches at a sword; they hire
Poisons to speed thee; yet through all the land
What one comes to reveal what they conspire?
Go now, make much of these: wage still their
wars. [scars.
And bring home on thy breast more thanklets

LVII.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
A well pois'd sceptre? does it now seem good
Thy brothers blood be spilt, life spent in vain?

'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
Canst thou be careless now? now canst thou
sleep?

LVIII.

Where art thou, man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great self hath stol'n King Herod from
thee?

O call thyself home to thyself, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws
upon thee.

Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thyself into a shape that may become thee.

Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me
Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

LIX.

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a befitting bracelet she had ty'd

(A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
The foamy lips of Cerberus), she apply'd

To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
But Virtue heard it, and away she hied,

Dire flames diffuse themselves through every
vein;

This done, home to her hell she hied again.

LX.

He wakes, and with him ne'er to sleep), new fears;
His sweat-bedewed bed hath now betray'd him,

To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:

So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd

him,

He his own fancy-framed foes defies:

In rage, My arms, give me my arms, he cries.

LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,
The breath of artificial lungs embraves,

The cauldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,
And beat the hot brags with rebellious waves:

He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire;
Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves;

Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,
Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage

came.

LXII.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swol'n breast,
Not to be flak'd but by a sea of blood.

His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
Which on false tyrants head ne'er firmly stood.

The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,

Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light;
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

LXIII.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast.

And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' east,

More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his feverous cares their cold increas'd.

And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) still more
bright,

Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the

LXIV.

No sooner, therefore, shall the morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)

But all his counsellors must summon'd be,
To meet their troubled Lord: without delay

Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who posting every way

To th' heads and officers of every band;
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

LXV.

Why art thou troubled, Herod? what vain fear
Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?
Heaven's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to
wear,

Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,
But give thee a better with himself above.

Poor Jealousy! why should he wish to prey
Upon thy crown, who gives his own away?

LXVI.

Make to thy reason man, and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy fears their causes are;

Thou art a soldier, Herod; send thy scouts,
See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war?

What armour does he wear? A few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries; his men to dare

So much? rude shepherds; what his steeds? alas

Poor beasts! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

Il fine del primo Libro.

On a Prayer-Book sent to Mrs. M. R.

Lo, here a little volume, but great book,

A nest of new-born sweets,

Whose native fires disdaining

To lie thus folded and complaining
Of these ignoble sheets.

Affect more comely bands

(Fair one) from thy kind hands,

And confidently look

To find the rest

Of a rich binding in your breast.

It is in one choice handful, heaven, and all

Heaven's royal host, encamp thus small;

To prove that true, schools use to tell,

Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,

Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie

Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from
thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence,

Against the ghostly foe to take your part;

And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is an armory of light;

Let constant use but keep it bright,

You'll find it yields

To holy hands and humble hearts,

More swords and shields,

Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts,

Only be sure

The hands be pure

That hold these weapons, and the eyes

Those of turtles, chaste, and true,

Wakeful, and wise;

Here is a friend shall fight for you;

Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play its part.

But O the heart
That studies this high art,
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring its bosom full of blessings;
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when he come,
Shall find the loit'ring heart from home,
Leaving its chaste abode,
To gad abroad,

Among the gay mates of the god of flies;
To take her pleasure, and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday;

To dance i' th' sun-shine of some smiling
But beguiling

Sphere of sweet, and sugar'd lies,
Some slippery pair,
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering, but forswearing eyes.

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And stepping in before,

Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets, and holy joys;
Words which are not heard with ears
(Those tumultuous shops of noise),
Effectual whispers, whose still voice,
The soul itself more feels than hears.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual, and soul piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire;

Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows leave to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown rites;
O joys and rarify'd delights!

A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,
And many a mystic thing,
Which the divine embraces

Of the dear Spouse of Spirits, with them will bring,
For which it is no shame,
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more;
(If, when he come,
He find the heart from home),
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some other where,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets,
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!

O happy! and thrice happy she,
Selected dove,
Who'er she be,
Whose early love,
With winged vows,

Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse
And close with his immortal kisses.

Happy indeed who never misses,
To improve that precious hour,
And every day

Seize her sweet prey;
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy show'r
A delicious dew of spices.

O let the blissful heart hold fast
Her heav'nly armful, she shall taste,
At once ten thousand paradises

She shall have power
To rifle and deflower

The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets.
Boundless and infinite——

——bottomless treasures,
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy proof! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heav'ns at once it is,
To have her God become her lover.

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book, intituled, the Temple of Sacred Poems. Sent to a Gentlewoman.

Know, you fair, on what you look;
Divinest love lies in this book;
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings,
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy air,
Of your well-perfumed prayer;
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you;
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
These devotions, fairest, know,
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa, Foundress of the Reformation of the discealed Carmelites, both Men and Women; a Woman for Angelical height of Speculation, for Masculine Courage of Performance, more than a Woman; who, yet a Child, out-ran Maturity, and durst plot a Martyrdom.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death.——To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down,
With strong arms their triumphant crown:
Such as could with lusty breath,
Speak loud into the face of death,

Their great Lord's glorious name; to none
 Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
 For love at large to fill: spare blood and swear,
 And see him take a private seat,
 Making his mansion in the mild
 And milky soul of a soft child.
 Scarce hath she learn'd to lisp the name,
 Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
 Life should so long play with that breath,
 Which spent can buy so brave a death.
 She never undertook to know,
 What death with love should have to do;
 Nor hath she e'er yet understood,
 Why to show love, she should shed blood,
 Yet though she cannot tell you why,
 She can love, and she can die.
 Scarce hath she blood enough, to make
 A guilty sword blush for her sake;
 Yet hath she a heart dare hope to prove,
 How much less strong is death than love.
 Be love but there, let poor six years
 Be pos'd with the maturest fears
 Man trembles at, you straight shall find
 Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
 'Tis love, not years, nor limbs, that can
 Make the martyr or the man.
 Love touch'd her heart, and lo it beats
 High, and burns with such brave heats!
 Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up
 A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
 Good reason; for she breathes all fire,
 Her weak breast heaves with strong desire,
 Of what she may with fruitless wishes
 Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had home,
 She'll travel for a martyrdom.
 No home for her's confesses she,
 But where she may a martyr be.
 She'll to the Moors and try with them,
 For this unvalued diadem,
 She'll offer them her dearest breath,
 With Christ's name in't, in change for death.
 She'll bargain with them, and will give
 Them God, and teach them how to live
 In him; or if they this deny,
 For him, she'll teach them how to die.
 So shall she leave amongst them down,
 Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.
 Farewell, then, all the world! adieu,
 Teresa is no more for you:
 Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
 (Never till now esteemed toys):
 Farewell whatever dear may be,
 Mother's arms or father's knee:
 Farewell house, and farewell home,
 She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast! lo thy fair spouse,
 Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
 T' embrace a milder martyrdom.
 Blest powers forbid thy tender life,
 Should bleed upon a barbarous knife;
 Or some base hand have power to race,
 Thy breast's soft cabinet, and uncase

Vol. IV.

A soul kept there so sweet. O no;
 Wise Heaven will never have it so:
 Thou art love's victim, and must die
 A death more mystical and high.
 Into love's arms thou shalt let fall,
 A still surviving funeral.
 His is the dart must make the death,
 Whose stroke shall taste thy hallow'd breath;
 A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
 Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
 Upon the roof of heav'n, where ay
 It shines, and with a sov'reign ray
 Beats bright upon the burning faces
 Of souls, which in that name's sweet graces
 Find everlasting smiles; so rare,
 So spiritual, pure, and fair,
 Must be th' immortal instrument,
 Upon whose choice point shall be sent,
 A life so lov'd: and that there be
 Fit executioners for thee.
 The fair'st, and first born sons of fire,
 Blest Seraphims shall leave their quire,
 And turn love's soldiers, upon thee
 To exercise their archery.
 O how oft shalt thou complain
 Of a sweet and subtle pain?
 Of intollerable joys?
 Of a death, in which who dies
 Loves his death, and dies again,
 And would for ever so be slain!
 And lives, and dies; and knows not why
 To live; but that he thus may never leave to
 die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart,
 Kiss the sweetly-killing dart?
 And close in thine embraces keep,
 Those delicious wounds that weep,
 Balsam to heal themselves with. Thus
 When these thy deaths so numerous,
 Shall all at last die into one,
 And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
 Like a soft lump of incense, halted
 By too hot a fire, and wasted
 Into perfuming clouds, so fast
 Shalt thou exhale to heav'n at last,
 In a resolving sigh, and then,
 O what?—ask not the tongues of men.
 Angels cannot tell. Suffice,
 Thyself shall feel thine own full joys,
 And hold them fast for ever. There,
 So soon as thou shalt first appear,
 The moon of maiden stars, thy white
 Mistress attended by such bright
 Souls as thy shining-felt, shall come,
 And in her first ranks make thee room.
 Where 'mongst her snowy family,
 Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
 O what delight when reveal'd life shall stand,
 And teach thy lips heav'n with her hand,
 On which thou now may'st to thy wishes,
 Heap up thy consecrated kisses!
 What joys shall seize thy soul, when she,
 Bending her blessed eyes on thee,
 (Those second smiles of heav'n) shall dart,
 Her mild rays through thy melting heart?

Z z

Angels thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
 All thy good works which went before,
 And waited for thee at the door,
 Shall own thee there; and all in one
 Weave a constellation
 Of crowns with which the king thy spouse,
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows;
 All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
 And thy pains sit bright upon thee.
 All thy sorrows here shall shine,
 And thy suff'rings be divine;
 Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
 And wrongs repent to diadems.
 Ev'n thy death's shall live; and new
 Drefs the soul, that erst they flew.
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,
 As keep account of the Lamb's wars.
 Those rare-works where thou shalt leave writ,
 Love's noble history, with wit
 Taught thee by none but him, while here
 They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
 Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
 Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
 Both fire to us, and flame to thee;
 Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
 By glory, in our hearts by grace
 Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
 Themselves thy crown; sons of thy vows,
 The virgin-births, with which thy sovereign spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now,
 And with them all about thee, bow
 To him, put on (he'll say) put on
 (My rosy love) that thy rich zone,
 Sparkling with the sacred flames,
 Of thousand souls, whose happy names
 Heav'n keeps upon thy score (thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the light,
 That kindled them to stars) and so
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord shalt go,
 And wherefo'er he sets his white
 Steps, walk with him those ways of light;
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to die like thee.

*An Apology for the Precedent Hymn, as having been
 writ when the Author was yet a Protestant.*

Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
 (Fair flood of holy fires) trans-fus'd the flame
 I took from reading thee. 'Tis to thy wrong
 I know, that in my weak and worthless song
 Thou here are let to shine, where thy full day
 Scarce dawns, O! pardon if I dare to say
 Thine own dear books are guilty for from thence
 I learn'd to know that love is eloquence.
 That hopeful maxim gave me heart to try,
 If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high,
 Thy praise might not speak English too. Forbid
 (By all the mysteries that here lie hid)
 Forbid it mighty love! let no fond hate
 Of names and words so far prejudicate;
 Souls are not Spaniards too. One friendly flood,
 Of baptism, blends them all into a blood.

Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls;
 And loves that body's soul. No law controls
 Our free traffic for heav'n, we may maintain
 Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain.
 What soul so e'er in any language can
 Speak heav'n like hers, is my soul's countryman.
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis heav'n she speaks!
 'Tis heaven that lies in ambush there, and breaks
 From thence into a wond'ring reader's breast;
 Who feels his warm heart hatch'd into a nest
 Of little eagles and young loves, whose high
 Flights scorn the lazy du . and things that die.
 There are enow whose draughts (as deep as hell)
 Drink up all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell
 With thee, strong wine of love! let others swim
 In puddles; we will pledge this Seraphim.
 Bowls full of richer blood than blush of grape
 Was ever guilty of. Change we to our shape,
 My soul, some drink from men to beasts, O!
 then,

Drink we till we prove more, not less than men,
 And turn not beasts but angels. Let the king,
 Me ever into these his cellars bring,
 Where flows such wine, as we can have of none,
 But him who trod the wine-press all alone.
 Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of love,
 Wine of immortal mixture; which can prove,
 Its tincture from the rosy nectar; wine,
 That can exalt weak earth, and so refine
 Our dust, that in one draught, mortality
 May drink itself up, and forget to die.

On a Treatise of Charity

Rise then, immortal maid Religion rise!
 Put on thyself in thine own looks; t' our eyes
 Be what thy beauties, not our blots have made
 thee,
 Such as (e'er our dark sins to dust betrayed thee)
 Heav'n let thee down new drest, when thy bright
 birth
 Shot thee like light'ning to th' astonish'd earth.
 From th' dawn of thy fair eye-lids wipe away,
 Dull mists, and melancholy clouds; take day,
 And thine own beams about thee, bring the best
 Of whatso'er perfum'd thy eastern nest.
 Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
 Open thy book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.
 These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee,
 Thy holiest, humblest, hand-maid Charity.
 She'll drefs thee like thyself, set thee on high,
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each
 eye,
 Lo, where I see thy off'rings wake, and rise,
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice,
 Which they themselves were; each one putting on
 A majesty, that may beseem thy throne.
 The holy youth of heav'n whose golden rings,
 Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings,
 Fanning thy fair locks (which the world believes,
 As much as fees) shall with these sacred leaves,
 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go,
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous though.
 — Be it enacted then,
 By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
 God's services no longer shall put on
 A fluttishness, for pure religion:

No longer shall our churches frightened stones,
Lie scatter'd like the burn'd and martyr'd bones
Of dead devotion; nor faint marbles weep,
In their sad ruins; nor religion keep,
A melancholy mansion in those cold
Urns. Like God's sanctuaries they look'd of old:
Now seem they temples consecrate to none,
Or to a new god Desolation.
No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be,
Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee:
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou
(Disdainful dust and ashes), bend thy brow;
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes,
Bak'd in hot scorn, for a burn'd sacrifice:
But (for a lamb) thy tame and tender heart,
New struck by love, still trembling on his dart;
Or (for two turtle doves) it shall suffice,
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme,
Pulpits and pens shall sweat in; to redeem,
Virtue to action, that life-feeding flame,
That keeps religion warm; not swell a name
Of faith, a mountain word, made up of air,
With those dear spoils that wont to dress the fair,
And fruitful charities full breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poor hope from us, when we be,
Uncharitable ev'n to Charity?

On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

HARK! she is call'd, the parting hour is come:
Take thy farewell, poor world! heav'n must go
home,

A piece of heav'nly earth, purer and brighter,
Than the chaste stars, whose choice lamps come
to light her,

While through the crystal orbs, clearer than they,
She climbs; and makes a far more milky way.
She's call'd. Hark! how the dear immortal dove,
Sighs to his silver mate. Rise up my love,

Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
The winter's past, the rain is gone:
The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets but thou are wanting here.

Come away my love,
Come away my dove,
Cast off delay:

The court of heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home;

Come, come away.

—The flowers appear,
Or quickly would, were thou once here.
The spring is come; or if it stay,
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.

The rain is gone, except as much as we
Detain in needful tears, to weep the want of thee.

—The winter's past,
Or if he make less haste,

His answer is, why, she doth so;
If summer come not, how can winter go?

Come away, come away,
The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay,
The fountains murmur; and each loftiest tree,
Bows lowest his leavy top, to look for thee.

Come away my love,
Come away my dove, &c.

She's call'd again; and will she go?
When Heav'n bids come, who can say no?
Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
Heav'n will not, and she cannot stay.
Go then, go (glorious) on the golden wings
Of the bright youth of heav'n that sings
Under so great a burden, go,
Since thy dread Son will have it so.
And while thou goest, our song and we,
Will as we may reach after thee.

Hail, holy Queen, of humble hearts!

We in thy praise will have our parts.
And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight,
Feed for ever their fair sight
With those divinest eyes, which we,
And our dark world no more shall see;
Though our poor joys are parted so,
Yet shall our lips never let go
Thy gracious name, but to the last
Our loving song shall hold it fast.

Thy precious name shall be

Thyself to us, and we,

With holy care, will keep it by us.

We to the last

Will hold it fast;

And no assumption shall deny us.

All the sweetest showers

Of our fairest flowers,

Will we strew upon it;

Though our sweets cannot make

It sweeter, they can take

Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, men and angels sing,

Maria, mother of our King.

Live, rosy princess, live, and may the bright

Crown of a most incomparable light,

Embrace thy radiant brows: O may the best

Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast.

Live our chaste love; the holy mirth

Of heav'n, the humble pride of earth.

Live, crown of women, Queen of men;

Live mistress of our song; and when

Our weak desires have done their best,

Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

A Hymn on the Circumcision of our Lord.

Rise thou best and brightest morning,

Rosy with a double red,

With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,

And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,

Gilds thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair cheek'd flowers that fill thee

None so fair thy bosom shows,

As this modest maiden lily,

Our sins have sham'd into a rose.

Bid thy golden god the sun,

Burnish'd in his best beams rise,

Put all his red-ey'd rubies on;

Those rubies shall put out their eyes.

Z z ij

Let him make poor the purple east,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest,
That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright tresses,
With a new morning made of gems;
And wear in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness, to the day
That breaks from one of those bright eyes.

And soon the sweet truth shall appear,
Dear Babe e'er many days be done:
The moon shall come and meet thee here,
And leave her long-neglected sun.

Here are beauties shall bereave him,
Of all his eastern paramours:
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

ON HOPE. *By way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley and R. Crashaw.*

Cowley.

HOPE, whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss.
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of fates dilemma wound.

Vain shadow! that doth vanquish quite
Both at full noon, and perfect night.

The fates of not a possibility
Of blessing thee;

If things then from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing at all.

Crashaw.

Dear Hope, earth's dowry, and heavens debt,
The entity of things that are not yet;
Subt'lest, but surest being! Thou by whom
Our nothing hath a definition.

Fair cloud of fire, both shade, and light,
Our life in death, our day in night.

Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.

From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
Shrinks, like the sick moon at the wholesome morn.

Cowley.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before.

The joys, which we entire should wed,
Come desflour'd virgins to our bed.

Good fortunes without gain imported be,
So mighty custom's paid to thee.

For joy, like wine kept close, doth better taste:
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Crashaw.

Thou art love's legacy under lock
Of faith: the steward of our growing stock.
Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sons of kings.

Nor will the virgin joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our bed,

Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss,
Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss,
Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more joys maidenhead,
Than spousal rites prejudice the marriage bed.

Cowley.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery,
Where, for one prize, an hundred blanks there be.
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,
That still, or short, or wide thine arrows are;
Thine empty cloud the eye, itself deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives;
A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears,
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By *ignes fatui*, not north stars we fail.

Crashaw.

Fair Hope! our earlier Heaven: by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity. [flower;
The generous wine with age grows strong not
Nor need we kill thy fruit, to smell thy flower.

Thy golden head never hangs down,
Till in the lap of love's fool noon
It falls, and dies: oh, no! it melts away
As doth the dawn into the day:

As lumps of sugar lose themselves and twine
Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

Cowley.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad,
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad.
Sire of Repentance! shield of fond Desire!
That blows the chemics and the lover's fire,
Still leading them insensibly on
With the strange witchcraft of anon.
By thee the one doth changing nature through
Her endless labyrinths pursue;
And th' other chafes woman, while she goes
More ways and turns than hundred Nature knows.

Crashaw.

Fortune, alas! above the world's law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars.
Her keel cuts not the waves, where our winds stir,
And Fates whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts, and she fly far above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet Hope, kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where, or what we be,
But what, and where we would be: thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Crashaw.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair Desire!
Fear's antidote! a wife and well stay'd fire
Temper'd 'twixt cold despair, and torrid joy:
Queen regent in young Love's minority.
Though the vext chemic vainly chafes
His fugitive gold through all her faces,
And loves more fierce, more fruitless fires assay,
One face more fugitive than all they.
True, Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase
The God of nature in the field of grace.

A Song of Divine Love.

LORD! when the sense of thy sweet grace,
Sends up my soul to seek thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in love's delicious fire.
O love! I am thy sacrifice;
Be still triumphant blessed eyes,

Still shine on me fair suns! that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

The Second Part.

THOUGH still I die, I live again,
Still longing so to be still slain.
So gainful is such loss of breath,
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this longing strife,
Of living death and dying life,
For, while thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to thyself, I live in thee.

Upon our Blessed Saviour's Passion.

I.

THE wakeful dawning hastes to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King.
The Father's Word, and Wisdom, made
Man, for man by man's betray'd;
The world's Price set to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of death and sin, is bought and sold;
Of his best friends (yea of himself) forsaken,
By his worst foes (because he would) betray'd and
taken.

II.

The early morn blushes to say
It could not rise so soon as they,
Call'd Pilate up, to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty. [lies,
Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues with
And loathsome spittle blots those beauteous eyes,
The blissful springs of joy, from whose all-cheer-
ing ray [drinks day.
The fair stars fill their wakeful fires, the sun himself

III.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of crucify him, crucify.
So goes the vote (nor ask them why?)
Live Barrabas and let God die.
But their's wit in wrath, and they will try,
A hail more cruel than their crucify;
For while in sport he wears a spiteful crown,
The serious showers along his decent face run sadly
down.

IV.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night,
High in his patience as their spight,
For the faint Lamb, with weary limb,
Bears that huge tree which must bear him;
That fatal plant, so great of fame,
The fruit of sorrow and of shame,
Shall swell with both for him, and mix
All woes into one crucifix.
Is tortur'd thirst itself too sweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks, shall make it up.
Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart:
Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search
the inmost heart.

V.

The ninth, with awful horror hearkened to those
groans

Which taught attention even to rocks and stones.
Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb at last complains
Of some more painful thing than all his pains,
Then bows his all-obedient head and dies,
His own love's and our great sins sacrifice.
The sun saw that, and would have seen no more;
The centre shook; her useless vail th'inglorious
temple tore.

VI.

But there were rocks could not relent at this,
Lo, for their own hearts they rend his;
Their deadly hate lives still, and hath
A wild reserve of wanton wrath.
Superfluous spear! But there's a heart stands by
Will look no wounds be lost, no death's shall die;
Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, great mother-
maid, [sad tree's shade.
Then sit thee down, and sing thine even song in the

VII.

The nightening hour comes last to call
Us to our own lives funeral,
A heartless task! Yet Hope takes head,
And lives in him that here lies dead:
Run, Mary, run! Bring hither all the blest
Arabia, for thy royal Phoenix nest,
Power on thy noblest sweets, which, when they
touch
This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd grave,
Who lend't to all things all the life they have?
O rather use this heart, thus far a sifter stone,
'Cause though a hard, and cold one, yet it is thine
own.

Christ's Victory.

CHRIST, when he dy'd
Deceiv'd the cross,
And on death's side
Threw all the loss:
The captive world awak'd and found
The prisoners loose, the jailor bound.
O dear and sweet dispute
'Twixt death's and love's far different fruit,
Different as far
As antidotes and poisons are:
By the first fatal tree
Both life and liberty
Were sold and slain;
By this they both look up and live again,
O strange mysterious strife,
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the cross my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to die, death dy'd indeed.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

Music's Duel.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat

A sweet lutes-master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring
wood:

(The sweet inhabitants of each glad tree,
 Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she)
 There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
 The music's soft report: and mould the same
 In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
 The man perceiv'd his rival and her art,
 Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
 Informs it, in a sweet præludium
 Of closer strains; and ere the war begin,
 He lightly skirmishes on every string,
 Charg'd with a flying touch: and straightway she
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
 And reckons up in soft divisions,
 Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands instinct them taught each
 string

A capring cheerfulness, and made them sing
 To their own dance; now negligently rash
 He throws his arm, and with a long drawn dash
 Blends all together; then distinctly trips
 From this to that; then quick returning skips
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.
 She measures every measure, every where
 Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt,
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
 A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
 With tender accents, and severely joint it
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
 With her sweet self she wrangles. He amaz'd
 That from so small a channel should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voice, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Strains higher yet; that tickled with rare art
 The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
 In surly groans disdains the trebles grace;
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger (moderator) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
 Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the trumpets call
 Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
 Mens hearts into their hands: this lesson too
 She gives him back; her supple breast thrills out
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in way'd notes with a trembling bill
 The pliant series of her slippery song;
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng
 Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float,
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
 That ever-bubbling spring; the sugar'd nest
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
 Music's best seed-plot, where, in ripen'd airs,
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
 Which there reciprocally laboureth

In that sweet soil, it seems a holy choir
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swell their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their mattens sing:
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay
 Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day!
 There you might hear her kindle her soft voice
 In the close murmur of her sparkling noise,
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
 Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
 Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
 She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
 On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train.
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
 Of flashing airs; she qualifies their zeal
 With the cool epod of a graver note,
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
 Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
 Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
 In the musician's face; yet once again
 (Mistress) I come; now reach a strain my lute
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
 But tune a song of victory to me,
 As to thyself, sing thine own obsequy;
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
 And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings.
 The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted.
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath: which married to his lyre
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look
 higher.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
 The humourous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
 In shrill tongu'd accents, striving to be single.
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
 Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swollen rhapsodies,

Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone:
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell,
 In music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
 At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers fairest revolution
 In many a sweet rise; many as sweet a fall)
 A full mouth diapason swallows all.

This done, he lifts what she would say to this,
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
 Alas, in vain for while (sweet soul) she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
 She dies: and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute. O fit to have
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAITHLESS and fond mortality!
 Who will ever credit thee?
 Fond and faithless thing! that thus,
 In our best hopes beguilest us.
 What a reckoning hast thou made,
 Of the hopes in him we laid?
 For life by volumes lengthened,
 A line or two, to speak him dead.
 For the laurel in his verse,
 The sullen cypress o'er his herse,
 For a silver-crowned head,
 A dirty pillow in death's bed.
 For so dear, so deep a trust,
 Sad requital, thus much dust!
 Now though the blow that snatch him hence,
 Stopt the mouth of eloquence,
 Though she be dumb e'er since his death,
 Not us'd to speak but in his breath,
 Yet if at least she not denies,
 The sad language of our eyes,
 We are contented: for than this
 Language none more fluent is.
 Nothing speaks our grief so well
 As to speak nothing; come then tell
 Thy mind in tears who-e'er thou be,
 That ow'lt a name to misery.
 Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs;
 Sententious showers, O let them fall,
 Their cadence is rhetorical.
 Here's a theme will drink th' expence,
 Of all thy watery eloquence.

When only be express

This much, he's dead, and weep the rest.

Upon the Death of Mr. Herry.

A PLANT of noble stem, forward and fair,
 As ever whisper'd to the morning air, [pride,
 Thriv'd in these happy grounds, the earth's just
 Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
 His head in clouds, as if in him alone
 Impatient nature had taught motion
 To start from time, and cheerfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon maturity.
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade,
 The sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made
 The morning muses perch like birds, and sing
 Among his branches: yea, and vow'd to bring
 His own delicious phoenix from the blest
 Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
 To hatch her self in, 'mongst his leaves the day
 Fresh from the rosy east rejoic'd to play.
 To them she gave the first and fairest beam
 That waited on her birth: she gave to them
 The purest pearls, that wept her evening death.
 The balmy zephyrs got so sweet a breath
 By often kissing them, and now begun
 Glad time to ripen expectation
 The timorous maiden-blossoms on each bough,
 Peep'd forth their first blushes: so that now
 A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,
 And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
 Fix'd in delight, as if already there
 Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden year
 His crown expected, when (O Fate! O Time!
 That seldom lett'ft a blushing youthful prime
 Hide his hot beams in shade of silver age;
 So rare is hoary virtue) the dire rage
 Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,
 Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore
 The trunk. Yet in this ground his precious root
 Still lives, which when weak time shall be pour'd
 out

Into eternity, and circular joys
 Dance in an endless round, again shall rise
 The fair son of an ever-youthful spring,
 To be a shade for angels while they sing:
 Mean while who e'er thou art that passest here,
 O do thou water it with one kind tear.

Upon the Death of the desired Mr. Herry.

DEATH, what dost? O hold thy blow;
 What thou dost, thou dost not know;
 Death thou must not here be cruel,
 This is nature's choicest jewel.
 This is he in whose rare frame,
 Nature labour'd for a name,
 And meant to leave his precious feature,
 The pattern of a perfect creature.
 Joy of goodness, love of art,
 Virtue wears him next her heart.
 Him the muses love to follow,
 Him they call their Vice-Apollo.
 Apollo golden though thou be,
 Th'art not fairer than is he.
 Nor more lovely list'ft thy head,
 Blushing from thine eastern bed.
 The glories of thy youth ne'er knew,
 Brighter hopes than he can shew.

Why then should it e'er be seen,
 That his should fade, while thine is green?
 And wilt thou, (O cruel boast!)
 Put poor nature to such cost?
 O 'twill undo our common mother,
 To be at charge of such another.
 What! think we to no other end,
 Gracious heavens do use to send
 Earth her best perfection,
 But to vanish and be gone?
 Therefore only give to day,
 To morrow to be snatch'd away?
 I've seen indeed the hopeful bud,
 Of a ruddy rose that stood
 Blushing, to behold the ray
 Of the new saluted day;
 (His tender top not fully spread)
 The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
 Invited him no more to hide
 Within himself the purple pride
 Of his forward flower, when lo
 While he sweetly 'gan to show
 His swelling glories, Auster sped him,
 Cruel Auster thither hy'd him,
 And with the rush of one rude blast,
 Sham'd not spitefully to waste
 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
 And lay them trembling at his feet.
 I've seen the morning's lovely ray,
 Hover o'er the new-born day,
 With rosy wings so richly bright,
 As if he scorn'd to think of night;
 When a ruddy storm whose scowl
 Made heavens radiant face look foul,
 Call'd for an untimely night,
 To blot the newly blossom'd light,
 But were the rose's blush so rare,
 Were the morning's smile so fair
 As is he, nor cloud, nor wind
 But would be courteous, would be kind.
 Spare him! Death, O! spare him then,
 Spare the sweetest among men.
 Let not Pity with her tears,
 Keep such distance from thine ears.
 But O! thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
 Hasten hath never time to hear.
 Therefore if he needs must go,
 And the Fates will have it so,
 Softly may he be possess'd,
 Of his monumental rest.
 Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
 Safe, O! hide his loved head.
 For Pity's sake O! hide him quite,
 From his mother nature's sight:
 Lest for grief his loss may move
 All her births abortive prove.

Another.

If ever Pity were acquainted
 With stern Death, if e'er he fainted,
 Or forgot the cruel vigour
 Of an adamant rigour,
 Here, O! here, we should have known it,
 Here, or no where, he'd have shown it.
 For he whose precious memory,
 Bathes in tears of every eye:

He to whom our sorrow brings,
 All the streams of all her springs:
 Was so rich in grace and nature,
 In all the gifts that bless a creature;
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth,
 Flourish'd in so fair a growth;
 So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd
 The sacred sweetness of his mind;
 That could the Fates know to relent,
 Could they know what mercy meant;
 Or had ever learn'd to bear,
 The soft tincture of a tear:
 Tears would now have flow'd so deep,
 As might have taught grief how to weep.
 Now all their steely operation,
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion.
 Sickness would have gladly been,
 Sick himself to have sav'd him:
 And his fever wish'd to prove,
 Burning only in his love.
 Him when wrath itself had seen,
 Wrath itself had lost his spleen.
 Grim destruction here amaz'd,
 Instead of striking would have gaz'd.
 Even the iron pointed pen,
 That notes the tragic dooms of men
 Wet with tears still'd from the eyes,
 Of the flinty destinies;
 Would have learn'd a softer style,
 And have been asham'd to spoil
 His life's sweet story, by the haste,
 Of a cruel stop ill plac'd.
 In the dark volume of our fate,
 Whence each leaf of life hath date,
 Where in sad particulars,
 The total sum of man appears.
 And the short clause of mortal breath,
 Bound in the period of death,
 In all the book if any where
 Such a term as this, Spare here,
 Could have been found, 't would have been read,
 Writ in white letters o'er his head:
 Or close unto his name annex'd,
 The fair gloss of a fairer text.
 In brief, if any one were free,
 He was that one, and only he.
 But he, alas! even he is dead,
 And our hopes fair harvest spread
 In the dust. Pity now spend
 All the tears that grief can lend.
 Sad mortality may hide;
 In his ashes all her pride;
 With this inscription o'er his head
 "All hope of never dying, here lies dead."

His Epitaph.

PASSENGER who e'er thou art,
 Stay a while, and let thy heart
 Take acquaintance of this stone,
 Before thou passest farther on.
 This stone will tell thee that beneath,
 Is entomb'd the crime of death;
 The ripe endowments of whose mind
 Left his years so much behind,
 That numb'ring of his virtues praise,
 Death lost the reckoning of his days;

And believing what they told,
 Imagin'd him exceeding old.
 In him perfection did set forth
 The strength of her united worth.
 Him his wisdom's pregnant growth
 Made so reverend, even in youth,
 That in the centre of his breast
 (Sweet as is the Phoenix nest)
 Every reconciled grace
 Had their general meeting place.
 In him goodness joy'd to see
 Learning learn humility.
 The splendor of his birth and blood
 Was but the gloss of his own good.
 The flourish of his sober youth
 Was the pride of naked truth.
 In composure of his face,
 Liv'd a fair, but manly grace.
 His mouth was rhetoric's best mold,
 His tongue the touchstone of her gold.
 What word so e'er his breath kept warm,
 Was no word now but a charm:
 For all persuasive graces thence
 Suck'd their sweetest influence.
 His virtue that within had root,
 Could not choose but shine without.
 And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
 At each corner peeping forth,
 Pointed him out in all his ways,
 Circled round in his own rays:
 That to his sweetness, all mens eyes
 Were vow'd loves flaming sacrifice.

Him, while fresh and fragrant time
 Cherish'd in his golden prime;
 E'er Hebe's hand had overlaid
 His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;
 The rush of death's unruly wave,
 Swept him off into his grave.

Enough, now (if thou can'st) pass on,
 For now, (alas!) not in this stone
 (Passenger whoe'er thou art)
 Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

*An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who died and
 were buried together.*

To these, whom death again did wed,
 This grave's their second marriage-bed.
 For though the hand of Fate could force,
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
 It could not sunder man and wife,
 'Cause they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep;
 Peace, the lovers are asleep:
 They (sweet turtles) folded lie,
 In the last knot love could tie.
 And though they lie as they were dead,
 Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
 (Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
 Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 And th' eternal morrow dawn;
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they wake into that light
 Whose day shall never die in night.

An Epitaph upon Dr. Brooke.

A BROOKE whose stream so great, so good,
 Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood:
 Whose banks the muses dwelt upon,
 More than their own Helicon;
 Here at length, hath gladly found
 A quiet passage under ground;
 Meanwhile his loved banks now dry,
 The muses with their tears supply.

Upon Mr. Stainough's Death.

DEAR relics of a dislodg'd soul, whose lack
 Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
 O stay a while, e'er thou draw in thy head,
 And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed:
 Stay but a little while, until I call
 A summons, worthy of thy funeral. [powers,
 Come then youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft
 Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
 Into a false eternity; come, man,
 Hyperbolized nothing! know thy span; [bow
 Take thine own measure here: down, down, and
 Before thyself in thine idea; thou
 Huge emptiness! Contract thyself, and shrink
 All thy wide circle to a point, O sink
 Lower and lower yet; till thy lean size,
 Call heav'n to look on thee with narrow eyes;
 Lesser and lesser yet; till thou begin
 To show a face, fit to confess thy kin,

Thy neighbourhood to nothing
 Proud looks, and lofty eye-lids here put on
 Yourself in your unfeign'd reflexion;
 Here gallant ladies! this impartial glass,
 (I though you be painted) shows you your true face.
 Those death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie
 To the loud boasts of poor mortality.
 Those curtain'd windows, this retired eye,
 Out-stares the lids of large look'd tyranny.
 This posture is the brave one. This that lies
 Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies
 The world———

All daring dust and ashes! only you
 Of all interpreters read nature true.

To the Queen, upon her numerous Progeny. A Panegyric.
 BRITAIN! the mighty oceans lovely bride!
 Now stretch thyself, fair isle, and grow; spread
 wide

Thy bosom, and make room. Thou art oppress'd
 With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
 Beyond thyself: For, lo! the gods, the gods
 Come fast upon thee; and those glorious odes
 Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
 As fits above thy best capacity.

Are they not odes? and glorious? that to thee
 Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
 Each one an ages labour? that thy days
 Are gilded with the union of those rays
 Whose each divided beam would be a sun
 To glad the sphere of any nation?
 Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat
 Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly great.

And so thou art; their presence makes thee so:
 They are thy greatness, gods, where'er they go,
 Bring their Heav'n with them; their great foot-
 steps place

An everlasting smile upon the face

Of the glad earth they tread on. While with thee
Those beams that amplify mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majesty and fulness, deign to dwell,
Thou by thyself may'st fit, blest isle, and see
How thy great mother Nature doats on thee.
Thee, therefore, from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an isle, but made a world.

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since hope
turn'd joy,

And took into his arms the princely boy,
Whose birth laub'd the bed of his sweet mother,
And bad us first salute our prince a brother.

Bright Charles, thou sweet dawn of a glorious
day!

Centre of those thy grandfires (shall I say,
Henry and James? or, Mars and Phœbus rather?
If this were Wisdom's God, that War's stern father,
'Tis but the same is said: Henry and James
Are Mars and Phœbus under diverse names.)

O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles
Of peace and war; thou, for whose manly brow
Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland: see, sweet prince, O! see,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Are ta'en out and transcrib'd by thy great mother:
See, see thy real shadow; see thy brother,
Thy little self in less: trace in these een
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
From the same snowy alabaster rock
Those hands and thine were hewn; those cherries
mock

The coral of thy lips: thou wert of all
This well-wrought copy the fair principal.

Justly, great Nature, didst thou brag, and tell
How ev'n th' had drawn that faithful parallel,
And match'd thy master-piece. O! then go on,
Make such another sweet comparison
See'st thou that Mary there? O! teach her mother
To shew her to herself in such another
Fellow this wonder too; nor let her shine
Alone; light such another star, and twine
Their rosy beams, that so the morn for one
Venus may have a constellation.

These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when (lo)
our vows

Sat crown'd upon the noble infants brows
Th' art pair'd, sweet princess. In this well-writ
book

Read o'er thyself, peruse each line, each look.
And when th' hast summ'd up all those blooming
blisses,

Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses.

So have I seen (to dress their mistresses May)
Two filken sister-flowers consult, and lay
Their bashful cheeks together: newly they
Peep'd from their buds, show'd like the garden's
eyes

Scarce wak'd: like was the crimson of their joys:
Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflection.

And now 'twere time to say, sweet queen, no
more.

Fair source of princes, is thy precious store

Not yet exhaust? O no. Heavens have no bound;
But in their infinite and endless round
Embrace themselves. Our measure is not theirs;
Nor may the poverty of man's narrow prayers
Span their immensity. More princes come.
Rebellion, and thou by mischief, make room:
War, blood, and death (names all averse from joy)
Hear this, we have another bright-eyed boy:
That word's a warrant, by whose virtue I
Have full authority to bid you die.

Die, die foul misbegotten monsters, die:
Make haste away, or ere the world's bright-eye
Blush to a cloud of blood. O! far from men
Fly hence, and in your hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmur there
Where none but hell may hear, nor our soft air
Shrink at the hateful sound. Meanwhile we bear
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise
And name of these our just and righteous joys,
Where envy shall not reach them, nor those ears
Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres.

But thou, sweet supernumerary star,
Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boisterous war.
The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile
The world might owe an universal calm;
While thou, fair Halcyon, on a sea of balm [head,
Shalt float; where, while thou lay'st thy lovely
The angry billows shall but make thy bed.
Storms, when they look on thee, shall straight
relent;

And tempests, when they taste thy breath, repent
So whispers soft as thine own slumbers be,
Or souls of virgins which shall sigh for thee.

Shine then, sweet supernumerary star;
Nor fear the boisterous names of blood and war:
Thy birth-day is their deaths nativity;
They've here no other business but to die.

But stay, what glimpse was that? why blush'd
the day?

Why ran the started air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
Acquaintance with the sun? what second morn
At mid-day opes a presence which Heavens eye
Stands off and points at? Is't some deity
Slept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen?
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?

'Tis she, 'tis she her awful beauties chase
The day's abashed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright
Mistress of wonders Cynthia's is the night;
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy sun deny't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetness! in thy faithful womb,
That nest of heroes, all our hopes, find room.
Thou art the mother-phœnix, and thy breast
Chaste as that virgin-honour of the east,
But much more fruitful is: nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty love a deity.

Then let the eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy phœnix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phœnixes; while we have brother
And sister-phœnixes, and still the mother. [crease
And may we long! Long may't thou live t'ing
The house and family of phœnixes.

Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
Ere prove the dismal morning of thy night:
Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy bier.

O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month! And when thou'st done,
May'st in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child often prove a mother.
Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy royal elm, fair vine! And when
The heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternal story!

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd string,
That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring.
O speak a lowly muses pardon, speak
Her pardon, or her sentence; only break
Thy silence. Speak, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence
Confessing thee. Or if too long I stay,
O speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious; and their altars make
Precious the off'rings that their altars take.
Give then this rural wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

*Upon Ford's two Tragedies.—Love's Sacrifice, and the
Broken Heart.*

Thou cheat'st us Ford, mak'st one seem two by art.
What is love's sacrifice, but the broken heart.

On a Foul Morning, being then to take a Journey.

WHERE art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold day
Staggers out of the east, loses her way
Stumbling on night: Rouze thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choak the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams; O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear
Full glory, flaming in her own free sphere.
Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will enstille
The face of things, an universal smile.
Say to the sullen morn, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt command proud Zephyrus to sport her
With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And frisk in curl'd meanders; he will throw
A fragrant breath suck'd from the spicy nest
O th' precious phoenix, warm upon her breast.
He with a dainty and soft hand will trim,
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wherefoe'er she'll tread,
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise, then, (fair blew-ey'd maid) rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light.

Fly, fly profane fogs, far hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day,
With your dull influence; it is for you
To sit and scowl upon night's heavy brow;
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,
Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joys are worn.
Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to day.

Upon the Fair Ethiopian, sent to a Gentlewoman.

Lo here the fair Chariclia! in whom strove
So false a fortune, and so true a love,
Now after all her toils by sea and land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand,
Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then
She shall appear true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I WOULD be married, but I'd have no wife,
I would be married to a single life.

To the Morning.—Satisfaction for Sleep.

WHAT succour can I hope the muse will send
Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the muses friend?
What hope Aurora to propitiate thee,
Unless the muse sing my apology?

O in that morning of my shame! when I
Lay folded up in sleep's captivity,
How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes,
Into thy modest veil? how did'st thou rise
Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run
To draw the curtains, and awake the sun?
Who rousing his illustrious tresses came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
Me from his patronage; I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
My own Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon; and see
If Morpheus have a muse to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings
No nimble rapture starts to heaven and brings
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madness of a muse,
Whose feet can walk the milky way, and choose
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urn, to climb
Upon the stooping shoulders of old time,
And trace eternity.—But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them: but O! thou
Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast it cannot die.
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise
O! meet the angry god, invade his eyes,
And stroke his radiant cheeks; one timely kiss
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates; and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orizons, to be
An anthem at the day's nativity.
And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom morn, [so ?
Heir of the sun's first beams; why threat'st thou
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness, and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger, dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears; shut out their miseries.

Love's Horoscope.

LOVE, brave Virtue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother,
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks if sad, or saving powers,
Gave omen to his infant hours;
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look,
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book;
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate;
Ah, my heart, her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
How e'er Love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
Points of death, bid Love begone,
(Though the Heavens in counsel fate,
To crown an uncontrolled fate,
Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood;)
Love has no plea against her eye
Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on Love's nativity;
Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fixt his forehead to a frown,)
Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles and Love shall live.

O! if Love shall live, O! where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from death?
For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall die, although he live.

Or if Love shall die, O! where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest?

While Love shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live, although he die.

Out of Virgil — In the Praise of the Spring.

ALL trees, all leavy groves confess the spring
Their gentle friend, then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and seed desire
To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the bosom of his Love, and pours
Himself into her lap in fruitful showers.
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
Her weak conceptions; no lone shade, but rings
With chatt'ring birds delicious murmurings.
Then Venus mild instinct (at set times) yields
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warm Zephyr's lively breath) lay
forth

Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth.
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved bosom to the sun
(Grown lusty now;) no vine so weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms
That the south-west wind hurries in his arms,
But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,
Freely lays out her leaves: Nor do I doubt
But when the world first out of Chaos sprang,
So smil'd the days, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A spring was there,
An everlasting spring, the jolly year
Led round in this great circle; no wind's breath
As then did smell of winter, or of death.
When life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and
when

From their hard mother earth, sprang hardy men,
When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
Stars in their higher chambers, never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the sense
Of such a change, but that the Heav'n's indulgence
Kindly supplies sick nature, and doth mold
A sweetly temper'd mien, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture sent to a Friend.

I PAINT so ill, my piece had need to be
Painted again by some good poesy.
I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
So much as th' picture of a well-limb'd verse:
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send nor true picture, nor true poesy.
Both which away, I should not need to fear,
My Love, or feign'd, or painted should appear.

In Praise of Lessius, his Rule of Life.

Go, now, and with some daring drug,
Bait thy disease, and while they tug
Thou to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasure of thy life:
Go, take physic, doat upon
Some big-nam'd composition,
The oraculous doctors mystic bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shall gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.

That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.

Hark hither, reader; wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be.

Will't see a man all, his own wealth,
 His own phyfic, his own health?
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well?
 Her garments that upon her fit,
 As garments should do close and fit?
 A well cloth'd soul; that's not oppress'd,
 Nor choakt with what she should be drest?
 A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine?
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin aerial veil is drawn
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
 A soul whose intellectual beams
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
 A happy soul that all the way,
 To heav'n rides in a summer's day?
 Would't see a man whose well warm'd blood,
 Bathes him in a genuine flood,
 A man whose tuned humours be,
 A set of rarest harmony;
 Would't see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
 Age; would't see December smile?
 Would't see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts free spirits, flattering
 Winters self into a spring?

In some, would't see a man that can
 Live to be old and still a man?

Whose latest and most leaden hours,
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends.
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away;
 This rare-one reader, would't thou see
 Hark hither; and thyself be he.

The Beginning of Heliodorus.

THE smiling morn had newly wak'd the day,
 And tipt the mountains with a tender ray:
 When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
 Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
 Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas [cules]
 Through the great mouth that's nam'd from Her-
 A band of men, rough as the arms they wore
 Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
 The shore that showed them what the sea deny'd,
 Hope of a prey. There to the main land ty'd
 A ship they saw, no men she had; yet prest
 Appear'd with other lading, for her breast
 Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
 Up to the third ring; o'er the shore was spread
 Death's purple triumph, on the blushing ground
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
 In their own bloods dear deluge, some new dead,
 Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled:
 While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,
 Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light.
 Those yet fresh streams which crawled every where
 Show'd that stern war had newly bath'd him there.
 Nor did the face of this disaster show
 Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,
 A miserable and a monstrous feast,
 Where hungry war had made himself a guest:

And coming late had eat up guests and all,
 Who prov'd the feast to their own funeral, &c.

Out of the Greek.—Cupid's Crier.

Love is lost, nor can his mother
 Her little fugitive discover:
 She seeks, she sighs, but no where spies him;
 Love is lost; and thus she cries him.

O yes! if any happy eye,
 This roving wanton shall descry;
 Let the finder surely know
 Mine is the wag; 'tis I that owe
 The winged wand'rer; and that none
 May think his labour vainly gone,
 The glad descrier shall not miss,
 To taste the Nectar of a kiss
 From Venus' lips; but as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 In riper joys: more shall be his
 (Venus assures him) than a kiss,
 But lest your eye discerning slide,
 These marks may be your judgment's guide;
 His skin as with a fiery blushing
 High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
 With nimble flames, and though his mind
 Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind:
 For never were his words in ought
 Found the pure issue of his thought.
 The working bees soft melting gold,
 That which their waxen mines enfold,
 Flow not so sweet as do the tones
 Of his tun'd accents; but if once
 His anger kindle, presently
 It boils out into cruelty,
 And fraud: He makes poor mortals hurts
 The objects of his cruel sports.
 With dainty curls his froward face
 Is crown'd about; but O! what place,
 What farthest nook of lowest hell
 Feels not the strength, the reaching spell
 Of his small hand? Yet not so small
 As 'tis powerful therewithall.
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
 And like a saucy bird he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 'Bout men and women, nor will spare
 Till at length he perching rest,
 In the closet of their breast.
 His weapon is a little bow,
 Yet such a one as (Jove) knows how
 Ne'er suffer'd, yet his little arrow,
 Of heavens high't arches to fall narrow.
 The gold that on his quiver smiles,
 Deceives mens fears with flattering wiles.
 But O! (too well my wounds can tell)
 With bitter shaft's 'tis sauc'd too well.
 He is all cruel, cruel all;
 His torch imperious though but small
 Makes the sun (of flames the fire)
 Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.
 Wherefoe'er you chance to find him
 Seize him, bring him, (but first bind him);
 Pity not him, but fear thyself
 Though thou see the crafty elf,
 Tell down his silver-drops unto thee,
 They're counterfeit, and will undo thee.

With baited smiles if he display
His fawning cheeks, look not that way :
If he offer sugar'd kisses,
Start, and say, The serpent hisses.
Draw him, drag him, though he pray,
Woo, entreat, and crying say,
Prithee, sweet, now let me go,
Here's my quiver, shafts, and bow ;
I'll give thee all ; take all, take heed
Lest his kindness make thee bleed,

Whate'er it be Love offers, still presume [sume.
That though it shines, 'tis fire and will con-

On Nanus Mounted upon an Ant.

HIGH mounted on an Ant Nanus the tall,
Was thrown, alas ! and got a deadly fall,
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies
All torn ; with much ado yet e'er he dies,
He strains these words : Base Envy, do laugh on.
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton.

Upon Venus putting on Mars's Arms.

WHAT ! Mars's sword ? fair Cytherea say,
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to day ?
Mars thou hast beaten naked ; and, O ! then
What need'st thou put on arms against poor men ?

Upon the Same.

PALLAS saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd,
Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why fool ! says Venus, thus provok'st thou me,
That being nak'd, thou know'st could conquer thee ?

Upon Bishop Andrews's Picture, before his Sermons.

THIS reverend shadow cast that setting sun,
Whose glorious course through our horizon run,
Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear.
Whose fair illustrious soul, led his free thought
Through learning's universe, and (vainly) sought
Room for her spacious self, until at length
She found the way home, with an holy strength
Snatch'd herself hence to heaven : fill'd a bright
place ;

'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,
There still to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink
Into this less appearance ; if you think,
'Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath :
Look on the following leaves, and see him breath.

Out of Martial.

FOUR teeth thou had'st that, rank'd in goodly state,
Kept thy mouth's gate.
The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
The second, none.

This last cough Ælia, cougth out all thy fear,
Thou'st left the third cough now no business here.

Out of the Italian.—A Song.

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.
In free air,
Flow thy hair ;

That no more summer's best dresses;
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver,
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.
From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee ;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow :
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving ling'ring sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his terrors to affright me :
Thine eyes Graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.
When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet airs that often flew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprove me,
And to many deaths renew me.

Out of the Italian.

LOVE now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your eyes the light hath rest him,
The heat commanding in thy heart doth sit.
O ! that poor Love be not forever spoiled,
Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lies,
(Drest in those beams) start forth
And dance before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames,
(I care not whither)
And so in mutual names
Of love, burn both together.

Another.

Would any one the true cause find
How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind?
'Tis this; list'ning one day too long,
To th' syrens in my mistress song,
The ecstasy of a delight
So much o'er mast'ring all his might,
To that one sense, made all else thrall,

And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

On the Frontispiece of Isaacson's Chronology explained.

If with distinctive eye, and mind, you look
Upon the front, you see more than one book.
Creation is God's book, wherein he writ
Each creature, as a letter filling it.
History is creation's book, which shows
To what effects the series of it goes.
Chronology's the book of history, and bears
The just account of days, months, and years.
But resurrection, in a later press,
And new edition, is the sum of these.
The language of these books had all been one,
Had not th' aspiring tower of Babylon
Confus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As far the speech, as men o'th' new fill'd world.

Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Time's emblem, Saturn; who, when store of gold
Coin'd the first age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd;
Till History, Time's eldest child appear'd,
And Phoenix like, in spite of Saturn's rage,
Forc'd from her ashes, heirs in every age.
From th' rising sun, obtaining by just suit,
A spring's engender, and an autumn's fruit.
Who in those volumes at her motion pend,
Unto creation's Alpha doth extend.
Again ascend, and view chronology,
By optic skill pulling far history
Nearer; whose hand the piercing eagle's eye
Strengthens, to bring remotest objects nigh.
Under whose feet, you see the setting sun,
From the dark gnomon, o'er her volumes run,
Drown'd in eternal night, never to rise,
Till resurrection show it to the eyes
Of earth-worn men: and her shrill trumpet's sound
Affright the bones of mortals from the ground.
The columns both are crown'd with either sphere
To show chronology and history bare,
No other Culmen than the double art,
Astronomy, geography, impart.

Or Thus.

Let hoary time's vast bowels be the grave
To what his bowels birth and being gave;
Let nature die, (phoenix-like) from death
Reviv'd nature takes a second breath;
If on Time's right hand, sit fair History.
If, from the seed of empty ruin, she
Can raise so fair an harvest, let her be
Ne'er so far distant, yet Chronology
(Sharp-sighted, as the eagle's eye, that can
Out stare the broad-beam'd day's meridian)
Will have a perspicil to find her out,
And, through the night of error and dark doubt,
Discern the dawn of truth's eternal ray,
As when the rosy morn buds into day.

Now that time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build

Ruin a temple; on whose fruitful fall
History rears her pyramids more tall
Than were th' Egyptian, (by the life these give,
Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live:)
On these she lifts the world; and on their base
Shows the two terms and limits of time's race:
That the creation is; the judgment this;
That the world's morning, this her midnight is.

An Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton, a conformable Citizen.

THE modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man.
One whose conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither church nor king.
One of those few that in this town,
Honour all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
His parlour sermons rather were
Those to the eye, than to the ear.
His prayers took their price and strength,
Not from the lewdness, nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome.
He lov'd his father; yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To th' church he did allow her dress,
True beauty, to true holiness
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When age and death call'd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for.
Death tore not, (therefore) but sans strife
Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
What remains then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, in thy brow;
And by his fair example's light,
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So, while these lines can but bequeath
A life perhaps unto his death,
His better epitaph shall be,
His life still kept alive in thee.

Out of Catullus.

Come and let us live my dear,
Let us love and never fear,
What the fourest fathers say:
Brightest Sol that dies to day
Lives again as blithe to morrow;
But if we, dark sons of sorrow,
Set, O then, how long a night
Shuts the eyes of our short light?
Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips, begin and tell
A thousand, and a hundred score,
An hundred, and a thousand more;
Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe of another.
Thus, at last, when we have number'd
Many a thousand, many a hundred,
We'll confound the reckoning quite,
And lose ourselves in wild delight:

While our joys so multiply,
As shall mock the envious eye.

Wishes to his (supposed) Mistress.

Who ere she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me;
Where ere she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny;
Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;
Till that divine
Idæa, take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;
Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.
I wish her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shooty.
Something more than
Taffata or tiffue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.
More than the spoil
Of shop, or silk-worms toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.
A face that's best,
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.
A face made up,
Out of no other shop
Than what nature's white hand sets ope.
A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth
Write, what the reader sweetly ru'th.
A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.
Lips, where all day
A lover's kifs may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.
Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but drest
And clothe their simplest nakedness.
Eyes that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-faces
That sunshine, by their own sweet graces.
Tresses that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.
Whose native ray,
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.
Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.
A well tam'd heart,
For whose more noble smart,
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow;
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joys that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to drest.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy brides, when night
First does the longing lover right.

Tears quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead.

Days that need borrow,
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore spent night of sorrow.

Days that in spight
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights sweet as they,
Made short by lovers play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome friend.

Sydnean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft filken hours,
Open sun's shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lours.

What ere delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame,
Have nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy,
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

Now if time knows,
That her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows.

Her whose just bays,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise.

Her that dares be,
What these lines wish to see;
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here,
Lo! I unclothe and clear,
My wishes cloudy character.
May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it;
But modesty dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.
Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but her story.

S A C R E D P O E M S.

Anagram on Crasshaw.

WAS Car then Crasshaw, or was Crasshaw Car,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crasshaw, he Car; 'tis love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one;
So Crasshaw's still the same: so much desired
By strongest wits; so honour'd, so admired;
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughts, and did com-
mend [other:
(While yet he liv'd) this work; they lov'd each
Sweet Crasshaw was his friend; he Crasshaw's bro-
ther:

So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poor Car should print;
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was belov'd by all, disprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all;
Nor would he give nor take offence; befall
What might, he would possess himself: and live
As dead (devoid of interest) 't all might give
Disease t' his well compos'd mind; forestall'd
With heavenly riches: which had wholly call'd
His thoughts from earth, to live above in th' air
A very bird of paradise. No care
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise.

Sufficed him; and may we guess his heart
By what his lips bring forth, his only part
Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found then sought.
He seeks no downs, no sheets, his bed's still made
If he can find, a chair or stool, he's laid,
When day peeps in; he quits his restless rest;
And still, poor soul, before he's up he's drest.
Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to die
In th' virgins lap, to whom he did apply
His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was
styl'd

By foes, the chaplain of the virgin mild,
While yet he liv'd without: his modesty
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Live happy then, dear soul, enjoy thy rest
Eternally by pains thou purchas'dst,
While Car must live in care; who was thy friend
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end,
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee;
And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

*Dedication to the noblest and best of Ladies, the Countess
of Denbigh.*

WHAT heaven-entreated heart is this?
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss;
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter,
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
Say, ling'ring fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weakness) why you choose so long
In labour of yourself to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die:
Ah linger not, lov'd soul! a slow
And late consent was a long no,
Who grants at last, long time try'd,
And did his best to have deny'd,
What magic bolts, what mystic bars
Maintain the will in these strange wars!
What fatal, what fantastic bands,
Keep the free heart from its own hands!
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be,
Fetter'd, and lock'd up fast they lie
In a sad self-captivity,
Th' astonish'd nymphs their floods strange fate de-
plore

To see themselves their own severer shore.
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from its strong hold;
Almighty Love! end this long war,
And of a meteor make a star.
O fix this fair indefinite,
And 'mongst thy shafts of sovereign light
Choose out that sure decisive dart
Which has the key of this close heart,
Knows all the corners of't, and can control
The self-shut cabinet of an unsearch'd soul.
O let it be at last, love's hour;
Raise this tall trophy of thy pow'r;
Come once the conquering way; not to confute
But kill this rebel word, irresolute,
That so, in spite of all this peevish strength
Of weakness, she may write, Resolv'd at length.
Unfold at length, unfold fair flow'r,
And use the season of Love's show'r,
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise heart!
And haste to drink the wholesome dart;
That healing shaft, which heav'n till now
Has in Love's quiver hid for you.

A

O dart of Love! arrow of light!
 O happy you, if it hit right;
 It must not fall in vain, it must
 Not mark the dry regardless dust.
 Fair one, it is your fate; and brings
 Eternal words upon its wings.
 Meet it with wide-spread arms, and see
 Its seat your soul's just centre be.
 Disband dull fears; give faith the day,
 To save your life, kill your delay;
 It is Love's siege, and sure to be
 Your triumph, though his victory.
 'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,
 And want of courage not to yield.
 Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
 The fort at last, and let life in.
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
 Death's prey, before the prize of love.
 This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,
 He is repulst indeed, but you're undone.

*To the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus.
 A Hymn.*

I SING the Name which none can say,
 But touch'd with an interior ray;
 The Name of our new peace, our good,
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood.
 The Name of all our lives and loves,
 Harken, and help ye holy doves,
 The high-born brood of day, the bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs elect of love, whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast,
 Of this unbounded name build your warm nest,
 Awake my glory, soul (if such thou be
 And that fair word at all refer to thee)
 Awake and sing,
 And be all wing,
 Bring hither thy whole self, and let me see
 What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in thee;
 O thou art poor
 Of noble powers I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me,
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
 Than this great morning's mighty business,
 One little word or two
 (Alas) will never do;
 We must have store,
 Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
 Go and request
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of heav'n's, the self involving set of spheres,
 Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
 Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul appeasing sound,
 And beat a summons in the same
 All Sovereign Name,
 To warn each several kind
 And shape of sweetness, be they such
 As sigh with supple wind,
 Or answer artful touch,
 That they convene and come away,
 To wait at the love crowned doors of this illustrious day.

Shall we dare this, my soul? we'll do't and
 bring
 No other note for't but the Name we sing.
 Wake lute and harp,
 And every sweet lilt thing
 That talks with tuneful string,
 Start into life; and leap with me
 Into a habit fit of self tun'd harmony;
 Nor must you think it much
 T' obey my bolder touch,
 I have authority in Love's name to take you,
 And to the work of love this morning wake you;
 Wake in the name
 Of him who never sleeps, all things that are,
 Or, what's the same,
 Are musical,
 Answer my call
 And come along,
 Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
 Come ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
 Bring all your household stuff of heav'n on earth;
 O you my soul's most certain wings,
 Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
 Bring all the store
 Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have no
 more.
 Come ne'er to part,
 Nature and art
 Come, and come strong
 To the conspiracy of our spacious song,
 Bring all the powers of praise
 Your powers of well united worlds can raise;
 Bring all your lutes, and harps of heav'n and
 earth,
 Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth,
 Vessels of vocal joys,
 Or you more noble architects of intellectual noise,
 Cymbals of heav'n or human spheres,
 Solicitors of souls or ears,
 And when you're come with all
 That you can bring, or we can call,
 O may you fix
 For ever here, and mix
 Yourself into the long
 And everlasting series of a deathless song;
 Mix all your many worlds above
 And looke them into one of love.
 Cheer thee my heart
 For thou too hast thy part
 And place in the great throng
 Of this unbounded, all embracing song.
 Powers of my soul be proud
 And speak aloud
 To all the dear-bought nations, this redeeming
 Name,
 And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
 New smiles to nature.
 May it be no wrong,
 Blest heav'n's, to you, and your superior song,
 That we dark sons of dust and sorrow
 Awhile dare borrow
 The name of your delights, and our desires,
 And fit it to so far inferior lyres;
 Our murmurs have their music too,
 Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,

Nor yield the noblest nest
 Of warbling seraphims, to the cares of love,
 A choicer lesson than the loyal breast
 Of a poor panting turtle dove.
 And we low worms, have leave to do [you.
 The same bright business (ye third heavens) with
 Gentle spirits, do not complain,
 We will have care
 To keep it fair
 And send it back to you again.
 Come lovely name appear forth from the bright
 Regions of peaceful light,
 Look from thine own illustrious home,
 Fair King of Names, and come,
 Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
 And give thyself awhile the gracious guest
 Of humble souls, that seek to find
 The hidden sweets,
 Which man's heart meets,
 When thou art master of the mind.
 Come lovely Name, life of our hope!
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands [hands!
 Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretch'd
 Lo, how the labouring earth
 That hopes to be
 All heavens by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth.
 The attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turn'd to eyes,
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
 Come royal Name, and pay th' expence
 Of all thy precious patience.
 O! come away,
 And kill the death of this delay.
 O! see so many worlds of barren years
 Melted, and measur'd out in seas of tears;
 O! see, the weary lids of wakeful hope
 (Love's eastern windows) all wide ope,
 With curtains drawn,
 To catch the day-break of thy dawn;
 O! dawn at last, long-look'd for day,
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes: It comes among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it;
 O! they are wise,
 And know what sweets are suck'd from out it;
 It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
 Where all the hoard of honey lies,
 Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy doves
 Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves;
 Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
 Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display
 The birth of our bright joys;
 O! thou compacted
 Body of blessings, spirit of souls extracted!
 O! dissipate thy spicy powers,
 (Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us
 In balmy showers,
 O fill our senses, and take from us

All force of so profane a fallacy,
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of thee.
 Fair, flow'ry Name; in none but thee,
 And thy nectareal fragrancy,
 Hourly there meets
 An universal synod of all sweets,
 By whom it is defined thus,
 That no perfume
 For ever shall presume
 To pass for odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin (sweet Name) to thee.
 Sweet Name, in thy each syllable;
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
 A thousand hills of frankincense;
 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises
 The soul tastes thee takes from thence.
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts which thou hast in keeping!
 How many thousand mercies there,
 In Pity's lost lap, lie a sleeping!
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
 Home and lodge them in his heart.
 O that it were as it was wont to be!
 When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee
 Fought against frowns with smiles, gave glorious
 To persecutions, and against the face [chafe
 Of death, and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they bare
 thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee
 Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to reach
 thee.
 Little, alas! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee; and serv'd therein thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient fire
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
 What did their weapons but set wide the doors
 For thee? Fair purple doors of Love's devising;
 The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
 Of thy so oft repeated rising.
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
 And re-enthron'd thee in thy rosy ne,
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning.
 It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
 Of wrath, and made thee way through all those
 wounds.
 Welcome dear, all-adored name!
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not thee.
 Oh! if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas! What will they do
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heav'n saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds

Of dust, wherein the bashful shades of night
Next to their own low nothing they may ly,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread
majesty?

They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

*In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God, a Hymn
sung as by the Three Kings.*

BRIGHT Babe! whose awful beauties make
The morn incur a sweet mistake,
For whom th' officious heav'n's devise
To disinherit the sun's rise,
Delicately to displace
The day, and plant it fairer in thy face.

1. O thou born King of loves,
2. Of lights,
3. Of joys.

Chorus. Look up, sweet Babe, look up and see,
For love of thee,
Thus far from home
The east is come,
To seek herself in thy sweet eyes.

1. We who strangely went astray,
Lost in a bright
Meridian night,

2. A darkness made of too much day,
3. Beckon'd from far
By thy fair star,

Lo at last have found our way. [West,

Chorus. To thee thou Day of Night! thou East of
Lo we at last have found the way:
To thee the world's great universal East,
The general and indifferent Day.

1. All-circling Point, all-cent'ring Sphere,
The world's one, round, eternal Year,
2. Whose full, and all unwrinkled face
Nor sinks nor swells with time, or place,
3. But every where, and every while,
Is one consistent solid smile;

1. Not vex'd and tost,
2. 'Twix't spring and frost,

3. Nor by alternate shreds of light [night.
Sordidly shifting hands with shades and

Chorus. O little All! In thy embrace
The world lies warm, and likes his place,
Nor does his full globe fail to be
Kiss'd on both his cheeks by thee;
Time is too narrow for thy year
Nor makes the whole world thy half sphere.

1. To Thee, to Thee
From him we flee,

2. From him, whom by a more illustrious lie
The blindness of the world did call the eye:

3. To him, who by these mortal clouds hast
made

Thyself our Sun, though thine own shade.

1. Farewell the world's false light,
Farewell the white
Ægypt, a long farewell to thee
Bright idol, black idolatry,

The dire face of inferior darkness hight,
And courted in the pompous mask of a more
specious mist.

2. Farewell, farewell

The proud and misplac'd gates of hell,
Perch'd in the morning's way,
And double gilded as the doors of day;
The deep hypocrisy of death, and night,
More desperately dark, because more bright.

3. Welcome the world's sure Way!
Heav'n's wholesome Ray;

Chorus. Welcome to us, and we
(Sweet) to ourselves, in Thee.

1. The deathless Heir of all thy Father's day!

2. Decently born,
Embosom'd in a much more rosy morn,
The blushes of thy all-unblemish'd mother.

3. No more that other
Aurora shall set ope
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope
From mortal eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her rise.

Chorus. We (precious ones!) in you have won
A gentler morn, a juster sun.

1. His superficial beams sun burnt our skin,
2. But left within
3. The night, and winter still of death and sin.

Chorus. Thy softer, yet more certain darts,
Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts.

1. Therefore with his proud Persian spoils
2. We court thy more concerning smiles,
3. Therefore with his disgrace

We gild the humble cheek of thy chaste place,

Chorus. And at thy feet pour forth his face.

1. The doating nations now no more
Shall any day, but thine adore;
2. Nor (much less) shall they leave these eyes
For cheap Ægyptian deities.
3. In whatso'er more sacred shape
Of ram, he-goat, or reverend ape,
These beauteous ravishers oppress so sore
The too hard tempted nations.

1. Never more

By wanton heifer shall be worn
2. A garland or a gilded horn,
The altar-stall'd ox, fat Osiris, now
With his fair sister cow

Shall kick the clouds no more;

3. But lean and tame,

See his horn'd face, and die for shame.

Chorus. And Mithra now shall be no name;

1. No longer shall the immodest lust
Of adulterous godless lust

Fly in the face of heav'n,

2. As if it were

The poor world's fault, that he is fair,

3. Nor with perverse loves, and religious rapes
Revenge thy bounties in their beauteous
shapes,

And punish best things worst; because they
stood

Guilty of being much for them too good.

1. Proud sons of death! that durst compel,
Heav'n itself to find them hell;

2. And by strange will of madness wrest
From this world's east, the others west.

3. All idolizing worms! that thus could crowd
And urge their sun into thy cloud;

Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee.

Chorus. Alas! with how much heavier shade
The shamefac'd lamp hung down his
head;

For that one eclipse he made,
Than all those he suffered?

1. For this he look'd so big, and every morn,
With a red face confest his scorn,

Or hiding his vex'd cheeks in a hir'd mist
Kept them from being so unkindly kist.

2. It was for this the day did rise
So oft with blubber'd eyes, [knew

For this the evening wept; and we ne'er
But call'd it dew.

3. This daily wrong
Silenc'd the morning suns; and damp'd

their song; [thus

Chorus. Nor was't our deafness, but our sins that
Long made th' harmonious orbs, all mute
to us.

1. Time has a day in store

When this so proudly poor
And self oppress'd spark, that has so long

By the love-sick world been made
Not so much their sun as shade,

Weary of this glorious wrong,
From them and from himself shall flee

For shelter to the shadow of thy tree.

Chorus. Proud to have gain'd this precious loss,
And chang'd his false crown for thy cross.

2. That dark day's dear doom shall define
Whose is the master fire, which sun should

shine?

That fable-judgment seat shall by new laws
Decide and settle the great cause

Of controverted light,

Chorus. And nature's wrongs rejoice to do Thee
right.

3. That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay
All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day,

And the great penitent press his own pale lips
With an elaborate love eclipse,

To which the low world's laws
Shall lend no cause,

Chorus. Save those domestics, which he borrows
From our sins, and his own sorrows,

1. Threesad hours sackcloth then shall show to us
His penance, as our fault, conspicuous,

2. And he more needfully and nobly prove
The nations terror now, than 'erst their love.

3. Their hated love's chang'd into wholesome
fears,

Chorus. The shutting of his eye shall open theirs.

1. As by a fair-eye'd fallacy of day
Mistled, before they lost their way,

So shall they, by the seasonable fright,
Of an unseasonable night,

Losing it once again, stumble on true light.

2. And as before his too bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,

So his officious blindness now shall be,
Their black, but faithful perspective of Thee.

3. His new prodigious night,
Their new, and admirable light,

The supernatural dawn of thy pure day,

While wondering they

(The happy converts now of him

Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)
Shall henceforth see

To kiss him only as their Rod,

Whom they so long courted as God.

Chorus. And the best use of him they worship'd be
To learn of him at least to worship Thee.

1. It was their weakness woo'd his beauty,
But it shall be

Their wisdom now as well as duty

T'enjoy his blot; and as a large black letter

Use to spell thy beauties better,

And make the night itself their torch to Thee.

2. By the oblique ambush of this close night,
Couch'd in the conscious shade,

The right eye'd Areopagite

Shall with a vigorous guess invade

And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see
On this dark ground,

To descant Thee. [chase,

3. O prize of the rich Spirit! with what fierce
Of this strong soul, shall he

Leap at thy lofty face,

And seize the swift flash, in rebound

From this obsequious cloud;

Once call'd a sun,

Till dearly thus undone;

Chorus. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O! ye two
Twin-suns) and taught now to negotiate
you.

1. Thus shall that reverend child of light

2. By being scholar first of that new night,

3. Come forth great Master of the mystic day,

And teach obscure mankind a more close way,
By the frugal negative light

Of a most wise and well abused night,

To read more legible thine original ray,

Chorus. And make our darkness serve thy day,
Maintaining 'twixt thy world and ours

A commerce of contrary powers,
A mutual trade

'Twixt sun, and shade,

By confederate black and white,
Borrowing day and lending night.

1. Thus we, who when with all the noble powers
That (at thy cost) are call'd not vainly ours,

We vow to make brave way

Upwards, and press on for the pure intelli-
gential prey;

2. At least to play

The amorous spies,

And peep and profer at thy sparkling throne,

3. Instead of bringing in the blissful prize
And fast'ning on thine eyes,

Forfeit our own,

And nothing gain

But more ambitious loss, at least of brain;

Chorus. Now by abused lids shall learn to be
Eagles; and shut our eyes that we may see.

The Close.

Therefore, to Thee, and thine auspicious ray,
(Dread sweet!) lo thus

At least by us,

3 A iij

The delegated eye of day [pay :
Does first his sceptre, then himself, in solemn tribute
Thus he undresses
His sacred unshorn tresses ;
At thy adored feet, thus, he lays down

1. His glorious tire

Of flame and fire,

2. His glittering robe, (3.) his sparkling crown,

1. His gold, his (2.) myrrh, (3.) frankincense,

Chorus. To which he now has no pretence ;
For being show'd by this day's light, how far
He is from sun, enough to make thy star,
His best ambition now, is but to be
Something a brighter shadow (sweet) of Thee.
Or on heav'n's azure forehead high to stand
Thy golden Index ; with a duteous hand,
Pointing us home to our own Sun
The world's and his hyperion.

*To the Queen's Majesty, upon his dedicating to her the
foregoing Hymn.*

MADAM,

'MONGST those long rows of crowns that gild your
race,

These royal sages sue for decent place.
The day-break of the nations, their first ray
When the dark world dawn'd into Christian day,
And smil'd 'ith' Babe's bright face, the purpling bud
And rosy down of the right royal blood.
Fair first-fruits of the Lamb. Sure kings in this
They took a kingdom while they gave a kiss.
But the world's homage, scarce in these well blown,
We read in you (dear queen) ripe and full grown.
For from this day's rich seed of diadems
Does rise a radiant crop of royal stems,
A royal harvest of crown'd heads that meet
And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet.
In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood
Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood.
With your bright head whole groves of sceptres bend
Their wealthy tops, and for these feet contend.
So swore the Lamb's great Sire, and so we see't,
Crowns, and the heads they kiss, must court these
feet.

Fix here, fair majesty ! may your heart ne'er miss
To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiss,
Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you
The aged honours of this day still new ;
May the great time, in you, still greater be,
While all the year is your epiphany ;
While your each day's devotion duly brings,
Three kingdoms to supply this day's three kings.

The Recommendation.

THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er my end,
Into thy hands, and heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
In that hour and in these, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devoutest breath,
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death ;

So from his living, and life-giving death,
My dying life may draw a new, and never-flect-
ing breath.

VEXILLA REGIS.—*The Hymn of the Holy Cross.*

I.

Look up, languishing soul ! lo where the fair
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'er forget
Thy life is one long debt
Of love to him, who on this painful tree,
Paid back the flesh he took for thee.

II.

Lo, how the streams of life from that full nest
Of loves, thy Lord's too liberal breast,
Flow in an amorous flood
Of water wedding blood.
With these he wash'd thy stain, transfer'd thy
smart.
And took it home to his own heart.

III.

But though great love, greedy of such sad gain
Usurp'd the portion of thy pain,
And from the nails and spear
Turn'd the steel point of fear,
Their use is chang'd, not lost ; and now they move
Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

IV.

Tall tree of life ! thy truth makes good
What was till now ne'er understood,
Though the prophetic king
Struck loud his faithful string.
It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
For a more than Solomon.

V.

Large throne of love ! royally spread
With purple of too rich a red.
Thy crime is too much duty ;
Thy burden too much beauty ;
Glorious or grievous more ? thus to make good
Thy costly cruelty with thy King's own blood.

VI.

Even balance of both worlds ! our world of sin,
And that of grace heav'n wag'd in him,
Both with one price were weighed,
Both with one price were paid,
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoic'd to prove
How much death weigh'd more light than love.

Live, O ! for ever live and reign,
The Lamb whom his own love hath slain,
And let thy lost sheep live for to inherit
That kingdom which thy blessed death did merit.

CHARITAS NIMIA.—*Or, the Dear Bargain.*

LORD what is man ? why should he cost you
So dear ? what had his ruin lost you ?

Lord ! what is man, that thou hast over-bought
So much a thing of nought ?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
Make but a simple merchant man :
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold painters have put out his eyes.
Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to thee,
If there were no such worms as we ?

Heav'n ne'er the less still heav'n would be,
Should mankind dwell

In the deep hell,

What have his woes to do with thee ?
Let him go weep

O'er his own wounds;
 Seraphims will not sleep,
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds:
 Still would the youthful spirits sing,
 And still the spacious palace ring:
 Still would those beauteous ministers of light
 Burn all as bright,
 And bow their flaming heads before thee;
 Still thrones and dominations would adore thee;
 Still would those wakeful sons of fire
 Keep warm thy praise
 Both nights and days,
 And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre.
 Let froward dust then do its kind,
 And give itself for sport to the proud wind;
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
 In the eternity of thy old cares?
 Why should'st thou bow thy awful breast to see,
 What mine own madnesses have done with
 me?
 Should not the king still keep his throne,
 Because some desperate fool's undone?
 Or will the world's illustrious eyes
 Weep for every worm that dies?
 Will the gallant sun,
 E'er the less glorious run?
 Will he hang down his golden head,
 Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
 Because some foolish fly
 Grows wanton, and will die?
 If I was lost in misery,
 What was it to thy heav'n and thee?
 What was it to the precious blood,
 If my foul heart call'd for a flood?
 What if my faithless soul and I
 Would needs fall in,
 With guilt and sin?
 What did the Lamb that he should die?
 What did the Lamb that he should need,
 When the wolf sins, himself to bleed?
 If my base lust
 Bargain'd with death, and well beseeming dust;
 Why should the white
 Lamb's bosom write
 The purple name,
 Of my sins shame?
 Why should his unstain'd breast make good
 My blushes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour, make me see,
 How dearly thou hast paid for me,
 That lost again, my life may prove,
 As then in death, so now in love.

Sancta Maria Dolorum; or, The Mother of Sorrows: a Pathetical descant upon the Devout Plaint-song of Atabat Mater Dolorosa.

I.
 IN shade of death's sad tree
 Stood doleful she,
 Ah, she now by none other
 Name to be known, alas! but Sorrow's mother.
 Before her eyes,
 Her's, and the whole world's joys,

Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes,
 And pains, her pangs, and throes:
 Each wound of his from every part,
 Are more at home in her own heart.

II.
 What kind of marble then
 Is that cold man,
 Who can look on and see,
 Nor keep such noble sorrows company?
 Sure even from you
 (My flints) some drops are due,
 To see so many unkind swords contest
 So fast for one soft breast:
 While with a faithful mutual flood,
 Her eyes bleed tears, his wounds weep blood.

III.
 O! costly intercourse,
 Of deaths, and worse,
 Divided loves, while son and mother
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another,
 Quick deaths that grow,
 And gather as they come and go:
 His nails write swords in her, which soon her heart
 Pays back with more than their own smart;
 Her swords still growing with his pain,
 Turn spears, and straight come home again.
 She sees her Son, her God
 Bow with a load
 Of borrow'd sins, and swim
 In woes that were not made for him:
 Ah, hard command
 Of love! here must she stand
 Charg'd to look on, and with a steadfast eye
 See her life die,
 Leaving her only so much breath,
 As serves to keep alive her death.

V.
 O! mother, turtle dove,
 Soft source of love,
 That these dry lids might borrow
 Something from thy full seas of sorrow;
 O! in that breast
 Of thine (the noblest nest [cline,
 Both of Love's fires, and floods) might I re-
 This hard cold heart of mine,
 The chill lump would relent, and prove
 Soft subject for the siege of love.

VI.
 O! teach those wounds to bleed
 In me, me so to read
 This book of love thus writ
 In lines of death, my life may copy it.
 With loyal cares,
 O! let me here claim shares,
 Yield something to thy sad prerogative,
 (Great Queen of griefs) and give,
 Oh! give me too my tears; who though all stone,
 Think much that thou should'st mourn alone.

VII.
 Shall I in sins set there
 So deep a share
 (Dear wounds) and only now,
 In sorrows draw no dividend with you,
 O! be more wise
 If not more just, mine eyes,

Flow tardy founts, and into decent showers
 Dissolve my days and hours,
 And if thou yet (faint soul) defer
 To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

VIII.

Lend, O! lend some relief,
 At least an alms of grief,
 To a heart who by sad right of sin
 Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him;
 By all those flings
 Of love, sweet bitter things, [heart,
 Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true
 O! teach mine too the art,
 To study thee so, till we mix
 Wounds, and become one crucifix.

IX.

O! let me suck the wine
 So long of this chaste vine,
 Till drunk of thy dear wounds I be
 A lost thing to the world as it to me,
 O! faithful friend
 Of me and of my end,
 Let my life end in love, and lie beneath
 Thy dear lost vital death,
 Lo! heart, thy hope's whole plea, her precious
 breath, [death.
 Pour'd 'out in prayers for thee, in thy Lord's
*The Hymn of St. Thomas, in Adoration of the Blessed
 Sacrament.*

With all the pow'rs my poor heart hath
 Of humble love and loyal faith,
 Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee,
 Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for
 me.

Down, down, proud sense! discourses die,
 Keep close, my soul's inquiring eye!
 Nor touch nor taste must look for more,
 But each sit still in his own door.

Your ports are all superfluous here,
 Save that which lets in faith, the ear.
 Faith is my skill; faith can believe
 As fast as love new laws can give.
 Faith is my force; faith strength affords
 To keep pace with those pow'ful words:
 And words more sure, more sweet than they,
 Love could not think, truth could not say.

O! let thy wretch find that relief,
 Thou didst afford the faithful thief;
 Plead for me, Love! allege and show
 That faith has farther, here, to go,
 And less to lean on; because then
 Though hid as God, wounds writ thee man,
 Thomas might touch; none but might see
 At least the suff'ring side of thee;
 And that too was thyself which thee did cover,
 But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet! consider then, that I
 Though allow'd not hand nor eye
 To teach at thy lov'd face; nor can
 Taste thee, God, or touch thee man;
 Both yet believe and witness thee
 My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my hope increase;
 And fill my portion in thy peace.
 Give love for life, nor let my days,
 Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy praise.

O! dear memorial of that death
 Which lives still, and allows us breath;
 Rich, royal food! bountiful bread!
 Whose use denies us to the dead;
 Whose vital gust alone can give
 The same leave both to eat and live;
 Live ever Bread of loves, and be
 My life, my soul, my surer self to me.

O soft self-wounding pelican!
 Whose breast weeps balm for wounded man;
 Ah! this way bend thy benign flood,
 To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood;
 That blood, whose least drops sovereign be
 To wash my worlds of sins from me.

Come Love! come Lord! and that long day
 For which I languish, come away.
 When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
 And drink the uncal'd source of thee,
 When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
 Then for thy veil give me thy face. Amen.

*The Hymn of the Blessed Sacrament.—Lauda Sion
 Salvatorum.*

I.

Rise, royal Sion! Rise and sing
 Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.
 Stretch all thy powers, call, if thou can,
 Harps of heaven, and hands of man.
 This sovereign subject sits above
 The best ambitions of thy love.

II.

Lo! the bread of life, this day's
 Triumphant text, provokes thy praise;
 The living and life-giving bread,
 To the great twelve distributed,
 When Life himself at point to die,
 Of love was his own legacy.

III.

Come, Love! and let us work a song
 Loud and pleasant, sweet and long;
 Let lips and hearts lift high their noise
 Of so just and solemn joys,
 Which on his white brows this bright day
 Shall hence forever bear away.

IV.

Lo! the new law of a new law,
 With a new Lamb, blesses the board;
 The aged Pascha pleads not years,
 But spies Love's dawn and disappears.
 Types yield to truths; shades shrink away;
 And their night dies into our day.

V.

But least that die too, we are bid
 Ever to do what he once did;
 And by a mindful mystic breath,
 That we may live, revive his death;
 With a well-blest bread and wine
 Transum'd, and taught to turn divine.

VI.

The heav'n-instructed house of faith,
Here a holy dictate hath:
That they but lend their form and face,
Themselves with reverence leave their place,
Nature and name, to be made good
By a nobler bread, more needful blood.

VII.

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,
Bold Faith takes heart, and dares believe.
In different species, names not things,
Himself to me my Saviour brings.
As meat in that, as drink in this;
But still in both, on Christ he is.

VIII.

The receiving mouth here makes,
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one thousand be
Here dividers, single He
Bears home no less, all they no more,
Nor leave they both less than before.

IX.

Though in itself this sovereign feast
Be all the same to every guest,
Yet on the same (life-meaning) bread
The child of death eats himself dead.
Nor is't Love's fault, but sin's dire skill,
That thus from life, can death distil.

X.

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,
Hold but thy faith entire as He,
Who, howso'er clad, cannot come
Less than whole Christ in every crumb,
In broken forms, a stable faith
Untoucht her precious total hath.

XI.

Lo! the life-food of angels then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The childrens bread, the bridegroom's wine,
Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

XII.

Lo! the full, final, sacrifice,
On which all figures fixt their eyes!
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram;
The manna, and the Paschal lamb.

XIII.

Jesu! Master, just and true!
Our food, and faithful shepherd too!
O by thyself vouchsafe to keep,
As with thyself thou feed'st thy sheep.

XIV.

O! let that love, which thus makes thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our mean souls, and set us up
Convictors of thine own full cup.
Co-heirs of saints; that so all may
Drink the same wine, and the same way.
Nor change the pasture, but the place,
To feed of thee, in thine own face.

*The Hymn.—Dies iræ dies illa.—In Meditation of
the Day of Judgment.*

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things,
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings,

Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray,
The world in flames shall fly away.

II.

O that fire! before whose face
Heav'n and earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

III.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

IV.

Horror of nature, hell and death?
When a deep groan from beneath,
Shall cry, we come, we come; and all
The caves of night answer one call.

V.

O that book! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light:
O the Judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure, yet none can fly.

VI.

Ah, then! poor soul, what wilt thou say,
And to what patron choose to pray,
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more than stand.

VII.

But thou giv'st leave, (dread Lord!) that we
Take shelter from thyself in thee;
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love.

VIII.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way:
Thy sheep was stray'd; and thou would'st be
Even lost thyself in seeking me.

IX.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and ev'n that loss be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no less
Than all that way and weariness.

X.

Just mercy, then, thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me:
'Twas paid at first with too much pain
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

XI.

Mercy, (my Judge) mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye,
The conscious colours of my sin
Are red without, and pale within.

XII.

O, let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day;
If sin can sigh, Love can forgive,
O say the word, my soul shall live.

XIII.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd;
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

XIV.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine;

But thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art, by saving me.

xv.

O! when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats, to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let come ye blessed, then call me.

xvi.

When the dread Ite, shall divide
Those limbs of death, from thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lips command,
That I inherit the right hand.

xvii.

O! hear a suppliant heart all crush't,
And crumbled into contrite dust:
My hope, my fear, my judge, my friend,
Take charge of me, and of my end.

The Hymn.—O Gloriosa Domina.

HAIL, most high, most humble one!
Above the world; below thy Son,
Whose blush the moon beautifully mars,
And stains the timorous light of stars.
He that made all things had not done,
Till he had made himself thy son.
The whole world's host would be thy guest,
And board himself at thy rich breast;
O boundless hospitality!
The feast of all things feeds on thee.

The first Eve, mother of our fall,
E'er she bore any one, flew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a hasty grave;
Quick buried in the wanton tomb

Of one forbidden bit;

Had not a better fruit forbidden it;

Had not thy healthful womb

'The world's new eastern window been,
And given us heaven again in giving him.
Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,
Which renders all the stars she stole away.

Let then the aged world be wise, and all
Prove nobly, here, unnatural:

'Tis gratitude to forget that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.

Ye redeem'd nations far and near,
Applaud your happy selves in her,
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep't alive with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lips speak loud, and say,
Hail, door of life, and source of day!
The door was shut, the fountain seal'd;
Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;
'The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.

Glory to thee, great virgin's Son,
In bosom of thy Father's bliss:

The same to thee, sweet Spirit be done;
As ever shall be, was, and is, *Amen.*

*The Flaming Heart, upon the Look and Picture of the
Seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is usually expressed
with a Seraphim beside her.*

WELL, meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends,
Make not so much haste to admire,
That fair cheek'd fallacy of fire,

That is a seraphim they say,
And this the great Teresa.
Readers be rul'd by me, and make
Here a well plac'd, and wise mistake.
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
And him for her, and her for him,
And call the saint, the seraphim.
Painter, what did'st thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years, and size of him,
Shew this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame; and duteous he
Her happier fire-works, here, comes down to
see.

O most poor spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kist her pen,
Thou could'st not so unkindly err,
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou mean'st to paint,
Some weak, inferior, woman faint.
But had thy pale-fac'd purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou would'st on her have heap't up all
That could be form'd seraphical.
But e'er this youth of fire wore fair
Rosy fingers, radiant hair.
Glowing cheeks, and glist'ring wings,
All those, fair and flagrant things;
But before all, that fiery dart,
She fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Do then as equal right requires,
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires;
Resume and rectify thy rude design,
Undress thy seraphim into mine,
Redeem this injury of thy art,
Give him the veil, give her the dart,
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rival'd lover;
Asham'd that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shafts and thee.
Say, all ye wise and well pierc'd hearts
That live, and die amid'st her darts;
What is't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and love?
Say, and bear witness Sends she not,
A seraphim at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
Heav'n's great artillery in each love-spun-line.
Give then the dart to her, who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who kindly takes the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate;
If all's prescription, and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suff'ring seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glittering wings
The rosy hand, the radiant dart,
Leave her alone the flaming heart.

Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her,
 Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver.
 For in Love's field was never found,
 A nobler weapon than a wound.
 Love's passives are his activ'st part,
 The wounded is the wounding heart.
 O heart! the equal poise of Love's both parts,
 Big alike with wounds and darts,
 Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same
 And walk through all tongues one triumphant
 flame.

Live here great heart; and love, and die, and kill,
 And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
 Let this immortal life, where'er it comes,
 Walk in a crowd of Loves, and martyrdoms.
 Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be,
 The love-flame-witnesses of this life of thee.

To Mrs. M. R. Counsel concerning her Choice.

DEAR, heav'n-designed soul!
 Among'st the rest
 Of suiters that besiege your maiden breast,
 Why may not I
 My fortune try,
 And venture to speak one good word,
 Not for myself, alas! but for my dearer Lord?
 You've seen already in this lower sphere,
 Of froth and bubbles what to look for here;
 Say, gentle soul, what can you find,
 But painted shapes,
 Peacocks and apes,
 Illustrious flies,
 Gilded dunghills, glorious lies,
 Goodly surmises
 And deep disguises,
 Oaths of water, words of wind?
 Truth bids me say, 'tis time you cease to trust,
 Your soul to any son of dust;
 'Tis time you listen to a braver love,
 Which from above,
 Calls you up higher,
 And bids you come,
 And choose your room,
 Among his own fair sons of fire,
 Where you among,
 The golden throng,
 That watches at his palace doors,
 May pass along
 And follow those fair stars of yours;
 Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon,
 The false smiles of a sublunary sun.
 Sweet, let me prophesy, that at last 'twill prove
 Your wary love
 Lays up his purer, and most precious vows,
 And means them for a far more worthy spouse,
 Then this world of lies can give ye.
 Ev'n for him, with whom nor cost,
 Nor love, nor labour can be lost;
 Him who never will deceive ye.
 Let not my Lord, the mighty lover
 Of souls disdain, that I discover
 The hidden art
 Of his high stratagem to win your heart,
 It was his heav'nly art,

Kindly to cross you
 In your mistaken love;
 That at the next remove,
 Thence he might toss you,
 And strike your troubled heart
 Home to himself, to hide it in his breast,
 The bright ambrosial nest
 Of love, of life, and everlasting rest.

Happy mistake!

That thus shall wake

Your wise soul never to be won,

Now with a love below the sun.

Your first choice fails: O when you choose again,
 May it not be amongst the sons of men.

*Alexias. The Complaint of the forsaken Wife of Alexis.
 Elegy I.*

I, LATE the Roman youths loud praise and pride,
 Whom long none could obtain, though thousands
 try'd,
 Lo, here am left (alas!) for my lost mate
 To embrace my tears, and kiss an unkind fate.
 Sure in my early woes stars were at strife,
 And tried to make a widow ere a wife:
 Nor can I tell (and this new tears doth breed)
 In what strange path my lord's fair footsteps bleed.
 O! knew I where he wander'd, I would see
 Some solace in my sorrows certainty.
 I'd send my woes in words should weep for me,
 (Who knows how powerful well-writ prayers
 would be:)
 Sending's too slow a word. Myself would fly.
 Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I:
 But how shall I steal hence? Alexis, thou,
 Ah, thou thyself, alas! hast taught me how.
 Love, too, that leads the way, would lend the wings
 To bear me harmless through the hardest things,
 And where love lends the wing and leads the way,
 What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
 If I be shipwreck'd, love shall teach to swim;
 If drown'd, sweet is the death endur'd for him.
 The noted sea shall change its name with me;
 I 'mongst the blest stars a new name shall be.
 And sure when lovers make their wat'ry graves
 The weeping mariner will augment the waves.
 For who so hard, but passing by that way,
 Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say
 Here 'twas the Roman maid found a hard fate,
 While through the world she sought her wand'ring
 mate;
 Here perish'd she, poor heart, heavens, be my vows
 As true to me, as she was to her spouse.
 O live, so rare a love. live! And in thee
 The too frail life of female constancy.
 Farewell, and shine, fair soul! Shine there above
 Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love;
 There thy lost fugitive th' hast found at last;
 Be happy, and for ever hold him fast.
Elegy II.
 THOUGH all the joys I had fled hence with thee,
 Unkind! yet are my tears still true to me.
 I'm wedded o'er again, since thou art gone,
 Nor could'st thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.
 Alexis widow now is Sorrow's wife,
 With him shall I weep out my weary life,

Welcome my sad sweet mate! Now have I got
 At last a constant love that leaves me not;
 Firm he, as thou art false. Nor need my cries
 Thus vex the earth, and tear the beauteous skies.
 For him, alas! ne'er shall I need to be
 Troublesome to the world thus as for thee;
 For thee I talk to trees, with silent groves
 Expostulate my woes and much wrong'd loves.
 Hills, and relentless rocks, or if there be
 Things that in hardness more allude to thee,
 To these I talk in tears, and tell my pain,
 And answer too for them in tears again.
 How oft have I wept out the weary sun:
 My wat'ry hour-glass hath old Time's out-run.
 O I am learned grown; poor love and I
 Have studied over all astrology;
 I'm perfect in heav'n's state; with every star
 My skilful grief is grown familiar.
 Rise, fairest of these fires, whate'er thou be,
 Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me;
 Such as the sacred light that erst did bring
 The eastern princes to their infant King:
 O rise, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray,
 That weary love at last may find his way.

Elegy III.

Rich churlish land! that hidst so long in thee
 My treasures, rich, alas! by robbing me.
 Needs must my mis'ries owe that man a spight,
 Whoe'er he be, was the first wand'ring knight.
 O! had he ne'er been at that cruel cost,
 Nature's virginity had ne'er been lost;
 Seas had not been rebuk'd with sawcy oars,
 But ly'n lock'd up safe in their sacred shores;
 Men had not spurn'd at mountains, nor made wars
 With rocks, nor bold hands struck the world's
 strong bars.
 Not lost in too large bounds, our little Rome,
 Full sweetly with itself had dwelt at home;
 My poor Alexis then, in peaceful life,
 Had under some low roof lov'd his plain wife.
 But now, ah me! from where he has no foes
 He flies, and into wilful exiles goes.
 Cruel, return; O tell the reason why
 Thy dearest parents have deserv'd to die.
 And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell,
 Unless it be a crime t' have lov'd too well.
 If heats of holier love, and high desire
 Make big thy fair breast with immortal fire,
 What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me
 Who only wish his virgin wife to be?
 Witness, chaste heavens! no happier vows I know
 Than to a virgin grave untouch'd to go;
 Love's truest knot by Venus is not ty'd,
 Nor do embraces only make a bride.
 The blessed virgin (and men chaste as you)
 Was maiden-wife, and maiden-mother too.
 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
 With happy gain her maiden vows made good.
 The lusty bridegroom made approach: young
 man
 Take heed (said she) take heed, Valerian!
 My bosom's guard, a spirit great and strong,
 Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.
 My chastity is sacred, and my sleep
 Wakeful, her dear vows undefil'd to keep.

Pallas bears arms, forsooth; and should there be
 No fortress built for true virginity?
 No facing gorgon this, none, like the rest
 Of your learn'd lies. Here you'll find no such jest.
 I am yours. O were my God, my Christ so too,
 I'd know no name of love on earth, but you.
 He yields. And straight baptiz'd, obtains the grace
 To gaze on the fair soldier's glorious face.
 Both mix'd at last their blood in one rich bed
 Of rosy martyrdom, twice married:
 O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame,
 Thy torch terrestrial love hath here no name.
 How sweet's the mutual yoke of man and wife,
 When holy fires maintain loves heavenly life!
 But I (to help me heav'n my hopes to see)
 When thousands fought my love, lov'd none but
 thee;

Still as their vain tears my firm vows did try
 Alexis he alone is mine (said I.)
 Half true, alas! half false, proves that poor line,
 Alexis is alone, but is not mine.

Description of a Religious House and Condition of Life.
From Barclay.

No roofs of gold, o'er riotous tables shining;
 Whole days, and suns devour'd with endless dining;
 No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements weeping;
 Nor ivory couches, costly slumbers keeping;
 False lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;
 Halls full of flatt'ring men, and frisking boys;
 Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good,
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
 But walks, and unshorn woods; and souls just so
 Unforc'd and genuine, but not shady though
 Our lodgings hard and homely, as our fare;
 That chaste, and cheap, as the few clothes we wear;
 Those coarse and negl'gent, as the natural locks
 Of these loose groves; rough as th' unpolish'd rocks.
 A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
 Obedient slumbers; that can wake, and weep,
 And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
 Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain.
 Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay
 And prize themselves; do much, that more they
 may;
 And work, for work, not wages; let to-morrow's
 New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.
 A long and daily-dying life, which breathes
 A respiration of reviving deaths.
 But neither are there those ignoble slings
 That nip the bosom of the world's best things,
 And lash earth labouring souls.
 No cruel guard of diligent cares that keep
 Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
 But reverend discipline, and religious fear,
 And soft obedience, find sweet bidding here.
 Silence and sacred rest, peace and pure joys,
 Kind loves keep house, lie close, and keep no noise.
 And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
 Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
 The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers,
 Her kindred with the stars, not basely hovers
 Below; but meditates her immortal way,
 Home to the original source of light, and intel-
 lectual day.

Death's Lecture; the funeral of a Young Gentleman.

DEAR relics of a dislodg'd soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed:
Stay but a little while, until I call
A summons, worthy of thy funeral.
Come then, youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft
powers,
Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
Into a false eternity; come man,
Hyperbolized nothing! know thy span;
Take thine own measure here: down, down, and
bow
Before thyself in thine idea; thou
Huge emptiness! Contract thyself, and shrink
All thy wide circle to a point. O link

Lower and lower yet; till thy lean size
Call heav'n to look on thee with narrow eyes;
Lesser and lesser yet; till thou begin
To show a face, fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbourhood to nothing.
Proud looks, and lofty eyelids here put on
Yourself in your unfeign'd reflection;
Here gallant ladies! this impartial glass,
(Though you be painted) shows you your true face,
Those death seal'd lips are they dare give the lie
To the loud boasts of poor mortality.
Those curtain'd windows, this retired eye,
Out-stares the lids of large-look'd tyranny.
This posture is the brave one. This that lies
Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies
The world.—

All daring dust and ashes! only you
Of all interpreters read nature true.

POEMATA ET EPIGRAMMATA.

*Dedicatio Reverendo admodum viro Benjamin Lany,
S. S. Theologiae Professori, aulæ Pembrochiæ Cus-
todi dignissimo, ex suorum minimis minimus R. Gra-
shaw custodiam celestem P.*

Suus est et florum fructus; quibus fruimur, si non
utilius, delicatius certé. Neque etiam rarum est
quod ad spem veris, de se per flores suos quasi pol-
licentis, adultioris anni, ipsiusq. adeo autumnus ex-
igamus fidem. Ignosceas igitur (vir colendissime)
properanti sub ora Apollinis sui, primæq. adeles-
centiæ lasciviâ exultanti Musæ. Teneræ ætatis
flores adfert, non fructus feræ: quos quidem exi-
gere ad feram illam et sobriam maturitatem, quam
in fructibus expectamus meritò, durum fuerit;
forsan et ipsa hæc præcoci importunitate suâ placi-
turos magis: Tibi præsertim quem paternus ani-
mus (quod fieri solet) intentum tenet omni suæ
spei divolulu, quo tibi de tuorum indole promittas
aliquid. Ex more etiam eorum, qui in præmium
laboris sui pretiumq. patientiæ festini, ex iis quæ
severunt ipsi et excoluerunt, quicquid est flosculi
prominulum, primâ quasi verecundiâ auras et
apertum Jovem experientis arripiunt avidè, sapo-
remq. illi non tam ex ipsius indole et ingenio
quam ex animi sui affectu, foventis in eo curas suas
et spes, affingunt. Patere igitur (reverende cus-
tos) hanc tibi ex istiusmodi floribus corollam necti;
convivalem verò: nec aliter passuram Sidus illud
oris tui auspiciatissimum, nisi (quâ est etiam amœ-
nitate) remissiore radio cum se reclinat, et in tan-
tum de se demit. Neque sanè hoc scriptionis ge-
nere (modò partes suas satis præstiterit) quid esse
potuit otio Theologico accommodatius, quo nimi-
rum re: ipsa Theologica Poëtiâ amœnitate delinita
majestatem suam venustatè commendat. Hoc de-

num quicquid est, amare tamen poteris; et voles,
scio; non ut magnum quid, non ut egregium, non
ut te dignum denique, sed ut tuum: tuum summo
jure; utpote quod è tua gleba, per tuum radium,
in manum denique tuam evocatum fuerit. Quod
restat hujus libelli fati, exorandus es igitur (vir
spectatissime) ut quem sinu tam facili privatum
excepisti, cum jam ore magis publico alloquentem
te non asperneris. Stes illi in limine, non auspici-
um modo suum, sed et argumentum. Enimvero epi-
gramma sacrum tuus ille, vultus vel est, vel quid
sit docet; ubi nimirum amabili diluitur severum
et sanctum suavi demulcet. Pronum me vides
in negatam mihi provinciam; laudum tuarum,
intelligo; quas mihi cum modestia tua abstulerit,
reliquum mihi est necessariò ut sim brevis: imo
verò longus nimium; utpote cui argumentum istud
abscissum fuerit, in quo unicè poteram, et sine ta-
dio, prolixus esse. Vale, virorum ornatissime, ne-
que dedigneris quod colere audeam genii tui seve-
ritatem supplex tam tenuis, et (quoniam numen
quoq. hoc de se non negat) amare etiam. Inte-
rim verò da veniam musæ in tantum sibi non
temperanti, quin in hanc saltem laudis tuæ partem,
quæ tibi ex rebus sacris apud nos ornatis meritissi-
ma est, istiusmodi carmine involare ausa sit, quali-
cunque.

SALVE, alme custos Pierii gregis:

Per ovem erudito exhalat in otio;

Seu frigus udi captet antri,

Sive Jovem nitidòsque soles.

Non ipse custos pulchrior invias

Egit sub umbras Æmonios greges;

Non ipse Apollo notus illis

Lege suæ meliore canna.

Tu si sereno des oculo frui,
Sunt rura nobis, sunt juga, sunt aquæ,
Sunt plectra dulcium sororum;
(Non alio mihi nota Phœbo.)

Te dante, castos composuit sinus;
Te dante, mores sumpsit; et in suo
Videnda vultu, pulveremque
Religio cineremque nescit.

Stat cincta digna fronde decens caput:
Suosque per te fassa palam Deos,
Comisque, Diva, vestibulumque
Ingenium dedit ordinemque.

Jamque ecce nobis amplior es modo
Majorque cerni. Quale jubar tremuit
Sub os! verecundumque quantâ
Mole fui genuis laborat!

Jam qui serenas it tibi per genas,
Majore cœlo Sidus habet suum;
Majorque circum cuspidatæ
Ora comit tua flos diei.

Stat canfa, Nempe hanc ipse Deus, Deus,
Hanc ara, per te pulchra, diem tibi
Tuam refundit, obvioque
It radio tibi se colenti.

Ecce, ecc. sacro in limine, dum pio
Multumq. prono poplite amas humum,
Altaria annuunt ab alto;
Et refluxis tibi plaudit alis

Pulchro incalescens officio, puer
Quicumq. crispo fidere crinium,
Vultumque non fatente terram,
Currit ibi roseus satelles.

Et jure. Nam cum fana tot inviis
Mœrent ruinis, ipsaq; (ceu preces
Manusque, non decora supplex,
Tendat) opem rogat, heu negatam!

Tibi ipsa voti est ara fui rea.
Et solvet. O quam semper apud Deum
Litabis illum, cujus aræ
Ipse preces prius audiisti!

*Venerabili viro Magistro Tournay, tutori suo summe
observando.*

MESSIS inauravit Cereri jam quarta capillos,
Vitis habet Bacchum quarta corona suæ,
Nostra en quo, primis plumæ vix alba pruinis,
Ausa tuo Musa est nidificare sinu.
Hic nemus, hic soles, et cœlum mitius illi:
Hic sua quod musis umbra vel aura dedit.
Sedit ibi secura malus quid moverit auster,
Quæ gravis hybernū vexerit aba Jovem.
Nescio quo interea multum tibi murmure nota est:
Nempe sed hoc poteras murmur amare tamen.
Tandem ecce (heu simili de prole puerpera) tan-
dem

Hoc tenero tenera est pignore facta parens.
Jamqu. meam hanc sobolem (rogo) quis sinus
alter haberet?

Quis mihi tam noti nempe teporis erat?
Sed quoq; et ipsa Meus (de te) meus, improba,
tutor
(Quam primum potuit dicere) dixit, erit,

Has ego legitime, nec lævo fidere natæ
Non puto degeneres indolis esse notas;
Nempe quod illa suo patri tam semper apertos,
Tam semper faciles nōrit adire sinus.
Ergo tuam tibi sunc: tuas eat illa sub alas:
Hoc quoque de nostro, quod tuearis, habe.
Sic quæ suada tuo fontem sibi fecit in ore,
Sancto et securo melle perennis eat.
Sic tua, sic nullas siren non mulceat aures,
Aula cui plausus et sua ferta dedit
Sic tuus ille (precor) Tagus aut eat obice nullo,
Aut omni (quod adhuc) obice major eat.

*Ornatissimo viro præceptori suo colendissimo, Magistro
Brook.*

O MIHI qui nunquam nomen non dulce fuisti
Tunc quoque cum domini fronte timendus eras!
Ille ego pars vestri quondam intactissima regni,
De nullo virgæ nota labore tuæ,
Do tibi quod de te per secula longa queretur
Quod de me nimium non metuendus eras:
Quod tibi turpis egotorpentis inertia sceptri
Tam ferulæ tulerim mitia jura tuæ.
Scilicet in foliis quicquid peccabitur istis,
Quod tua virga statim vapulet, illud erit.
Ergo tibi hæc pœnas pro me mea pagina pendat,
Hic agitur virgæ res tibi multæ tuæ.
In me igitur quicquid nimis illa pepercerit olim,
Id licet in fœtu vindicet omne meo.
Hic tuus inveniet satis in quo sæviat unguis,
Quodq. veru docto trans obeliscus eat.
Scilicet hæc mea sunt; hæc quæ mala scilicet: ô fâ
(Quæ tua nempe forent) hic meliora forent!
Qualiacunq. suum nōrunt hæc flumina fontem.
(Nilus ab ignoto fonte superbus eat)
Nec certè nihil est quâ quis sit origine. Fontes
Esse solent fluvii nomen honôrque sui.
Hic quoq. tam parvus (de me mea secula dicant)
Non parvi soboles hic quoq. fontis erat.
Hoc modò et ipse velis de me dixisse, meorum
Ille fuit minimus. Sed fuit ille meus.

In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi, D. Andrews.
Hæc charta monstrat, fama quem monstrat magis
Sed et ipsa quem fama quem dum monstrat satis,
Ille, ille solus totam implevit Tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit et famam quoque
Fecit modestam: mentis igneæ pater,
Agiliq. radio Lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagus
Cucurrit animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhaustit ipsam, mille fœtus Artibus,
Et mille linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq. toti simul
Cognatus orbi: sic sacrum et solidum jubar
Saturumq. cœlo pectus ad patrios libens
Porrexit ignes: hæc eum (lector) vides,
Hæc (ecce) chartâ, O utinam et audires quoque!

Votiva Domus Petrensis pro domo Dei.
UT magis in mundi votis, aviumq. querelis
Jam veniens solet esse Dies, ubi culpide primâ
Palpitat, et roseo lux prævia ludit ab ortu;
Cum nec abest Phœbus, nec Eois lætus habenis
Totus adest, volucrumq; procul vaga murmura
mulcet:

Nos ita; quos nuper radiis afflavit honestis
Religiosa Dies. nostrisq; per atria cæli
(Sacra domus nostrum est cælum) jam luce tenellâ
Libat adhuc trepidæ fax nondum firma Diei:
No- ita jam exercet uimii impatientia voti,
Spécq. sui propiore premit —

— Quis pectora tanti
Tendit amor cæpti! Desiderio quàm longo
Lentæ spes inhian domus o dulcissima rerum!
Plena Deo domus! ah, quis erit quis (dicimus) ille
(O bonus, o ingens meritis, o proximus ipsi,
Quem vocat in sua dona, Deo!) quo vindice totas
Excutiant tenebras hæc sancta crepuscula? —

— Quando,
Quando erit, ut tremelæ flos heu tener ille Diei,
Qui velut ex oriente suo jam altaria circum
Lambit, et ambiguo nobis procul annuit astro,
Plenis se pandat foliis, et lampade totâ
Latus (ut è medio cùm Sol micat aureus axe)
Attonitam penetrare domum bene possit adulto
Sidere, nec dubio pia mœnia mulceat ore?
Quando erit, ut convexa suo quoque pulchra se-
reno

Florescant, roseôq. tremant laquearia risu?
Quæ nimium informis tanquam sibi conscia frontis
Perpetuis jam se lustran lacrymantia guttis.
Quando erit, ut claris meliori luce fenestris
Plurima per vitreos vivat pia pagina vultus?

Quando erit, ut sacrum nobis celebrantibus hym-
num

Organicos facili, et nunquam fallente susurro
Nobile murmur agat nervos; pulmonis iniqui
Fistula nec monitus nec faciat male fida finistros?
Denique, quicquid id est, quod res hâc sacra requirit
Fauſta illa, et felix (sitq. o tua) dextra, suam cue
Debeat hæc Aurora diem. Tibi supplicat ipsa,
Ipsa tibi facit ara preces. Tu jam illius audi,
Audiet illa tuas. Dubium est (modò porridge dex-
tram)

Des magis, an capias: aude tantum esse beatus,
Et danum hoc lucrare tibi. —

— Scis ipse volucres
Quæ rota volvat opes; has ergo hîc fige perennis
Fundamenta domus petrensi in rupe; tuamq.
Fortunæ sic deme rotam. Scis ipse procaces
Divitias quàm prona vagos vehat ala per Euros,
Divitiis illas, agè, deme volucris alas,
Fâcq. suos nostras illis sit nidus ad aras:
Remigii ut tandem pennas melioris adeptæ,
Serapiant Dominumq. suum super æthera secum.

Felix à quisque potuit bene pro idus uti
Proverbs xxii. 5. — Fortunæ pennis et opum levi-
tate suarum,

Devitiisque suis aquilæ sic addidit alas.

In caterarum Operum difficili Parturitione Gemitus.

O FELIX nimis illa, et nostræ nobile nomen
Invidiæ volucris. facili quæ funere surgens
Mater odora sui nitidæ nova fila juventæ,
Et festinatos peragit sibi fata per ignes.
Illa, haud natales tot tardis mensibus horas
Tam miseris tenuata moris, salutu velut uno
In nova secla rapit sese, et caput omne decorat
Explicat in frondes, roseôq. repullulat ortu.

Cinnameos simul illa rogos conscenderit, omnem
Læta bibit Phœbum, et jam jam victricibus alis
Plaudit humum, cinerisque suos.

— Heu! dispare fato
Nos ferimur seniorq. suo sub Apolline Phœnix
Petrensis mater, dubias librata per auras
Pendet adhuc, quæritq. sinum in quo ponat inertes
Exuvias, spoliisque suæ reparata senectæ
Ore pari surgat, similique per omnia vultu.
At nunc heu nixu secli melioris in ipso
Deliquium patitur —

At nunc heu lentæ longo in molimine vitæ
Interea moritur! Dubio stant Mœnia vultu
Parte sui pulchra, et fratres in fœdera muros
Invitant frustra nec respondentia Saxi
Saxa suis. Mœrent opera intermissa, manusq.
Implorant —

— Succurre piæ, succurre parenti,
O quisquis pius es. Illi succurre parenti,
Quam sibi tot sanctæ matres habuere parentem.
Quisquis es, o tibi, crede, tibi hot hiantia ruptis
Mœnibus ora loqui! matrem tibi, crede verendam
Muros tam longo laceros senioq. sitûque
Ceu canos monstrare suos. Succurre roganti.
Per tibi plena olim, per jam sibi ficca precatur
Ubera, nè desis senio. Sic longa juvenus
Te foveat, querulæ nunquam cessura senectæ.

Epitaphium in Gulielmum Herrisium.
Siste te paulum (viator) ubi longum listi
Necesse erit, huc tempe properare te scias
quocunque properas.

Moræ præmium erit
Et Lacrimæ,
Si jacere hic scias
Gulielmum
Splendidæ Herrisiorum familiæ
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,
Et vixisse tantum;
Discas licet
In quantas spes possit
Assurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.
Quem { Infantem, Essexia — } vidit
 { Juvenem, Cantabrigia }
Senem, ah infelix utraq.
Quod non vidit.

Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus,
Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius,
Utrique ingens amoris certamen fuit.
Donec
Dulciff. Lites elusit Deus,
Eumque cœlestis Collegii
Cujus semper alumnus fuit
focium fecit;

Qui et ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo
Musæ omnes et gratiæ,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub præcide religione
In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere.

Quem { Oratoriæ Poetam }
 { Poetica Oratorem }
 { Utraque Philosophum } Agnoverat
 { Christianum Omnes }

Qui	{	Fide	Mundum	}	Superavit.
		Spe	Cælum		
		Charitate	Proximum		
		Humilitate	Seipsum		
			Cujus		

Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
 Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
 Sub plurima indole, pauci anai;
 Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles.
 adeo se occuluerunt
 ut vitam ejus

Pulchram dixeris et pudicam dissimulationem:

Imo vero et morte,

Ecce enim in ipso funere

Dissimulari se passus est.

Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,

Eo nimerum majore monumento

quo minore tumulo.

Eo ipso die occubuit quo ecclesia

Anglica nec ad vespertas legit,

Raptus est ne militia mutaret intellectum ejus;

Scilicet. Id. Octobris, Anno. Sal. 1631.

In Eundem.

ITE meæ lacrymæ, (nec enim moror) ite. Sed oro

Tantum nè miseræ claudite vocis iter.

O liceat querulos verbis animare dolores!

Et saltem ah periit, dicere, noster amor.

Ecce negant tamen; ecce negant, lacrymæq. rebelles

Pergunt indomitâ præcipitantq. viâ.

Vifne (o chare! igitur te nostra silentia dicant?

Vis fleat assidua murmure mutus amor!

Flebit. Et ura suos semper bibet humeda rores,

Et fidas semper semper habebit aquas.

Interea quicunq. estis, nè credite mirum

Si veræ lacrymæ non didicere loqui.

Natalis Principis Mariæ.

CRESCE, ô dulcibus imputanda Divis,

O cresce, et propera, puella princeps,

In matris propera venire partes.

Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,

Illinc Carolus, et Jacobus inde,

In patris faciles subire famam,

Ducent fata furoribus decoris;

Cum terror facer, Angliciq. magnum

Murmur nominis increpabit omnem

Latè Bosporon, Ottomanicâsq.

Non picto quatiet tremere lunas;

Te tunc altera, nec timenda paci,

Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici

Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes

Latè dulcia fata dissipabis.

O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti

Pressus fidere jam sub ora ludit,

Olim fortior omne cuspidatos

Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;

Quiq. imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,

Puris expatiabitur genarum

Campis imperiosior Cupido;

O quàm certa superbiore pennâ

Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,

Exul antibus hinc et inde turmis,

Quoquò jusseris, impigrè volabunt!

O quot corda calentium deorum

De te vulnera delicata discent!

O quot pectora principum magistris

Fient molle negotium sagittis!

Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,

Cui matris, sinus atque utrumque fidus

Magnorum patet officina amorum?

Hinc sumas licet, ô puella princeps,

Quantacunque opus est tibi phare trâ.

Centum fume Cupidines ab uno

Matris lumine, gratiasque centum,

Et centum veneres: adhuc manebunt

Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt,

Ter centum veneresque gratiæque

Puro fonte superstites per ævum,

In Serenissimæ Reginae patrum hyemalem.

SERTA, puer: (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)

Texe mihi facili pollice ferta, puer.

Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres?

Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi ferta, puer.

Nix? et hyems? non est nostras quid tale per oras;

Non est: vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.

Ver agitur: quæcunque trucem dat larva Decem-
 brem,

Quid sera cunq. fremant frigora, ver agitur.

Nonne vides quali se palmitæ regia vitis

Prodit, et in sacris quæ sedet suva jugis?

Tam letis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis?

Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?

O Maria! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum!

Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?

Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ

Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos?

Siccine sub mediâ poterunt tua sergere brumâ,

Atque suas solum lilia nôsse nives?

Ergo vel invitis nivibus, freudentibus Austris,

Nostra novis poterunt regna tueri rosas?

O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto

Tempora sub signis non finis ire suis!

O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristitia mundi

Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!

Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre calendis:

Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.

Perge intempestiva atq. importuna videri;

Inq. uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.

Sit nobis, sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras

Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.

Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Maiosq. Decembres,

Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives.

Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,

Atq. suos ducant per vaga signa dies,

Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?

Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britannia vices?

Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus aunum:

In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.

Sit tuus illeuterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:

Tempus et in titulos transeat omne tuos.

Nam quæ alia induerit tam dulcia nomine mensis?

Art quâ tam posset candidus ire togâ

Hanc laurum Janus sibi verticue vellet utroq,

Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Maius emet.

Tota suam (verè expulso) respublica florum

Reginam cuperent te, sobolémve tuam.

O bona fors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses

Hic mihi Corolides, hic Marianus erit!

Natalis Ducis Eboracensis.

Et verò jam tempus erat tibi, maxima mater,

Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:

Tempus erat, nè quâ tibi basia blanda vacarent;
 Sarcina nè collo sit minùs apta tuo:
 Scilicet ille tuus, timor et spes ille suorum,
 Quo primùm es felix pignore facta parens,
 Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur et enses,
 Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.
 Indolis O stimulos! vix dum illi transiit infans;
 Jamq. sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
 Improbis ille suis adeò negat ire sub annis:
 Jam nondum puer est, major et est puero.
 Si quis in aulæis pictas animatus in iras
 Stat leo, quem doctâ cuspide lusit acus,
 Hostis (io!) est; neq. enim ille alium dignatibur
 hostem;
 Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
 Tunc hastâ gravis adversu furit, (hastâ bacillum
 est:)
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat.
 Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste;
 Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
 Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: nescire fatetur
 Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset amor.
 Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari;
 Est et amor certè, sed metuendus amor:
 Talis amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere; qualis
 Seu puer hic esset, sive vir ille Deus.
 Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,
 Res (ecce!) in lusus non operosa tuos.
 Basia jam veniant tua quantâcunque catervâ,
 Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor,
 En! Tibi materies tenera et tractabilis hic est:
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satîs.
 Salve infans, tot basiolis molle argumentum,
 Maternis labiis dulce negotium;
 O salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
 Et Carolo et Mariæ tertius est oculus.

In faciem Augustiss. Regis à morbilis integram.

Musa redi; vocat alma parens academia: Noster
 En redit, store suo stoer Apollo redit.
 Vultus adhuc suus, et vultus sua purpura tantùm
 Vivit, et admixt as pergit amare nives.
 Tunc illas violare genas? tunc illa profanis,
 Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
 Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
 Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
 Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
 Ipsa sedet radiis ô bene tuta suis:
 Quippe illic deus est, cœlûmque et sanctius as-
 trum;
 Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
 Quod facie rex tutus erat, quod cœtera tactus:
 Hinc hominem rex est passus, et inde deum.

Ad Carolum Primum, Rex Redux.

ILLE redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura vol-
 vunt;
 Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert:
 Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
 Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies.
 Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis adora
 Arridet totis Anglia læta genis:
 Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit abistis;
 Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
 Fortè roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
 Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quôve metus:

VOL. IV.

Anne pererrati male-fida volumina ponti
 Ausa illum terris penè negare suis:
 Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia, tellus
 Vix bene speratum reddat ibera caput.
 Nil horum; nec enim malè fida volumina ponti,
 Aut sacrum tellus vidit ibera caput.
 Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:
 (Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor)
 At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
 (Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor)
 Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
 Non solùm est fidus, sed quoq. fortis amor.
 Interea nostri fatîs ille est causa triumphî:
 Et fatîs (ah!) nostri causa doloris erat.
 Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset;
 Anglia quod saltem dicere posset, abest.
 Et fatîs est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphî;
 Dicere quod saltem possumus, ille redit.
Ad Principem nondum natum, Reginâ gravidâ.
 NASCERE nunc; ô nunc! quid enim, puer alme,
 moraris?

Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
 Ergone tot tardos (ô lente!) morabere menses?
 Rex redit. Ipse veni, et dic bone, gratus ades.
 Nam quid ave nostrum? quid nostri verba trium-
 phi?

Vagitu meliùs dixeris ista tuo.
 At maneat tamen: et nobis nova causa triumphî
 Sic demum fueris; nec nova causa tamen:
 Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur in-
 fans,

Revera toties Carolus ipse redit.

Joann. ii. — Aquæ in vinum versa.

UNDE rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis?
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
 Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite numen:
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

*On the birth of a Princess, the fifth child of Charles I.
 (Not printed in any former edition)*

Principi recens natæ nomen maternæ indolis.

CRESCE, O dulcibus imputanda Divis
 O, cresce, et propera, puella Princeps,
 In Matris propera venire partes.
 Et cum par breve fulminum minorum
 Illinc Carolus et Jacobus inde,
 In Patris faciles subire famam,
 Ducent fata furoribus decoris,
 Cum terror sacer, Anglicique magnum
 Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
 Late Bosporon, Ottomanicasque
 Non ficto quatiet tremore lunas,
 Te nunc altera, nec timenda pace,
 Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
 Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
 Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
 O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti
 Pressus fidere jam sub ora ludet,
 Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
 Evolvat latus aureum per ignes;

* From "Conventus et gratulatio musarum Cantabri-
 gienſium ad serenissimum Britanniarum Regem Carolum
 de quinta sua sobole, clarissima principe, sibi super reli-
 cissime nata." Cantabrigiæ 1637.

Quique imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
 Puris expatiabitur genarum
 Campis imperiosior Cupido;
 O quam certe superbiore penna
 Ibunt spicula, mellæque mortes,
 Exultantibus hinc et inde turmis,
 Quoque jusseris, impigre volabunt!
 O quot corde calentium deorum
 De te vulnera delicata discent!
 O quot pectora Principum magistris
 Fient molle negotium sagittis!
 Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,

Cui matris sinus atque utrumque fons
 Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
 Hinc sumas licet, O puella Princeps,
 Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
 Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
 Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
 Et centum Veneres; adhuc manebunt
 Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
 Ter centum Veneresque, Gratiasque
 Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

*Rich. Crashaw, A. B. Coll,
 S. Pet. Sbeuz.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Containing

GONDIBERT,
MADAGASCAR,
ODES,



ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Methinks heroic poesie till now
Like some fantastique fairy-land did show,
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giant's race,
And all but man, in man's best work had place;
There like some worthy knight, with sacred arms,
Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms:
Instead of these dost men and manners plant,
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want.

COWLEY'S VERSES TO DAVENANT.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE
DAVANT
WORKS

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THE LIFE OF DAVENANT.

WILLIAM DAVENANT was born in the parish of St. Martin's, Oxford, about the end of February 1605-6. He was a younger son of Mr. John Davenant, "a very grave and discreet citizen," says Wood, "and a sufficient vintner," who kept the Crown-Inn on the west side of the Corn-Market; a house frequented by the immortal Shakspeare, in his annual journies from London to Warwickshire. His mother, according to the MSS. of Aubrey, was exceedingly beautiful and very elegant, both in her conversation and address. Davenant, in his social moments, would sometimes insinuate that Shakspeare might have had his reasons for his visits there, and "say that it seemed to him that he writ with the very spirit that Shakspeare [wrote with], and was contented enough to be thought his son." This idea, hazarded "when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends," probably without the least reference to his real sentiments, has been since circulated by Mr. Malone, and other respectable writers, as not destitute of foundation; though the circumstances of the story are evidently improbable, as gallantry, and more especially adultery, were not the fashionable vices of that age; and as Shakspeare, more particularly, seems remarkable for the chastity and amiable purity of his morals.

The casting a stain on the virtue of a woman of unblemished reputation, and fixing the imputation of baseness and guilt on the moral conduct of the most exalted genius that ever lived, are not sufficiently authorised by the mere suggestions of fancy, or the inclination of tracing out a poetical pedigree for a writer, whose own merit is sufficient to ensure him the remembrance of posterity.

Very early in life he gave tokens of a lively and promising genius, and a propensity to poetry, which, it is said, was very much encouraged by Shakspeare. It is certain that he admired Shakspeare more than any English poet, and that one of the first essays of his muse was a poem on his death, which happened when Davenant was about ten years old.

He received the first rudiments of classical learning from Mr. Edward Sylvester, who kept, at that time, a grammar-school in the parish of All Saints, Oxford, of distinguished reputation.

In the year 1621, the same in which his father was Mayor of the City, he was entered a Member of Lincoln College, under the tuition of Mr. Daniel Hough, where he prosecuted his academical studies for some time; but took no degree.

Wood, at the same time that he acknowledges the strength of his genius, and even distinguishes him by the title of the "Sweet Swan of Isis," informs us that he "obtained there some smattering in logic; but his genius, which was always opposite to it, led him in the pleasant paths of poetry; so that though he wanted much of University learning, yet he made as high and noble flights in the poetical faculty, as fancy could advance without it."

On his quitting the University, "wherein I presume," says Wood, "he made but a short stay," he repaired to London, in hopes of making his fortune at Court, where he became a page to the magnificent Frances Duchess of Richmond, who kept, in those days, a kind of Court of her own.

He was afterwards received into the family of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, himself a writer, and a friend to the muses, who encouraged his poetical studies, and promoted his interest.

This amiable and accomplished nobleman having been barbarously assassinated on the 30th September 1628, in the 74th year of his age, Davenant was left without a patron; and it is probable, that views of profit as well as amusement might now induce him to commence a writer for the stage.

He appears to have attempted dramatic composition some time before; for his tragedy called *The Cruel Brother*, was licensed by the Master of the Revels, January 12. 1626-7, but no account is given of its representation.

In 1629, he produced *The Tragedy of Albovine, King of Lombardy*, which is commonly called his first play. It was acted with great success, and printed with a dedication to the unfortunate

Car, Earl of Somerset, and copies of commendatory verses by Sir Henry Blount, Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, Richard Clerk, Robert Elice, William Habington, Roger Lort, Thomas Elice, and the Honourable Henry Howard.

From this time he was a constant attendant on the Court, where he was highly regarded by the Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer Weston, and other persons of distinction, and very much caressed by Carew, Suckling, Honourable Henry Howard, Endymion Porter, Esq. Henry Jermyn, Esq. afterwards Earl of St. Albans, and all the great wits of that time.

Within this period he wrote several plays, which were licensed by the Master of the Revels, in the following order; *The Colonel*, July 22. 1629,—*The Just Italian*, October 2. 1629,—*The Witts*, January 19. 1633-4,—*Love and Honour*, November 20. 1634,—*News from Plymouth*, August 1. 1635,—*Platonic Lovers*, November 16. 1635,—*Unfortunate Lovers*, April 16. 1638,—*Fair Favourite*, November 27. 1638,—*The Spanish Lovers*, November 30. 1639; probably the play which in his works is called *The Distresses*.

He contributed also several masques for the entertainment of the Court, which were exhibited in the following order: *The Temple of Love*, 1634; *The Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour*, 1635; *Britannia Triumphans*, 1637; *Salmacida Spolia*, 1639; printed without any author's name, but written by Davenant. "*Cælum Britannicum*," arranged among his works, was written by Carew.

The representation of his dramatic pieces, which were in general well received, procured him a considerable accession of personal interest, and the peculiar patronage of the Queen, by whose recommendation, he was promoted to the laurel, which was vacant by the death of Jonson, in August 1637, in opposition to the pretensions of May, the English Lucan, who was countenanced by Charles I. both a judge and patron of poetry.

It has been commonly understood, that he received this favour from the crown, immediately after the death of Jonson; but it appears that he was not appointed Poet-Laureat, till December 13. 1638, sixteen months afterwards, when he obtained from his Majesty a grant of an annuity of 100*l. per annum*, which he enjoyed as Poet-Laureat, till his death.

He repaid this mark of the royal favour by continuing to direct the diversions of the Court, as long as the troubles of those times would permit; and by demonstrating his ardent gratitude and unshaken zeal for the cause of the Royal Family, as soon as the war broke out between the King and the Parliament.

Some time within this period, he published the first edition of his *Miscellaneous Poems*, consisting of Addresses to his Patrons, New Years Compliments to the Queen, and other things of a like nature.

In May 1641, he was accused to the Parliament of being concerned in a design for seducing the army from their adherence to parliamentary authority; and a proclamation being issued for apprehending him, he was arrested, and committed to the custody of a serjeant at arms. In the month of July following, he was bailed, and soon after found it necessary for him to withdraw to France; where he continued for some time. He afterwards returned to England, with some military stores, which the Queen sent over for the Marquis of Newcastle's army, and offering his service to his Lordship, who was himself a dramatist, and his old friend and patron, he was appointed by him Lieutenant-General of his Ordnance.

In his military capacity, he appears to have behaved well; for, at the siege of Gloucester, in September, 1643, he received the honour of knighthood from the king, as an acknowledgment of his bravery and signal services.

On the decline of the Royalists, whose cause he had espoused, he sought refuge in France, where he embraced the Popish religion, and was well received by the queen, and taken much into her confidence.

In the summer of 1646, he was sent, by advice from the queen, to persuade King Charles to comply with some temporising steps, which she considered as necessary to his interests, and particularly, to give up the church.

Clarendon, who was his intimate friend, has given a full account of this transaction [*Hist. Reb.* p. 495.] though not much to his advantage, yet with all the tenderness due to his acknowledged sense of Davenant's good intentions.

He appears to have been impertinently forward on the occasion; and was dismissed the royal presence, with unusual reprehension.

Upon his return to Paris, to give an account of his ill success to those who sent him, he projected the plan of his *Gondibert*, an heroic poem of a new kind, the two first books of which he finished at the Louvre, where he lived with his friend Henry Jermyn, Esq.; and, "being very fond of them," says Wood, "did print them [1651] with a large epistle to Hobbes of Malmesbury, and Hobbes's excellent epistle to him, before them," together with commendatory verses by Cowley and Waller.

It was attacked, in a satirical pamphlet, by Denham, Sir Allen Broderick, and other wits of the king's little Court, under the following title, "Certain Verses, written by several of the Author's Friend's, to be reprinted with the Second Edition of *Gondibert*." London, 1653.

An answer was returned by Davenant, with some temper, in a similar vein, intitled, "*The Incomparable Poem of Gondibert, vindicated from the Wit-Cabals of four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding*." London, 1655.

There is a copy of verses, alluding to this circumstance, in "Howell's Poems," 1664, p. 105, intitled, "Of some who blending their brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the muses choicest sons and servants, Sir W. Davenant, knight and poet."

In 1648, he published a second edition of his *Miscellaneous Poems* in 8vo, with his *Madagascar*, addressed to Prince Rupert, which was certainly written, and probably printed six years before, as appears by the commendatory verses prefixed by Suckling. The dedicatory inscription, to *Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn*, is very singular and laudable.

In 1650 he, at the instigation of the Queen, collected a body of unemployed artificers, and, by permission of the French King, set sail for the loyal colony of Virginia.

He was, however, intercepted by a ship, belonging to the parliament, and sent a prisoner to Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

Here, with great manliness of mind, he alleviated the tediousness of confinement, by continuing his heroic poem; and, having written about the half of the third book, he thought fit to stop short again, finding himself, as he imagined, "under the shadow of death."

The Parliament having delivered him over, by an ordinance, to be tried by a High-Commission Court, he was removed to the Tower of London, and for some time his life was in danger; nor is it certainly known how it was saved.

Aubrey in his MSS. says, that it was owing to the interposition of two aldermen of York, whom he had taken in his military capacity, under the Marquis of Newcastle, and to whom he not only extended every indulgence; but, upon their being either unable or unwilling to pay their ransom, he studiously gave an opportunity of escaping.

These men, it is said, on hearing that his life was in danger, hastened to town, and interceded for him so effectually, as to obtain, by the favour of Lord Keeper Whitelocke, his pardon, and afterwards his liberty.

Dr. Newton attributes his acquittal to the interference of Milton, whose interest was powerful at that time; and who, at the restoration, received a similar piece of service from Davenant, for which his country owes him everlasting gratitude.

Wood mentions the mediation of Milton and the two aldermen, as being jointly employed in preserving him from the violence of party rage.

On obtaining his liberty, he set about restoring to notice, the insulted altars of the Muses, which, when we take into the account the severity and gloominess of the times, required no inconsiderable share both of fortitude and address.

Plays were absolutely prohibited. At last, however, he partially accomplished his ends, by opening a theatre at Rutland-House, under the auspices of Lord Keeper Whitelocke, Sir John Maynard, and other men of taste and learning; and exhibited a species of dramatic interludes, called *Entertainments*, hastily got up for the occasion, and formed partly from the Italian, and partly from the French style.

His *First Day's Entertainment at Rutland-House, by Declamation and Music after the Manner of the Ancients*, was performed May 21. 1656; and, being well received, he grew bolder by success, and produced several regular plays, which were exhibited in the following order: *The Siege of Rhodes*, 1656, *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, 1658, *The History of Sir Francis Drake*, 1659, *Entertainments*, and *The Fair Favourite*, a tragic-comedy, *Law against Lovers*, a tragic-comedy, *Play-house to the*

Let, a drama of five acts, each being a distinct performance, *The Siege*, a tragi-comedy, *The Distresses*, a tragedy. These plays were afterwards revised, and printed in 1673.

Soon after the restoration, he obtained a patent for the representation of dramatic pieces, under the title of the Duke's Company, of the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

In Spring 1662, he opened the Duke's theatre with his *Siege of Rhodes*, which he had reviewed and made a regular drama; and in which he introduced, for the first time, on a public theatre, female performers, and painted scenery.

He afterwards produced *The Rivals*, a comedy, in which is the famous ballad, "My lodging is on the cold ground," printed in 1668, but not inserted in his works, *The Man's the Master*, a comedy, *Macbeth*, a tragedy, altered from Shakspeare, and joined with Dryden in *The Tempest*, or *The Enchanted Island*, an alteration from Shakspeare, which was his last performance.

He died at his house in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 7th of April 1668, in the 64th year of his age, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. On his grave stone is inscribed, in imitation of Jonson's short epitaph, O RARE SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT!

"His first lady," says Aubrey, "was Dr ———s daughter, physician, by whom he had a very beautiful and ingenious son, that died above twenty years since. His second lady was daughter of —, by whom he had several children. I saw some very young ones at the funeral. His eldest is Charles Davenant, the doctor, who inherits his father's beauty and fancy. He practises at Doctor's Commons. He wrote a play, called *Circe*, which has taken very well." He is better known as a most valuable political writer. In 1771, were published in 5 vols. 8vo, "The political and commercial works of that celebrated writer Charles Davenant, LL.D. collected and revised by Sir Charles Whitworth, M. P." a publication which has greatly contributed to the diffusion and utility of his writings. His youngest son, William, was bred to the Church, and beneficed in Surrey, and unfortunately drowned in France in 1681. He translated M. la Mothe le Vayer's "animadversions on the famous Greek and Latin Historians," printed at Oxford, 8vo. 1698.

His works, consisting of his *Plays*, *Gondibert*, *Madagascar*, and *Miscellaneous Poems*, were collected and published by Henry Herringman, in one volume folio, in 1673, and dedicated by his widow to the Duke of York.

At present, none of his plays keep the stage, though some of them highly deserve the notice of the public; and no edition of his poems has been given in a hundred and twenty years. His *Gondibert* and *Madagascar*, with a small selection from the mass of his miscellaneous poetry, is now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

Amidst the various avocations which a life of incident subjected him to, the mind of Davenant must have been singularly fertile, and his wit peculiarly ready, or we should not have had such a bulky collection as his works afford us. He appears to have been engaged in a variety of contradictory characters. He was, by turns, a foldier, a projector, an envoy, a manager, and a wit. As a man, his character appears to have been, in every respect, perfectly amiable: honour, courage, gratitude, integrity, genius, and vivacity, seem to have been the predominant features of his mind.

All his biographers allow that he was very handsome, and very amorous; and it appears that he was so unlucky as to carry the tokens of his irregular gallantries in the depression of his nose, which became the subject of much raillery among the contemporary wits. Wood says that this accident arose from his familiarity with "a handsome black girl in Axe-yard, Westminster, on whom he thought when he spoke of *Dalga* in his *Gondibert*," [B. III. Can. VI. St. xxxi.]. It must have happened pretty early in life, since it is mentioned by Suckling in his "Session of the Poets," who differs from Wood in saying that it happened in France:

Will. Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handfomeness of's muse,
Might any deformity about him excuse,
Surely the company had been content
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, in verse or in prose,
There was none of a laureat who wanted a nose;

Dr. Johnson, speaking of the "Rehearsal," observes, "that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterised by the name of Bilboa. There is one passage in the "Rehearsal" still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. Bayes hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise. How this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him." Sir Robert Howard is also said to have been originally characterized by the name of Bilboa.

As a dramatist, Davenant's rank seems as yet undetermined. He certainly yields to none of his contemporaries, except Dryden, Etherege, Otway, and Lee. His numerous dramas have had their day, and are forgotten. His *Entertainments*, which were sufficiently well intended as substitutes for better things, did but make way for and announce the inundation of paltry puppet-shews and rhyming tragedies which accompanied Charles and the Restoration, and corrupted the sources of public taste. Some good consequences, however, resulted to the stage from the hand of Davenant: He was the first, who, after the Restoration, introduced painted scenery, and filled the property-room with that apparatus which before had been so much wanting, and which adds brilliancy and respect to a theatre. Through his means the celebrated Betterton was brought more immediately forward to the eye of the public. We are indebted to him for the great addition the stage has received in the adoption of women, as all female characters were, before his time, sustained by young men. "I found him," says Dryden in his preface to the *Tempest*, "of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not quickly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising. And, as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other, and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious; and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he used in invention."

As a poet, the reputation of Davenant depends chiefly on his *Gondibert*. His *Madagascar* has been praised by Suckling and other wits, at least as much as it deserves. It has some vigorous passages and some happy lines. His occasional poems have many beauties of sentiment and expression, with many defects of style, and many thoughts which, in this cold age, will be termed conceits, though they only distinguish wit and poetry from plain sense and prose. The versification sometimes offends the ear, but the candour, gratitude, tenderness, friendship, and good nature, expressed in them, make sufficient amends for the roughness of some, and the want of ease and perspicuity in others. His *Elegies* and *Epitaphs* may be read with pleasure. The *Burlesque Epistle* has the humour and pleasantry of the burlesque pieces of his friend Butler, and Cotton, an original writer, whose accidental exclusion from this collection is to be regretted. The verses, *To the Queen, entertained at Night by the Countess of Anglesey*, deserve particular commendation, for ease and uninterrupted sweetness of flow. Pope seems to have been fully sensible of their merit.

Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd;
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.

Thus Pope:

Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow.

Again,

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven. *Eloisa.*

The epic poem of *Gondibert* is unquestionably the noblest production of his genius; and would do honour to any writer of any age or country. The fate which it has experienced conveys reproach upon the inconstancy of national taste. When it was first published, it was condemned by some persons and applauded by others; so, among the critics of the present day, it has met with both censurers and defenders. Several of our most eminent critics have condemned *Gondibert*, merely because it does not correspond with their respective systems.

Mr. Hayley, in his "Epistles on Epic Poetry," has spoken of it with a severity which we do not usually find in that elegant writer:

Poor Davenant march'd before, with nobler aim,
His keen eye fix'd upon the palm of Fame;

But cruel Fortune doom'd him to rehearse
A theme ill-chosen, in ill-chosen verse. *Ep. III.*

In the notes to "Epistle V." he observes: "The epic poems, both of Davenant and Voltaire, Discourse upon have sufficient defects to account for any neglect which may be their lot."

"Dr. Blackwell, Mr. Granger, and Dr. Knox, are on the unfavourable side of the question. Their sentence has been passed in short and incidental remarks. The objections of Dr. Hurd in his Poetical Imitation," are more important:

"When a writer," says that learned and elegant critic, "who is driven by so many powerful motives to the imitation of preceding models, revolts against them all, and determines at any rate to be *original*, nothing can be expected but an awkward straining in every thing. *Improper method, forced conceits, and affected expression*, are the certain issue of such obstinacy. Let me exemplify what has been here said in the case of a very eminent person, who, with all the advantages of art and nature, that could be required to adorn the true poet, was ruined by this single error. The person I mean was Sir William Davenant; whose *Condiibert* will remain a perpetual monument of the mischiefs which must ever arise from the affectation of originality, in lettered and polite poets.

"The great author, when he projected his plan of an heroic poem, was so far from intending to steer his course by *example*, that he sets out, in his preface, with upbraiding the followers of Homer, as a base and timorous crew of *coasters*, who would not adventure to launch forth on the ocean of invention. He professedly makes his own merit to consist in 'an endeavour to lead truth through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.' These were the principles he went upon; let us now attend to the success of his endeavours."

"The *method* of his work is defective in many respects. For instance, in the two following. Observing the large compass of the ancient epic, for which he saw no cause in nature, and which he supposed had been followed merely from a blind deference to the authority of the first model, he resolved to construct an heroic poem in the narrower, and, as he conceived, juster plan of the dramatic poems. And, because it was their practice, for the purpose of *raising the passions*, by a close accelerated plot, and for the convenience of *representation*, to conclude their subject in *five acts*, he affects to restrain himself within the same limits. The event was, that by cutting himself off, by this means, from the opportunity of digressive ornaments, which contribute so much to the pomp of the epic poetry; and what is more essential, from the advantage of the most gradual and circumstantial narration, which gives an air of *truth and reality* to the fable, he failed in obtaining the proper end of this poem, *admiration*, produced by a grandeur of design and variety of important incidents, and sustained by all the energy and minute particularity of description.

"It was essential to the epos to raise and exalt the fable by the intervention of *supernatural agency*. This, again, the poet mistook for the prejudice of the affected imitation of Homer, 'who had so often led them into heaven and hell, till by conversation with God and ghosts, they sometimes deprive us of those natural probabilities in story, which are instructive to human life.' Here, then, he would needs be original; and so, by recording only the affairs of men, hath fairly omitted a necessary part of the epic plan, and that which, of all others, had given the greatest state and magnificence to its construction. Yet here, to do him justice, one thing deserves our commendation. It had been the way of the Italian romancers, who were at that time the best poets, to run very much into prodigy and enchantment. 'Not only to exceed the *work*, but also the possibility of nature, they would have impenetrable armours, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other things, which are easily feigned by them that dare.' These conceits, he rightly saw, had too slender a foundation in the serious belief of his age, to justify a relation of them. And, had he only dropped these, his conduct had been without blame. But, as it is the weakness of human nature, the observation of this extreme determined him to the other, of admitting nothing, however well established in the general opinion, that was *supernatural*.

"And as here he did too much, so, in another respect, it may be observed, he did too little. The romancers, before spoken of, had carried their notions of *gallantry* in ordinary life, as high, as they have done those *preternatural agencies*, in their marvellous fictions. Yet here this original genius, who was not to be held by the shackles of superstition, suffered himself to be entrapped in the

filken net of *love and honour*; and so hath adopted, in his draught of *characters*, that elevation of sentiment which a change of manners could not but dispose the reader to regard as *fantastic* in the Gothic romance; at the same time, that he rejected what had the truest grace in the ancient epic, a *sober intermixture of religion*.

"The execution of this poem was answerable to the general method. His *sentiments* are frequently forced, and so tortured by an affectation of wit, that every stanza hath the air of an epigram. And the *expression* in which he clothes them, is so quaint and figurative, as turns his description almost into a continued riddle.

"Such was the effect of a studious affectation of originality, in a writer, who, but for this misconduct, had been in the first rank of our poets. His endeavour was to keep clear of the models, in which his youth had been instructed, and which he perfectly understood. And in this, indeed, he succeeded. But the success lost him the possession of, what his great soul seems to have been full of, a true and permanent glory, which hath ever arisen, and can only arise from the unambitious simplicity of nature, contemplated in her own proper form, or, by *reflection*, in the faithful mirror of those very models he so much dreaded."

While the present writer strongly feels the force of the sentiments which are here advanced, it is no small pleasure to him that so much justice is done to Davenant's great abilities. If he had not pursued a mistaken plan, it is allowed by Dr. Hurd, that he would have been in the first rank of our poets.

With all its faults, *Gondibert* has still its sincere and ardent admirers.

Mr. Headley has particularly distinguished himself in its behalf. "It is to his *Gondibert*," says that amiable and ingenious writer, "that Davenant has to trust for his fame; and it particularly merits a re-publication. From its total rejection of supernatural agency, it has afforded the critics an ample subject of contention. After all, it seems but candid to examine every work by those rules which the author prescribed himself in the composing of it; every contrary step is but trying a man of one country by the laws of another. What right have we, therefore, to be offended at not finding the critical acts passed by Aristotle originally, and re-echoed by Bossu and the French critics, rigidly observed, when it was the author's professed intention to write without them. We may, with the same propriety, accuse Shakspeare for not adhering to the unities. It was Davenant's intention to make an experiment, and let him be heard in his own words: 'If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients, I shall think myself secure in believing, that a poet, who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to predecessors, than law-makers are liable to those laws which themselves have repealed.' In Bishop Hurd he has found a formidable accuser. Yet, (supposing him amenable to a court of criticism) many palliations may be urged in his defence. There can scarce subsist a doubt, but that, in denying himself the opportunity of indulging his fancy in the appendages of Divine assistance, the dignity of the poem has been considerably diminished; yet, if we recollect the situation he stood in as to time, it will appear that his conduct did not result from a perverse and affected determination of deviating from rules long established, and long approved, but from a serious and sensible conviction, that such machinery as those rules supplied him with, was no longer practicable. The spirit of common sense, which in his day began to show itself, would certainly have revolted against Heathen mythology. The Gothic system, which the Italian school presented him with, was already hacknied and worn out, and no longer fostered and kept alive by the relish for chivalry, which prevailed even when Spenser wrote. The religion of his country afforded no instance, that might serve to keep him in countenance, or justify an application of such hallowed materials, to so light, and perhaps so unworthy, a purpose. Those united objections, made (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of poetical Atheist of Davenant, and reduced him to the necessity of pursuing a plan of his own, and of relying on the natural powers of his genius. With his pen in his hand, he seems boldly to have exclaimed with Mezentius:

"*Dextra mibi Deus, et telum quod missile libro.*"

But Dr. Aikin has most eminently distinguished himself in defence of *Gondibert*. In him it has deservedly found a warm admirer, and a most intelligent critic, and one who has been the first to recommend it to the attention of the readers of English poetry.

In his "Miscellaneous Pieces" he has devoted a long essay to *Gondibert*, in which he successfully vindicates the *method* of the poem, from the objections of Dr. Hurd, and exhibits a particular analysis of it, which does equal honour to Davenant and his generous admirer.

"With respect to its *execution*," says this candid and ingenious writer, "the justice of Dr. Hurd's censure cannot be controverted. The author's faulty *execution*, however, arose from a source directly contrary to the "dread of imitation." Imitation itself led him to it; for almost all the models of polite literature existing in his own country, and indeed in the other polished nations of Europe, were characterised by the very same vitiation of taste. Among our own writers, it is sufficient to instance Donne, Suckling, and Cowley, for this constant affectation of wit and uncommon sentiment, and for a consequent obscurity of expression. Yet all these, and Sir W. Davenant, perhaps, in a more eminent degree than the rest, had for great occasions, above the temptation of trifling, a majestic and nervous simplicity, both of thought and expression; which, with our more refined taste and language, we have never been able to equal.

"The measure chosen for this poem, is what we now almost confine to elegy. This choice does not appear very judicious. A redundancy of thought, running out into parentheses, seems to have been produced, or at least encouraged by the measure. But I think he has generally preserved a force and majesty of expression." The remarks of the same able and ingenious writer on Book II. Cant. 3. and 4. afford an agreeable specimen of candid and judicious criticisms. *Great Nature's Office*, *Nature's Nursery*, *The Cabinet of Death*, *The Monument of Banished Minds*, and *The Temples of Prayer, Penitence, and Praise* in the house of *Astragon*, are described with circumstances of peculiar attraction and interest. The picture of *Birtba* is exquisitely pleasing.

He concludes his masterly analysis, with lamenting, as every reader must do, the abrupt termination of the story.

"The plot" says he "is at length involved in so many intricate, and apparently inextricable difficulties, that it is scarce possible to conceive a satisfactory termination. Perhaps the poet was sensible of a want of power to extricate himself, and chose thus to submit to a voluntary bankruptcy of invention, rather than hazard his reputation by going farther. In his postscript, indeed, he excuses himself on account of sickness, and approaching dissolution. However disappointed we may be by his abrupt departure from scenes which he has filled with confusion, we ought not to forget the pleasures already received from them. 'If (says he to his reader, with more than the spirit of a dying man) thou art one of those, who has been warmed with poetic fire, I reverence thee as my judge.' From such a judicature this *noble fragment* would, I doubt not, acquire for him what the critic laments his having lost, "the possession of that true and permanent glory, of which his large soul appears to have been full." What Davenant left undone has been attempted by a writer of inferior abilities. In a collection of poems, professing to be "The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. John Gay, vol. IV." printed in 1773, a continuation of *Gondibert*, in three additional cantos, is inserted under the name of Gay. The imposition is undeniable, but the *imitation* merits the attention of the admirers of *Gondibert*.

The preceding remarks must convince every reader, that the severity of criticism to which *Gondibert* has been exposed, has arisen more from system, and learned prejudice, than justice. That the sentiments are frequently far-fetched and affected, and the expressions quaint and obscure, is but too obviously apparent; and these faults, together with the want of harmony in the versification, will sufficiently account for the neglect into which the poem is fallen, though interesting in its story, and thick-sown with beauties.

On the whole (with the exception that *Gondibert* would have received both dignity and embellishment from divine agency, could the adoption of any such system have been practicable) the writer of these prefaces agrees with the very liberal opinions of Dr. Aikin, whose authority is sufficient to justify his endeavours to give this valuable *fragment* an opportunity to make good its claim to notice, on the general idea of its being the work of an elevated genius, pregnant with a rich store of free and noble sentiment, fashioned by an intimate commerce with the great world, and boldly pursuing an original, but not an unskillful plan.

P R E F A C E.

TO HIS MUCH HONoured FRIEND, MR. HOBBS.

S I R,

SINCE you have done me the honour to allow this poem a daily examination, as it was writing, I will presume, now it hath attained more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yield me as great advantages by censuring the method, as by judging the numbers and the matter. And because you shall pass through this new building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you what care I took of my materials ere I began to work.

But first, give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the world can show any heroic poem, that in a perfect glass of nature gives us a familiar and easy view of ourselves), to take notice of those quarrels which the living have with the dead: and I will (according as all times have applied their reverence), begin with Homer; who, though he seems to me standing upon the poets famous hill, like the eminent sea-mark, by which they have in former ages steered; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, lest posterity should presumptuously mistake their course, yet some (sharply observing how his successors have proceeded no farther than a perfection of imitating him), say, that as sea-marks are chiefly useful to coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of discoverers, that love to sail in untried seas, so he hath rather proved a guide for those, whose satisfied wit will not venture beyond the track of others, than to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking, who esteem it a deficiency and meanness of mind, to stay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are that object, that even in the likelihoods of story (and story, wherever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant), he doth too frequently intermix such fables, as are objects lifted above the eyes of nature; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational spirit, but as a familiar, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation; whilst, supernaturally, he doth often advance his men to the quality of gods, and depose his gods to the condition of men.

His successor to fame (and consequently to censure), is Virgil; whose toils nor virtue cannot free

him from the peevishness, or rather curiosity, of divers readers. He is upbraided by some (who perhaps are affected antiquaries, and make priority of time the measure of excellence), for gaining his renown by imitation of Homer: whilst others (no less bold with that ancient guide), say, he hath so often led him into heaven and hell, till, by conversation with gods and ghosts, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in story, which are instructive to human life: And others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion), that even in wit, he seems deficient, by many omissions; as if he had designed a penance of gravity to himself, and to posterity: And by their observing that continued gravity, methinks they look upon him as on a musician composing of anthems; whose excellence consists more in the solemnness, than in the fancy; and upon the body of his work, as on the body of a giant, whose force hath more strength than quickness, and of patience than activity.

But these bold censurers are in danger of so many enemies; as I shall wisely shrink from them, and only observe, that if any disciples of unimitable Virgil can prove so formal as to esteem wit (as if it were levity), an imputation to the heroic muse (by which malevolent word, *wit*, they would disgrace her extraordinary height); yet if those grave judges will be held wise, they must endure the fate of wise men, who always have but few of their society; for many more than consist of their number (perhaps not having the fullness to be of it), are taken with those bold flights, and think it is with the Muse (whose noble quarry is men), as with the eagle, who when he soars high, stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely poets (whose business should represent the world's true image often to our view), are not less prudent than painters; who, when they draw landscapes, entertain not the eye wholly with even prospect, and a continued flat; but, for variety, terminate the sight with lofty hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

Lucan, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which, for

fear of contemporary witnesses, obliged him to a very close attendance upon fame), did not observe that such an enterprise rather becomed an historian than a poet: For wise poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the passions, than to record the truth of actions; and practise to describe mankind just as we are persuaded or guided by instinct; not particular persons, as they are lifted, or levelled by the force of fate; it being nobler to contemplate the general history of nature, than a selected diary of fortune: And painters are no more than historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they term that drawing to the life); but when by assembling divers figures in a larger volume, they draw passions (though they term it but story), then they increase in dignity, and become poets.

I have been thus hard, to call him to account for the choice of his argument, not merely as it was story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time, that he could not assist truth with such ornaments as poets, for useful pleasure, have allowed her; lest the feigned complexion might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his hyperboles; by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimension of wit; and so mistake him in his boiling youth (which had marvellous forces) as we disrelish excellent wine, when fuming in the lee.

Statius (with whom we may conclude the old heroics), is as accountable to some for his obligations to Virgil, as Virgil is to others for what he owes to Homer; and more closely than Virgil waits on Homer, doth Statius attend Virgil; and follows him there also, where nature never comes, even into heaven and hell: And therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best dramatics; who, in representation of examples, believe they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the scene at home in their own country; so much they avoid those remote regions of heaven and hell: As if the people (whom they make civil by an easy communication with reason; and familiar reason is that which is called the civility of the stage), were become more discreet than to have their eyes persuaded by the descending of gods in gay clouds, and more manly than to be frightened with the rising of ghosts in smoke.

Tasso (who revived the heroic flame, after it was many ages quenched), is held, both in time and merit, the first of the moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, because the number he excels must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I yield to their opinion, who permit not Ariosto, no not Du Bartas, in his eminent rank of the heroics; rather than to make way by their admission for Dame Marino, and others. Tasso's honour, too, is chiefly allowed him, where he most endeavours to make Virgil his pattern: And again, when we consider from whom Virgil's spirit is derived, we may observe how rarely human excellence is found; for heroic poesy (which, if exact in itself, yields not to any other human work), flowed but in few; and even those streams descended but from one Grecian spring: and it is with original poems, as with the original pieces of

painters, whose copies abate the excessive price of the first hand.

But Tasso, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that critical war, which never ceases amongst the learned; and he seems most unfortunate, because his errors, which are derived from the ancients, when examined, grow in a great degree excusable in them; and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his counsel assembled in heaven; his witches expeditions through the air; and enchanted woods, inhabited with ghosts. For though the elder poets (which were then the sacred priests), fed the world with supernatural tales, and so compound the religion, of pleasure and mystery (two ingredients which never failed to work upon the people); whilst for the eternity of their chiefs (more refined by education), they surely intended no such vain provision. Yet a Christian poet, whose religion little needs the aids of invention, hath less occasion to imitate such fables, as meanly illustrate a probable heaven, by the fashion and dignity of courts; and make a resemblance of hell, out of the dreams of frightened women; by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the people.

Spenser may stand here as the last of this florid file of heroic poets; men whose intellectuals were of so great a making (though some have thought them liable to those few censures we have mentioned), as perhaps they will, in worthy memory, outlast even makers of laws, and founders of empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names. And since we have dared to remember those exceptions, which the curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against Spenser; whose obsolete language we are constrained to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the only creature of man's creation), hath, like a plant, seasons of flourishing and decay; like plants, is removed from one soil to another; and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigour and increase. But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks, so we may wonder that our language (not long before his time created out of a confusion of others, and then beginning to flourish like a new plant), should, as helps to its increase, receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words. But this vulgar exception shall only have the vulgar excuse; which is, that the unlucky choice of his stanza hath, by repetition of rhyme, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his language to his argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artful hands deserved to be employed upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more useful kind. His allegorical story (by many held defective in the connection), resembling, methinks, a continuance of extraordinary dreams; such as excellent poets and painters, by being overstudious, may have in the beginning of fevers: And those moral visions are just of so much use to human application, as painted history; when with the couzenage of lights it is represented in scenes,

by which we are much less informed than by actions on the stage.

Thus, Sir, I have, perhaps, taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the curious have looked into the errors of others; errors which the natural humour of imitation hath made so like in all (even from Homer to Spenser), as the accusations against the first appear but little more than repetition in every process against the rest: And comparing the resemblance of error in persons of one generation, to that which is in those of another age, we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriously, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progress of every thing (even of worthiness, as well as defect), doth imitation give: for whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel them, than he that sails by others maps, can make a new discovery: and to imitation, nature (which is the only visible power, and operation of God), perhaps, doth needfully incline us to keep from excesses. For though every man be capable of worthiness and unworthiness (as they are defined by opinion), yet no man is built strong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himself upon others shoulders, even to the weariness of many. If courage be worthiness, yet where it is overgrown into extremes, it becomes as wild and hurtful as ambition; and so what was revered for protection, grows to be abhorred for oppression: If learning (which is not knowledge, but a continued sailing by fantastic and uncertain winds towards it), be worthiness, yet it hath bounds in all philosophers; and Nature, that measured those bounds, seems not so partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent than in another; as if in our fleshy building, she considered the furniture and the room alike and together; for as the compass of diadems commonly fits the whole succession of those kings that wear them, so throughout the whole world, a very few inches may distinguish the circumference of the heads of their subjects: Nor need we repine that Nature hath not some favourites, to whom she doth dispense this treasure, *knowledge*, with a prodigious liberality: For as there is no one that can be said vastly to exceed all mankind, so divers that have in learning transcended all in some one province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of false gold; and the authority of their stronger science had often served to distract, or pervert their weaker disciples.

And as the qualities which are termed good are bounded, so are the bad; and likewise limited, as well as gotten by imitation; for amongst those that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain (for with the usual pride of poets, I pass by common crowds, as negligently as princes move from throngs that are not their own subjects), we cannot find any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefest evils, and errors in government or doctrine, to be the greatest errors), but that divers of former or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and make the balance even; though the passion of historians would impose the contrary on our belief; who in dispraise of evil princes, are often as unjust and excessive as the common people: For there was never any mo-

narch so cruel, but he had living subjects; nor so avaritious, but that his subjects were richer than himself; nor ever any disease in government so extremely infectious, as to make universal anarchy; or any error in doctrine so strong by the maintainer, but that truth (though it wrestled with her often, and in many places), hath at some season, and on some ground, made her advantages and success apparent: Therefore we may conclude, that nature, for the safety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our progress with the constant humour of imitation), given limits to courage and to learning, to wickedness and to error, as it hath ordained the shelves before the shore, to restrain the rage and excesses of the sea.

But I feel, Sir, that I am falling into the dangerous fit of a hot writer; for instead of performing the promise which begins this preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgment of some upon others), to present myself to your censure, I am wandering after new thoughts; but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My argument I resolved should consist of Christian persons; for since religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would prevail most upon our own, by being derived from the same doctrine and authority; as the particular sects, educated by philosophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and fashions of such as derived themselves from the same master, but lazy and froward to those who conversed in other schools: Yet all these sects pretended to the same beauty, *virtue*; though each did court her more fondly, when she was dressed at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: And so subjects bred under the laws of a prince (though laws differ not much in morality, or privilege throughout the civil world, being every where made for direction of life, more than for sentences of death), will rather die near that prince, defending those they have been taught, than live by taking new from another.

These were partly the reasons why I chose a story of such persons as professed Christian Religion; but I ought to have been most inclined to it, because the principles of our religion conduce more to explicable virtue, to plain demonstrative justice, and even to honour (if Virtue, the mother of Honour, be voluntary and active in the dark, so as she need not laws to compel her, nor look for witnesses to proclaim her), than any other religion that ever assembled men to divine worship. For that of the Jews doth still consist in a full separation of themselves from the rest of human flesh; which is a fantastical pride of their own cleanness, and an uncivil disdain of the imagined contagiousness of others; and at this day, their canonizing in tribes, and shiness of alliance with neighbours, deserves not the term of mutual love, but rather seems a bestial melancholy of herding in their own walks. That of the Ethnics, like this of Mahomet, consisted in the vain pride of empire, and never enjoined a Jewish separation, but drew all nations together; yet not as their companions of the same species, but as slaves to a yoke: Their sanctity was honour, and their hreo only an impudent con-

rage, or dexterity in destroying. But Christian religion hath the innocence of village neighbourhood, and did anciently, in its politics, rather promote the interest of mankind than of states, and rather of all states than of one; for particular endeavours only in behalf of our own homes, are signs of a narrow moral education; not of the vast kindness of Christian religion, which likewise ordained as well an universal communion of bosoms, as a community of wealth. Such is Christian religion in the precepts, and was once so in the picture. But I am resolved my poem should represent those of a former age; perceiving it is with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence, perform their duty in their masters fight; but still as he grows longer absent, becomes more slothful, unclean, and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I considered the actions which I meant to describe (those inferring the persons), I was again persuaded rather to choose those of a former age, than the present; and in a century so far removed, as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of heroic poesy are not unprofitable), who take away the liberty of a poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an historian: For why should a poet doubt in story to mend the intrigues of fortune by more delightful conveyances of probable fictions, because austere historians have entered into bond to truth; an obligation which were in poets as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false martyrs, who lie in chains for a mistaken opinion: But by this I would imply, that truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing), and truth, operative, and by effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skilfulness to comply with the common infirmity; for men, even of the best education, discover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of virtue (which is great actions), and rather endure it at distance than near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of predecessors, than of contemporaries, whose deeds excelling theirs in their own sight, seem to upbraid them; and are not revered as examples of virtue, but envied as the favours of Fortune: But to make great actions credible, is the principal art of poets; who, though they avouch the utility of fictions, should not (by altering and subliming story), make use of their privilege to the detriment of the reader; whose incredulity (when things are not represented in proportion, doth much allay the relish of his pity, hope, joy, and other passions: For we may descend), to compare the deceptions in poesy to those of them that profess dexterity of hand, which resembles conjuring; and to such we come not with the intention of lawyers, to examine the evidence of facts, but are content (if we like the car-

riage of their feigned motion), to pay for being well deceived.

As in the choice of time, so of place, I have complied with the weakness of the generality of men; who think the best objects of their own country so little to the size of those abroad, as if they were showed them by the wrong end of a prospective: for man (continuing the appetites of his first childhood, till he arrive at his second, which is more forward), must be quieted with something that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he sees the like in other places (not staying to compare them), wrangles at all he has. This leads us to observe the craftiness of the comicks, who are only willing when they describe humour (and humour is the drunkenness of a nation, which no sleep can cure), to lay the scene in their own country; as knowing we are (like the son of Noah), so little distasted to behold each others shame, that we delight to see even that of a father: yet when they would set forth greatness and excellent virtue (which is the theme of tragedy), publicly to the people, they wisely (to avoid the quarrels of neighbourly envy), remove the scene from home. And by their example I travailed too; and Italy (which was once the stage of the world), I have made the theatre; where I show, in either sex, some patterns of human life, that are, perhaps, fit to be followed.

Having told you why I took the actions that should be my argument, from men of our own religion, and given you reasons for the choice of the time and place designed for those actions; I must next acquaint you with the schools where they were bred; not meaning the schools where they took their religion, but morality; for I know religion is universally rather inherited than taught: and the most effectual schools of morality are courts and camps: yet towards the first, the people are unquiet through envy; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for injustice, which is the natural scandal cast upon authority and great force. They look upon the outward glory, or blaze of courts, as wild beasts in dark nights stare on their hunters torches; but though the expences of courts (whereby they shine), is that consuming glory in which the people think their liberty is wasted, (for wealth is their liberty, and loved by them even to jealousy, being themselves a coarser sort of princes, apter to take than to pay), yet courts (I mean all abstracts of the multitude; either by king or assemblies) are not the schools where men are bred to oppression, but the temples where sometimes oppressors take sanctuary: a safety which our reason must allow them. For the ancient laws of sanctuary (derived from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from necessity; and who can imagine less than a necessity of oppressing the people, since they are never willing either to buy their peace, or to pay for war?

Nor are camps the schools of wicked destroyers, more than the inns of court (being the nursery of judges) are the schools of murderers; for as judges are avengers of private men against private robbers, so are armies the avengers of the public

against public invaders, either civil or foreign, and invaders are robbers, though more in countenance than those of the highway, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between armies when they move towards sieges or battle, and judges moving in their circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the county; but that the latter is a less army, and of less discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessary use of armies, let him study that which was anciently called a Monster, the multitude, (for wolves are commonly harmless when they are met alone, but very uncivil in herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by Adam are so tame and gentle as those lovers that were bred in Arcadia; or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of history) cities have been at the charge of defensive walls, and why fortification hath been practised so long, till it is grown an art?

I may now believe I have usefully taken from courts and camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary men; and the most necessary men are those who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is seldom unassisted with education) or by greatness of mind, which in exact definition is virtue. The common crowd (of whom we are hopeless) we desert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) than to be taught by poesy; for few have arrived at the skill of Orpheus, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian beasts, when so successfully he reclaimed them with his harp. Nor is it needful that heroic poesy should be levelled to the reach of common men: for, if the examples it presents prevail upon their chiefs, the delight of imitation (which we hope we have proved to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectify by the rules which those chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life doth as much surpass the force of precept, as life doth exceed death.

In the choice of these objects (which are as sea marks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of coasting maps, where the shelves and rocks are described as well as the safe channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the characters of men (whose passions are to be eschewed) I have derived from the distempers of love or ambition: for love and ambition are too often the raging fevers of great minds. Yet ambition (if the vulgar acceptance of the word were corrected) would signify no more than an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of honour, over the impediments of fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chased into a fever) which is necessary for every virtuous breast: for good men are guilty of too little appetite to greatness, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedness, (but contentedness when examined, doth mean something of laziness as well as moderation), or from some melancholy precept of the cloister; where they would make life (for which the world was only made) more unpleasant than death: as if nature, the

vicegerent of God, (who, in providing delightful varieties, which virtuous greatness can best possess, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should, in the necessities of life, (life being her chief business), though in her whole reign she never committed one error, need the counsel of friars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, than prisoners long fettered are for a race.

In saying this, I only awaken such retired men as evaporate their strength of mind by close and long thinking; and would every where separate the soul from the body, ere we are dead, by persuading us (though they were both created, and have been long companions together), that the preferment of the one must merely consist in deserting the other; teaching us to court the grave, as if during the whole lease of life, we were like moles to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain means to live in heaven: yet reason (which though the most profitable talent God hath given us, some divines would have philosophers to bury in the napkin, and not put it to use) persuades us, that the painful activeness of virtue (for faith, on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast, till the effects of it grow exemplary by action), will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely, if these severe masters (who, though obscure incells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a share of governing the world, the multitudes (which are but tenants to a few monarchs) would endure that subjection which God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is only governed, because the wicked take more pains to get authority than the virtuous; for the virtuous are often preached into retirement, which is to the public as unprofitable as their sleep; and the erroneousness of such lazy rest, let philosophers judge; since nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefest member) hath not any where, at any time, been respited from action, (in her called motion), by which she universally preserves and makes life. Thus much of ambition, which should have succeeded something I was saying of love.

Love, in the interpretation of the envious, is softness; in the wicked, good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men give the name of charity. And these are but terms to this which seems a more considered definition; that indefinite love is lust; and lust, when it is determined to one is love; this definition too, but intrudes itself on what I was about to say, which is, that love is the most acceptable imposition of nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the body; but lust (our raging fever) is more dangerous in cities than the calenture in ships.

Now, Sir, I again ask your pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate business being to tell you, that the distempers of love and ambition are the only characters I designed to expose as objects of terror: and that I never meant to prostitute wickedness in the images of love and

contemptible people, as if I expected the meanest of the multitude for my readers (since only the rabble is seen at common executions), nor intended to raise iniquity to that height of horror, till it seemed the fury of something worse than a beast. In order to the first, I believe the Spartans (who, to deter their children from drunkenness, accustomed their slaves to vomit before them), did, by such fulsome examples, rather teach them to disdain the slaves than to loathe wine; for men seldom take notice of the vice in abject persons, especially where necessity constrains it. And, in the observation of the second, I have thought, that those horrid spectacles (when the later race of Gladiators made up the excesses of Roman feasts) did more induce the guests to detest the cruelty of mankind, than increase their courage by beholding such an impudent scorn of life.

I have now given you the account of such provisions as I made for this new building: and you may next please (having examined the substance) to take a view of the form; and observe, if I have methodically and with discretion, disposed of the materials, which with some curiosity I had collected. I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the best and briefest indexes of books) that any nation hath in representment of great actions (either by heroics or dramatics) digested story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their drama: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in dialogue) I have drawn the body of an heroic poem; in which I did not only observe the symmetry (proportioning five Books to five Acts, and Cantos to Scenes, the scenes having their number ever governed by occasion) but all the shadowings, happy strokes, secret graces, and even the drapery, which, together make the second beauties, I have, I hope, exactly followed: and those compositions of second beauty, I observe in the drama to be the underwalks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in Scenes, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the Acts.

The first Act is the general preparative, by rendering the chiefest characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introduction of new persons, so finishes all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promised at the parting of the first Act. The third makes a visible correspondence in the underwalks (or lesser intrigues) of persons; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the underwalks, and a counter-turn to that main design which changed in the third. The fifth begins an entire diversion of the main, and dependent plot; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easy untying of those particular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the spectator, as may persuade him that neither fortune in the fate of the persons, nor the

writer in the representment, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these meanders of the English stage, I have cut out the walks of my poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will I hope, when men take pains to visit what they have here described, appear to them as pleasant as a summer passage on a crooked river, where going about and turning back, is as delightful as the delays of parting lovers.

In placing the argument as a proem before every Canto, I have not wholly followed the example of the moderns; but averted it from that purpose to which I found it frequently used, for it hath been intended by others, as the contents of the Chapter, or as a bill of fare at a Venetian feast, which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfy the longing curiosity of the guests. And, that which I have called my argument, is only meant as an assistance to the reader's memory, by containing brief hints, such as if all the arguments were successfully read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependencies of the general design; yet, each rather mentions every person acting, than their actions: but he is very unskilful that by narratives before an historical poem prevents expectation; for so he comes to have as little success over the reader (whom the writer should surprise, and, as it were, keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his enemies, who commanding a party out to take them, (and commonly readers are justly enemies to writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action; or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a mistress, one that already hath newly enjoyed her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my interwoven stanza of four, though I am not obliged to excuse the choice; for numbers in verse must, like distinct kind of music, be exposed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. Yet, I may declare, that I believed it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every stanza (having endeavoured that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continued couplets. Nor doth alternate rhyme, by any lowliness of cadence, make the sound less heroic, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of music; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer, and more easy to the singer, which in *flilo recitativo*, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite. And, this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my confession) the reason that prevailed most towards my choice of this stanza, and my division of the main work into Cantos, every Canto including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action; for I had so much heat (which you, Sir, may call pride) as to presume they might (like the works of Homer, ere they were joined together and made a volume by the Athenian king) be sung at village-feasts, though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battle. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did Homer's spirit, long after his bodies rest, wander in music about Greece.

Thus you have the model of what I have already built, or shall hereafter join to the same frame. If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients; I shall think myself secure in believing, that a poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to predecessors, than law-makers are liable to those old laws which themselves have repealed.

Having described the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesser conveyances, and now the furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made: but though every owner who hath the vanity to show his ornaments or hangings, must endure the curiosity and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of inquiring what is, but tell you of what I designed their substance; which is, Wit: and wit is the laborious, and the lucky resultances of thought, having towards its excellence (as we say of the strokes of painting) as well a happiness as care.

Wit is not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the sun, with unimaginable motion; and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys. It is the soul's powder, which, when suppressed, (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and looseth all force in a farther ascension towards heaven, and yet by nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards hell, but breaks through all about it, (as far as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for light, where darkness was enclosed, till great bodies are more examinable by being scattered into parcels; and, till all that find its strength (but most of mankind are strangers to wit, as Indians are to powder) worship it for the effects, as derived from the Deity. It is in divines, humility, exemplariness and moderation; in statesmen, gravity, vigilance, benign complacency, secrecy, patience, and dispatch: in leaders of armies, valour, painfulness, temperance, bounty, dexterity in punishing and rewarding, and a sacred certitude of promise. It is in poets a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an ability to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall go so far as to forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, pleasant, and useful) as to think the delights of greatness equal to that of poesy; or the chiefs of any profession more necessary to the world than excellent poets. Lastly, Though wit be not the envy of ignorant men, it is often of evil statesmen, and of all such imperfect great spirits, as have in it a less degree than poets; for though no man envies the excellence of that, which in no proportion he ever tasted, (as men cannot be said to envy the condition of angels) yet we may say the devil envies the supremacy of God, because he was in some degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accounted wit, I will but slightly remember; which seems very incident to imperfect youth and sickly age; young men (as if they were not quite delivered from

childhood, whose first exercise is language) imagine it consists in the music of words, and believe they are made wise by refining their speech, above the vulgar dialect; which is a mistake almost as great as that of the people who think orators (which is a title that crowns at riper years those that have practised the dexterity of tongue) the ablest men; who are indeed so much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for sedition; and it may be said of them as of the witches of Norway, who can sell a storm for a dollar, which for ten thousand they cannot allay. From the esteem of speaking, they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly called conceits, things that sound like the knacks or toys of ordinary epigrammatists; and from thence, after more conversation and variety of objects, grow up to some force of fancy; yet, even then, like young hawks they stray and fly far off; using their liberty as if they would never return to the lure; and often go at check ere they can make a steady view, and know their game.

Old men that have forgot their childhood, and are returning to their second, think it lies in a kind of tinkling of words; or else in a grave telling of wonderful things, or in comparing of times, without a discovered partiality; which they perform so ill by favouring the past, that, as it is observed, if the bodies of men should grow less, though but an unmeasurable proportion in seven years: yet reckoning from the flood, they would not remain in the stature of frogs; so if states and particular persons had impaired in government, and increased in wickedness, proportionably to what old men affirm they have done from their own infancy to their age, all public policy had been long since confusion, and the congregated world would not suffice now to people a village.

The last thing they suppose to be wit is their bitter morals, when they almost declare themselves enemies to youth and beauty; by which severity they seem cruel as Herod, when he surprised the sleeping children of Bethlehem; for youth is so far from wanting enemies, that it is mortally its own; so unpractised, that it is every where cozened more than a stranger among Jews; and hath an infirmity of sight more hurtful than blindness to blind men; for though it cannot choose the way, it scorns to be led. And beauty, though many call themselves her friends, hath few but such as are false to her: though the world sets her on a throne, yet all about her (even her gravest counsellors) are traitors, though not in conspiracy, yet in their distinct designs; and to make her certain not only of distress but ruin, she is ever pursued by her most cruel enemy, the great destroyer, Time. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording mistakes; least, finding so many more than there be verities, we might believe we walk in as great obscurity as the Egyptians when darkness was their plague. Nor will I presume to call the matter, of which the ornaments or substantial parts of this poem are composed, Wit; but only tell you my endeavour was, in bringing truth, too often absent, home to mens bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented

and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.

It is now fit, after I have given you so long a survey of the building, to render you some account of the builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistance, I have already proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work; and in this I shall take occasion to accuse and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in my youth; a sentence not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience: For that grave mistress of the world, Experience, (in whose profitable school those before the flood stayed long; but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by death) hath taught me, that the engenderings of unripe age become abortive and deformed; and that after obtaining more years, those must needs prophesy with ill success, who make use of their visions in wine; that when the ancient poets were valued as prophets, they were long and painful in watching the correspondence of causes, ere they presumed to foretel effects: and that it is a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchical respect) with hasty provisions. Such posting I have long since forborn; and during my journey in this work, have moved with a slow pace, that I might make my surveys as one that travelled not to bring home the names, but the proportion and nature of things: and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of Virgil acknowledge he was many years in doing honour to Æneas (still contracting at night into a closer force the abundance of his morning strengths); and Statius seems rather to boast than blush, when he confesses he was twice seven years in renowning the war between Argos and Thebes.

Next to the usefulness of time, (which here implies ripe age), I believed pains most requisite to this undertertaking; for though painfulness in poets (according to the usual negligence of our nation in examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduced, as if poesy concerned the world no more than dancing; whose only grace is the quickness and facility of motion; and whose perfection is not of such public consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them consider, and they will find (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of poesy) the natural force of a poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces ask great labour in managing, than by an arrogant braving the world, when he enters the field with his undisciplined first thoughts: For a wise poet, like a wise general, will not show his strengths till they are in exact government and order; which are not the postures of chance, but proceed from vigilance and labour.

Yet to such painful poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather inspiration; a dangerous word, which many of late have successfully

used; and inspiration is a spiritual fit, derived from the ancient Ethnic poets, who then, as they were priests, were statesmen too, and probably loved dominion; and as their well dissembling of inspiration begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to the laws, so these who now profess the same fury, may perhaps, by such authentic example, pretend authority over the people, it being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek poets than the Hebrew prophets, since the latter were inspired for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophesy for themselves. But though the ancient poets are excused, as knowing the weak constitution of those deities, from whom they took their priesthood, and the frequent necessity of dissembling, for the ease of government; yet these, (who also from the chief to the meanest, are statesmen and priests, but have not the luck to be poets) should not assume such saucy familiarity with a true God.

From the time and labour required to my poem, let me proceed to my assistants, by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties and greatness of such a work; for when Solomon made use of his neighbours towards his building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a less prince; but rather published his wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise, who likewise, with as much glory, made use of fellers of wood, and hewers of stone, as of learned architects; nor have I refrained to be obliged to men of any science, as well mechanical as liberal; nor when memory (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnished, that have had diversity of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilful to manage it artfully; but I have staid and recorded such objects, till by consulting right masters, I have disposed of them without mistake; it being no more shame to get learning at that very time, and from the same text, when and by which we instruct others, than for a forward scout, discovering the enemy, to save his own life at a pass, where he then teaches his party to escape.

In remembering mine own helps, I have considered those which others in the same necessity have taken; and find that writers (contrary to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to books than to men; not as the first are in their possession, (being more constant companions, than dearest friends); but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in books, as of other treasure belonging to the dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecy, defacing the shape or images of the one, as much as of the other, through fear of having the original of their stealth or abundance discovered. And the next cause why writers are more in libraries than in company, is, that books are easily opened, and learned men are usually shut up, by a forward or envious humour of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanity than wisdom, imitating the holiday-custom in great cities, where

the shops of chaundry and slight wares are familiarly open, but those of solid and staple merchandise are proudly locked up.

Nor indeed can it be expected that all great doctors are of so benign a nature, as to take pains in gaining treasure (of which knowledge is the greatest) with intent to enrich others, so easily, as if they stood every where with their pockets spread, and ready to be picked; nor can we read of any father, who so far and secretly adopted his son to a book of his own writing, as that his son might be thought author of that written wit, as much as his father was author of him; nor of any husband that to his darling wife would so far surrender his wisdom, as that in public he could endure to let her use his dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser than himself. By this remembrance of that usual parsimony in owners of wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the reader to congratulate mine; for I have found friends as ready as books to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easy, and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing myself, as to believe, the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my design, nor very seldom of my sense; for I resolved to have this poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit, though it appear but like a plain family, of a neighbouring alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garb, and are fearful of introducing strangers of greater rank, lest the shining presence of such, might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, Sir, that the reader may (whom writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so shy men grow of books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in public, for examining, correcting, and allowing this poem in parcels, ere it arrived at the contexture, by which you have performed the just degrees of proceeding with poets; who, during the gaiety and wantonness of the muse, are but as children to philosophers (though of some giant race) whose first thoughts (wild and roaming far off) must be brought home, watched, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encouraged and praised for doing well, that they may delight in aiming at perfection. By such a method the muse is taught to become mistress of her own and others strength: and who is he so learned (how proud soever with being cherished in the bosom of fame) that can hope, when through the several ways of science, he seeks nature in her hidden walks, to make his journey short, unless he call you to be his guide; and who so guided can suspect his safety, even when he travels through the enemy's country? for such is the vast field of learning, where the learned (though not numerous enough to be an army) lie as small parties, maliciously in ambush, to destroy all new men that look into their quarters. And from such, you and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common maps, but have painfully

made your own prospect; and travel now like the sun, not to inform yourself, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when by the strict survey and government that hath been had over this poem, I shall think to govern the reader, (who though he be noble, may perhaps judge of supreme power like a very commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, than in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing and destroying, but enjoyed your intervals and ease by two colleagues; two that are worthy to follow you into the closets of princes, if the knowledge of men past, (of whom books are the remaining minds) or of the present (of whom conversation is the useful and lawful spy) may make up such greatness, as is fit for great courts; or if the rays that proceed from poetry be not a little too strong for the sight of modern princes; who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like eaglets to fortify their eyes, by often soaring near the sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for since you have made it valid by giving yours of Gondibert under your hands, you must be content to be used by me, as princes are by their preferred subjects; who, in the very act of taking honour, return it to the giver; as benefits received by the creature, manifest the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, Sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill and long diverted) arrived at my last consideration, which is to satisfy those who may inquire why I have taken so much pains to become an author? Or, why any man stays so long sweating at invention, when most readers have so imperfect stomachs, as they either devour books with over hasty digestion, or grow to lothe them from a surfeit. And why I more especially made my task an heroic poem? I shall involve the two first questions in one; as submitting to be concerned amongst the generality of writers, whose enemies being many, and now mine, we must join forces to oppose them.

Men are chiefly provoked to the toil of compiling books, by love of fame, and often by officiousness of conscience, but seldom with expectation of riches; for those that spend time in writing to instruct others, may find leisure to inform themselves, how mean the provisions are which busy and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies: and learned men (to whom the rest of the world are but infants) have the same foolish affection in nourishing others minds, as pelicans in feeding their young; which is, at the expence of the very subsistence of life. It is then apparent they proceed by the instigation of fame or conscience; and I believe many are persuaded by the first (of which I am one) and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagined; fame being (when belonging to the living) that which is more gravely called a steady and necessary reputation; and without it, hereditary power, or acquired greatness can never quietly govern the world. It is of the dead a musical glory, in which God,

the author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share; for the remembered virtues of great men are chiefly such of his works (mentioned by King David) as perpetually praise him; and the good fame of the dead prevails by example much more than the reputation of the living, because the latter is always suspected by our envy, but the other is cheerfully allowed, and religiously admired; for admiration (whose eyes are ever weak) stand still, and gaze upon great things acted far off; but when they are near, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our sons a solid inheritance, and not useless to remote posterity; and to our reason it is the first, though but a little taste of eternity.

Those that write by the command of conscience (thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently obliged to it) grow commonly the most voluminous; because the pressures of conscience are so incessant, that she is never satisfied with doing enough: for such as be newly made the captives of God (many appearing so to themselves, when they first begin to wear the fetters of conscience) are like common slaves when newly taken; who, terrified with a fancy of the severity of absolute masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, and do ill rather than appear idle. And this may be the cause why libraries are more than double lined with spiritual books, or tracts of morality; the latter being the spiritual counsels of laymen; and the newest of such great volumes (being usually but transcriptions or translations) differ so much from the ancients, as later days from those of old, which difference is no more than an alteration of names, by removing the *Ethnics* to make way for the *Saints*. These are the effects of their labours, who are provoked to become authors merely out of conscience; and conscience we may again aver to be often so unskilful and timorous, that it seldom gives a wise and steady account of God, but grows jealous of him as an adversary, and is after melancholy visions like a fearful scout after he hath ill surveyed the enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible tales.

Having confessed that the desire of fame made me a writer, I must declare, why in my riper age I chose to gain it more especially by an heroic poem; and the Heroic being by most allowed to be the most beautiful of poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of poets about the degrees of excellence in poetry: but it is not amiss ere I avow the usefulness of the science in general (which was the cause of my undertaking), to remember the value it had from the greatest and most worthy spirits in all ages: for I will not abstain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that Pisistratus, (though a tyrant) lived with the praise, and died with the blessing of all Greece, for gathering the scattered limbs of Homer's works into a body; and that great Alexander, by publicly conversing with it, attained the universal opinion of wit; the fame of such inward forces conducing as much to his conquests, as his armies abroad: that the Athenian prisoners were thought worthy of life and

liberty for singing the tragedies of Euripides: that Thebes was saved from destruction by the victor's reverence to the memory of Pindar: that the elder Scipio, (who governed all the civil world) lay continually in the bosom of Ennius: that the great Numantia and Lælius (no less renowned) were openly proud, when the Romans believed they assisted Terence in his comedies: that Augustus (to whom the mysteries of universal empire were more familiar than domestic dominion to modern kings) made Virgil the partner of his joys, and would have divided his business with Horace: and that Lucan was the fear and envy of Nero. If we approach nearer our own times, we may add the triumphal entry which the Papacy gave to Petrarch: and how much Tasso is still the glory and delight of Italy.

But as in this hasty muster of poets, and listing their confederates, I shall, by omitting many, deprive them of that which is due from fame; so I may now by the opinion of some divines, (whom, notwithstanding, I will reverence in all their distinct habits and fashions of the mind) be held partial and too bold, by adding to the first number, (though I range them upon holy ground, and aside) Moses, David, and Solomon, for their songs, psalms, and anthems; the second being the acknowledged favourite of God, whom he had gained by excellent praises in sacred poetry. And I fear (since poetry is the clearest light by which they find the soul who seek it), that poets have in their fluent kindness, diverted from the right use, and spent too much of that spiritual talent in the honour of mortal princes: for divine praise (when in the high perfection as in poets, and only in them) is so much the uttermost and whole of religious worship, that all other parts of devotion serve but to make it up.

LXXXIX.

Praise, is devotion fit for mighty minds;
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where heaven divided, faiths united finds:
But pray'r in various discord upward flies.

xc.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost

xci.

By penitence when we ourselves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on piteous heav'n;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

xcii.

Its utmost force, like powder's is unknown;
And tho' weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
Heav'n's vault receives what would the palace
tear.

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of poetry hath been to God, we may (by descending from heaven to earth), consider how useful it is to men; and among men divines are the chief, because ordained to temper the rage of human power by spiritual menaces, as by sudden and

strange threatenings, madness is frightened into reason; and they are sent hither as liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joints of government, and to persuade an amity in divided nations: therefore to divines I first address myself; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allowed at the great change of religions, (though ours more than any inculcates obedience, as an easy medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest), mankind hath been more unruly than before? it being visible that empire decreased with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong nations: but now one little province is too hard for their own wise king; and a small republic hath seventy years maintained their revolt to the disquiet of many monarchs. Or, if divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their office, because their spiritual dominion is not allowed as absolute; then it may be asked them more severely, Why it is not allowed? for wherever there hath been great degrees of power (which have been often and long in the church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavoured not to enlarge it, believed the increase unrighteous; or were in acting or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: for power, like the hasty vine, climbs up apace to the supporter; but if not skilfully attended and dressed, instead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then (like empty title) being soon useless to others, becomes neglected and unable to support itself.

But if divines have failed in governing princes (that is, of being entirely believed by them), yet they might have obliquely ruled them, in ruling the people, by whom, of late, princes have been governed; and they might probably rule the people, because the heads of the church (wherever Christianity is preached) are tetrarchs of time, of which they command the fourth division; for to no less the Sabbaths, and days of saints amount; and during those days of spiritual triumph, pulpits are thrones, and the people obliged to open their ears, and let in the ordinances and commands of preachers, who likewise are not without some little regency throughout the rest of the year; for then they may converse with the laity, from whom they have commonly such respect (and respect soon opens the door to persuasion), as shows their congregations not deaf in those holy seasons, when speaking predominates.

But notwithstanding these advantages, the pulpit hath little prevailed; for the world is in all regions reversed, or shaken by disobedience, an engine with which the great angels (for such were the devils, and had faculties much more sublimed than men) believed they could disorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower auditory that makes doctrine so unsuccessful; for the people are not simple, since the gentry (even of strongest education) lack sufficient defence against them, and are hourly surprised in (their common ambushes) their shops: For on

sacred days they walk gravely and sadly from temples, as if they had newly buried their sinful fathers; at night, sleep as if they never needed forgiveness, and rise with the next sun, to lie in wait for the noble and the studious. And though these quiet cozeners are amongst the people esteemed their steady men, yet they honour the courage and more active parts of such disobedient spirits, as disdaining thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the state; and the state, they believe (though the helm were held by apostles) would always consist of such arch-robbers, as whoever strips them, but waves the tedious satisfaction which the lazy expect from laws, and comes a shorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience (in the condition of beasts, whose appetite is liberty, and their liberty a licence of lust), the people have often been, since a long and notorious power hath continued with divines, whom, though with reverence we accuse for mistaken lenity, yet are we not so cruel to expect they should behave themselves to sinners like fierce Phineas, or preach with their swords drawn, to kill all they cannot persuade; but our meaning is to show, how much their Christian meekness hath deceived them in taming this wild monster the people, and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the assistance of poets, and for upbraiding the Ethnics, because the poets managed their religion, as if religion could walk more prosperously abroad, than when morality (respectfully, and bare-headed as her usher) prepares the way; it being no less true, that during the dominion of poesy, a willing peaceful obedience to superiors becalmed the world, than that obedience, like the marriage yoke, though a restraint more needful and advantageous than liberty, and hath the same reward of pleasant quietness, which it anciently had, when Adam, till his disobedience, enjoyed Paradise. Such are the effects of sacred poesy, which charms the people with harmonious precepts, and whose aid divines should not disdain, since their Lord (the Saviour of the world) vouchsafed to deliver his doctrine in parabolical fictions.

Those that be of next importance are leaders of armies, and such I measure not by the suffrages of the people, who give them respect as Indians worship the evil spirit, rather for fear of harm than for affection, but esteem them as the painful protectors and enlargers of empire, by whom it actively moves; and such active motion of empire is as necessary as the motion of the sea, where all things would putrify and infect one another, if the element were quiet; so it is with mens minds on shore, when that element of greatness and honour, empire, stands still, of which the largeness is likewise as needful as the vastness of the sea; for God ordained not huge empire as proportionable to the bodies, but to the minds of men; and the minds of men are more monstrous, and require more space for agitation and the hunting of others, than the bodies of whales. But he that believes men such moderate sheep, as that many are peacefully contained in a narrow fold, may be better informed in America, where little kings

never enjoy a harmless neighbourhood, unless protected defensively amongst themselves, by an emperor that hath wide possessions, and priority over them (as in some few places); but when restrained in narrow dominion, where nobody commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like cocks in a pit, and the fun in a day's travel there, sees more battles (but not of consequence, because their kings, though many, are little) than in Europe in a year.

To leaders of armies, as to very necessary men (whose office requires the uttermost aids of art and nature, and rescues the sword of justice, when it is wrested from supreme power by commotion), I now address myself, and must put them in mind (though not upbraidingly) how much their mighty predecessors were anciently obliged to poets, whose songs (recording the praises of conduct and valour) were esteemed the chiefest rewards of victory; and since nature hath made us prone to imitation (by which we equal the best or the worst) how much those images of action prevail upon our minds, which are delightfully drawn by poets; for the greatest of the Grecian captains have confessed that their counsels have been made wise, and their courages warm by Homer; and since praise is a pleasure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchsafed to be pleased when it was sent him by his own poet; why is it not lawful for virtuous men to be cherished and magnified with hearing their vigilance, valour, and good fortune (the latter being more the immediate gift of heaven, because the effect of an unknown cause) commended and made eternal in poesy? But perhaps the art of praising armies into great and instant action, by singing their former deeds (an art with which the ancients made empire so large) is too subtle for modern leaders, who as they cannot reach the heights of poesy, must be content with a narrow space of dominion, and narrow dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious minds and a national self opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinary proud in a very little country; for men in contracted governments are but a kind of prisoners, and prisoners by long restraint grow wicked, malicious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves, as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can only see out of windows.

Our last application is to statesmen and makers of laws, who may be reasonably reduced to one, since the second differ no more from the first than judges (the copies of law-makers), differ from their originals; for judges, like all bold interpreters, by often altering the text, make it quite new; and statesmen (who differ not from law-makers in the act, but in the manner of doing), make new laws presumptuously without the consent of the people, but legislators more civilly seem to whistle to the beast, and stroak him into the yoke; and in the yoke of state the people (with too much pampering), grow soon unruly and draw awry; yet statesmen and judges (whose business is governing, and the thing to be governed is the people), have amongst us (we being more proud, and mis-

taken than any other famous nation), looked gravely upon poetry, and with a negligence that betrayed a northerly ignorance, as if they believed they could perform their work without it. But poets (who with wise diligence study the people, and have in all ages, by an insensible influence, governed their manners), may justly smile when they perceive that divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, and judges, think religion, the sword, or (which is unwritten law, and a secret confederacy of chiefs), policy, or law, (which is written, but seldom rightly read), can give without the help of the muses, a long and quiet satisfaction in government; for religion is to the wicked and faithless (who are many), a jurisdiction against which they readily rebel, because it rules severely, yet promiseth no worldly recompence for obedience, obedience being by every humane power invited, with assurances of visible advantage. The good (who are but few), need not the power of religion to make them better, the power of religion proceeding from her threatenings, which, though mean weapons, are fitly used, since she hath none but base enemies. We may observe too, that all virtuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the world; and no government receives assistance from any man merely as he is good, but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The sword is in the hand of justice no guard to government, but then when justice hath an army for her own defence; and armies, if they were not pervertible by faction, yet are to commonwealths like kings physicians to poor patients, who buy the cure of their disordered bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their sickness for famine. Policy (I mean of the living, not of the dead, the one being the last rules or designs governing the instant, the other those laws that began empire), is as mortal as statesmen themselves, whose incessant labours make that hectic fever of the mind which insensibly dispatches the body; and when we trace statesmen through all the histories of courts, we find their inventions so unnecessary to those that succeed at the helm, or so much envied as they scarce last in authority till the inventors are buried; and change of designs in statesmen (their designs being the weapons by which states are defended), grows as destructive to government as a continual change of various weapons is to armies, which must receive with ruin any sudden assault, when want of practice makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the ambition of statesmen (who are obnoxious to the people), doth much disorder government, because the people's anger, by a perpetual coming in of new oppressors, is so diverted in considering those whom their eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to rise for the public; and evil successors to power are in the troubled stream of state, like succeeding tides in rivers, where the mud of the former is hidden by the filth of the last.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtful and difficult as letters on buried marble, which only antiquaries read; but if not old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the virtues of

ancestors, because their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great men must be long dead whose ills are forgotten. If laws be new, they must either be made by very angels, or by men that have some vices; and those being seen make their virtues suspected; for the people no more esteem able men, whose defects they know (though but errors incident to humanity), than an enemy values a strong army having experience of their errors. And new laws are held but the projects of necessitous power, new nets spread to entangle us, the old being accounted too many, since most are believed to be made for forfeitures; and such letting of blood (though intended by law-makers for our health), is to the people always out of season; for those that love life with too much passion (and money is the life-blood of the people), ever fear a consumption. But be law-makers as able as nature or experience (which is the best art), can make them, yet, though I will not yield the wicked to be wiser than the virtuous, I may say, offences are too hard for the laws, as some beasts are too wylie for their hunters, and that vice overgrows virtue, as much as weeds grow faster than medicinal herbs; or rather that sin, like the fruitful slime of Nilus, doth increase into so many various shapes of serpents (whose walks and retreats are winding and unknown), that even justice (the painful pursuer of mischief), is become weary, and amazed.

After these meditations, methinks government resembles a ship, where, though divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, and judges are the trusted pilots, yet it moves by the means of winds as uncertain as the breath of opinion, and is laden with the people, a freight much looser and more dangerous than any other living stowage, being as troublesome in fair weather as horses in a storm. And how can these pilots steadily maintain their course to the land of peace and plenty, since they are often divided at the helm? For divines (when they consider great chiefs), suppose armies to be sent from God for a temporary plague, not for continual jurisdiction; and that God's extreme punishments (of which armies be the most violent), are ordained to have no more lastingness than the extremes in nature. They think (when they consider statesmen), policy hath nothing of the dove, and being all serpent, is more dangerous than the dangers it pretends to prevent; and that out-witting (by falsehood and corruption), adverse states or the people, (though the people be often the greater enemy, and more perillous being nearest) is but giving reputation to sin, and that to maintain the public by politic evils, is a base prostitution of religion; and the prostitution of religion is that unpardonable whoredom which so much angered the prophets. They think law nothing but the Bible forcibly usurped by covetous lawyers, and disguised in a paraphrase more obscure than the text; and that it is only want of just reverence to religion, which doth expose us to the charges and vexations of law.

The leaders of armies accuse divines, for unwisely raising the war of the world by opposite doctrine, and for being more indiscreet in think-

ing to appease it by persuasion, forgetting that the dispatchful end of war is blows, and that the natural region for disputes when nations are engaged (though by religion) is the field of battle, not schools and academies, which they believe (by their restless controversies) less civil than camps, as intestine quarrel is held more barbarous than foreign war. They think statesmen to them (unless dignified with military office) but mean spies, that like African foxes (who attend on lions, ranging before and about for their valiant prey) shrink back till the danger be subdued, and then with insatiate hunger come in for a share: yet sometimes with the eye of envy (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glass) they behold these statesmen, and think them immense as whales; the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peaceful calm trouble the ocean till it boil; after a little hasty wonder, they consider them again with disdain of their low constraints at court, where they must patiently endure the little follies of such small favourites, as wait even near the wisest thrones; so fantastically weak seem monarchs in the sickness of care, (a fever in the head) when for the humorous pleasures of diversity, they descend from purple beds and seek their ease upon the ground. These great leaders say also, that law moves slowly as with fettered feet, and is too tedious in redress of wrongs, whilst in armies justice seems to ride post, and overtakes offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others; and though in courts and cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive slight put by her sword; yet when she retires to camps, she is in a posture not only to punish the offences of particular greatness, but of injurious nations.

Statesmen look on divines, as men whose long solitude and meditations on heaven hath made them strangers upon earth, and it is acquaintance with the world and knowledge of man, that makes abilities of ruling: for though it may be said that a sufficient belief of doctrine would beget obedience, (which is the uttermost design of governing) yet since diversity of doctrine doth distract all auditors, and make them doubtfully dispose their obedience, (even towards spiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore statesmen think themselves more fit to manage empire than divines, whose usefulness consists in persuasion, and persuasion is the last medicine (being the most desperate) which statesmen apply to the distemper of the people: for their distemper is madness, and madness is best cured with terror and force. They think that leaders of armies are to great empire as great rivers to the continent, which make an easy access of such benefits as the metropolis (the seat of power) would else at vast distances with difficulty reach: yet often like proud rivers when they swell, they destroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, than they have in long time acquired from abroad; they are to little empire like the sea to low islands, by nature a defence from foreigners, but by accident when they rage, a deluge to their own land; and at all seasons statesmen believe them more dangerous to government than them-

selves, for the popularity of statesmen is not so frequent as that of generals; or if by rare sufficiency of art it be gained; yet the force of crowds in cities, compared to the validity of men of arms and discipline, would appear like the great number of sheep to a few wolves, rather a cause of comfort than of terror. They think that chief ministers of law by unskilful integrity, or love of popularity (which shows the mind as meanly born as bred) so earnestly pursue the protection of the people's right, that they neglect the public interest; and though the people's right and public interest be the same, yet usually by the people, the ministers of law mean private men, and by the other the state; and so the state and the people are divided, as we may say a man is divided within himself, when reason and passion dispute about consequent actions; and if we were called to assist at such intestine war, we must side with reason according to our duty, by the law of nature, and nature's law, though not written in stone (as was the law of religion) hath taken deep impression in the heart of man, which is harder than marble of mount Sinai.

Chief ministers of law, think divines in government should, like the penal statutes, be choicely, and but seldom used; for as those statutes are rigorously inquisitive after venial faults, (punishing our manners and weak constitution, as well as insolent appetite; so divines that are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the offended, more than the frailty of the offender) govern as if men could be angels, ere they come to heaven.

Great ministers of law, think likewise that leaders of armies are like ill physicians, only fit for desperate cures, whose boldness calls in the assistance of fortune, during the fears and troubles of art; yet the health they give to a distempered state is not more accidental than the preservation of it is certain, because they often grow vain with success, and encourage a restored state to such hazards, as show like irregularity of life in other recovered bodies, such as the cautious and ancient gravity of law dissuaded: for law (whose temperate design is safety) rather prevents by constancy of medicine (like a continued diet) diseases in the body-politic, than depends after a permitted sickness upon the chance of recovery. They think statesmen strive to be as much judges of law as themselves, being chief ministers of law, are judges of the people; and that even good statesmen pervert the law more than evil judges, for law was anciently meant a defensive armour, and the people took it as from the magazine of justice, to keep them safe from each others violence; but statesmen use it as offensive arms, with which in foraging to get relief for supreme power, they often wound the public.

Thus we have first observed the four chief aids of government, (religion, arms, policy, and law) defectively applied, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongst themselves: it follows next, we should introduce to strengthen those principal aids (still making the people our direct object) some collateral help, which I will safely presume to consist in poesy.

We have observed, that the people since the latter time of Christian religion, are more unquiet than in former ages; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being beasts, by showing their masters they know their own strength: and we shall not err by supposing that this conjunction of fourfold power hath failed in the effects of authority, by a misapplication, for it hath rather endeavoured to prevail upon their bodies than their minds, forgetting that the martial art of constraining is the best, which assaults the weaker part, and the weakest part of the people is their minds, for want of that which is the mind's only strength, education; but their bodies are strong by continual labour, for labour is the education of the body. Yet when I mention the misapplication of force, I should have said they have not only failed by that, but by a main error, because the subject on which they should work is the mind, and the mind can never be constrained though it may be gained by persuasion; and since persuasion is the principal instrument which can bring to fashion the brittle and misshapen metal of the mind, none are so fit aids to this important work as poets, whose art is more than any, enabled with a voluntary and cheerful assistance of nature, and whose operations are as restless, secret, easy, and subtle, as is the influence of planets.

I must not forget (lest I be prevented by the vigilance of the reader) that I have professed not to represent the beauty of virtue in my poem, with hope to persuade common men; and I have said that divines have failed in discharging their share of government, by depending upon the effects of persuasion, and that statesmen in managing the people, rely not upon the persuasion of divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the minds of common men, I have not confessed any weakness of poesy in the general science, but rather inferred the particular strength of the heroic, which hath a force that overmatches the infancy of such minds as are not enabled by degrees of education; but there are lesser forces in other kinds of poesy, by which they may train and prepare their understandings: and princes and nobles being reformed and made angelical by the heroic, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot choose but use for direction; as glowworms take in and keep the sun's beams till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that divines have vainly hoped to continue the peace of government by persuasion, I have implied such persuasions as are accompanied with threatenings, and seconded by force, which are the persuasions of pulpits, where is presented to the obstinate, hell after death; and the civil magistrate during life constrains such obedience as the church doth ordain. But the persuasions of poesy, instead of menaces, are harmonious and delightful insinuations, and never any constraint, unless the ravishment of reason may be called force; and such force, (contrary to that which divines, commanders, statesmen, and lawyers use) begets such obedience as is never weary or grieved.

In declaring that statesmen think not the state

wholly secure by such manners as are bred from the persuasions of divines, but more willingly make government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that poets are unprofitable, nor that statesmen think so; for the wisdom of poets would first make the image of virtue so amiable, that her beholders should not be able to look off (rather gently, and delightfully infusing, than inculcating precepts), and then when the mind is conquered, like a willing bride, force should so behave itself as noble husbands use their power; that is, by letting their wives see the dignity and prerogative of our sex (which is the husband's harmless conquest of peace) continually maintained to hinder disobedience, rather than rigorously impose duty: but to such an easy government, neither the people (which are subjects to kings and states, nor wives which are subject to husbands) can peaceably yield, unless they are first conquered by virtue: and the conquests of virtue be never easy but where her forces are commanded by poets.

It may be objected that the education of the people's minds (from whence virtuous manners are derived) by the several kinds of poesy, (of which the dramatic hath been in all ages very successful) is opposite to the received opinion, that the people ought to be continued in ignorance; a maxim sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a statesman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: for ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made, and obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which knowledge consists, and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil war: and then even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and lays it artfully on us, then disobedience (the parent of confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellows burden to lessen his own.

Others may object that poesy on our stage, or the heroic in music (for so the latter was anciently used) is prejudicial to a state; as begetting levity, and giving the people too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply; that whoever in government endeavours to make the people serious and grave, which are attributes that may become the people's representatives, but not the people), doth practise a new way to enlarge the state, by making every subject a statesman: and he that means to govern so mournfully (as it were, without any music in his dominion) must lay but light burdens on his subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those, who to their beasts that are much laden, whistle all the day to encourage their travel. For that supreme power which expects a firm obedience in those who are not used to rejoicing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of peace, hath little skill in contriving the lastingness of government, which is the principal work of art; and less hath that power considered nature, as if such new austerity did seem to tax

even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the spring so merrily with a musical variety of birds; and such fullen power doth forget that battles (the most solemn and serious business of death) are begun with trumpets and fifes; and anciently were continued with more diversity of music. And that the Grecian laws (laws being the wisest endeavour of human counsels, for the ease of life) were long before the days of Lycurgus (to make them more pleasant to memory) published in verse: and that the wise Athenians (dividing into three parts the public revenue) expended one in plays and shows, to divert the people from meeting to consult of their rulers merit, and the defects of government: and that the Romans had not so long continued their empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.

Again, it may be objected, that the precepts of Christian religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners; and towards the ease of life by imposing obedience, so that the moral assistance of poesy is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer: that as no man should suspect the sufficiency of religion by its unsuccessfulness, so if the unsuccessfulness be confessed, we shall as little disparage religion, by bringing in more aids when it is in action, than a general dishonours himself, by endeavouring with more of his own forces, to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarried; for poesy, which (like contracted essences seems the utmost strength and activity of nature) is as all good arts, subservient to religion; all marching under the same banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as poesy is the best expositor of nature (nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so nature is the best interpreter of God, and more cannot be said of religion. And when the judges of religion (which are the chiefs of the church) neglect the help of moralists in reforming the people, (and poets are of all moralists the most useful) they give a sentence against the law of nature: for nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And it is injurious not to think poets the most useful moralists, for as poesy is adorned and sublimed by music, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable; so morality is sweetened and made more amiable by poesy. And the austerity of some divines, may be the cause why religion hath not more prevailed upon the manners of men: for great doctors should rather comply with things that please (as the wise apostle did with ceremonies) than lose a proselyte. And even honour (taught by moral philosophers, but more delightfully infused by poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter divines) no unsafe guide towards piety; for it is as wary and nice as conscience, though more cheerful and courageous. And however honour be more pleasing to flesh and blood, because in this world it finds applause, yet it is not so mercenary as piety, for piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assured) expects a reward in heaven; to which all earthly payments compared, are but shadows and sand.

And it appears that poesy hath for its natural

Prevailings over the understandings of men, (sometimes making her conquests with easy plainness, like native country beauty) been very successful in the most grave and important occasions, that the necessities of states or mankind have produced. For it may be said that Demosthenes saved the Athenians by the fable or parable of the dogs and wolves, in answer to king Philip's proposition; and that Menias Agrippa saved the senate, if not Rome, by that of the belly and the hands: and that even our Saviour was pleased (as the most prevalent way of doctrine) wholly to use such kind of parables in his converting, or saving of souls; it being written, without a parable spake he not to them. And had not the learned apostle thought the wisdom of poets worthy his remembrance, and instructive, not only to Heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited Epimenides to the Cretans, as well as Aratus to the Athenians.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious melancholy amazes and discourages others devotion) will accuse poets as the admirers of beauty, and inventors or provokers of that which by way of aspersions they call love. But such, in their first accusation seem to look carelessly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else through low education or age, become incompetent judges of what is the chief of his works upon earth. And poets when they praise beauty, are at least as lawfully thankful to God, as when they praise seas, woods, rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the world. Nor can it be imagined but that poets in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising beauty: for that woman who believes she is praised when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that poets think she created herself; and he that praises the inward beauty of women, which is their virtue, doth more perform his duty than before: for our envious silence in not approving, and so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance than virtue. But when poets praise that which is not beauty, or the mind which is not virtuous, they err, through their mistake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much more prosperous in others who are companions to greatness, that it may be held in poets rather kindness than design.

They who accuse poets as provokers of love, are enemies to nature, and all affronts to nature are offences to God, as insolences to all subordinate officers to the crown, are rudeness to the king. Love (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is nature's preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of life. And since the severest divines of these latter times, have not been ashamed publicly to command and define the most secret duty, and entertainments of love in the married; why should not poets civilly endeavour to make a friendship between the guests before they meet, by teaching them to dignify each other with the utmost of estimation. And marriage in mankind, were as rude and unprepared as the hasty elections of other creatures, but for acquaintance and conversation before it, and that must be an acquaintance of minds, not of bodies; and of the

mind, poesy is the most natural and delightful interpreter.

When neither religion (which is our art towards God) nor nature (which is God's first law to man, though by man least studied) nor when reason (which is nature, and made art by experience) can by the enemies of poesy be sufficiently urged against it, than some (whose forwardness will not let them quit an evil cause) plead written authority, and though such authority be a weapon, which even in the war of religion distressed disputers take up as their last shift; yet here we would protest against it, but that we find it make a false defence, and leaves the enemy more open. This authority (which is but single too) is from Plato, and him some have maliciously quoted; as if in his feigned commonwealth he had banished all poets, but Plato says nothing against poets in general; and in his particular quarrel, (which is to Homer and Hesiod) only condemns such errors as we mentioned in the beginning of this preface, when we looked upon the ancients; and those errors consist in their abusing religion, by representing the gods in evil proportion, and their heroes with as unequal characters: and so brought vices into fashion, by intermixing them with the virtues of great persons. Yet even during this divine anger of Plato, he concludes not against poesy, but the poems then most in request, for these be the words of his law: If any man (having ability to imitate what he pleases) imitate in his poems both good and evil, let him be revered as a sacred, admirable, and pleasant person: but be it likewise known, he must have no place in our commonwealth. And yet before his banishment he allows him the honour of a diadem, and sweet odours to anoint his head, and afterwards says: Let us make use of more profitable, though more severe and less pleasant poets, who can imitate that which is for the honour and benefit of the commonwealth. But those who make use of this just indignation of Plato, to the unjust scandal of poesy, have the common craft of false witnesses, enlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose; for they will not remember how much the scholar of Plato (who, like an absolute monarch over arts, hath almost silenced his master throughout the schools of Europe) labours to make poesy universally current, by giving laws to the science: nor will they take notice, in what dignity it continued, whilst the Greeks kept their dominion of language; and how much the Romans cherished even the public repetition of verses, nor will they vouchsafe to observe (though Juvenal takes care to record it) how gladly all Rome (during that exercise) ran to the voice of Statius.

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great professions, that in government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawful pleasures of men; and finding poesy as useful now (as the ancients found it towards perfection and happiness; I will, Sir, (unless with these two books you return me a discouragement) cheerfully proceed; and though a little time would make way for the third, and make it fit for the

press, I am resolv'd rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers with no ill satisfaction have had a taste of Gondibert) than endure that violent envy which assaults all writers whilst they live, though their papers be but filled with very negligent and ordinary thoughts; and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the poem, till I can send it you from America, whither I now speedily prepare, having the folly to hope that when I am in another world (though not in the common sense of my dying (I shall find my readers (even the poets of the present age) as temperate and benign, as we are all to the dead, whose remote excellencē cannot hinder our repu-

tation. And now, Sir, to end with the allegory which I have so long continued, I shall, (after all my busy vanity in showing and describing my new building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as yourself, bring you to the back door, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steal hastily from you, as one who is ashamed of all the trouble you have received from,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most affectionate servant,

Louvre in Paris,
Jan. 2. 1650.

} WILLIAM DAVENANT.

T H E

A N S W E R O F M R. H O B B E S,

T O

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S PREFACE BEFORE GONDIBERT.

S I R,

If to commend your poem, I should only say (in general) that in the choice of your argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the characters of your persons, the dignity and vigour of your expression; you have performed all the parts of various experience, ready memory, clear judgment, swift and well governed fancy, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimony. For I lie open to two exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted witness. Incompetent, because I am not a poet; and corrupted, with the honour done me by your preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the nature and differences of poesy.

As philosophers have divided the universe (their subject) into three regions, celestial, aerial and terrestrial, so the poets (whose work it is by imitating human life, in delightful and measured lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to virtuous and honourable actions), have lodged them-

selves in the three regions of mankind, court, city, and country, correspondent in some, in proportion, to those three regions of the world. For there is in princes, and men of conspicuous power (anciently called heroes), a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the heavens; and an insincereness, inconstancy, and troublesome humour of those that dwell in populous cities, like the mobility, blustering, and impurity of the air; and a plainness, and (though dull) yet a nutritive faculty in rural people, that endures a comparison with the earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of poesy, heroic, scomatic, and pastoral. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of representation, which sometimes is narrative, wherein the poet himself relateth; and sometimes dramatic, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the theatre, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor less than six sorts of poesy. For the heroic poem

narrative (such as is yours) is called an epic poem. The heroic poem dramatic, is tragedy. The comic narrative is satire; dramatic is comedy. The pastoral narrative is called simply pastoral, (anciently bucolic) the same dramatic, pastoral comedy. The figure therefore of an epic poem, and of a tragedy, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one or many persons; which I insert to justify the figure of yours, consisting of five books divided into songs or cantos, as five acts divided into scenes has ever been the approved figure of a tragedy.

They that take for poetry whatsoever is writ in verse will think this division imperfect, and call in sonnets, epigrams, eclogues, and the like pieces, (which are but essays and parts of an entire poem), and reckon Empedocles and Lucretius (natural philosophers), for poets, and the moral precepts of Phocylides Theognis, and the quatrains of Pytheas, and the history of Lucan, and others of that kind amongst poems; bestowing on such writers for honour the name of poets rather than of historians or philosophers. But the subject of a poem is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned, (as the name of poetry imports), not found in men. They that give entrance to fictions writ in prose err not so much, but they err; for prose requireth delightfulness not only of fiction, but of style; in which if prose contend with verse, it is with disadvantage (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of Pegasus.

For verse amongst the Greeks was appropriated anciently to the service of their gods, and was the holy style, the style of the oracles, the style of the laws, and the style of men that publicly recommended to their gods the vows and thanks of the people, which was done in their holy songs called hymns; and the composers of them were called prophets and priests, before the name of poet was known. When, afterwards, the majesty of that style was observed, the poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the antiquity of verse, it is greater than the antiquity of letters. For it is certain that Cadmus was the first that (from Phoenicia, a country that neighboureth Judea), brought the use of letters into Greece. But the service of the gods, and the laws (which by measured sounds were easily committed to the memory), had been long time in use before the arrival of Cadmus there.

There is besides the grace of style, another cause why the ancient poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. Their poems were made at first with intention to have them sung, as well epic as dramatic, (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in Italy), and could not be made commensurable to the voice or instruments in prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a ship in the sea), as not only to discompose the best composers, but also to disappoint sometimes the most attentive reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for poets in those times to write in verse.

The verse which the Greeks and Latins (considering the nature of their own languages), found by experience most grave, and for an epic poem most decent, was their hexameter, a verse limited not only in the length of the line, but also in the quantity of the syllables. Instead of which, we use the line of ten syllables, recompensing the neglect of their quantity, with the diligence of rhyme. And this measure is so proper for an heroic poem, as without some loss of gravity and dignity, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill prose, and a shorter is a kind of whisking (you know) like the unlacing, rather than the singing of a muse. In an epigram or a sonnet a man may vary his measures, and seek glory from a needless difficulty, as he that contrived verses into the forms of an organ, a hatchet, an egg, an altar, and a pair of wings; but in so great and noble a work as is an epic poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to choose a needless and difficult correspondence of rhyme is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chink to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your stanza, wherein the syllables in every verse are ten, and the rhyme alternate.

For the choice of your subject you have sufficiently justified yourself in your preface. But because I have observed in Virgil that the honour done to Æneas and his companions has so bright a reflexion upon Augustus Cæsar, and other great Romans of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his heroes, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the race of Gondibert, I add to your justification the purity of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn virtue, and procure her lovers, than which there cannot be a worthier design, and more becoming noble poetry.

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved poets ancient and modern, who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their poems, to invoke a muse or some other deity that should dictate to them or assist them in their writings, they that take not the laws of art, from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that heathen custom otherwise than as accessory to their false religion. For their poets were their divines; had the name of prophets exercised amongst the people a kind of spiritual authority, would be thought to speak by a divine spirit; have their works which they writ in verse (the divine style) pass for the word of God, and not of man, and to be hearkened to with reverence. Do not our divines (excepting the style) do the same, and by us that are of the same religion cannot justly be reprehended for it? Besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared from want of skill, such as is reported of unskilful conjurers, that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits that they

cannot at their pleasure allay again; by whom storms are raised that overthrow buildings, and are the cause of miserable wrecks at sea. Unskilful divines do oftentimes the like; for when they call unseasonably for zeal, there appears a spirit of cruelty; and by the like error, instead of truth they raise discord; instead of wisdom fraud; instead of reformation tumult; and controversy instead of religion. Whereas, in the heathen poets, at least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found that tended to subversion or disturbance of the commonwealths wherein they lived. But why a Christian should think it an ornament to his poem either to profane the true God, or invoke a false one, I can imagine no cause, but a reasonless imitation of custom, of a foolish custom, by which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of nature and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration like a bagpipe.

Time and education begets experience, experience begets memory, memory begets judgment and fancy, judgment begets the strength and structure, and fancy begets the ornaments of a poem. The ancients therefore fabled not absurdly in making memory the mother of the muses. For memory is the world (though not really, yet so as in a looking-glass), in which the judgment, the severer sister busieth herself in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of nature, and in registering by letters their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more than a swift motion over them, that what she wants and is there to be had may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to fly from one Indies to the other, and from heaven to earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter and obscurest places, into the future, and into herself, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, herself being all she seeks; and her wonderful celerity consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious imagery discreetly ordered and perfectly registered in the memory, which most men under the name of philosophy have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that, grossly mistaking her, embrace contention in her place. But so far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philosophy, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensible in building, or marvellous in engines and instruments of motion, whatsoever commodity men receive from the observations of the heavens, from the description of the earth, from the account of time, from walking on the seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe from the barbarity of American savages, is the workmanship of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philosophy. But where these precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of moral virtue, there the architect (Fancy) must take the philosopher's part upon herself. He therefore that undertakes an heroic poem (which is to exhibit a venerable

and amiable image of heroic virtue) must not only be the poet to place and connect, but also the philosopher to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both body and soul, colour and shadow of his poem out of his own store; which, how well you have performed, I am now considering.

Observing how few the persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing), after several confluences, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your poem, Gondibert and Oswald, methinks the fable is not much unlike the theatre. For so, from several and far distant sources, do the lesser brooks of Lombardy, flowing into one another, fall at last into the two main rivers, the Po and the Adice. It hath the same resemblance also with a man's veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concurrence, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the body. But when I considered that also the actions of men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many conjunctures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into two destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your poem, which ought to be no other than such as an imitation of human life requireth.

In the streams themselves I find nothing but settled valour, clean honour, calm counsel, learned diversion, and pure love, save only a torrent or two of ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat heroic in it, and therefore must have place in an heroic poem. To show the reader in what place he shall find every excellent picture of virtue you have drawn, is too long; and to show him one, is to prejudice the rest; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the description of love in the person of BIRTHA, in the seventh canto of the second book. There has nothing been said of that subject neither by the ancient nor modern poets comparable to it. Poets are painters: I would fain see another painter draw so true, perfect, and natural love to the life, and make use of nothing but pure lines, without the help of any the least uncomely shadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by itself, for in the almost equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is lost.

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold, not only to exceed the work, but also the possibility of nature: They would have impenetrable armours, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you (without assenting to those that condemn either Homer or Virgil), by dissenting only from those that think the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty. In old time, amongst the heathen, such strange fictions, and metamorphoses, were not so remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may

now go, but beyond the conceived possibility of nature, never. I can allow a geographer to make in the sea, a fish or a ship, which, by the scale of his map, would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an elephant so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of *terra incognita*.

As the description of great men and great actions is the constant design of a poet, so the descriptions of worthy circumstances are necessary accessions to a poem; and, being well performed, are the jewels and most precious ornaments of poetry. Such in Virgil are the Funeral Games of Anchises, the Duel of Æneas and Turnus, &c.; and such in yours are, The Hunting, The Battaille, The City Morning, The Funeral, The House of Astragon, The Library, and The Temples, equal to his, or those of Homer whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be considered but the expression, in which consisteth the countenance and colour of a beautiful muse, and is given her by the poet out of his own provision, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own is nothing but experience, and knowledge of nature, and specially human nature, and is the true and natural colour. But that which is taken out of books (the ordinary boxes of counterfeit complexion) shows well or ill, as it hath more or less resemblance with the natural, and are not to be used (without examination) unadvisedly. For in him that professes the imitation of nature (as all poets do), what greater fault can there be, than to bewray an ignorance of nature in his poem, especially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot master, to leave it out.

That which giveth a poem the true and natural colour consisteth in two things, which are, To know well, that is, to have images of nature in the memory distinct and clear; and, To know much. A sign of the first is perspicuity, property, and decency, which delight all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant, or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the mind; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

There be so many words in use at this day in the English tongue, that, though of magnific sound, yet (like the windy blisters of a troubled water) have no sense at all, and so many others that lose their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having been obtruded upon youth in the schools (by such as make it, I think, their business there), as it is expressed by the best poet,

With terms to charm the weak, and pose the wise,

they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also add the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived, or perfect conception in fewer

words than it requires; which expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than riddles, and not only to the reader, but also (after a little time) to the writer himself dark and troublesome.

To the property of expression I refer, that clearness of memory, by which a poet, when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever speaking in his poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning; the variation whereof is a change of pace, that argues the poet tired.

Of the indecencies of an heroic poem, the most remarkable are those that show disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the poet and the poem. Of the first kind is the uncomeliness of representing in great persons the inhuman vice of cruelty, or the sordid vice of lust and drunkenness. To such parts as those the ancient approved poets thought it fit to suborn, not the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly giants, such as Polyphemus, Cacus, and the Centaurs. For it is supposed, a muse, when she is invoked to sing a song of that nature, should maidenly advise the poet, to set such persons to sing their own vices upon the stage, for it is not so unseemly in a tragedy. Of the same kind it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an epic poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and laughter is proper to comedy and satire. Great persons that have their minds employed on great designs, have not leisure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and virtues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh. Of the second kind, where the disproportion is between the poet, and the persons of his poem, one is in the dialect of the inferior sort of people, which is always different from the language of the court. Another is to derive the illustration of any thing, from such metaphors or comparisons as cannot come into mens thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil arts, which the person of an epic poem cannot be thought acquainted with.

From knowing much proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of metaphors and similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a writer to expressions that are either defaced by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the phrases of poetry, as the airs of music, with often hearing become insipid, the reader having no more sense of their force than our flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travel, but in new (and with all significant) translation to our purposes of those that be already received, and in far fetched (but withal, apt, instructive and comely) similitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the first exception against the incompetency of my judgment, I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me by attributing in your preface somewhat to my judgment; for I have used your judgment no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better, and so you have your bribe again.

Having thus made way for the admission of my testimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet saw poem that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression as this of yours: And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their envy of the present under a reverence of antiquity, I should say further, that it would last as long as either the *Æneid*, or *Iliad*, but for one disadvantage; and the disadvantage is this: the languages of the Greeks and Romans (by their colonies and conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour antiquity, but that which is commonly called old time, is young time. The glory of antiquity is due, not to the dead, but to the aged.

And now, whilst I think on it, give me leave with a short discord to sweeten the harmony of the approaching close. I have nothing to object against your poem, but dissent only from something in your preface, sounding to the prejudice of age. It is commonly said, that old age is a return to childhood, which, methinks, you insist on so long, as if you desired it should be believed. That is the note I mean to shake a little. That saying, meant only of the weakness of body, was wrested to the weakness of mind, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, masters, and other admonitors. Secondly, The dotage and childishness they ascribe to age is never the effect of

time, but sometimes of the excesses of youth and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For they that wanting the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provision only for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever; as they that coming into a populous city, never going out of their inn, are strangers still, how long soever they have been there. Thirdly, There is no reason for any man to think himself wiser to-day than yesterday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to-morrow than to-day.

Fourthly, You will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this

I believe (Sir,) you have seen a curious kind of perspective, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your poem. The virtues you distribute there amongst so many noble persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one man's virtue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts and affections in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am,

(SIR,)

Your most humble and obedient servant,

Paris, Jan. 10. }
1650. }

THOMAS HOBBS.

GONDIBERT.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Old Aribert's great race, and greater mind
Is sung, with the renown of Rhodalind.
Prince Oswald is compar'd to Gondibert,
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:
Whose armies are in Fame's fair field drawn forth,
To show by discipline their leaders worth.

I.

Of all the Lombards, by their trophies known,
Whose fought Fame soon and had her favour long,
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the throne;
And bred most business for heroic song.

II.

From early childhood's promising estate,
Up to performing manhood, till he grew
To failing age, he agent was to Fate,
And did to nations peace or war renew.

III.

War was his study'd art; war, which the bad
Condemn, because even then it does them awe,
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needful is than law.

IV.

To conquer Tumult, nature's sudden force,
War, Art's deliberate strength, was first devis'd;
Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,
Least civil pow'r should be by throngs surpris'd.

V.

The feeble law rescues but doubtfully
From the oppressor's single arm our right;
Till to its pow'r the wise war's help apply;
Which soberly does man's loose rage unite.

VI.

Yet since on all war never needful was,
Wife Aribert did keep the people sure
By laws from little dangers; for the laws [secure.
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r

VII.

Else conquerors, by making laws, o'ercome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens fury
free;
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead where all may judges be.

VIII.

Prais'd was this king for war, the law's broad
shield;

And for acknowledg'd laws, the art of peace;
Happy in all which Heav'n to kings does yield,
But a successor when his cares shall cease.

IX.

For no male pledge, to give a lasting name.
Sprung from his bed, yet heaven to him allow'd
One of the gentler sex, whose story Fame
Has made my song, to make the Lombards proud.

X.

Recorded Rhodalind! whose high renown
Who miss in books, not luckily have read;
Or vex'd by living beauties of their own
Have shunn'd the wise records of lovers dead.

XI.

Her father's prosperous palace was the sphere
Where she to all with heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid Virtue so benign appear
That 'twas without Religion's help lov'd.

XII.

Her looks like empire show'd, great above pride;
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
But nature publish'd what she fain would hide;
Who for her deeds, not beauty, lov'd the light.

XIII.

To make her lowly mind's appearance less,
She us'd some outward greatness for disguise;
Esteem'd as pride the cloist'ral lowliness, [despise.
And thought them proud who even the proud

XIV.

Her father (in the winter of his age)
Was like that stormy season froward grown;
Whom so her youthful presence did assuage,
That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

xv.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
Till pow'rs decay, the throne's worst sickness,
ceas'd.

xvi.

Oppressors big with pride, when she appear'd
Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
Found virtue harmless, and nought else so great,

xvii.

Her mind (scarce to her feeble sex akin)
Did as her birth, her right to empire show;
Seem'd careless outward when employ'd within;
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and
low.

xviii.

She show'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,
Such as evap'rates through the coarser male,
As through coarse stone elixer passage finds,
Which scarce through finer crystal can exhale.

xix.

Her beauty (not her own, but nature's pride)
Should I describe; from every lover's eye
All beauties this original must hide,
Or like scorn'd copies be themselves laid by;

xx.

Be by their poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;
Who beauty like hir'd witnesses protect;
Officiously averring more than needs,
And make us so the needful truth suspect.

xxi.

And, since fond lovers (who disciples be
To poets) think, in their own loves they find
More beauty than yet Time did ever see,
Time's curtain I will draw o'er Rhodalind.

xxii.

Least showing her, each sees how much she errs,
Doubt since their own have less, that they have
Believe their poets perjur'd flatterers, [stone:
And then all modern maids would be undone.

xxiii.

In pity thus, her beauty's just renown
I wave for public peace, and will declare
To whom the king design'd her with his crown;
Which is his last and most unquiet care.

xxiv.

If in alliance he does greatness prize,
His mind grow weary, need not travel far;
If greatness be compos'd of victories,
He has at home many that victors are.

xxv.

Many whom blest success did often grace
In fields, where they have seeds of empire sown;
And hope to make, since born of princely race,
Even her (the harvest of those toils) their own.

xxvi.

And of those victors two are chiefly fam'd,
To whom the rest their proudest hopes resign;
Though young, were in their fathers battles nam'd,
And both are of the Lombard's royal line.

xxvii.

Oswald the great, and greater Gondibert!
Both from successful conqu'ring fathers sprung;

Whom both examples made of war's high art,
And far outwrought their patterns being young

xxviii.

Yet, for full fame (as Trine Fame's judge reports)
Much to Duke Gondibert Prince Oswald yields;
Was less in mighty mysteries of courts,
In peaceful cities, and in fighting fields.

xxix.

In court Prince Oswald costly was and gay,
Finer than near vain kings their fav'rites are;
Outshin'd bright fav'rites on their nuptial day;
Yet were his eyes dark with ambitious care.

xxx.

Duke Gondibert was still more gravely clad,
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
As if with ill to others never sad,
Nor tow'rd himself could others practice fear.

xxxi.

The prince, could porpoise-like in tempests play,
And in court storms on shipwreck'd greatness
feed;

Not frighted with their fate when cast away,
But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

xxxii.

The Duke would lasting calms to courts assure,
As pleasant gardens we defend from winds;
For he who bus'ness would from storms procure,
Soon his affairs above his manage finds.

xxxiii.

Oswald in throngs the abject people sought
With humble looks; who still too late will know
They are Ambition's quarry, and soon caught
When the aspiring eagle stoops so low.

xxxiv.

The Duke did these by steady virtue gain;
Which they in action more than precept taste;
Deeds show the good, and those who goodness
feign [fac'd.

But such even through their vizards are out-

xxxv.

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd; [live;
Though gay in courts, coarsely in camps could
Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
Could toil to gain what he with ease did give.

xxxvi.

Yet toils and dangers through ambition lov'd;
Which does in war the name of virtue own;
But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
As rivers theirs when from their channels gone.

xxxvii.

The Duke (as restless as his fame in war)
With martial toil could Oswald weary make;
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
And give so much as he might deign to take.

xxxviii.

Him as their founder cities did adore;
The court he knew to steer in storms of state;
In fields a battle lost he could restore,
And after force the victors to their fate.

xxxix.

In camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aim
At graver glory than ambition breeds;
Designs that yet this story must not name,
Which with our Lombard author's pace pro-
ceeds.

XL.

The king adopts this duke in secret thought
To wed the nation's wealth, his only child,
Whom Oswald as reward of merit sought,
With Hope, Ambition's common bait, beguil'd.

XLI.

This as his soul's chief secret was unknown,
Left Oswald that his proudest army led
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

XLII.

The Duke discern'd not that the king design'd
To choose him heir of all his victories;
Nor guess'd that for his love fair Rhodalind
Made sleep of late a stranger to her eyes.

XLIII.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades
Mildly as mourning doves Love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades
As roses silently in limbecks melt.

XLIV.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame
Deny'd her eyes the knowledge of her glass;
Who blushing thought nature herself to blame,
By whom men guess of maids more than the face.

XLV.

Yet, judge not that this duke (though from his sight
With maids first fears she did her passion hide)
Did need Love's flame for his directing light,
But rather wants Ambition for his guide.

XLVI.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
Than vital heat which kept his heart still warm;
This maid's in Oswald as Love's beacon knew;
The public flame to bid them fly from harm.

XLVII.

Yet since this duke could love, we may admire
Why Lovene'er rais'd his thoughts to Rhodalind;
But those forget that earthly flames aspire,
Whilst heav'nly beams, which purer are, descend.

XLVIII.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
But like an universal influence
(For such and so sufficient was his love)
To all the sex he did his heart dispense.

XLIX.

But Oswald never knew Love's ancient laws,
The awe that beauty does in lovers breed,
Those short-breath'd fears and paleness it does cause

When in a doubtful brow their doom they read.

L.

Not Rhodalind (whom then all men as one
Did celebrate, as with confederate eyes)
Could he effect but shining in her throne;
Blindly a throne did more than beauty prize.

LI.

He by his sister did his hopes prefer;
Aauteous pleader who victorious was
O'er Rhodalind, and could subdue her ear
In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

LII.

Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength
And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;

Her spreading stature tallness was, not length,
And whilst sharp beauties pierce, hers seem'd to strike.

LIII.

Such goodly presence ancient poets grace,
Whose songs the world's first manliness declare;
To princes beds teach carefulness of race; [war.
Which now store courts, that us'd to store the

LIV.

Such was the palace of her mind, a prince
Who proudly there, and still unquiet lives;
And sleep (domestic ev'ry where) from thence,
To make Ambition room, unwisely drives.

LV.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,
And fit in empire to direct and sway;
If she the temper had of Rhodalind,
Who knew that gold is current with allay.

LVI.

As kings (oft slaves to others hopes and skill)
Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoils;
So Oswald was push'd up Ambition's hill,
And so some urg'd the Duke to martial toils.

LVII.

And these who for their own great cause so high
Would lift their lord's two prosp'rous armies, are
Return'd from far to fruitful Lombardy,
And paid with rest, the best reward of war.

LVIII.

The old near Bresca lay scarce warm'd with tents;
For though from danger safe, yet armies then
Their posture kept 'gainst warring elements,
And hardness learn'd against more warring men.

LIX.

Near Bergamo encamp'd the younger were,
Whom to the Franks distress the Duke had led;
The other lucky Oswald's ensigns bear,
Which lately stood when proud Ovenna fled.

LX.

These that attend Duke Gondibert's renown
Were youth whom from his father's camp he chose.
And them betimes transplanted to his own;
Where each the planter's care and judgment shows.

LXI.

All hardy youth, from valiant fathers sprung;
Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,
And hid the vain experience which they brought.

LXII.

They danger met diverted less with fears
Than now the dead would be if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears;
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

LXIII.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose bodies wait upon their minds;
Chaste as those minds which not their bodies serve;
Ready as pilots wak'd with sudden winds.

LXIV.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprise and ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting, merciful they are,
And soon from victory to pity led.

LXV.

When a great captive they in fight had ta'en,
 (Whom in a filial duty some fair maid
 Visits, and would by tears his freedom gain)
 How soon his victors were his captives made :

LXVI.

For though the Duke taught rigid discipline,
 He let them beauty thus at distance know;
 As priests discover some more sacred shrine,
 Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

LXVII.

When thus as suitors mourning virgins pass
 Through their clean camp, themselves in form
 they draw,
 That they with martial reverence may grace
 Beauty, the stranger, which they seldom saw.

LXVIII.

They veil'd their ensigns as it by did move,
 Whilst inward (as from native conscience) all
 Worshipp'd the poet's darling godhead, Love,
 Which grave philosophers did nature call.

LXIX.

Nor there could maids of captives fires despair,
 But made all captives by their beauty free;
 Beauty and Valour native jewels are,
 And as each others only price agree,

LXX.

Such was the Duke's young camp by Bergamo,
 But these near Brescia whom fierce Oswald led,
 Their science to his famous father owe, [bred.
 And have his son (though now their leader)

LXXI.

This rev'rend army was for age renown'd; [Time;
 Which long through frequent dangers follow'd
 Their many trophies gain'd with many a wound,
 And Fame's last hill did with first vigour climb.

LXXII.

But here the learned Lombard whom I trace,
 My forward pen by flower method stays;
 Lest I should them (less heeding time and place
 Than common poets) out of season praise.

LXXIII.

Think only then (couldst thou both camps discern)
 That these would seem grave authors of the war,
 Met civilly to teach who e'er will learn,
 And those their young and civil students are.

LXXIV.

But painful virtue of the war ne'er pays
 Itself with consciousness of being good,
 Though cloister'd virtue may believe even praise
 A salary which there should be withstood.

LXXV.

For many here (whose virtue's active heat
 Concurs not with cold virtue which does dwell
 In lazy cells) are virtuous to be great,
 And as in pains so would in pow'r excel.

LXXVI.

And Oswald's faction urg'd him to aspire
 That by his height they higher might ascend;
 The Duke's to glorious thrones access desire,
 But at more awful distance did attend.

LXXVII.

The royal Rhodalind is now the prize,
 By which these camps would make their merit
 known,
 And think their generals but their deputies
 Who must for them by proxy wed the crown.

LXXVIII.

From foreign fields (with toiling conquest tir'd,
 And groaning under spoils) come home to rest;
 There now they are with emulation fir'd,
 And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

LXXIX.

Ah, how perverse and forward is mankind!
 Faction in courts does us to rage excite;
 The rich in cities we litigious find,
 And in the field th' ambitious make us fight;

LXXX.

And fatally (as if even souls were made
 Of warring elements as bodies are)
 Our reason our religion does invade,
 Till from the schools to camps it carry war.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

The hunting which did yearly celebrate
 The Lombard's glory, and the Vandal's fate.
 The hunters prais'd; how true to Love they are,
 How calm in peace, and tempest-like in war.
 The stag is by the num'rous chase subdu'd,
 And strait his hunters are as hard pursu'd.

I.

SMALL are the seeds fate does unheaded sow
 Of slight beginnings to important ends;
 Whilst wonder (which does best our reverence
 show
 To heav'n) all reason's sight in gazing spends.

II.

For from a day's brief pleasure did proceed
 (A day grown black in Lombard histories)
 Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read,
 Though even thine own sad love had drain'd
 thine eyes.

III.

In a fair forest near Verona's plain,
Fresh as if nature's youth chose there a shade,
The Duke with many lovers in his train,
(Loyal and young) a solemn hunting made.

IV.

Much was his train enlarg'd by their resort
Who much his grandfire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this day with annual sport,
On which by battle here he earn'd his fame.

V.

And many of these noble hunters bore
Command amongst the youth at Bergamo;
Whose fathers gather'd here the wreathes they
wore,

When in this forest they interr'd the foe.

VI.

Count Hurgonil, a youth of high descent,
Was list'd here, and in the story great;
He follow'd honour, when tow'rd death it went;
Fierce in a charge but temp'rate in retreat.

VII.

His wond'rous beauty which the world approv'd
He blushing hid, and now no more would own
(Since he the Duke's unequal'd sister lov'd)
Than an old wreath when newly overthrown.

VIII.

And she, Orna, the shy did seem in life
So bashful too to have her beauty shown,
As I may doubt her shame with Fame at strife
That in these vicious times would make it
known.

IX.

Not less in public voice was Arnold here;
He that on Tuscan tombs his trophies rais'd;
And now Love's pow'r so willingly did bear,
That even his arbitrary reign he prais'd.

X.

Laura, the Duke's fair niece enthrall'd his heart;
Who was in court the public morning glass
Where those who would reduce nature to art,
Practis'd by dress the conquests of the face.

XI.

And here was Hugo whom Duke Gondibert
For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And though unhappy all that heart was love.

XII.

In gentle fopnets he for Laura pin'd,
Soft as the murmurs of a weeping spring;
Which ruthless she did as those murmurs mind:
So ere their death sick swans unheeded sing.

XIII.

Yet whilst she Arnold favour'd, he so griev'd
As loyal subjects quietly bemoan
Their yoke, but raise no war to be reliev'd,
Nor through the envy'd fav'rite wound the
throne.

XIV.

Young Goltho next these rivals we may name,
Whose manhood dawn'd early as summer light;
As sure and soon did his fair day proclaim,
And was no less the joy of public fight.

XV.

If Love's just pow'r he did not early see,
Some small excuse we may his error give;

Since few (though learn'd) know yet blest love to
be

That secret vital heat by which we live:

XVI.

But such it is; and though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know,
Yet life is useless till by reason taught,
And love and reason up together grow.

XVII.

Nor more, the old show they outlive their love,
If when their love's decay'd, some signs they give
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
Then snakes, long cut, by torment show they
live.

XVIII.

If we call living life, when Love is gone,
We then to souls (God's coin) vain rev'rence pay;
Since reason (which is Love, and his best known
And current image) age has worn away.

XIX.

And I that Love and Reason thus unite,
May if I old philosophers control,
Confirm the new by some new poets light;
Who finding Love, thinks he has found the soul.

XX.

From Goltho, to whom love yet tasteless seem'd,
We to ripe Tybalt are by order led;
Tybalt, who love and valour both esteem'd,
And he alike from eithers wounds had bled,

XXI.

Public his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'er boasted, nor of this complain'd.

XXII.

With these (whose special names verse shall pre-
serve)

Many to this recorded hunting came:
Whose worth authentic mention did deserve,
But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame,

XXIII.

Now like a giant lover rose the sun
From th' ocean queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the morn for shew, for strength at noon;
As if last night she had not quench'd his heat!

XXIV.

And the sun's servants who his rising wait,
His pensioners (for so all lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily fire) now for the chase prepare.

XXV.

All were like hunters clad in cheerful green,
Young Nature's livery, and each at strife
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,
Wrought kindly by the lady of his life.

XXVI.

These martial favours on their waists they wear,
On which (for now they conquest celebrate)
In an embroider'd history appear [fate.
Like life, the vanquish'd in their fears and

XXVII.

And on these belts (wrought with their lady's
care)
Hung scymiters of Akon's trusty steel;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those ladies eyes, might soon their temper feel.

XXVIII.

Cheer'd as the woods (where new wak'd quires
they meet)
Are all; and now dispose their choice relays
Of horse and hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which best when with themselves compar'd we
praise;

XXIX.

To them old forest spies, the harbourers
With haste approach, wet as still weeping night,
Or deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

XXX.

And dogs, such whose cold secrecy was meant
By nature for surprise, on these attend;
Wise temp'rate lime-hounds that proclaim no
scent; [spend.

Nor harb'ring will their mouths in boasting

XXXI.

Yet vainlier far than traitors boast their prize
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treasons credit lies)
These harb'ers praise that which they now
betray.

XXXII.

Boast they have lodg'd a stag, that all the race
Outruns of Croton horse, or Regian hounds;
A stag made long since royal in the chase,
If kings can honour give by giving wounds.

XXXIII.

For Aribert had pierc'd him at a bay,
Yet 'scap'd he by the vigour of his head;
And many a summer since has won the day,
And often left his Regian foll'wers dead.

XXXIV.

His spacious beam (that even the rights outgrew)
From antler to his troch had all allow'd
By which his age the aged woodmen knew;
Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

XXXV.

Now each relay a sev'ral station finds,
Ere the triumphant train the copse surrounds;
Relays of horse, long-breath'd as winter winds,
And their deep cannon-mouth'd experienc'd
hounds.)

XXXVI.

The huntsmen (busily concern'd in show
As if the world were by this beast undone,
And they against him hir'd as nature's foe)
In haste uncouple, and their hounds outrun.

XXXVII.

Now wind they a recheat, the rous'd deer's knell;
And through the forest all the beasts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by echo, nature's sentinel,
Which shows that murd'rous man is come a-
broad.

XXXVIII.

Tyrannic man! thy subjects enemy! [hate;
And more through wantonness than need or
From whom the winged to their coverts fly;
And to their dens even those that lay in wait.

XXXIX.

So this (the most successful of his kind,
Whose forehead's force oft his opposer's press'd,
Whose swiftness left pursuers shafts behind)
Is now of all the forest most distress'd!

6

XL.

The herd deny him shelter, as if taught
To know their safety is to yield him lost;
Which shows they want not the result of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

XLI.

We blush to see our politics in beasts,
Who many sav'd by this one sacrifice;
And since through blood they follow interests,
Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

XLII.

His rivals that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd female, new his faintness shun;
But were his season hot, and she but near,
(O mighty Love!) his hunters were undone.

XLIII.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the relay;
Where man's fam'd reason proves but cow-
ardice,

And only serves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying, man, in ambush lies.

XLIV.

But now, as his last remedy to live,
(For ev'ry shift for life kind nature makes,
Since life the utmost is which she can give)
Cool Adice from the swol'n bank he takes.

XLV.

But this fresh bath the dogs will make him leave;
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting tigers found;
Their scent to north-east wind could e'er deceive
Which drives the air, nor flocks that foil the
ground.

XLVI.

Swift here the flyers and pursuers seem;
The frightened fish swim from their Adice,
The dogs pursue the deer, he the fleet stream,
And that hastes too to th' Adriatic see.

XLVII.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting element,
He up the steadfast shore did boldly rise;
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent;
That faithful guide which even conducts their
eyes.

XLVIII.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath
Which oft at sea a long dead calm prepare;
Or like our curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our lungs are spent, to give us air,

XLIX.

For on the shore the hunters him attend;
And whilst the chase grew warm as is the day
(Which now from the hot zenith does descend)
He is emboss'd, and weary'd to a bay.

L.

The jewel, life, he must surrender here;
Which the world's mistress, nature, does not give,
But like dropp'd favours suffers us to wear,
Such as by which pleas'd lovers think they love.

LI.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the eager dogs such fury shows
As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

LII.

But now the monarch murderer comes in,
Destructive man! whom nature would not arm,

3 D iiij

As when in madness mischief is foreseen
We leave it weaponless for fear of harm.

LIII.

For she defenceless made him that he might
Less readily offend; but Art arms all,
From single strife makes us in numbers fight;
And by such art this royal stag did fall.

LIV.

He weeps till grief does even his murd'ers pierce;
Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,
That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,
And had it words as humanly would move.

LV.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd head he
rear'd.

And with last looks his forest walks did view;
Where sixty summers he had rul'd the herd,
And where sharp dittany now vainly grew.

LVI.

Whose hoary leaves no more his wounds shall heal;
For with a sigh (a blast of all his breath)
That viewless thing call'd life, did from him steal;
And with their bugle horns they wind his death.

LVII.

Then with their annual wanton sacrifice
(Taught by old Custom, whose decrees are vain,
And we like hum'rous antiquaries prize
Age though deform'd) they hasten to the plain.

LVIII.

Thence homeward bend as westward as the sun;
Where Gondibert's allies proud feasts prepare,
That day to honour which his grandfire won;
Though feasts the eyes to fun'rals are.

LIX.

One from the forest now approach'd their fight,
Who them did swiftly on the spur pursue;
One there still resident as day and night,
And known as th' eldest oak which in it grew.

LX.

Who with his utmost breath, advancing cries
(And such a vehemence no art could feign)
Away, happy the man that fastest flies;
Fly, famous Duke, fly with thy noble Train!

LXI.

The Duke reply'd, though with thy fears disguis'd,
Thou dost my fire's old ranger's image bear,
And for thy kindness shalt not be despis'd; [fear.
Though counsels are but weak which come from

LXII.

Were dangers here, great as thy love can shape;
(And love with fear can danger multiply)
Yet when by flight, thou bidd'st us meanly 'scape,
Bid trees take wings, and rooted forests fly.

LXIII.

Then said the ranger, you are bravely lost
(And like high anger his complexion rose),
A little know I fear, as how to boast;
But shall attend you through your many foes.

LXIV.

See, where in ambush mighty Oswald lay;
And see, from yonder lawn he moves apace,
With lances arm'd, to intercept the way;
Now thy sure steeds are weary'd with the chase.

LXV.

His purple banners you may there behold,
Which, proudly spread, the fatal raven bear;

And full five hundred I by rank have told,
Who in their gilded helms his colour wear.

LXVI.

The Duke this falling storm does now discern;
Bids little Hugo fly! but 'tis to view
The foe, and timely their first count'nance learn,
Whilst firm he in a square his hunters drew.

LXVII.

And Hugo soon, light as his courser's heels,
Was in their faces, troublesome as wind;
And like to it, so wingedly he wheels,
No one could catch, what all with trouble find.

LXVIII.

But ev'ry where the leaders and the led
He temp'rately observ'd, with a slow sight;
Judg'd by their looks how hopes and fears were
fed,

And by their order their success in fight.

LXIX.

Their number, 'mounting to the ranger's guess,
In three divisions ev'nly was dispos'd;
And that their enemies might judge it less,
It seem'd one gross with all the spaces clos'd.

LXX.

The van fierce Oswald led, where Paradine,
And manly Dargonet, both of his blood,
Outshin'd the moon, and their minds stock within
Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

LXXI.

The next, bold, but unlucky Hubert led;
Brother to Oswald, and no less ally'd
To the ambitions which his soul did wed;
Lowly without, but lin'd with costly pride.

LXXII.

Most to himself his valour fatal was,
Whose glories oft to others dreadful were;
So comets, though suppos'd destruction's cause,
But waste themselves to make their gazers fear.

LXXIII.

And though his valour seldom did succeed,
His speech was such as could in storms per-
suade;
Sweet as the hopes on which starv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding maid.

LXXIV.

The bloody Borgio did conduct the rear;
Whom sullen Vasco heedfully attends;
To all but to themselves they cruel were,
And to themselves chiefly by mischief friends.

LXXV.

War, the world's art, nature to them became;
In camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
The living vex'd till death, and then their fame;
Because even Fame some life is to the dead.

LXXVI.

Cities (wise statesmen's folds for civil sheep),
They sack'd, as painful sheebers of the wise;
For they, like careful wolves, would lose their sleep,
When others prosp'rous toils might be their
prize.

LXXVII.

Hugo amongst these troops spy'd many more
Who had, as brave destroyers, got renown;
And many forward wounds in boast they wore;
Which if not well reveng'd, had ne'er been
shown.

LXXVIII.

Such the bold leaders of these launceers were,
Which of the Brescian vet'rans did consist;
Whose practis'd age might charge of armies bear,
And claim some rank in Fame's eternal list.

LXXIX.

Back to his Duke the dext'rous Hugo flies;
What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;
With noble pride did what he lik'd despise; [scars.
For wounds he threat'ned whilst he prais'd their

LXXX.

Lord Arnold cry'd, vain is the bugle-horn,
Where trumpets men to manly work invite!

That distant summons seems to say in scorn,
We hunters may be hunted hard ere night.

LXXXI.

Those beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,
Reply'd aloud the noble Hurgonil;
But we, not us'd to flight, know best to die;
And those who know to die, know how to
kill.

LXXXII.

Victors through number never gain'd applause;
If they exceed our count in arms and men,
It is not just to think that odds, because
One lover equals any other ten.

C A N T O III.

The Argument.

The ambush is become an interview;
And the surpriser proves to honour true;
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,
Been murder, now is but brave killing meant.
A duel form'd where princes seconds are,
And urg'd by honour each to kill his share.

I.

THE Duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm square),
Whether their front did change, whom Oswald
led;

That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spread.

II.

Though in their posture close, the prince might
The Duke's to his not much in number yield;
And they were leading youth who would possess
This ground in graves, rather than quit the field.

III.

Thus, timely certain of a standing foe,
His form'd divisions yet reveal'd no space,
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

IV.

On these the Duke attends with watchful eye;
Shap'd all his forces to their triple strength;
And that their lances might pass harmless by,
Widens his ranks, and gave his files more length.

V.

At distance Oswald does him sharply view,
Whom but in Fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair Fame, Virtue's known image, knew;
Virtue exalts the owner more than pow'r.

VI.

In fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envy does to surfeit feed
On what he wish'd his eyes had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

VII.

And though Ambition did his rage renew, [train),
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the youthful

That plants, which so much promis'd as they
grew,
Should in the bud be ere performance slain.

VIII.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space
Advanc'd alone, then did his troops command
To halt; the Duke th' example did embrace,
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

IX.

Then when in easy reach of either's voice,
Thus Oswald spake: I wish, brave Gondibert,
Those wrongs, which make thee now my anger's
choice,
Like my last fate, were hidden from my heart.

X.

But since great glory does allow small rest,
And bids us jealousy to honour wake,
Why at alarms, given hot even at my breast,
Should I not arm, but think my scouts mistake?

XI.

'Tis loud in camps, in cities, and in court
(Where the important part of mankind meets),
That my adoption is thy faction's sport,
Scorn'd by hoarse rhymers in Verona streets.

XII.

Who is renown'd enough, but you or I
(And think not when you visit Fame, she less
Will welcome you for my known company),
To hope for empire at our king's decease?

XIII.

The crown he with his daughter has design'd;
His favour, which to me does frozen prove
Grows warm to you as th' eyes of Rhedaland,
And she gives sacred empire with her love.

xiv.

Whilst you usurp thus, and my claim deride,
If you admire the veng'ance I intend,
I more shall wonder where you got the pride
To think me one you safely may offend.

xv.

Nor judge it strange I have this ambush laid,
Since you, my rival, wrong'd me by surprise;
Whose darker vigilance my love betray'd;
And so your ill example made me wise.

xvi.

But in the school of glory we are taught
That greatness and success should measure deeds;
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,
Can be accus'd when either act succeeds.

xvii.

Opinion's stamp does Virtue current make;
But such small mot^e (though the people's gold
With which they trade), great dealers scorn to
take,
And we are greater than one world can hold.

xviii.

Now Oswald paus'd, as if he curious were,
Ere this his foe (the people's fav'rite) dy'd,
To know him as with eyes, so with his ear;
And to his speech thus Gondibert reply'd:

xix.

Successful prince! since I was never taught
To court a threat'ning foe, I will not pay
For all the trophies you from war have brought,
One single wreath, though all these woods were
bay!

xx.

Nor would I by a total silence yield
My honour ta'en, though I were pris'ner made;
Lest you should think we may be justly kill'd,
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

xxi.

You might perceive (had not a distant war
Hind'red our breasts the use of being known),
My small ambition hardly worth your care;
Unless by it you would correct your own.

xxii.

The king's objected love is but your dream,
As false as that I strive for Rhodolind
As valour's hire; these sickly visions seem,
Which in Ambition's fever vex your mind.

xxiii.

Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;
Nor censure this a proud excuse, to save
These who no safety know, but to subdue.

xxiv.

Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;
But your hir'd valour, were your faith reclaim'd
(For faith reclaim'd to highest virtue turns),
Will be of bravest salary ashamed.

xxv.

Only with Fame valour of old was hir'd;
And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,
That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd
For love's reward, than that itself should last.

xxvi.

If love, or lust of empire, bred your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,

And my weak virtue never could sustain
The crown, which is the worst of Rhodolind.

xxvii.

'Tis she who taught you to increase renown,
By sowing Honour's field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harvest when 'tis overgrown
With wild Ambition, the most rank of weeds.

xxviii.

Go, reconcile the winds fall'n out at sea
With these tame precepts (Oswald did reply);
But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know legacies are vain till givers die.

xxix.

And here his rage ascended to his eyes [flame;
From his close breast, which hid till then the
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;
Rage which the Duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

xxx.

Though you design'd our ruin by surprise,
Though much in useful arms you us exceed,
And in your number some advantage lies,
Yet you may find you such advantage need.

xxxi.

If I am valued as th' impediment
Which hinders your adoption to the crown,
Let your revenge only on me be spent,
And hazard not my party, nor your own.

xxxii.

Ambition else would up to Godhead grow,
When so profanely we our anger prize,
That to appease it we the blood allow
Of whole offenceless herds for sacrifice.

xxxiii.

Oswald (who Honour's public pattern was,
Till vain Ambition led his heart aside),
More temp'rate grew in manage of his cause,
And thus to noble Gondibert reply'd.

xxxiv.

I wish it were not needful to be great;
That heav'n's unenvy'd pow'r might men so awe,
As we should need no armies for defeat,
Nor for protection be at charge of law.

xxxv.

But more than heav'n's men man's authority,
Though envy'd, use, because more understood;
For but for that life's utensils would be
In markets, as in camps, the price of blood.

xxxvi.

Since the world's safety we in greatness find,
And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,
Save we the world, though to ourselves unkind,
By both endang'ring to establish one.

xxxvii.

Not those who kindle with my wrongs their rage,
Nor those bold youth who warmly you attend,
Our distant camps by action shall engage;
But we our own great cause will singly end,

xxxviii.

Back to your noble hunters straight retire,
And I to those who would those hunters chase;
Let us persuade their fury to expire,
And give obediently our anger place.

xxxix.

Like unconcern'd spectators let them stand,
And be by sacred vow to distance bound;

Whilst their lov'd leaders by our strict command,
Only as witnesses, approach this ground.

XL.

Where with no more defensive arms than was
By nature meant us, who ordain'd men friends,
We will on foot determine our great cause,
On which the Lombard's doubtful peace depends.

XLI.

The Duke at this did bow, and soon obey,
Confess'd his honour he transcendent finds,
Said he their persons might a meaner way [minds.
With odds have aw'd, but this subdues their

XLII.

Now wing'd with hope they to their troops return,
Oswald his old grave Brescians makes retire,
Left if too near, though like flow match they burn,
The Duke's rash youth like powder might take fire.

XLIII.

First with their noble chiefs they treat aside,
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
And term it needless cruelty and pride
With others sacrifice to grace their own.

XLIV.

Then to the troops gave their resolv'd command,
Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;
Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,
Because each side presum'd their champion's force.

XLV.

Now near that ground ordain'd by them and Fate
To be the last where one or both must tread,
Their chosen judges they appoint to wait;
Who thither were like griev'd spectators led.

XLVI.

These from the distant troops far sever'd are;
And near their chiefs divided stations take;
Who straight unclothe, and for such deeds prepare,
By which strip'd souls their fleshy robes forsake.

XLVII.

But Hubert now advanc'd, and cry'd aloud,
I will not trust uncertain destiny,
Which may obscurely kill me in a crowd,
'That here have pow'r in public view to die,

XLVIII.

Oswald my brother is! If any dare
Think Gondibert's great name more kingly
sounds,
Let him alight, and he shall leave the care
Of choosing monarchs, to attend his wounds!

XLIX.

This Hurgonill receiv'd with greedy ear,
Told him his summons boldly did express,
That he had little judgment whom to fear,
And in the choice of kings his skill was less.

L.

With equal haste they then alight and met,
Where both their chiefs in preparation stood;
Whilst Paradine and furious Dargonet
Cry'd out, we are of Oswald's princely blood.

LI.

Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,
So true to Gondibert, or Love's commands,
As to esteem it an unpleasant shame
With idle eyes to look on busy hands?

LII.

Such haste makes beauty when it youth forsakes,
And day from travellers when it does set,
As Arnold to proud Paradine now makes,
And little Hugo to tall Dargonet.

LIII.

The bloody Borgio, who with anguish stay'd,
And check'd his rage, till these of Oswald's race,
By with'd example their brave challenge made,
Now like his curb'd steed foaming, shift his place.

LIV.

And thus, with haste and choler hoarse, he spake;
Whoe'er amongst you thinks we destin'd are
To serve that king your courtly camp shall make,
Falsely he loves, nor is his lady fair!

LV.

This scarce could urge the temp'rate Tybalt's fire
Who said, when Fate shall Aribert remove,
As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,
As who is fair, that art too rude to love.

LVI.

But scarce had this reply reach'd Borgio's ear,
When Goltho louder cry'd, whate'er he be
Dares think her foul who hath a lover here,
Though love I never knew, shall now know me!

LVII.

Grave Tybalt, who had laid an earlier claim
To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,
And Goltho's forward youth would sharply blame,
But that old Vasco thus did interpose.

LVIII.

That boy who makes such haste to meet his fate,
And fears he may (as if he knew it good),
Through others pride of danger come too late,
Shall read it straight ill written in his blood.

LIX.

Let empire fall, when we must monarchs choose,
By what unpractis'd childhood shall approve;
And in tame peace let us our manhood lose,
When boys yet wet with milk discourse of love.

LX.

As bashful maids blush, as if justly blam'd,
When forc'd to suffer some indecent tongue,
So Goltho blush'd, whom Vasco made ashamed,
As if he could offend by being young.

LXI.

But instantly offended bashfulness
Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn;
Which he in younger flames did so express,
That scarce old Vasco's embers seem'd to burn.

LXII.

The princes knew in this new kindled rage,
Opinion might (have like unlucky wind
State right to make it spread) their troops engage;
And therefore Oswald thus proclaim'd his mind.

LXIII.

Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the last requests men dying make),
Your love but mourners short respect affords,
And ere interr'd you our commands forsake?

LXIV.

We chose you judges of your needful strife, [teem
Such whom the world grown faithless, might es-
As weighty witnesses of parting life,
But you are those we dying must condemn.

LXV

Are we become such worthless sacrifice,
As cannot to the Lombard's heav'n atone,
Unless your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

LXVI.

Our fame which should survive, before us die!
And let (since in our presence disobey'd),
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty, fly
From knowledge, rather than be known decay'd!

LXVII.

This when with rev'rence heard, it would have
made
Old armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They spent their hearts and eyes, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their gen'ral's fate.

LXVIII.

Hubert (whose princely quality more frees
Him than the rest from all command, unless
He find it such as with his will agrees),
Did nobly thus his firm resolve express.

LXIX.

All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd!
Instinct, the inward image, which is wrought
And given with life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Though that bred better honour than is taught;

LXX.

And may impressions of the common ill,
Which from street parents the most low derives,
Blot all my mind's fair book, if I stand still
Whilst Oswald singly for the public strives:

LXXI.

A brother's love, all that obedience stays,
Which Oswald else might as my leader claim;
Whom as my love, my honour disobeys,
And bids me serve our greater leader, Fame.

LXXII.

With gentle looks Oswald to Hubert bows,
And said, I then must yield that Hubert shall
(Since from the same bright sun our lustre grows),
Rise with my morn, and with my ev'ning fall!

LXXIII.

Bold Paradine and Dargonet reviv'd
Their suit, and cry'd, we are Astolpho's sons!
Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,
Though now it down in lower channels runs.

LXXIV.

Such lucky seasons to attain renown,
We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;
Others usurp who would your dangers own,
And what our duty is, in them is pride.

LXXV.

Then, as his last decree, thus Oswald spake;
You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,
Shall share my dooms, which, for your merit's sake,
Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

LXXVI.

If any other's disobedient rage,
Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
And by degrees our distant troops engage,
Be it his curse still to be disobey'd!

LXXVII.

War's orders may he by the flow convey
To such as only shall dispute them long;
And ill peace make, when none will him obey,
And he for that, when old, judg'd by the young.

LXXVIII.

This said, he calmly bid the Duke provide
Such of his blood, as with those chosen three
(Whilst their adoption they on foot decide),
May in brave life or death fit partners be.

LXXIX.

Though here (reply'd the Duke) I find not now,
Such as my blood with their alliance grace,
Yet three I see, to whom your stock may bow,
If love may be esteem'd of heav'nly race.

LXXX.

And much to me these are by love ally'd;
Then Hugo, Arnold, and the count drew near;
Count Hurgonill woo'd Orna for his bride,
The other two in Laura rivals were.

LXXXI.

But Tybalt cry'd (as swiftly as his voice
Approach'd the Duke), forgive me mighty chief,
If justly I envy the noble choice,
And disobey thee in wrong'd love's relief.

LXXXII.

If rev'renc'd love be sacred myst'ry deem'd,
And mysteries, when hid, to value grow,
Why am I less for hidden love esteem'd?
To unknown Godhead, wise religious bow.

LXXXIII.

A maid of thy high li'nage much I love,
And hide her name till I can merit boast,
But shall I here (where I my worth improve),
For prizing her above myself, be lost?

LXXXIV.

The Duke's firm bosom kindly seem'd to melt
At Tybalt's grief, that he omitted was;
Who lately had love's secret conquest felt,
And hop'd for public triumph in this cause.

LXXXV.

Then he decreed, Hugo (though chose before
To share in this great work) should equally
With Tybalt be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
And by drawn lots their wish'd election try.

LXXXVI.

Hugo his dreaded lord with cheerful awe
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
But now he must for certain honour draw
Uncertain lots, seems heavily to move.

LXXXVII.

And here they trembling reach'd at Honour so,
As if they gath'ring flow'rs a snake discern'd;
Yet fear'd Love only, whose rewards then grow
To lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

LXXXVIII.

From this brave fear, lest they should danger'scapes,
Was little Hugo eas'd; and when he drew
The champion's lot, his joy enlarg'd his shape,
And with his lifted mind he taller grew.

LXXXIX.

But Tybalt stoop'd beneath his sorrows weight;
Goltho and him kindly the duke embrac'd;
Then to their station sent; and Oswald straight
His so enjoin'd, and with like kindness grac'd.

xc.

When cruel Borgio does from Tybalt part,
Vasco from Goltho, many a look they cast
Backward in sullen message from the heart,
And through their eyes their threat'ning anger
waste.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The duel, where all rules of artful strife,
To rescue or endanger darling life,
Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;
For killing was long since a science grown;
Th' event by which the troops engaged are,
As private rage too often turns to war.

I.
By what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious spy,
Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
Where worthies wrapp'd in Time's disguises lie?

II.
Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gone to lands exempt from Nature's law,
Where Love no more can mourn, or Valour bleed?

III.
Why to this stormy world from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are oppress'd,
Till we by Death's high privilege are eas'd?

IV.
Is it to boast that verse has chemic pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as chemists raise a flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents complete?

V.
Though in these worthies gone, valour and love,
Didst chastely as in sacred temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve. [sweet.
Than flow'rs so rais'd by chemists make us

VI.
Yet when the soul's disease we desp'rate find,
Poets the old renown'd physicians are,
Who for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

VII.
And bravely then physicians honour gain,
When to the world diseases cureless seem,
And they (in science valiant) ne'er refrain
Art's war with nature till they life redeem.

VIII.
But poets their accustom'd task have long
Forborne (who for examples did disperse
The heroes virtues in heroic song),
And now think virtue sick, past cure of verse.

IX.
Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patternes show as shall not fail to move;

Shall teach thee valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapless lovers constancy in love.

X.
Now Honour's chance, the duke with Oswald takes,

The count his great stake, life, to Hubert sets;
Whilst his to Paradin's, Lord Arnold stakes,
And little Hugo throws at Dargonet's.

XI.
These four on equal ground those four oppose;
Who wants in strength, supplies it with his skill;
So valiant, that they make no haste to close;
They not apace, but handsomely would kill.

XII.
And as they more each others courage found,
Each did their force more civilly express,
To make so manly and so fair a wound,
As loyal ladies might be proud to dress.

XXIII.
But vain, though wond'rous, seems the short event
Of what with pomp and noise we long prepare:
One hour of battle oft that force hath spent,
Which kingswhole lives have gather'd for a war

XIV.
As rivers to their ruin hasty be,
So life (still earnest, loud, and swift), runs post
To the vast gulf of death, as they to sea,
And vainly travels to be quickly lost.

XV.
And now the Fates (who punctually take care
We not escape their sentence at our birth),
Writ Arnold down, where those inrolled are,
Who must in youth abruptly leave the earth.

XVI.
Him Paradine into the brow had pierc'd;
From whence his blood so overflow'd his eyes,
He grew too blind to watch and guard his breast,
Where, wounded twice, to Death's cold court
he flies.

XVII.
And Love (by which Life's name does value find,
As altars even subsist by ornament),
Is now, as to the owner, quite resign'd,
And in a sigh to his dear Laura sent.

XVIII.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty,
As not to yield, that he who conquer'd all,
The Tuscan vale, should unattended die;
They therefore doom that Dargonet must fall.

XIX.

Whom little Hugo dext'rously did vex
With many wounds in unexpected place,
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
Because he held their number a disgrace.

XX.

For Dargonet in force did much exceed
The most of men, in valour equall'd all;
And was asham'd thus diversely to bleed,
As if he stood where showers of arrows fall.

XXI.

At once he ventures his remaining strength
To Hugo's nimble skill, who did desire
To draw this little war out into length,
By motions quick as heav'n's fantastic fire!

XXII.

Thus fury now is grown too high to last
In Dargonet; who does disorder all
The strengths of temp'rance by unruly haste,
Then down at Hugo's feet does breathless fall.

XXIII.

When with his own storm sunk, his foe did spy
Lord Arnold dead, and Paradine prepare
To help Prince Oswald to that victory,
Of which the Duke had yet an equal share.

XXIV.

Vain conqueror (said Hugo then), return!
Instead of laurel, which the victor wears,
Go gather cypress for thy brother's urn,
And learn of me to water it with tears.

XXV.

Thy brother lost his life attempting mine;
Which cannot for Lord Arnold's loss suffice:
I must revenge, unlucky Paradine,
The blood his death will draw from Laura's eyes.

XXVI.

We rivals were in Laura; but though she
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd;
Yet I, in Love's exact integrity,
Must take thy life for killing him she lov'd.

XXVII.

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
At one sad instant give and take that wound,
Which does through both their vital closets pierce;
Where Life's small lord does warmly sit en-
thron'd.

XXVIII.

And then they fell, and now near upper heaven,
Heaven's better part of them is hov'ring still,
To watch what end is to their princes given,
And to brave Hubert, and to Hurgonil.

XXIX.

In progress thus to their eternal home,
Some method is observ'd by Destiny,
Which at their princes setting out did doom,
These as their leading harbingers to die.

XXX.

And fatal Hubert we must next attend,
Whom Hurgonil had brought to such distress,
That though life's stock he did not fully spend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

XXXI.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd;
And wounds, the marks of manhood, gave and
took,

Which though like honour'd age, we would avoid,
Yet make us, when possess'd, for rev'rence look.

XXXII.

O Honour! frail as life, thy fellow flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour;
And is when lost no more than life redeem'd.

XXXIII.

This fatal Hubert finds, if honour be
As much in princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of next degree:
Princes are only princes by excess.

XXXIV.

For having twice with his firm opposite [life,
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at
The adverse sword his arm's best snew hit,
Which holds that strength, which should main-
tain their strife.

XXXV.

When thus his dear defence had left his hand,
Thy life (said Hurgonil) rejoice to wear,
As Orna's favour, and at her command,
Who taught the mercy I will practise here.

XXXVI.

To which defenceless Hubert did reply,
My life a worthless blank, I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her lottery,
That I'm asham'd thou draw'st it as a prize.

XXXVII.

His grief made noble Hurgonil to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a warrior's various fate;
For though a victor now, he timely felt [late.
That change which pains us most by coming

XXXVIII.

But Orna, ever present in his thought, [same
Prompts him to know, with what success for
And empire, Gondibert and Oswald fought;
Whilst Hubert seeks out death, and shrinks from
shame.

XXXIX.

Valour, and all that practice turns to art,
Alike the princes had and understood;
For Oswald now is cool as Gondibert;
Such temper he has got by losing blood.

XL.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;
Their stretch'd arms regular in motion prove;
And force with as unseen a stealth convey,
As noiseless hours by hands of dials move.

XLI.

By this new temper Hurgonil believ'd,
That Oswald's elder virtues might prevail;
To think his own help needful much he griev'd;
But yet prepar'd it, lest the Duke should fail.

XLII.

Small wounds they had, whereas in casements sat
Disorder'd life; who seem'd to look about,
And fain would be abroad, but that a gate
She wants so wide, at once to fall out.

XLIII.

When Gondibert saw Hurgonil draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd Hubert's cost,

He then, who never fear'd, began to fear,
Lest by his help his honour should be lost.

XLIV

Retire (said he); for if thou hop'st to win
My sister's love, by aiding in this strife,
May heav'n (to make her think they love a sin),
Eclipse that beauty which did give it life.

XLV

Count Hargonil did doubtfully retire,
Fain would assist, yet durst not disobey;
The Duke would rather instantly expire,
Than hazard honour by so mean a way.

XLVI

Alike did Oswald for dispatch prepare;
And cries, since Hubert knew not to subdue,
Glory, farewell, that art the soldier's care!
More lov'd than woman, less than woman true!

XLVII

And now they strive with all their sudden force
To storm life's citadel, each others breast;
At which could heav'n's chief eye have felt remorse,
It would have wink'd, or hast'ned to the west.

XLVIII

But sure the heav'nly movers little care,
Whither our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw.

XLIX

We seem surrender'd to indiff'rent chance; [play;
Even Death's great work looks like fantastic
That sword which oft did Oswald's fame advance
In public war, fails in a private fray.

L

For when, because he ebbs of blood did feel,
He levell'd all his strength at Gondibert,

It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

LI

Now he that like a stedfast statue stood
In many battels register'd by Fame;
Does fall depriv'd of language as of blood;
Whilst high the hunters send their victor's
name.

LII

Some shout aloud, and others wind the horn!
They mix the city's with the field's applause;
Which Borgio soon interprets as their scorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

LIII

This the cold evening warm'd of Vasco's age;
He shin'd like scorching noon in Borgio's looks;
Who kindled all about him with his rage;
And worse the triumph than the conquest brooks.

LIV

The troops, astonish'd with their leader's fate,
The horror first with silence entertain;
With loud impatience then for Borgio wait,
And next with one confusion all complain.

LV

Whom thus he urg'd! Prince Oswald did com-
mand
We should remove far from the combat's list;
And there like unconcern'd spectators stand;
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

LVI

This, patient friends! we duly have obey'd;
A temp'rance which he never taught before;
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The battle in exact, though little shape;
Where none by flight, and few by fortune 'scape;
Where even the vanquish'd so themselves behave,
The victors mourn for all they could not save:
And fear (so soon is Fortune's fulness wain'd),
And lose in one, all that by all they gain'd.

I.

Now Hubert's page assists his wounded lord
To mount that steed, he scarce had force to guide;
And wept to see his hand without that sword,
Which was so oft in dreadful battles try'd.

II.

Those who with Borgio saw his want of blood,
Cry'd out, If of thy strength enough remain,
Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good;
Lead us to add their living to our slain.

III.

Hubert reply'd, Now you may justly boast,
You sons of war, that Oswald was your sire;

Who got in you the honour I have lost;
And taught those deeds our ladies songs ad-
mire.

IV.

But he (war's ancestor, who gave it birth,
The father of those fights we Lombards fought),
Lies there embracing but his length of earth,
Who for your use the world's vast empire fought.

V.

And cold as he lies, noble Dargonet,
And Paradine, who wore the victor's crown;
Both swift to charge, and slow in a retreat;
Brothers in blood, and rivals in renown.

VI.

This said, their trumpets sound Revenge's praise :
The hunter's horns, the terror of the wood,
Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise
Echo so loud as might be understood.

VII.

The Duke (his fit of fury being spent,
Which only wounds and opposition bred),
Does weep o'er the brave Oswald, and lament
That he so great in life, is nothing dead.

VIII.

But cry'd, when he the speechless rivals spy'd,
O worth above the ancient price of love !
Lost are the living, for with these love dy'd;
Or if immortal fled with them above.

IX.

In these we the intrinsic value know,
By which first lovers did love current deem ;
But Love's false coiners will allay it now,
Till men suspect what next they must contemn.

X.

Not less young Hurgonil resents their chance,
Though no fit time to practice his remorse,
For now he cries (finding the foe advance)
Let death give way to life ! to horse ! to horse !

XI.

This sorrow is too soft for deeds behind ;
Which I (a mortal lover) would sustain,
So I could make your sister wisely kind,
And praise me living, not lament me slain.

XII.

Swift as Armenians in the panther's chase
They fly to reach where now their hunters are ;
Who sought out danger with too bold a pace,
Till thus the Duke did them aloud prepare.

XIII.

Impatient friends, stand that your strength may
last ? [long !
Burn not in blaze, rage that should warm you
I wish to see the weaknesses of haste,
To you such slowness as may keep you strong.

XIV.

Not their scorn's force should your fix'd patience
move ; [provoke,
Though scorn does more than bounds free minds
Their flashy rage shall harmless lightning prove,
Which but foreruns our thunder's fatal stroke.

XV.

For when their fury's spent, how weak they are
With the dull weight of antique Vandal arms ?
Their work but short, and little is in war,
Whom rage within, and armour outward warms.

XVI.

When you have us'd those arts your patience yields,
Try to avoid their couched launces force
By dextrous practice of Croatian fields,
Which turns to lazy elephants their horse.

XVII.

When false retreat shall scatter you in flight,
As if you back to elements were fled ;
And no less faith can you again unite,
Then recollects from elements the dead.

XVIII.

Make chafers seem by your swift rallies flow ;
Whilst they your swifter change of figures fear

Like that in battles which t' amuse the foe
My grandfire taught, as war's philosopher.

XIX.

Think now your valour enters on the stage,
Think Fame th' eternal chorus to declare
Your mighty minds to each succeeding age,
And that your ladies the spectators are.

XX.

This utter'd was with such a haughty grace,
That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raise
Life's chiefest blood in valour to the face,
Which made such beauty as the foe did praise.

XXI.

Yet 'twas Ambition's praise, which but approves
Those whom through envy, it would fain sub-
due ;

Like others honour, but her own so loves,
She thinks all other's trophies are her due.

XXII.

For Hubert now (though void of strength as fear)
Advanc'd the first division fast and far ;
Bold Borgio with the next attends his rear,
The third was left to Vasco's steady care.

XXIII.

The Duke still watch'd when each division space
Grew wide, that he might his more open spread ;
His own brave conduct did the foremost grace,
The next the Count, the third true Tybalt
led.

XXIV.

A forward fashion he did wear a while,
As if the charge he would with fury meet ;
That he their forward fury might beguile,
And urge them past redemption by retreat.

XXV.

But when with lances couch'd they ready were,
And their thick front (which added files enlarge)
With their ply'd spurs kept time in a career,
Those soon were vanished whom they meant to
charge.

XXVI.

The duke, by flight, his manhood thus and force
Reserv'd, and to his skill made valour yield,
Did seem to blush, that he must lead his horse
To lose a little ground to gain the field.

XXVII.

Yet soon he rallies and revives the war ;
Hubert pursues the rear of Hurgonil ;
And Borgio's rear with chase so loos'n'd are,
That them the count does with close order kill

XXVIII.

And that which was erewhile the Duke's firm van,
Before old Vasco's front vouchsafe to fly,
Till with their subtle rallies they began
In small divisions hidden strength to try ;

XXIX.

Then cursing Borgio cry'd, whence comes his skill,
Who men so scatter'd can so firmly mix ?
The living metal, held so volatile
By the dull world, this chymic lord can fix !

XXX.

He press'd where Hurgonil his fury spends,
As if he now in Orna's presence sought ;
And with respect his brave approach attends,
To give him all the dangers which he sought

XXXI.

So bloody was th' event of this new strife,
That we may here applauded valour blame;
Which oft too easily abandons life,
Whilst Death's the parent made of noble fame.

XXXII.

For many now (belov'd by both) forsake
In their pursuit of flying Fame, their breath;
And through the world their valour current make,
By giving it the ancient stamp of death.

XXXIII.

Young Hurgonil's renowned self had bought
Honour of Borgio at no less a rate,
Had not the Duke dispatch'd with those he fought,
And found his aid must fly or come too late.

XXXIV.

For he advancing saw (which him much griev'd)
That in the fairest region of the face,
He two wide wounds from Borgio had receiv'd;
His beauty's blemish, but his valour's grace.

XXXV.

Now cry'd the Duke, strive timely for renown!
Thy age will kiss those wounds thy youth may
lothe;

Be not dismay'd to think thy beauty gone;
My sister's thine, who has enough for both.

XXXVI.

Then soon the youth, death as an honour gave
To one that strove to rescue Borgio's life;
Yet Borgio had dispatch'd him to his grave,
Had Gondibert stood neutral in the strife:

XXXVII.

Who with his sword (disdaining now to stay
And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spilt)
Pierc'd a bold Lombard who would stop his way;
Even till his heart did beat against his hilt.

XXXVIII.

Timely old Vasco came to Borgio's aid; [fast;
Whose long experienc'd arm wrought sure and
His rising oppositions level laid,
And miss'd no execution by his haste.

XXXIX.

And timely where the bleeding Count now fought,
And where the Duke with number was oppress'd,
Resistless Tybalt came, who Borgio fought,
But here with many Borgios did contest.

XL.

As tides that from their several channels haste,
Assemble rudely in th' Ubean Bay,
And meeting there no indistinction waste,
Strive to proceed, and force each others stay:

XLI.

So here the valiant, who with swift force come,
With as resistless valour are engag'd;
Are hid in Anger's undistinguish'd foam,
And make less way by meeting so enrag'd.

XLII.

But room for Goltho now! whose valour's fire,
Like lightning, did unlikely passage make;
Whose swift effects like lightning's they admire,
And even the harms it wrought with reverence
take.

XLIII.

Vasco he seeks, who had his youth disdain'd;
And in that search he with irrev'rend rage,
VOL. IV.

Revengefully, from younger foes abstain'd,
And deadly grew where he encounter'd age.

XLIV.

And Vasco now had felt his Gothic steel,
But that Duke Gondibert (through helm and
head)

Gave the last stroke which Vasco e'er shall feel,
And sent him down an honour to the dead.

XLV.

Here Borgio too had fall'n, but bravely then
The Count so much reveng'd the wounds he
gave,

As Gondibert (the prop of falling men)
Such sinking greatness could not choose but save.

XLVI.

When Vasco was remov'd, the Count declin'd
His bashful eyes, the Duke thought sudden shame
(From sense of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind;
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

XLVII.

Now thy complexion lasting is and good
As when the sun sets red, his morning eyes
In glory wake, so now thou sett'st in blood,
Thy parting beauty will in honour rise.

XLVIII.

These scars thou need'st not from my sister hide;
Far as our father, in brave battle lost,
She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,
Thy beauty's loss she'll mourn, and after boast.

XLIX.

Mine are but Love's false wounds (said Hurgonil)
To what you Vasco gave; for I must grieve
My strength of honour could not Vasco kill;
That honour lost, yet I have strength to live,

L.

But now behold vex'd Hubert, who in all
This battle was by ready conduct known,
And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small
He could to none bring death, yet fought his
own.

LI.

And ev'ry where, where rallies made a gross
He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd
His, too slow fate from Gondibert to force,
Where he was victor, and where Vasco dy'd.

LII.

The Duke (in Honour's school exactly bred)
Would not that this defenceless prince should be
Involv'd with those whom he to dying led,
Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter
free.

LIII.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,
That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;
More pris'ner to himself than to his foe,
For life within himself in prison was.

LIV.

His fierce assistants did not quit the field,
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;
And then they all with sullen slowness yield;
Vex'd they have found what vain revenge had
fought.

LV.

In the renown'd destruction of this day,
Four hundred leaders were by valour's pride

3 E

Led to blest shades, by an uncertain way,
Where lowliness is held the surest guide.

LVI.

And twice the tierce of these consists of those
Who for Prince Oswald's love of empire bled;
The Duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose
Both of the worthy living and the dead.

LVII.

Bind all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,
Which did in all by great demeanour past,
(Teaching your foes a wiser choice of strife)
Deserve a lease of nature that may last.

LVIII.

Love warm'd you with those sparks which kind-
led me;
And form'd ideas in each lover's thought
Of the distress of some beloved she,
Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you
fought.

LIX.

You nobly prompt my passion to desire,
That the rude crowd who lovers softness scorn,
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,
To try which side must after battle mourn.

LX.

O that those rights which should the good advance,
And justly are to painful valour due,
(Howe'er misplac'd by the swift hand of chance)
Were from that crowd defended by those few!

LXI.

With this great spectacle we should refresh
Those chiefs, who (though prefer'd by being
dead)

Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh;
So all that lov'd, by Hurgonil were led.

LXII.

This gracious mention from so great a lord,
Bow'd Hurgonil with duteous homage down,
Where at his feet he laid his rescu'd sword,
Which he accepts; but he returns his own.

LXIII.

But this and thine, said gentle Gondibert,
In all distress of various courts and war,
We interpledge and bind each others heart,
To strive who shall possess grief's greatest share.

LXIV.

Now to Verona haste, and timely bring
Thy wounds unto my tender sister's care,
This day's sad story to our dreaded king,
And watch what vengeance Oswald's friends
prepare.

LXV.

Brave Arnold, and his rival strait remove;
Where Laura shall bestrew their hallow'd ground;
Protectors both, and ornaments of love:
This said, his eyes outweep'd his widest wound.

LXVI.

Tell her now these (Love's faithful saints) are gone,
The beauty they ador'd, she ought to hide;
For vainly will Love's miracles be shown,
Since lovers faith with these brave rivals dy'd.

LXVII.

Say little Hugo never more shall mourn
In noble numbers, her unkind disdain;
Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

LXVIII.

When she with flow'rs Lord Arnold's grave shall
strew,

And hears why Hugo's life was thrown away,
She on that rival's herse will drop a few;
Which merits all that April gives to May.

LXIX.

Let us forsake for safety of our eyes,
Our other loss; which I will strait inter,
And raise a trophy where each body lies;
Vain marks, how those alive the dead prefer!

LXX.

If my full breast, my wounds that empty be,
And this day's toil (by which my strength is
gone)

Forbid me not, I Bergamo will see
Ere it beholds the next succeeding sun.

LXXI.

Thither convey thy soul's confid'rate thought,
How in this cause the court and camp's inclin'd;
What Oswald's faction with the king has wrought,
And how his loss prevails with Rhodalind.

LXXII.

The Count and Tybalt take their lowly leaves;
Their slain they sadly with consuming hearts,
Bear tow'rs Verona, whilst the Duke perceives
Prince Hubert's grief, and thus his tears diverts.

LXXIII.

Afflicted prince! in an unpleasant hour
You and your living (by blind valour led)
Are captives made to such an easy pow'r,
Shall you as little vex, as death your dead.

LXXIV.

The dead can ne'er by living help return
From that dark land, which life could ne'er
disclose;

But these alive (for whom the victors mourn)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

LXXV.

Be not with Honour's gilded baits beguil'd;
Nor think Ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.

LXXVI.

Study the mighty Oswald vainly gone!
Fierce Paradine, and Dargonet the stout!
Whose threads by destiny were slowly spun,
And by ambition rashly ravel'd out.

LXXVII.

But Hubert's grief no precept could reform;
For great grief counsell'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future storm,
Which did with black revenge o'ercast his brow.

LXXVIII.

Borgio, and he from this dire region haste;
Shame makes them sightless to themselves and
dumb;

Their thoughts fly swift as time from what is past;
And would, like him, demolish all to come.

LXXIX.

Strait they inter th' inferior of their slain;
Their nobler tragic load their grief attends
Tow'rs Brescia, where the camp they hope to
gain;

Then force the court by faction of their friends.

LXXX.

To Bergamo the gentle Duke does turn
With his surviving lovers, who in kind
Remembrance every step look back and mourn
Their fellow lovers death has staid behind.

LXXXI.

Some lost their quiet rivals, some their dear
Love's brother, who their hopes with help ap-
prov'd;
Some such joy'd friends, as even to-morrow were
To take from Hymen those they dearest lov'd.

LXXXII.

But now to Gondibert they forward look,
Whose wounds, ere he could waste three leagues
of sway,
So waste him, that his speech him quite forfook;
And nature calls for art to make life stay.

LXXXIII.

His friends in torment, lest they should forsake
Delightful him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So soon such worth, it does so seldom give.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)
By such deform'd and dismal troops pursu'd,
That he thinks death, than which they uglier seem,
No ill expedient to escape from them.
But Ulfen guides him to sage Astragon,
By the last rays of the descending sun.

I.

SCARCE on their Duke their fears kind fit was spent,
When strait a thick arm'd squadron clouds their
fight;
Which cast so dark a shade, as if it meant
Without the sun's slow leave, to bring in night.

II.

This threatening squadron did consist of horse,
And by old Ulfen they were bravely led,
Whose mind was sound, nor wants his body force,
Though many winters snow had cool'd his head.

III.

The sad remainder, who with Hubert went,
Did miss his reach, when they to Brescia turn'd,
And now (as if his haste destruction meant)
He chas'd these who the Duke's spent valour
mourn'd.

IV.

Whose posture being loose, their number few,
His scouts grow scornful as they forward come;
He makes his squadron halt, and near he drew;
Then asks aloud, what are you, and for whom?

V.

The noble Goltho (whose great deeds to-day
Prevented manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him Oswald's friend, yet scorn'd the way
To shelter life behind abandon'd truth.

VI.

For he to Ulfen boldly thus reply'd;
This second ambush finds us here in vain;
We have no treasure left that we would hide,
Since Gondibert is reckon'd with the slain.

VII.

Duke Gondibert we vouch to be our lord,
To whose high virtues sov'reignty we bow;

Oswald sunk low, as death, beneath his sword,
Though him superior fate will vanquish now.

VIII.

Scarce empty eagles stooping to their prey,
Could be more swift than Ulfen to alight,
And come where Gondibert expiring lay;
Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

IX.

For scarce that reverence which a monarch draws,
Who seldom will be seen, though often fought;
Who spends his careful age in making laws,
To rule those lands for which in youth he fought.

X.

Nor that respect which people pay those kings,
Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made
wise,

Can equal this which aged Ulfen brings
The gentle Duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

XI.

His eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe every wound;
Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
And when expence of spirits he had found,
To gain him air, his mourners he remov'd.

XII.

Make way, said he, and give experience room;
The confident of age, though youth's scorn'd
guide; [come,
My wounds, though past, out-number your's to
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd.

XIII.

His hilt's round pommel he did then unscrew,
And thence (which he from ancient precept
wore)
In a small crystal he a cordial drew,
That weary life could to her walks restore.

xiv.

This care (amazing all it does delight)
His ruins, which so reverend appear,
With wonder, not so much surprize their sight,
As a strange object now his troops draw
near.

xv.

In whom such death and want of limbs they find,
As each were lately call'd out of his tomb,
And left some members hastily behind;
Or came, when born abortive from the womb.

xvi.

Yet this defect of legs, or arms, or hands,
Did wond'ring valour not disturb, but please;
To see what divers weapons each commands
With arts hard shifts, till custom gave them
ease.

xvii.

But the uncomely absence of an eye,
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
Was that which wonder into horror turn'd.

xviii.

And Ulfen might be thought (when the rude wind
Lifting their curtains, left their ruins bare)
A formal antiquary, fondly kind
To statues, which he now drew out to air.

xix.

The Duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd
back

By cordial's pow'r) his wonder did increase
So much, that he again did knowledge lack,
Till thus old Ulfen made his wonder cease.

xx.

Auspicious Prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by priests of each ensuing age,
On which thou may'st receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy grandfire's page.

xxi.

That mighty chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short sceptre meant to stretch so far,
Till eastern kings might grieve their's wanted
length, [subjects are.
Whole maps scarce teach them where all their

xxii.

Full many stormy winters we have seen,
When mighty valour's heat was all our fire;
Else we in stupid frosts had settler'd been,
By which soft finews are congeal'd to wire.

xxiii.

And many scorching summers we have felt,
Where death relieves all whom the sword in-
vades;
And kindly thence (where we should toiling melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

xxiv.

For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for affliction's cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said, they conquer most, that most endure.

xxv.

The toils of diligence as much approv'd
As valour's self, or th' arts her practice gains;
The care of men, more than of glory lov'd;
Success rewarded, and successless pains.

xxvi.

To joyful victors quenching waters sent,
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;
For feasts have more brave lives than famine
spent,
And temp'rance more than trench or armour
saves.

xxvii.

Valour his mistress, Caution was his friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he apply'd;
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;
The first made worth uneasy by her pride.

xxviii.

He to submit devotion more was giv'n
After a battle gain'd, than ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

xxix.

And thus, through smarting heat, and aching cold,
Till heav'n's perpetual traveller had more
Than thirty journies through the zodiac told,
I serv'd thy grandfire, whom I now adore.

xxx.

For heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him where peacefully he rules a star;
Free'd from low el'ments continu'd rage,
Which last like monarchs pow'r by needful war.

xxxi.

Straight thy lamented father did succeed
To his high place, by Aribert's consent,
Our ensigns through remoter lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

xxxii.

Till that black day on which the Hunns may boast
Their own defeat, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battle lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious father dy'd.

xxxiii.

And I am stay'd unwillingly behind;
Not caught with wealth, life's most entangling
snare;
Though both my masters were in giving kind,
As joyful victors after battle are.

xxxiv.

Whilst thus this aged leader does express
His and their story whom this bounty feeds,
His hands the Duke's worst order'd wounds un-
dress,
And gently bind; then strait he thus proceeds.

xxxv.

West from those hills till you Cremona reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'er misspent.

xxxvi.

For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A thousand, who for them in battle fought,
And now distress'd with maims, I entertain:

xxxvii.

Not giving like to those, whose gifts though
scant
Pain them as if they gave with gouty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others want;
But we alike enjoy a like command.

XXXVIII.

Most spacious we dwell, where we possess
All sinless pleasures nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have less,
Wiser than nature, thinks her kindness vain.

XXXIX.

A sad resolve, which is a wise man's vow,
From cities noise, and courts unpity'd care
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow
I e'er should take one league of distant air.

XL.

But that alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,
With dreadful news that gracious Gondibert
By Oswald's faction was in fight oppress'd.

XLI.

Then it had given your wonder cause to last,
To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought
In all my maim'd domestics, by their haste;
For some tie on the limbs which others sought.

XLII.

Just such mistakes audacious Ethnics say
Will happen, where the righteous busy are,
Through glad and earnest haste in the last day;
Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.

XLIII.

And this had anger, anger noise had bred,
And noise, the enemy of useful thought,
Had them to more mistakes than blindness led,
But that our awful camps had silence taught.

XLIV.

Silence did mem'ry, mem'ry order make;
Order to each did his mist wood restore;
For some, who once were steadfast foot, mistake,
And snatch those limbs which only horsemen
wore.

XLV.

Like swift pursuers on Arabian horse,
These with their needful instruments of hold
(Which give their strange adapted weapons force)
I mounted straight; five hundred fully told.

XLVI.

These from the Lombards highly have deserv'd,
In conquests where thy father did command;
Whom they for science and affection serv'd;
And lost their limbs to gain our sceptre land.

XLVII.

Which yet are noble though unsightly signs,
That each in active courage much abounds;
And many a widow'd mother now repines,
They cannot show the men who gave those
wounds.

XLVIII.

For dearly did the Hunns for honour pay,
When they deform'd them in a fatal fight;
Since though they strongly struggled for the day,
Yet all they got, was everlasting night.

XLIX.

And Oswald's friends, were they not timely gone
(Though all the faction in one army were)
Should mourn this act against their gen'ral's son;
Who was to soldiers more than triumph dear.

L.

For these to conquest us'd, retreats dislike;
Thy beauty want, to others beauty's cost;

With envious rage still at the face they strike;
And punish youth, for what in youth they lost.

LI.

Thus, though the Duke's amazement be remov'd,
It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,
Who feeds those fighters whom his father lov'd;
A gratitude would virtue's self amaze.

LII.

Thou art, said he (then melted whilst he spake)
So ripe in what high heav'n does dearly love,
That heav'n's remorse for earth we should mistake,
To think it will forbear thee long above.

LIII.

As if thy sent-for soul already were
Upon her wings, so much I give thee gone;
And wish thee left in some successor here,
That might receive the kindness thou hast
shown.

LIV.

Old Ulfen now (but meltingly as he)
T' enrich him, gives the jewel of his sight;
For strait, with fatherly authority,
He bids his son, young Ulfenor, alight!

LV.

Take him (said he) whose duty I release;
In whom all heav'n's rewards included are,
For all my justice in corrupted peace,
And for my mercy in revengeful war.

LVI.

The fruit heav'n sent me by my loyal wife,
In age, the gloomy eve of endless night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's sight.

LVII.

The Duke with passion did this youth embrace;
Then lucky Goltho he call'd forth in view;
Who was this day in fortune's special grace,
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

LVIII.

Him he with Ulfenor does straight unite:
Bids neither strive the other to precede,
Unless when danger doth them both invite,
But he, even in nice rivalry agreed.

LIX.

Bids both their breasts be eithers open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for sudden eyes;
But thought's plain text grows easy by a look:
Study breeds doubts, where reading should suf-
fice.

LX.

But these to join, nature no council needs;
Whom sympathy, her secret priest, does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and martial
deeds;
Which fill all books that are of Lombards read.

LXI.

With gracious eyes, and body lowly bent,
The Duke his father's rev'rend troops salutes;
To Bergamo he holds his first intent;
Which to oppose, old Ulfen thus disputes.

LXII.

Thou seest (my prince) the faint decays of light;
How hastily the sun's hot steeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing sight
Had newly spy'd their usual western inn.

3 E iij

LXIII.

Too far is pleasant Bergamo from hence,
 Since day has reach'd so near his journey's end;
 Day's strength and yours are at their last expence;
 Do not, whilst both are wasting, both mispend.

LXIV.

You and your wounded must with nature strive,
 Till all (whose few hours sway to-day excels
 Their elder foes long rein in camps) arrive
 Where Astragon the wise and wealthy dwells.

LXV.

Rich is that lord, and rich in Learning's wealth;
 Art flies his test, he all Art's test endures;
 Our cities send their sick to him for health,
 Our camps the wounded for their certain cures.

LXVI.

Though cautious nature, check'd by destiny,
 Has many secrets she would ne'er impart;
 This fam'd philosopher is nature's spy,
 And hireless gives th' intelligence to art.

LXVII.

The Duke with virtue (antiquated now)
 Did rev'rence counsel, and to age did bend;
 His first course alters, and does this allow:
 Then Ulfen as their guide they all attend.

LXVIII.

Soon they the palace reach'd of Astragon;
 Which had its beauty hid by envious night;
 Whose cypress curtain drawn before the sun,
 Seem'd to perform the obsequies of light.

LXIX.

Yet light's last rays were not entirely spent;
 For they discern'd their passage through a gate,
 Whose height and space show'd ancient ornament;
 And ancients there in careful office sat;

LXX.

Who by their weights and measures did record
 Such num'rous burdens as were thither brought
 From distant regions, to their learned lord;
 On which his chemics and distillers wrought.

LXXI.

But now their common business they refrain,
 When they observe a quiet fullness
 And bloody marks in such a civil train; [distress.
 Which showed at once their worth and their

LXXII.

The voice of Ulfen they with gladness knew,
 Whom to this house long neighbourhood en-
 dear'd;

Approaching torches perfected their view,
 And taught the way till Astragon appear'd.

LXXIII.

Who soon did Ulfen cheerfully embrace;
 The visits caus'd by whisper he receiv'd;
 Which first he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
 But being known with manly silence griev'd.

LXXIV.

And then with gestures full of grave respect,
 The Duke he to his own apartment led;
 To each distinct retirements did direct,
 And all the wounded he ordain'd to bed.

LXXV.

Then thin digestive food he did provide,
 More to enable fleeting strength to stay;
 To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines ap-
 ply'd,
 And so prepar'd his rip'ning balsams way.

LXXVI.

Balm of the warrior's herb, Hypericon;
 To warriors as in use, in form decreed;
 For through the leaves transparent wounds are
 shown;
 And rudely touch'd, the golden flower does
 bleed.

LXXVII.

For sleep the juice of pale Nymphaea took,
 Which grows (to show that it for sleep is good)
 Near sleep's abode in the soft murmur'ing brook:
 This cools, the yellow flower restrains the
 blood;

LXXVIII.

And now the weary world's great medicine, sleep,
 This learned host dispens'd to ev'ry guest;
 Which shuts those wounds where injur'd lovers
 weep,
 And flies oppressors to relieve th' oppress'd.

LXXIX.

It loves the cottage, and from court abstains:
 It stills the seaman though the storm be high;
 Frees the griev'd captive in his closest chains,
 Stops Want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach'-
 rous spy!

LXXX.

Kind sleep, night's welcome officer, does cease
 All whom this house contains till day return:
 And me, Grief's chronicler, does gently ease,
 Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Verona by the poet's pencil drawn ;
 Where Hurgonil did meet the early dawn :
 Her wealth shown by each dweller's earlier care ;
 Which shown by others peace, she reap'd by war :
 The slain, whose life her safety was and pride,
 Are now in death their fun'ral rites deny'd.

I.
 NEAR to his evening region was the sun,
 When Hurgonil with his lamented load,
 And faithful Tybalt their sad march begun
 To fair Verona, where the court abode.

II.
 They slowly rode till night's dominion ceas'd ;
 When infant morn (her scarce wak'd beams
 display'd)
 With a scant face peep'd shily through the east,
 And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

III.
 But by increase of swift expansive light,
 The lost horizon was apparent grown,
 And many tow'rs salute at once their fight :
 The distant glories of a royal town.

IV.
 Verona, sprung from noble Vera's name ;
 Whom careless time (still scatt'ring old re-
 cords
 Where they are loofely gather'd up by fame)
 Proclaims the chief of ancient Tuscan lords.

V.
 Verona borders on that fatal plain,
 Whose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant
 blood,
 When the rough Cymbrians by fierce Marius slain,
 Left hills of bodies where their ensigns stood.

VI.
 So safely proud this town did now appear,
 As if it but immortal dwellers lack'd ;
 As if Theodoric had ne'er been there,
 Nor Attila her wealth and beauty sack'd.

VII.
 Here Hurgonil might follow with his eye
 (As with deep stream it through the city pass'd)
 The fruitful and the frightened Adice,
 Which thence from noise and nets to sea does
 haste.

VIII.
 And on her peopled bank they might behold
 The toils of conquest paid with works of pride ;
 The palace of king Agilulf the old,
 Or monument, for e'er 'twas built he dy'd.

IX.
 To it that temple joins, whose lofty head
 The prospect of a swelling hill commands ;

In whose cool womb the city springs are bred :
 On Doric pillars this tall temple stands.

X.
 This to soothe heav'n the bloody Clephes built ;
 As if heav'n's king so soft and easy were,
 So meanly hous'd in heav'n, and kind to guilt,
 That he would be a tyrant's tenant here.

XI.
 And now they might arrest their wand'ring sight
 With that which makes all other objects lost ;
 Makes Lombard greatness flat to Roman height,
 And modern builders blush, that else would
 boast ;

XII.
 An amphitheatre which was controul'd,
 Unheeded conquests of advancing age,
 Winds which have made the trembling world
 look old,
 And the fierce tempests of the Gothic rage.

XIII.
 This great Flaminus did in youth erect,
 Where cities sat to see whole armies play
 Death's serious part ; but this we may neglect
 To mark the bus'ness which begins with day.

XIV.
 As day new op'ning fills the hemisphere,
 And all at once ; so quickly ev'ry street
 Does by an instant op'ning full appear,
 When from their dwellings busy dwellers meet

XV.
 From wider gates oppressors' fally there ;
 Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow doer ;
 Groans under wrongs he has not strength to bear,
 Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more.

XVI.
 And here the early lawyer mends his pace ;
 For whom the earlier client waited long ;
 Here greedy creditors their debtors chase,
 Who 'scape by herding in th' indebted throng.

XVII.
 Th' advent'rous merchant whom a storm did wake,
 (His ships on Adriatic billows tost)
 Does hope of eastern winds from steeples take,
 And hastens there a courier to the coast.

XVIII.
 Here through a secret postern issues out
 The fear'd adult'rer, who out-slept his time ;

Day, and the husband's spy alike does doubt,
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

XIX.

There from sick mirth neglected feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false Lethe steep.
There anxious empty gamesters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

XX.

Here stooping lab'ers slowly moving are;
Beasts to the rich, whose strength grows rude
with ease;
And would usurp, did not their rulers care
With toil and tax their furious strength appease.

XXI.

There th' aged walk, whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the minds best med'cine, sleep;
There some to temples early vows address,
And for th' o'er busy world most wisely weep.

XXII.

To this vast inn, where tides of strangers flow,
The morn and Hurgonil together came;
The morn, whose dewy wings appear'd but flow,
When men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

XXIII.

For Fame (whose journeys are through ways unknown,
Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The morn and Hurgonil had much outgone,
Whilst Truth mov'd patiently within behind.

XXIV.

For some the combat (to a battle grown)
Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
As if their living to the dead were gone,
And only Fame did by her wings escape.

XXV.

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,
That by pretence both factions might prepare
Their armies to contest for Rhodolind;
The crown's chief jewel, and reward of war.

XXVI.

And some report (so far they range from truth
Who for intelligence must follow fame)
That then from Bergamo th' encamped youth,
With Gondibert, to this dire hunting came.

XXVII.

And some, that Oswald had enlarg'd his train
With the old troops by his bold father led;
And that of these the nobler half were slain;
The rest were to their camp at Brescia fled.

XXVIII.

And as dire thunder rolling o'er heaven's vault,
By murmur threatens, ere it kills aloud;
So was this fatal news in whisper brought,
Which menac'd ere it struck the list'ning crowd.

XXIX.

But rumour soon to high extremes does move;
For first it Oswald nam'd with dreadful voice,
Then said that death had widow'd Truth and Love,
By making Gondibert the second choice.

XXX.

And so all hearts so dear was Gondibert,
So much did pity Oswald's valour prize,
That straight their early hearts were set
And by the way, yes.

XXXI.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew,
Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty stain'd,
Even from the temples, angels soon withdrew;
So faucily th' afflicted there complain'd.

XXXII.

The people strait united clamor gave,
Shriek'd loud like seamen split on a strange coast;
As if those pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
And pray'rs no louder than the winds were lost.

XXXIII.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
Whom he so mournfully in fun'ral brought;
The public losses of a private war,
Who living, love, and dying, valour taught.

XXXIV.

For he does Hugo and Arnolde name;
To these (said he) Verona cradles gave;
And since in foreign fields they rais'd her fame,
They challenge here, though much too soon, a grave.

XXXV.

Bring sprinklings, lamps, and th' altar's precious breath;
All rites which priests have prudently devis'd;
Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;
Because they most by dying men are priz'd.

XXXVI.

But though our loss we justly may complain;
Though even by priests authority we grieve;
Yet heav'n's first bounty, life, let none disdain,
Since Gondibert, our chief delight, does live.

XXXVII.

This heard, as seamen near to a shore unknown,
Who their north guide lose in a stormy night,
His absence with distracted silence moan,
And loudly welcome his return to fight:

XXXVIII.

So, when their great conductor seem'd to be
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he
But with new life welcom'd his life again.

XXXIX.

And now that cold remainder valour left
Of these whom love had lost, and fate forsook;
The two that were of all but fame bereft,
From Hurgonil the weeping people took.

XL.

Whilst of them both sad Hurgonil takes leave,
Till th' universal meeting faith provides;
The day when all shall publicly receive
Those bodies, death does not destroy, but hides.

XLI.

Then to his palace he retires by stealth;
His wounds from his lov'd mistress to conceal;
On whose dear joys so much depends his health,
The wounds her tears should touch would never heal.

XLII.

To the chief temp'e strait the people bear
The valiant rivals, who for love were slain;

Whom all the peaceful priests behold with fear,
And griev'd such guests they durst not entertain.

XLIII.

For soon the prior of their brotherhood
Who long serv'd heav'n with praise, the world
with prayer)
Cried out, this holy house is shut to blood,
To all that die in combat or despair.

XLIV.

These by their bloody marks in combat died;
Through anger, the disease of beasts untam'd;
Whose wrath is hunger, but in men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

XLV.

Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of
love;

Should we his dwelling to the wrathful give,
Our faintest dead would rise, and he remove.

XLIV.

Well by his precepts may we punish strife;
Whose pity knew that famine, plague, and time,
Are enemies enough to human life; [crime.
None need o'er-charge death's quiver with a

XLVII.

To unfrequented fields bear then your slain;
Where neither dirge nor requiem shall be giv'n;
To those who by usurp'd revenge disdain
To take from men, neglects they put on heav'n.

XLVIII.

But now the people's passions run too far;
Their untaught love, artless extremes does wed;
Of times they like the past, and since they are
Opprest still by the living, love the dead:

XLIX.

And now resolve these rivals shall not lose
The rites of sprinkling, incense, lights, and song:
Then, as the voice of all their minds, they choose
An orator, of rude, but ready tongue:

L.

Who at the temple gate thus pleads aloud!
We know, though priests are pensioners of
heav'n,
Your flock which yields best rent, is this dull crowd;
The learn'd examine why their fleece is giv'n.

LI.

Though by the rich first shorn, to you they bear
A second tribute, and by zeal support
Temples, which kings for glory raise, and where
The rich for fame, the learn'd as spies resort.

LII.

Temples are yours, not God's lov'd palaces;
Where off'rings make not his, but your own
feasts;

Where you most wisely live, because at ease,
And entertain your founders as your guests:

LIII.

With ease you take, what we provide with care;
And we (who your legation must maintain)
Find all your tribe in the commission are;
And none but heav'n could send so large a train.

LIV.

But being all ambassadors from thence,
The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,

Unless you please to treat at his expence
Who sent you: not at ours, where you are sent.

LV.

The ancient laws liv'd in the people's voice;
Rites you from custom, not from canon draw;
They are but fashions of a graver choice,
Which yield to laws, and now our voice is law.

LVI.

This Tybalt heard with sorrow and disdain,
(Who here with Hurgonil a mourner came)
And strait the peaceful fathers strives to gain,
And thus the people's orator reclaim.

LVII.

Most useful fathers! some trace secret things
Even to his closet, who is hid in heav'n;
Vainly as Nilus to his hidden springs,
And not enjoy, but censure what is given.

LVIII.

You with such temper their intemp'rance bear,
To show your solid science does rely
So on itself, as you no trial fear;
For arts are weak that are of sceptics shy.

LIX.

Though in your office human safety lies,
Which op'ns that hell the vicious vulgar fear,
Yet never can the people priesthood prize;
As if from heav'n your daily errands were.

LX.

Not that your message, Truth, they disesteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they taxes hate, and truth does seem
Brought as a tax, when they the bringers pay.

LXI.

Thus we to beasts fall from our noble kind,
Making our pastur'd bodies all our care;
Allowing no subsistence to the mind;
For truth we grudge her as a costly fare.

LXII.

But if they fear (since daily you renew
Disputes) your oracles are doubtful still
As those of old; yet more reward is due
To pains, where so uneasy is the skill.

LXIII.

Or if no skill they think it, but suppose
'Tis faith (and faith ne'er thinks heav'n's height
too high)
Yet faiths so sev'ral be, that few are those
Can choose right wings when they to heav'n
would fly.

LXIV.

Or if they think, faith human help transcends,
And to your science is so strict a bound
As death to valour is, where daring ends;
And none are farthest in that progress found;

LXV.

Yet in our walk to our last home design'd,
'Tis safe by all the studied guides to go;
Lest we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

LXVI.

Your splendid pomp, by which your power endures
Though costly, costs much less than camps or
laws;
And more than both, religion us secures;
Since hell (your prison) more than dying awes.

LXVII.

For though the plain judge, Conscience, makes
no show,

But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment go,
Or war to execution with loud drums;

LXVIII.

Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law sets hers; nor bloody seems
Like war in colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men condemns.

LXIX.

Choaks in the feed, what law till ripe ne'er sees;
What law would punish, conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by punishment.

LXX.

The weaker sighted ever look too nigh;
But their disputes have made your charter good;
As doubted tenures, which long pleadings try,
Authentic grow by being much withstood.

LXXI.

These chiefs, for whom we holy rites desire,
By well fought fields begot this city's peace;

Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire,
And oft our famines chang'd into excess.

LXXII.

Their rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by untutor'd kindness rudely fought;
Nor think they have in private combat died,
Where Gondibert and mighty Oswald fought:

LXXIII.

Both princes of the Lombards royal blood;
For whom full thrice three hundred number'd
are,

Whose anger strove to make their anger good:
Number gives strife th' authentic name of war.

LXXIV.

This said, war's cause these priests no more debate;
They knew, war's justice none could e'er decide;
At that more specious name they open strait,
And sacred rites of funeral they provide.

LXXV.

How vain is custom, and how guilty pow'r?
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess;
Earth's partial laws, just heav'n must needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the
less.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Fame's progress through Verona, when she brings
Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.
The combat's cause shakes Aribert's great mind:
And the effect more conquers Rhodalind.
Meek Orna's fears, proud Gartha's bold disdain;
And Laura kindly dying for the slain.

I.

To streets (the people's region) early fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragic
make;
And next to the triumphant court she came,
Where prosp'rous pow'r sleeps long, though
suits wake;

II.

But yet the early king (from childhood bred
To dangers, toils, and courser wants of war)
Rose up to rule, and left soft love in bed,
Could conquer lands and love, but stoop'd to care.

III.

Care, that in cloisters only seals her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns;
Fools by not knowing her, outlive the wife;
She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones.

IV.

Care, which King Aribert with conquest gain'd,
And is more sure to him than realms entail'd;
Wak'd him to know why rumour thus complain'd,
Or who in battle bled, or who prevail'd!

V.

Young Hurgonil (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his duteous care import
That some just witness should his cause reveal)
Sent Tybalt to appease, and taste the Court.

VI.

To that proud palace which once low did lie
In Parian quarries, now on columns stands;
Ionic props that bear their arches high,
With ample treasure rais'd by Tuscan hands.

VII.

So vast of height, to which such space did fit
As if it were o'erfiz'd for modern men;
The ancient giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as winds that pass unseen.

VIII.

The monarch's wealth this show'd in all the
parts;
But his strong numerous guards denote him
wise;
Who on the weather of his people's hearts,
For a short course, not voyages, relies.

IX.

Through many guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)

Tybalt did pass the first magnificent square;
And through ascents does enter to behold,
Where the states head and eyes assembled are.

X.

There sat the king, on whose confid'rate brow
Sixty experienc'd summers he discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of conduct know
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

XI.

Near him the empire's strict surveyors sat;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Find dangers feed, and choke it ere it grows.

XII.

He wealth not birth preferr'd to counsel's place;
For counsel is for use, not ornament;
Souls are alike, of rich and ancient race;
Though bodies claim distinctions by descent.

XIII.

Here boiling youth, nor frozen age can sit:
It would in subjects scorn of ruling breed,
If that great work should such small aids admit,
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

XIV.

Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than her, courts by weak couns'lers err,
In adding cyphers where she made but one.

XV.

To this wise king, sage Tybalt did relate
The combat's cause, with truth's severe extent
Reveals that fire which kindl'd Oswald's hate;
For which such precious valour was mispent.

XVI.

Gives Gondibert a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crowns the conquer'd with the victor's bays,
When manhood bids him do their valour right:

XVII.

At last he counts the wounded and the slain;
And how prince Hubert and the Duke retir'd;
From nothing brave or great he did refrain,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

XVIII.

This Aribert with outward patience hears,
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;

With mod'rate joy the death of Oswald bears;
Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

XIX.

Tybalt he now with peaceful looks discharg'd;
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
He strait by liberty of tongue enlarg'd;
Which thus unto his counsel he address'd.

XX.

With what a difference nature's palate tastes
The sweetest draught which art provides her,
pow'r:

Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish fasts
Whilst fuming new, for time does turn it sour?

XXI.

Yet pow'r earth's tempting fruit, heav'n first did plant,

From man's first serpent sate, ambition's reach;
Else Eden could not serve ambition's want;
Whom no command can rule, nor counsel teach.

XXII.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
The wise, and noble most intoxicate;
Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old;
Yet I by surfeit this elixir hate.

XXXIII.

I curse those wars that make my glory last;
For which the Tuscan widows curse me more;
The barren fields where I in arms did fast,
That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

XXIV.

Thou Hermegild, who art for valour crown'd,
For honour trusted, and for wisdom heard;
And you whom counsel has no less renown'd,
Observe how virtue against peace has err'd.

XXV.

Still I have fought, as if in beauty's fight,
Out-suffer'd patience, bred in captives breasts;
Taught fasts, till bodies like our souls grew light;
Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd beasts.

XXVI.

These were my merits, my reward is pow'r;
An outward trifle, bought with inward peace;
Got in an age, and rifled in an hour;
When sev'rish love, the people's fit, shall cease.

XXVII.

For did not pow'r on their frail love depend,
Prince Oswald had not treated with that love;
Whose glory did in hasty darkness end;
A spark which vanish'd, as it upward strove.

XXVIII.

By scorn of dangers and of ease, he sought
The Lombards hearts, my Rhodalind, and crown;
And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
Had Gondibert not levell'd his renown:

XXIX.

Had Gondibert not flaid the people's eyes [fight]
(Whose virtue slept 'twixt Oswald and their
Who knows but Rhodalind had been his prize,
Or war must have secur'd paternal right.

XXX.

Sad and uneasy is a long kept throne;
Not that the people think long pow'r unjust;
But that for change, they wish best monarchs gone;
Fond change, the people's soon repented lust!

XXXI.

I did advance (though with some jealous pain)
A forward virtue to my subjects love;
Lest one less temp'rate should their favour gain;
Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

XXXII.

To thee, sage Hermegild, myself I leave,
My fame and pow'r: Thee action cannot waste,
Caution retard, nor promptitude deceive,
Slowness belate, nor hope drive on too fast.

XXXIII.

Think Hubert heir to Oswald's bold pretence;
To whom the camp at Brescia is inclin'd;

The Duke at Bergamo will seek defence;
And these are seeds of war for Rhodalind.

XXXIV.

This said, his council he dismiss'd; who spy'd
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;
They durst but nicely search, what he would hide;
Lest they inflame the wound that else might
heal.

XXXV.

They haste to sev'ral cares; some to allay
Court's hectic fever, faction (which does reign
Where luxury, the fire of want, does sway)
Some to appease th' alliance of the slain.

XXXIV.

But order now bids us again pursue
Th' unwearied motion of unhappy Fame.
From fields to streets, from streets to court she
flew;

Where first she to the king's apartment came.

XXXVII.

Thence through the palace she her wings did air;
And as her wings, her tongue too never ceas'd;
Like restless swallows in an evening fair:
At last does on a peaceful dwelling rest.

XXXVIII.

Where sleep does yet that gentle sex possess,
Who ne'er should more of care's rude wakings
know,
But what may help sad lovers to success,
Or imp loves wings when they are found too
slow.

XXXIX.

There lovers seek the royal Rhodalind;
Whose secret breast was sick for Gondibert;
And Orna, who had more in public pin'd
For Hurgonil, the monarch of her heart.

XL.

And there the killing Laura did reside; [plain;
She of whose eyes the Lombard youth com-
Yet often she for noble Arnold dy'd;
And knew not now her murderer was slain.

XLI.

Nor Hugo, who was all with love endu'd;
Whom still with tears the Lombard ladies name;
Esteeming modern lovers false, and rude,
And poets falser when they sing their fame.

XLII.

These beauties (who could soften tyrant kings)
Sleep now conceal'd within their curtains shade;
Till rudely Fame, by shaking loud her wings,
Disturb'd their eyes, and their wak'd hearts
dismay'd.

XLIII.

They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,
A tale too dismal to be understood;
That all their lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
Temples their bodies hid, the fields their blood.

XLIV.

That this dire morn to sad Verona brought
The Duke and Oswald, of lov'd life depriv'd;
And that of all who their fierce battle fought,
Only the mangled Hurgonil surviv'd.

XLV.

This tale Fame's course, officious friends convey'd,
(Which are attendant slaves, and palace grooms)

Who by the lover of some busy maid,
From outward courts sent it to inward rooms.

XLVI.

Such horror brought, where love had only us'd,
Did yet breed more amazement than belief;
Whilst Orna now, and Laura fly confus'd,
To Rhodalind, truth's altar, for relief.

XLVII.

There with disorder'd voices they compare,
And then derive what each has loosely learn'd;
Each hope applies, where others most despair;
As doubting all but where herself's concern'd.

XLVIII.

This weeping conf'rence had not lasted long,
When Tybalt, free from Aribert's commands,
'Scapes the assembling court's inquiring throng,
And enters here; where first he doubtful stands.

XLIX.

For pity, when he ruin'd Laura spied,
Bids his discretion artfully complain;
And show far off, what truth not long can hide:
Death at a distance seen, may ease fear's pain.

L.

Their bus'ness now he can no more forbear;
For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?
He therefore thus their patience did assail.

LI.

Kind heav'n that gave you virtue, give you peace;
Delightful as your beauties, be your minds;
Still may your lovers your renown increase,
Though he who honour seeks, first danger finds!

LII.

Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
When beauty was chaste Honour's merchandise;
When Valour was chief factor in Love's state;
Danger, Love's stamp, and Beauty's current
price.

LIII.

Renown'd be Oswald, who in high belief
Of Rhodalind, her love with danger sought;
In Love's records be Gondibert the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

LIV.

Though these for mighty minds deserve Fame's
voice;
Yet Orna needs must boast of Hurgonil;
Whose dangers well have justify'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's public trumpet fill.

LV.

Enlarg'd be Honour's throne, that Arnold there
And Hugo may for ever sit at rest,
Free from their valour's toil, and Laura's fear;
Which more than wounds disorder'd eithers
breast.

LVI.

This said, he paus'd; finds each distrusts his art;
For Hope and Doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd complexion from th' uncertain heart,
Like frighted scouts for tidings to the face.

LVII.

His eye seem'd most employ'd on Rhodalind;
Whose love above her bashful caution sways;
For naming Gondibert, he soon did find,
Her secret soul show'd pleasure at his praise.

LVIII.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,
And that as oracles, the future taught,
He hid Truth's face, and darkened what was past;
Thus Truth through all her mourning veils she
sought,

LIX.

Why in these ladies do you lengthen pain,
By giving them Grief's medicine, doubt?
Ease those with death whose lovers now are slain;
Life's fire a fever is, when love is out.

LX.

Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pity learn'd,
In Virtue's public loss to take some share;
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd.

LXI.

Your prudence, royal maid (he straight replies)
More than your birth, may claim the Lombards
crown
Whoe'er in conquest of your favour dies;
For short life's loss shall find a long renown.

LXII.

Then happy Oswald who is sure to gain,
Even by Ambition that undoes the wife;
Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slain;
And gets him praise, though he has miss'd the
prize.

LXIII.

But happier Gondibert, who does survive
To beg your mercy, that he thus hath dar'd
To own that cause, for which the world might
strive; [ward.
And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his re-

LXIV.

Be Hurgonil long distant from his grave,
Whose life was so important in this cause;
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

LXV.

To say, how Hugo and Lord Arnold strove
For victory, and mention their event,
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for Love,
As Death would be close mourner, and repent.

LXVI.

Now Laura's blood back to her liver fled; [throne,
True Beauty's mint: For by her heart, Love's
Beauty's call'd in, like coin, when kings are dead;
As if not current now her lover's gone.

LXVII.

And like her beauty, she had darkened life,
But that with sprinkled water they restore
(By sudden cold, with sudden heat at strife),
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

LXVIII.

She Arnold calls, then lost that name again;
Which Rhodalind, and Orna's tears bemoan,
Who carefully would her spent strength sustain,
Though Hope has scarcely yet brought back
their own:

LXIX.

Now they her temples chaf'd, and straight prepare
Hot eastern fumes to reach her brain's cool'd
sense;
With wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
Which warm but slowly, though of swift expence.

LXX.

Yet now again she breath'd Lord Arnold's name;
Which her apt tongue through custom best ex-
prest;
Then to stay life, that so unwilling came,
With cordial epithems they bath'd her breast.

LXXI.

Th' attendant maids, by Tybalt's ready aid,
To stop her mourner's tears, convey her now
Where she may ease in her own curtain's shade
Her weary heart, and grief more tongue allow.

LXXII.

No sooner thus was pity'd Laura gone,
But Oswald's sister, Gartha the renown'd!
Enters, as if the world were overthrown,
Or in the tears of the afflicted drown'd.

LXXIII.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her mind;
Which wanted not a spark of Oswald's fire;
Ambition lov'd, but ne'er to Love was kind;
Vex'd thrones did more than quiet shades desire.

LXXIV.

Her garments now in loose neglect she wore,
As suited to her wild dishevell'd hair;
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,
Yet ask why Art's nice dress was absent there?

LXXV.

But soon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting Truth, which slowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leisure for a tear
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's
flame.

LXXVI.

Blasted be all your beauties, Rhodalind,
Till you a shame, and terror be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,
Who with your looks poison'd my brother's sight!

LXXVII.

Low and neglected be your father's throne,
Which, like your beauty, Oswald did o'er-rate;
Let luckless war take lands from his light crown,
Till those high cares he want that give it weight!

LXXVIII.

Let pow'r's consumption be his long disease
Heav'n's vexing curb, which makes wild mo-
narchs tame,
And be he forc'd in froward age to please
His favour's monster, who devours his fame.

LXXIX.

May you soon feel (though secret in your love,
As if your love were sin) the public scorn!
May Gondibert, who is your glory, move
Your pity, when none else but you shall mourn!

LXXX.

To the dark inn (where weary valour, free [gone!
From thankless dangers rests) brave Oswald's
But Hubert may, though vanquish'd, live to see
Your victor with his victory undone!

LXXXI.

This said, she mounts (with a tempestuous brow)
The chariot her Calabrian couriers drew;
Lifted by slaves (who still about her bow)
As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

LXXXII.

To Brescia's camp her course she had design'd;
And bids her charioteer drive swiftly on,

As if his steeds were dieted with wind!
Slow seem their speed whose thoughts before
them run.

LXXXIII.

The pav'd streets kindle with her chariot wheels,
The omen of war's fire, the city spies,
Which with those sparks struck by her courfers
heels,
Shine not so much as rage does in her eyes.

LXXXIV.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,
With a dejected melancholy mourn;
She seem'd their city's genius as she pass'd,
Who by their sins expell'd, would ne'er return.

LXXXV.

The gentle ladies she has left in tears,
Who no example need nor cause to melt;
For soon even grief's alarms, our foremost fears,
Kill those whose pain by Love's quick sense is
felt.

LXXXVI.

And Rhodalind her fatal love does blame,
Because she finds it now by Gartha spy'd;
And does lament Love's fire, which bashful shame
Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

LXXXVII.

She would not have it waste, nor public grow;
But last conceal'd, like that in Tullia's urn;

Or that which prosp'rous chemists nicely show;
Which, as it thrives, must more in private burn.

LXXXVIII.

Yet strait (grown valiant with her victor's fate)
She would have Hymen hold his torches high,
And Love's fire priz'd, as vestals theirs did rate,
Which none durst quench, though free to ev'ry
eye.

LXXXIX.

Resolves her love, whilst this new valour lasts,
Shall undisguis'd her father's sight endure;
And Orna now to her dear lover hastes, [cure.
Whose outward wounds stay for her inward
xc.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,
Why Tybalt, (of his usual pity void)
To such sought ears these direful sorrows brought,
Since to the king he only was employ'd?

xci.

But these are riddles of mysterious love!
Tybalt in private long for Laura pin'd;
And try'd how Arnold would her passion move
In death, who living ever fill'd her mind.

xcii.

And by this trial how she Arnold us'd,
He wisely meant to urge or stay his heart;
But much by love the cautious are abus'd,
Who his wild riddles would reduce to art.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Dead Oswald to his camp by Hubert brought;
The camp from pity, are to fury wrought;
Yet find, when Gartha's looks does them surprise,
Their forward hands diverted by their eyes;
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds pursue
Which even revenge would, had it eyes, eschew.

I.

WHEN from the fatal forest Hubert rode,
To Brescia he and Borgio bent their way;
That their, though dead, yet much important load,
They might with horror to the camp convey.

II.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly sought;
Revenge, which even when just, the wise de-
ride;
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

III.

But Fame before him came where those are bred,
Who to her dismal tales faint credit give;
Who could not think their mighty Oswald dead,
Whilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

IV.

Nor could Fame hope to make this camp her seat;
Her tales, the talking, idle, fearful hear;
But these are silent, as in stol'n retreat,
Busy as life, and, like the dead, past fear.

V.

Near Mela's flow'ry bank this army lay,
Which Oswald's fire, and Oswald oft had led
Against the Vandals king; and twice the day
They gain'd, whilst he from them and empire
fled.

VI.

From youth expos'd, like cattle in the field;
And not taught warmth as city infants are,
But colds and fasts, to kill or to be kill'd;
Like th' elements their birth began with war,

VII.

So rev'rend now, and strong in age appear,
As if maintain'd by more than human breath;
So grave, as if the counsellors they were,
Not executioners of tyrant death.

VIII.

With silence (order's help, and mark of care)
They chide that noise which heedless youth affect;
Still course for use, for health they cleanly wear,
And save in well fix'd arms, all niceness check'd.

IX.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd frail life,
But naked nature valiantly betray'd;
Who was, though naked, safe till pride made strife,
But made defence must use, now danger's made.

X.

And those who toil of armour cannot bide,
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom find;
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly try'd)
The body weak by softness of the mind.

XI.

They seem'd so calm, and with their age so grave,
So just and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they save;
Or murder were by method lawful made.

XII.

Yet now that manhood which those victors makes,
(So weak is man where most he may be proud)
Pity, the tender't of affections, shakes,
And they become from order, loose, and loud.

XIII.

For when they saw the brother of their chief
Led to their camp by a defeated train,
They soon to late scorn'd rumour gave belief,
And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oswald slain.

XIV.

But when disguis'd in death they Oswald saw,
In a slow chariot brought, with fun'ral pace;
Themselves in an united crowd they draw;
And give to grief one universal face.

XV.

Wonder (which grows unactive by excess)
A while did their unruly passion stay;
The object lasting, made their wonder less,
Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

XVI.

Yet first their grief (which manhood should restrain)
They vent in womens sighs, with tears allay'd;
As if those women taught them to complain,
Who by their swords are weeping widows made.

XVII.

As icy rocks which, frost together bind,
Stand silent, till as silently they melt,
But when they meet in currents unconfin'd,
Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt;

XVIII.

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly
In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,
And sighs meet sighs from ev'ry breast and eye)
Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

XIX.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand
Their gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause
Till anger may be guided by command;
And vain to ask of cureless death the cause.

XX.

So me would to Bergamo their ensigns bear,
Against those youth which Gondibert had led;
Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,
T' appease the living, and revenge the dead.

XXI.

And some (to show their rage more eminent)
Would to Verona march, and there do deeds
Should make the shining court in blacks lament,
And weep whilst the victorious faction bleeds.

XXII.

Hubert (who saw revenge advance so fast,
Whilst prudence, slower pac'd, was left behind)
Would keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste;
Because the rash fall oft'ner than the blind.

XXIII.

He first their melting pity kindly rais'd,
Which water'd Anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;
That like to meteors lasts by being rais'd,
But when it first does sink, does strait expire.

XXIV.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
May keep the temp'rate chymics equal heat;
That they in fury might not need allays,
Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

XXV.

Begs they this dismal night would there remain,
And make the hopeful morn their guide; whilst grief
(Which high revenge, as tameness should disdain)
Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

XXVI.

He Vasco, Paradine, and Dargonet,
With Oswald, to the red pavilion sent;
(Death's equal pris'ners now for Nature's debt)
And then retires with Borgio to his tent.

XXVII.

This is the night the Brescians so bemoan'd;
Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd;
As if th' oppress'd world in earthquakes groan'd,
Or that some ruin'd nation's sighs they heard;

XXVIII.

Admir'd what in that camp such griefs could raise,
Where serious death so oft had been abus'd,
When ev'n their sportive fencers monthly plays
Profan'd that shape, which states for terror us'd.

XXIX.

Yet this loud morning will no wonder breed,
When we with life lay Oswald's errors by,
And use him as the living use the dead;
Who first allow men virtue when they die.

XXX.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free;
By which he chief in fighting crowds became;
Who must their leaders valours often see;
And follow them for bounty more than fame.

XXXI.

This gen'ral mourning was to loudness rais'd,
By showing gifts he gave, and wounds he took;

They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
Because such virtue it so soon forsook.

XXXII.

Now night, by grief neglected, hastes away!
And they the morn's officious usher spy,
The close attendant on the lord of day;
Who shows the warmer of the world is nigh.

XXXIII.

And now the drums, the camp's low thunder, make
War's thick united noise from ev'ry guard;
Though they reveillees scorn, whom grief does wake,
Who think sleep Nature's curse, not toil's reward.

XXXIV.

All night proud Borgio (chief in Hubert's trust)
With haughty hopes, the camp does waking keep:
Ambition is more vigilant than lust,
And in hope's fever is too hot to sleep.

XXXV.

Now day, and Hubert haste to public view;
His wounds (unlucky more than dangerous)
Are so refresh'd, that he the army drew
To a wide grove, and urg'd their anger thus:

XXXVI.

Friends to my father! in whose wounds I see
The envy'd merit whence his triumphs came;
And fathers to my brother, and to me;
For only you adopted us to Fame!

XXXVII.

Forgive me that I there have feebly fought,
Where Oswald in your cause did nobly strive;
Whence of his blood these veins so much have brought.
As makes me blush that I am still alive!

XXXVIII.

Your valiant youth is gone, whom you have bred
From milky childhood to the years of blood!
By whom you joy'd so often to be led, [stood]
Where firm as now your trophies, then you

XXXIX.

Gone is he now, who still with low regard
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty kist;
Knew age was of your temp'rance the reward;
And courts in beauty by your scars subsist.

XL.

Yet was he not for mean pretensions slain,
Who for your int'rest not his own has fought;
Vex'd that the empire which your wounds did gain,
Was by a young unwounded army fought!

XLI.

For Gondibert (to whom the court must bow,
Now war is with your fav'rite overthrown)
Will by his camp of boys at Bergamo,
Wed her, who to your valour owes the crown.

XLII.

Blame not your chief for his ambitious fire;
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the empire in your right require;
A scant reward for your exhausted blood.

XLIII.

Thus Hubert spake; but now so fierce they grow,
That Borgio strove to quench whom Hubert
warm'd;

To Bergamo, they cry'd, to Bergamo!

And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

XLIV.

For to distinct and spacious tents they hie,
Where quick as vests of Persia shifted are,
Their arms (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving wardrobes of the war.

XLV.

Arm'd soon as porcupines, as if like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies;
As borne with it, and must have winged foes
That stoop from heav'n to harm them by surprise.

XLVI.

With ensigns now display'd, their force they draw
To hasty order, and begin to move;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
Which look'd like all that e'er they heard of love.

XLVII.

Unusual to their camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;
For it appeas'd them by approaching near,
And satisfy'd their eyes in all they fought.

XLVIII.

And this was Gartha in her chariot drawn;
Who through the swarthy region of the night
Drove from the court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them, like the morn's reserve of light.

XLIX.

Through all the camp she moves with fun'ral
pace.
And still bows meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face;
Which lowly look'd, that it might pity draw.

L.

When by her slaves, her name they understood,
Her lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their gen'ral's blood,
And find her more than what by Fame they knew.

LI.

They humbly her to that pavilion guide,
Where Hubert his bold chiefs with fury fir'd;
But his ambition, when he Gartha spy'd
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

LII.

With his respectful help she does descend;
Where they with dear embraces mingle tears;
But now her male revenge would grief suspend;
Revenge, through grief, too feminine appears.

LIII.

But when her dear allies, dead Paradine
And Dagonet she saw; that manliness
Which her weak sex assum'd, she does decline;
As bred too soft, to manage Grief's excess.

LIV.

Then soon return'd, as loth to show her eyes
No more of Oswald than she must forsake;
But Sorrow's moisture heat of Anger dries;
And mounted in her chariot, thus she spake.

LV.

If you are those of whom I oft have heard
My father boast, and that have Oswald bred;
Ah, where is now that rage our tyrant fear'd,
Whose darling is alive, though yours be dead?

LVI.

The court shines out at Rhodaland's commands,
To me (your drooping flow'r) no beam can
spare;
Where Oswald's name, new planted by your hands,
Withers, as if it lost the planter's care.

LVII.

From Rhodaland I thus disorder'd flee;
Lest she should say, thy fate unpity'd comes!
Go, sing, where now thy father's fighter's lie,
Thy brother's *requiem*, to their conqu'ring drums!

LVIII.

The happy fields by those brave warriors fought
(Which from the dictates of thy aged sire,
Oswald, in high victorious numbers wrote),
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd lyre!

LIX.

Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky virtue throws,
When courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;
Who your authentic age despise for those,
Who are to you but infants of the war.

LX.

Thus though she spake, her looks did more per-
suade;
Like virtuous anger did her colour rise,
As if th' injurious world it would invade,
Whilst tears of rage, not pity, drown her eyes.

LXI.

The sun did thus to threat'ned nature show
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;
When clouds of floods did hang about his brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

LXII.

And so she turn'd her face, not as to grieve
At ruin, but to license what she rais'd;
Whilst they (like common throngs) all tongues
believe.
When courts are tax'd, but none when they are
prais'd.

LXIII.

Like comets, courts afflict the vulgar eye;
And when they largest in their glory blaze,
People through ignorance think plagues are nigh,
And till they waste with mourning wonder gaze.

LXIV.

These scorn the court's desertion of their age;
The active ease impos'd, like pain endure;
For though calm rest does age's pains assuage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

LXV.

To heav'n they lift their looks! whose sun ne'er saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw,
And bad him judge next day if they were old!

LXVI.

And of Verona wish'd him take his leave;
Which, ere his third return, they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruins where to grieve,
No more than Phrygians where to weep for Troy.

LXVII.

Thus Bergamo is soon forgot, whilst all,
Aloud, Verona cry! Verona must
(That reach'd the clouds) low as her quarries fall!
The court they'll bury in the city's dust.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

At Oswald's camp arrives wife Hermegild;
Whose presence does a new diversion yield;
In council he reveals his secret breast;
Would mingle love with empires interest:
From rash revenge, to peace the camp invites,
Who Oswald's sun'ral grace with Roman rites.

I.

IN this distemper whilst the humours strive
T' assemble, they again diverted are;
For tow'rs their trenches twenty chariots drive,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in war.

II.

They Hermegild with court attendants spy'd;
Whose haste to Hubert does advice intend;
To warn him that just Fate can ne'er provide
For rash beginnings a successful end.

III.

But Fate for Hermegild provided well;
This story else (which him the wife does call)
VOL. IV.

Would here his private ruin sadly tell,
I hast'ning to prevent the public fall.

IV.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd limbs scatter'd unknown,
As is the dust of victors long since dead,
Which here and there, by every wind is blown.

V.

Such was their rage, when on Verona's way
(With his rich train), they saw from court he
came;
Till some did their impetuous fury stay;
And gave his life protection for his fame.

VI.

Told them his valour had been long allow'd;
That much the Lombards to his conduct owe;
And this preserv'd him, for the very crowd
Felt honour here, and did to valour bow.

VII.

Vain Wrath! deform'd, unquiet child of Pride!
Which in a few the people madness call;
But when by number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in some is liberty in all.

VIII.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He like authentic pow'r does boldly pass;
And with a quiet and experienc'd eye,
Though Death's foul vizard, does despise his face.

IX.

At Hubert's tent he lights, where Hubert now
With Gartha of this torrent does advise;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must, like tides, sink when it cannot rise.

X.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his master, and the court perverse),
To show him all the civil signs of love.

XI.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew;
Nor in calm councils was he less renown'd;
And held him now to Oswald's faction true,
As by his love, the world's first tenure, bound.

XII.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,
When man's meridian tow'rs his evening turns)
Makes against nature's law, love's charter good,
And as in raging youth for Gartha burns.

XIII.

Who did his suit not only disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past,
And she fresh blown; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to ambition's higher taste.

XIV.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nice ambition nicer love complies;
And she (since to revenge he useful was)
Persuades his hope with rhet'ric of her eyes.

XV.

A close division of the tent they straight
By outward guards secure from all resort;
Then Hermegild does thus the cause relate, [court.
Which to the camp dispatch'd him from the

XVI.

Important prince! who justly dost succeed
To Oswald's hopes, and all my loyal aid;
Virtue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that maid.

XVII.

Long have I sail'd through time's vexatious sea;
And first set out with all that youth is worth;
The tropics pass'd of blood's hot bravery,
With all the sails, gay flags, and streamers forth!

XVIII.

But as in hotter voyages, ships most
Wear out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain
By inward stowage what is outward lost;
So men, decays of youth, repair in brain.

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XIX.

If I experience boast when youth decays,
Such vanity may Gartha's pity move,
Since so I seek your service by self-praise,
Rather than seem unuseful where I love.

XX.

And never will I (though by Time supply'd
With such discretion as does man improve),
To show discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now ashamed to say I love.

XXI.

For love his pow'r has in gray senates shown,
Where he, as to green courts, does freely come;
And though loud youth, his visits makes more
known,
With graver age he's privately at home.

XXII.

Scarce Greece, or greater Rome, a victor shows,
Whom more victorious love did not subdue;
Then blame not me, who am so weak to those;
Whilst Gartha all exceeds, that e'er they knew.

XXIII.

Hope, love's first food, I ne'er till now did know;
Which love, as yet but temp'rately devours;
And claims not love for love, since Gartha so
For autumn leaves should barter summer flowers.

XXIV.

I dare not vainly wish her to be kind,
Till for her love my arts and pow'r bestow
The crown on thee, adorn'd with Rhodalind;
Which yet for Gartha is a price too low.

XXV.

This said, he paus'd; and now the hectic heat
Of Oswald's blood, doubled their pulse's pace;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beat,
And hot ambition shin'd in eithers face.

XXVI.

For Hermegild they knew could much outdo
His words, and did possess great Aribert,
Not in the court's cheap glass of outward show,
But by a study'd tenure of the heart.

XXVII.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes
sure,
Hubert on Gartha looks, with suing eyes
For Hermegild; whose love she will endure,
And made ambition yield what youth denies.

XXVIII.

Yet in this bargain of herself, she knows
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,
Bids Hubert, as the twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

XXIX.

But with such blushes Hermegild she leaves,
As the unclouded evening's face adorn;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an evening bodes a happy morn.

XXX.

Now Hermegild by vows does Hubert bind,
(Vows by their fate in Lombard story known),
He Gartha makes the price of Rhodalind,
And Aribert his tenant to the crown.

XXXI.

He bids him now the armies rage allay;
By rage, said he, only they masters are

Of those they choose, when temp'rate, to obey :
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly war.

xxxii.

We are the people's pilots, they our winds;
To change by nature prone; but art lavers,
And rules them till they rise with stormy minds;
Then art with danger against nature steers.

xxxiii.

Where calms have first amus'd, storms most prevail;

Close first with calms the court's suspicious eyes;
That whilst with all their trim, they sleeping sail,
A sudden gust may wreck them by surprise.

xxxiv.

Your army will (though high in all esteem
That ever rev'renc'd age to action gave),
But a small party to Verona seem;
Which yearly to such numbers yields a grave.

xxxv.

Nor is our vast metropolis, like those
Tame towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;
But death deform'd in all his dangers knows;
Dangers, which he like frightful vizards wears.

xxxvi.

From many camps, who foreign winters felt,
Verona has her conqu'ring dwellers ta'en;
In war's great trade, with richest nations dealt;
And did their gold and fame with iron gain.

xxxvii.

Yet to the mighty Aribert it bows;
A king out-doing all the Lombard line!
Whose court (in iron clad) by coarseness shows
A growing pow'r, which fades when courts
grow fine.

xxxviii.

Scorn not the youthful camp at Bergamo;
For they are victors, though in years but young;
The war does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient minds, in bodies strong.

xxxix.

Be slow, and stay for aids, which haste forsakes!
For though occasion still does sloth out-go,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'er o'ertakes,
Whose haste thinks time, the post of nature,
flow.

xl.

This is a cause which our ambition fills; [waste,
A cause, in which our strength we should not
In vain like giants, who did heave at hills;
'Tis too unwieldy for the force of haste.

xli.

A cause for graver minds that learned are
In mystic man; a cause which we must gain
By surer methods than depend on war;
And respite valour, to employ the brain.

xlii.

In the king's scale your merits are too light;
Who with the Duke weighs his own partial
heart;
Make then the gift of empire public right,
And get in Rhodolind the people's part.

xliii.

But this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
And we are wise, when men in vain are strong.

xliv.

Then to the people sue, but hide your force;
For they believe the strong are still unjust;
Never to armed suitors yield remorse;
And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

xlv.

Affault their pity as their weakest part;
Which the first plaintiff never fails to move;
They search but in the face to find the heart;
And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

xlvi.

And to prepare their pity, Gartha now
Should in her sorrow's height with me return;
For since their eyes at all distresses flow,
How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

xlvii.

Much such a pledge of peace will with the king
(Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;
And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
If from the watchful court you hide my love.

xlviii.

If Gartha deigns to love, our love must grow
Unseen, like mandrakes wedded under ground;
That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
The king's new depths, which length of trust
may found!

xlix.

Thus Hermegild his study'd thoughts declar'd;
Whilst Hubert (who believ'd, discover'd love
A solid pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd
To stay the camp, so furious to remove.

l.

And now their rage, by correspondence spread,
Borgio allays, that else like sparks of fire
(Which drops at first might drown) by matter fed,
At last to quench the flame may seas require.

li.

As with the sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
Down Heav'n's steep hill, to his Atlantic bath;
Where he refreshes till his fever wastes.

lii.

With his (by Borgio's help) their heart declin'd;
So soon lov'd eloquence does throngs subdue;
The common mistress to each private mind;
Painted and dress'd to all, to no man true.

liii.

To court his Gartha Hermegild attends;
And with old lovers vain poetic eyes,
Marks how her beauty, when the sun descends,
His pity'd evening poverty supplies.

liv.

The army now to neighb'ring Brescia bear,
With dismal pomp the slain: In hallow'd ground
They Paradine and Dargenet inter;
And Vasco much in painful war renown'd.

lv.

To Oswald (whose illustrious Roman mind
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
Hubert these Roman fun'ral rites assign'd;
Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

lvi.

Thrice is his body clean by bathing made;
And when with victor's oil anointed o'er,
'Tis in the palace gate devoutly laid,
Clad in that vest which he in battle wore.

3 Fij

LVII.

Whilst seven succeeding suns pass sadly by,
The palace seems all hid in cypress boughs;
From ancient lore, of man's mortality
The type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

LVIII.

The public fun'ral voice, till these expire,
Cries out; here greatness, tir'd with honour,
rests!

Come see what bodies are, when souls retire;
And visit death, e'er you become his guests!

LIX.

Now on a purple bed the corpse they raise;
Whilst trumpets summon all the common choir
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;
And then move slowly tow'ards the fun'ral
fire!

LX.

They bear before him spoils they gain'd in war;
And his great ancestors in sculpture wrought;
And now arrive, where Hubert does declare
How oft and well, he for the Lombards
fought.

LXI.

Here, in an altar's form, a pile is made
Of unctuous fir, and sleepers fatal yew;

On which the body is by mourners laid,
Who their sweet gums (their last kind tribute)
threw.

LXII.

Hubert his arm, westward, averfely stretch'd;
Whilst to the hopeful east his eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd torch the pile he reach'd;
Which seen, they all with utmost clamour
mourn'd.

LXIII.

Whilst the full flame aspires, Oswald (they cry)
Farewell! we follow swiftly as the hours!
For with time's wings, tow'ards death, even cripples
fly!
This said, the hungry flame its food devours.

LXIV.

Now priests with wine the ashes quench, and hide
The rev'renc'd relics in a marble urn:
The old dismissive Hicet is cry'd
By the town voice, and all to feasts return.

LXV.

Thus urns may bodies show; but the fled mind
The learn'd seek vainly; for whose quest we
pay,
With such success as cozen'd shepherds find,
Who seek to wizards when their cattle stray.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The house of Astragon; where in distress
Of nature, Gondibert for art's redress
Was by old Ulfen brought; where art's hard strife,
In studying nature for the aid of life,
Is by full wealth and conduct easy made;
And truth much visited though in her shade.

i.

FROM Brescia swiftly o'er the bord'ring plain,
Return we to the house of Astragon;
Where Gondibert, and his successful train,
Kindly lament the victory they won.

ii.

But though I fame's great book shall open now,
Expect a while, till she that decade reads,
Which does this Duke's eternal story show,
And aged Ulfen cites for special deeds.

iii.

Where friendship is renown'd in Ulfenore;
Where th' ancient music of delightful verse,
Does it no less in Goltho's breast adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearse.

iv.

These weary victors the descending sun
Led hither, where swift night did them surprise;

And where, for valiant toils, wife Astragon,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their eyes.

v.

When to the needy world day did appear,
And freely open'd her treasury of light,
His house (where art and nature tenants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their sight.

vi.

Where Ulfen (who an old domestic seems,
And rules as master in the owner's breast)
Leads Goltho to admire what he esteems;
And thus, what he had long observ'd, express.

vii.

Here art by such a diligence is serv'd,
As does th' unwearied planets imitate;
Whose motion (life of nature) has preserv'd
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to
create.

VIII.

Those heights, which else dwarf life could never reach,

Here, by the wings of diligence they climb;
Truth (scar'd with terms from canting schools)
they teach;

And buy it with their best sav'd treasure, time.

IX.

Here all men seem recov'ers of time past;

As busy as intentive emmets are;

As alarm'd armies that entrench in haste,

Or cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges scare.

X.

Much it delights the wise observer's eye,

That all these toils direct to several skills;

Some from the mine to the hot furnace hie,

And some from flow'ry fields to weeping stills.

XI.

The first to hopeful chemics matter bring,

Where med'cine they extract for instant cure;

These bear the sweeter burdens of the spring;

Whose virtues (longer known) though slow,
are sure.

XII.

See there wet divers from Fossone sent!

Who of the seas deep dwellers knowledge give;

Which (more unquiet than their element)

By hungry war, upon each other live.

XIII.

Pearl to their Lord, and cordial coral these

Present; which must in sharpest liquids melt;

He with Nigella cures that dull disease

They get, who long with stupid fish have
dwelt.

XIV.

Others through quarries dig, deeply below

Where desert rivers, cold, and private run;

Where bodies conversation best they know,

And mines long growth, and how their veins
begun.

XV.

He shows them now tow'rs of prodigious height,

Where nature's friends, philosophers remain

To censure meteors in their cause and flight,

And watch the wind's authority on rain.

XVI.

Others with optic tubes the moon's scant face

(Vast tubes, which like long cedars mounted
lie)

Attract through glasses to so near a space,

As if they came not to survey, but pry.

XVII.

Nine hasty centuries are now fulfill'd,

Since optics first were known to Astragon;

By whom the moderns are become so skill'd,

They dream of seeing to the Maker's throne.

XVIII.

And wisely Astragon, thus busy grew,

To seek the stars remote societies;

And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new;

For nature's law, in correspondence lies.

XIX.

Man's pride (grown to religion) he abates,

By moving our lov'd earth; which we think
fix'd;

Think all to it, and it to none relates;

With other's motion scorn to have it mix'd.

XX.

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still

Whilst other orbs dance on; or else think all

Those vast bright globes (to show God's needless
skill)

Were made but to attend our little ball.

XXI.

Now near a fever'd building they discern'd

(Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)

A throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,

They came from toils which their own choice
desir'd.

XXII.

This they approach, and as they enter it

Their eyes were stay'd, by reading o'er the gate,

Great nature's office, in large letters writ;

And next, they mark'd who there in office sat.

XXIII.

Old busy men, yet much for wisdom fam'd;

Hasty to know, though not by haste beguil'd;

These fitly, nature's registers were nam'd;

The throng were their intelligencers styl'd.

XXIV.

Who stop by snares, and by their chase o'ertake

All hidden beasts the closer forest yields;

All that by secret sense their rescue make,

Or trust their force, or swiftness in the fields.

XXV.

And of this throng, some their employment have

In fleeting rivers, some fix'd lakes beset;

Where nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save

From trifling angles, or the swall'wing net.

XXVI.

Some, in the spacious air, their prey o'ertake,

Coz'ning, with hunger, falcons of their wings;

Whilst all their patient observations make,

Which each to nature's office duly brings.

XXVII.

And there of ev'ry fish, and fowl, and beast,

The wiles these learned registers record,

Courage, and fears, their motion and their rest;

Which they prepare for their more learned
Lord.

XXVIII.

From hence to nature's nursery they go;

Where seems to grow all that in Eden grew;

And more (if art her mingled species show)

Then th' Hebrew king, nature's historian, knew.

XXIX.

Impatient simplers climb for blossoms here;

When dews (heav'n's secret milk) in unseen
show'rs

First feed the early childhood of the year;

And in ripe summer, sloop for herbs and flow'rs.

XXX.

In autumn, seeds and berries they provide;

Where nature a remaining force preserves;

In winter dig for roots, where she does hide

That stock, which if consum'd, the next spring
starves.

XXXI.

From hence (fresh nature's flourishing estate!)

They to her wither'd receptacle come;

Where she appears the loathsome slave of fate;
For here her various dead possess the room.

XXXII.

This dismal gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide;
Was hung with skeletons of ev'ry kind;
Human, and all that learned human pride
Thinks made t' obey man's high immortal mind.

XXXIII.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that he obey'd;
By her an el'phant that with herds had fought,
Of which the smallest beast made her afraid.

XXXIV.

Next it, a whale is high in cables ty'd, [troul;
Whose strength might herds of elephants con-
Then all, (in pairs of ev'ry kind) they spy'd,
Which death's wreck leaves, of fishes, beasts,
and fowl.

XXXV.

These Astragon (to watch with curious eye,
The different tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far travellers supply;
And this was call'd, the cabinet of death.

XXXVI.

Which some the monument of bodies, name;
The ark, which saves from graves all dying
kinds;
This to a structure led, long known to fame,
And call'd, the monument of vanish'd minds.

XXXVII.

Where, when they thought they saw in well
fought books,
Th' assembled souls of all that men held wise,
It bred such awful rev'rence in their looks,
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

XXXVIII.

Such heaps of written thoughts (gold of the dead,
Which time does still disperse, but not devour)
Made them presume all was from deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd authors writ e'er Noah's
show'r.

XXXIX.

They saw Egyptian rolls, which vastly great,
Did like fall'n pillars lie, and did display
The tale of nature's life, from her first heat,
Till by the flood o'er-cool'd, she felt decay.

XL.

And large as these (for pens were pencils then)
Others that Egypt's chiefest science show'd;
Whose river forc'd geometry on men,
Which did distinguish what the Nile o'erflow'd.

XLI.

Near them, in piles, Chaldean coz'ners lies;
Who the hid bus'ness of the stars relate;
Who make a trade of worshipp'd prophecy;
And seem to pick the cabinet of fate.

XLII.

There Persian Magi stand; for wisdom prais'd;
Long since wise statesmen, now magicians
thought:
Altars and arts are soon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

XLIII.

In a dark text, these statesmen left their minds;
For well they knew, that monarch's mystery

(Like that of priests) but little rev'rence finds,
When they the curtain op'n to ev'ry eye.

XLIV.

Behind this throng, the talking Greeks had place;
Who nature turn to art, and truth disguise,
As skill does native beauty oft deface;
With terms they charm the weak, and pose
the wise.

XLV.

Now they the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman spy;
Who for the people's ease, yok'd them with law;
Whom else, ungovern'd lusts would drive awry;
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

XLVI.

In little tombs these grave first lawyers lie,
In volumes their interpreters below;
Who first made law an art, then mystery;
So clearest springs, when troubled, cloudy grow.

XLVII.

But here, the soul's chief book did all precede;
Our map tow'rd heav'n; to common crowds
deny'd;
Who proudly aim to teach, e'er they can read;
And all must stray, where each will be a guide.

XLVIII.

About this sacred little book did stand
Unweildly volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any reader's hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented seat.

XLIX.

For a deep dust (which time does softly shed,
Where only time does come) their covers bear;
On which, grave spiders, streets of webs were
spread;
Subtle, and slight, as the grave writers were.

L.

In these, heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles
spent;
Where froward authors, with disputes, have torn
The garment seamless as the firmament.

LI.

These are the old Polemics, long since read,
And shut by Astragon; who thought it just,
They, like the authors (truth's tormentors) dead,
Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

LII.

Here the Arabian's gospel open lay,
(Men injure truth, who fiction nicely hide)
Where they the monk's audacious stealths survey,
From the world's first, and greater second guide.

LIII.

The curious much perus'd this, then, new book;
As if some secret ways to heav'n it taught;
For straying from the old, men newer look,
And prize the found, not finding those they
sought.

LIV.

We, in tradition (heav'n's dark map) descry
Heav'n worse, than ancient maps far India
show;
Therefore in new, we search where heav'n does
lie;
The mind's sought Ophir, which we long to
know.

LV.

Or as a planter, though good land he spies,
Seeks new, and when no more so good he finds,
Doubly esteems the first; so truth men prize;
Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling minds.

LVI.

And this false book, till truly understood
By Astragon, was openly display'd;
As counterfeit; false princes, rather shou'd
Be shown abroad, then in close prison laid.

LVII.

Now to the old philosophers they come;
Who follow'd nature with such just despair,
As some do kings far off; and when at home,
Like courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets share.

LVIII.

Near them are grave dull moralists, who give
Counsel to such, as still in public dwell;
At sea, in courts, in camps, and cities live;
And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd cell.

LIX.

Æsop with these stands high, and they below;
His pleasant wisdom mocks their gravity;
Who virtue like a tedious matron show,
He dresses nature to invite the eye.

LX.

High skill their ethics seems, whilst he stoops down
To make the people wise; their learned pride
Makes all obscure, that men may prize the gown;
With ease he teaches, what with pain they
hide.

LXI.

And next (as if their bus'ness rul'd mankind)
Historians stand, big as their living looks;
Who thought, swift time they could in fetters
bind;
Till his confessions they had ta'en in books.

LXII.

But time oft 'scap'd them in the shades of night;
And was in princes' closets oft conceal'd,
And hid in battles smoke; so what they write
Of courts and camps, is oft by guests reveal'd.

LXIII.

Near these, physicians stood; who but reprieve
Like life a judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;
And cannot an Almighty pardon give;
So much yields subject art to Nature's law.

LXIV.

And not weak art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill;
Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd,
And those were murder'd whom her law did
kill.

LXV.

Now they refresh, after this long survey,
With pleasant poets, who the soul sublime;
Fame's heralds, in whose triumphs they make way;
And place all those whom honour helps to climb.

LXVI.

And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd race,
Was heav'n's lov'd laureat, that in Jewry writ;
Whose harp approach'd God's ear, though none
his face

Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit.

LXVII.

And his attendants, such blest poets are,
As make unblemish'd love, courts best delight;
And sing the prosp'rous battles of just war;
By these the loving, love, and valiant, fight.

LXVIII.

O hireless science! and of all alone
The liberal! meanly the rest each state
In pension treats, but this depends on none;
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

How Astragon to Heav'n his duty pays
In pray'r, and penitence, but most in praise:
To these he sev'ral temples dedicates;
And Ulin their distinguish'd use relates.
Religion's rites, seem here, in reason's sway;
Though reason must religion's laws obey.

i.

THE noble youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;
And study quiet nature's pleasant law;
Which schools, through pride, by art uneasy
make.

ii.

BUT now a sudden shout their thoughts diverts!
So cheerful, general, and loud it was,
As pass'd through all their ears, and fill'd their
hearts;

Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause

3 F iiij

iii.

This Ulfen, by his long domestic skill,
Does thus explain. The wife I here observe,
Are wise tow'rds God; in whose great service still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they
serve.

iv.

He who this building's builder did create,
Has an apartment here triangular;
Where Astragon, three fanes did dedicate,
To days of praise, of penitence, and pray'r.

v.

To these, from different motives, all proceed;
For when discov'ries they on nature gain,
'They praise high Heav'n which makes their work
succeed,
But when it fails, in penitence complain.

vi.

If after praise, new blessings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning penitence can ill's repair,
Like practis'd beggars, they solicit Heav'n,
And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

vii.

The temple built for pray'r, can neither boast
The builder's curious art, nor does declare,
By choice materials he intended cost; [pray'r.
To show, that nought should need to tempt to

viii.

No bells are here! unhing'd are all the gates!
Since craving in distress is natural,
All lies so op'n that none for entrance waits;
And those whom faith invites, can need no call.

ix.

The great have by distinction here no name;
For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,
(To show none come for decency or fame)
That all are strangers to each other's eyes.

x.

But penitence appears unnatural;
For we repent what nature did persuade;
And we lamenting man's continu'd fall,
Accuse what nature necessary made.

xi.

Since the requir'd extreme of penitence
Seems so severe, this temple was design'd,
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,
And dismal show'd within, to awe the mind.

xii.

Of sad black marble was the outward frame,
A mourning monument to distant sight)
But by the largeness when you near it came,
It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

xiii.

Black beauty (which black Meroens had prais'd
Above their own) sadly adorn'd each part;
In stone from Nile's hard quarries, slowly rais'd,
And slower polish'd by Numidian art.

xiv.

Hither a loud bell's toll, rather commands,
Than seems t' invite the persecuted ear;
A summons nature hardly understands;
For few, and slow are those who enter here.

xv.

Within, a dismal majesty they find!
All gloomy, great, all silent does appear!

As chaos was, e'er th' elements were design'd;
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

xvi.

Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd sun his universal face
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;
As if he spy'd night naked through the glass.

xvii.

Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on
high
A winking lamp, still threatens all the room;
As if the lazy flame just now would die:
Such will the sun's last light appear at doom!

xviii.

This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;
And by reflex, did on a picture gain
Some few false beams, that then from Sodom rise;
Where pencils feign the fire which heav'n did
rain.

xix.

This on another tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous Magdalene;
Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brightest through her tears she seem'd to
shine.

xx.

Near her, seem'd crucify'd, that lucky thief
(In heav'n's dark lott'ry prosp'rous more than
wife)
Who gropp'd at last, by chance, for heav'n's relief,
And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn
prize.

xxi.

In many figures by reflex were sent,
Through this black vault (instructive to the
mind)
That early, and this tardy penitent;
For with Obsidian stone 'twas chiefly lin'd,

xxii.

The seats were made of Ethiopian wood,
The polish'd ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by nature understood;
And practice, when unpleasant, makes few
skill'd.

xxiii.

Yet these, whom heav'n's mysterious choice
fetch'd in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
They grow so certain, as to need no hope.

xxiv.

At a low door they enter, but depart
Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed;
Where Astragon makes nature last by art,
And such long summers shows, as ask no seed.

xxv.

Whilst Ulfen this black temple thus express
To these kind youths, whom equal soul endears;
(Goltho, and Ulfenore, in friendship blest)
A second gen'ral shout salutes their ears.

xxvi.

To the glad house of praise this shout does call!
To pray'r (said he) no summons us invites;
Because distress does thither summon all;
As the loud toll to penitence excites.

xxvii.

But since, dull men, to gratitude are slow :
And joy'd consent of hearts is high heav'n's
choice ;
To this of praise, shouts summon us to go ;
Of hearts assembled, the unfeigned voice.

xxviii.

And since, wise Astragon, with due applause,
Kind heav'n, for his success, on nature pays ;
This day, victorious art, has giv'n him cause,
Much to augment heav'n's lov'd reward of
praise.

xxix.

For this effectual day his art reveal'd,
What has so oft made nature's spies to pine,
The loadstone's mystic use, so long conceal'd
In close alliance with the courser mine.

xxx.

And this, in sleepy vision, he was bid
To register in characters unknown ;
Which heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till Saturn's walk be twenty circuits grown.

xxxI.

For as religion (in the warm east bred)
And arts (which next to it most needful were),
From vices sprung from their corruption, fled ;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold plantation here :

xxxii.

So when they here again corrupted be,
(For man can even his antidotes infect)
Heav'n's reserv'd world they in the west shall see ;
To which this stone's hid virtue will direct.

xxxiii.

Religion then (whose age this world upbraids,
As scorn'd deformity) will thither steer ;
Serv'd at fit distance by the arts, her maids,
Which grow too bold, when they attend too
near.

xxxiv.

And some, whom traffic thither tempts, shall thence
In her exchange (though they did grudge her
shrines,
And poorly banish'd her to save expence) [mines.
Bring home the idol, gold, from new found

xxxv.

Till then, sad pilots must be often lost,
Whilst from the ocean's dreaded face they shrink ;
And seeking safety near the coz'ning coast,
With winds surpris'd, by rocky ambush sink.

xxxvi.

Or if success rewards, what they endure,
The world's chief jewel, time, they then en-
gage

And forfeit (trusting long the Cynosure) [age.
To bring home nought but wretched gold, and

xxxvii.

Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end,
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend) [most ;
Then lower'd sails no more shall tide the coast.

xxxviii.

They with new tops to foremasts and the main,
And misens new, shall the ocean's breast invade ;
Stretch new sails out, as arms to entertain
Those winds, of which their fathers were afraid

xxxix.

Then (sure of either pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry storm, salute this constant stone !
And scorn that star, which ev'ry cloud could hide ;
The seaman's spark ! which soon, as seen, is
gone !

xl.

'Tis sung, the ocean shall his bonds untie,
And earth in half a globe be pent no more ;
Typhis shall sail, till Thule he descry,
But a domestic step to distant shore !

xli.

This Astragon had read ; and what the Greek,
Old Cretias, in Egyptian books had found ;
By which his travell'd soul new worlds did seek,
And div'd to find the old Atlantis drown'd.

xlii.

Grave Ulfen thus discours'd ; and now he brings
The youths to view the temple built for praise ;
Where olive, for th' Olympian victor springs ;
Myrtle, for love's ; and for war's triumph, bays.

xliii.

These, as rewards of praise, about it grew ;
For lib'ral praise, from an abundant mind,
Does even the conqueror of fate subdue ;
Since heav'n's good King is captive to the kind.

xliv.

Dark are all thrones, to what this temple seem'd ;
Whose marble veins out-shin'd heav'n's various
bow ;
And would (eclipsing all proud Rome esteem'd)
To northern eyes, like eastern mornings, show.

xlv.

From Paros Isle, was brought the milky white ;
From Sparta, came the green, which cheers the
From Araby, the blushing Onychite, [view ;
And from the Misnian hills, the deeper blew.

xlvi.

The arched front did on vast pillars fall ;
Where all harmonious instruments they spy
Drawn out in boss ; which from the attigal
To the flat frieze, in apt resemblance lie.

xlvii.

Toss'd cymbals (which the sullen Jews admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
Or flying fingers touch'd into a voice.

xlviii.

In statute o'er the gate, God's fav'rite king
(The author of celestial praise) did stand ;
His quire (that did his sonnets set and sing)
In niches rang'd, attended either hand.

xlix.

From these, old Greeks sweet music did improve ;
The solemn Dorian did in temples charm,
The softer Lydian sooth'd to bridal love,
And warlike Phrygian did to battle warm !

l.

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw
Glory, too solid great to taste of pride ;
So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe ;
Though jealous priests, it neither praise nor hide,

li.

Tapers and lamps are not admitted here ; [grace ;
Those, but with shadows, give false beauty

And this victorious glory can appear
Unvail'd before the sun's meridian face :

LII.

Whose eastern lustre rashly enters now ;
Where it his own mean infancy displays ;
Where it does man's chief obligation show,
In what does most adorn the house of praise.

LIII.

The great creation by bold pencils drawn ;
Where a feign'd curtain does our eyes forbid,
Till the sun's parent, light, first seems to dawn
From quiet Chaos, which that curtain hid.

LXIV.

Then this all-rev'renc'd sun (God's hasty spark
Struck out of Chaos, when he first struck light)
Flies to the spheres, where first he found all dark,
And kindly there th' unkindled lamps of night.

LV.

Then motion, nature's great preservative,
Tun'd order in this world, life's restless inn ;
Gave tides to seas, and caus'd stretch'd plants to
live ;
Else plants but feeds, and seas but lakes had been.

LVI.

But this fourth fiat, warming what was made,
(For light ne'er warm'd, till it did motion get)
The picture fills the world with woody shade ;
To show how nature thrives by motion's heat.

LVII.

Then to those woods the next quick fiat brings
The feather'd kind ; where merrily they fed,
As if their hearts were lighter than their wings ;
For yet no cage was fram'd, nor net was spread.

LVIII.

The same fifth voice does seas and rivers store ;
Then into rivers brooks the painter pours,
And rivers into seas ; which (rich before)
Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in show'rs.

LIX.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,
Seems to denote the speaker was in haste,
As if more worlds were framing in his thought)
Adds to this world one fiat, as the last.

LX.

Then strait an universal herd appears ;
First gazing on each other in the shade ;
Wond'ring with levell'd eyes, and lifted ears,
Then play, whilst yet their tyrant is unmade.

LXI.

And man, the painter now presents to view ;
Haughty without, and busy still within ;
Whom, when his furr'd and horned subjects knew,
Their sport is ended, and their fears begin.

LXII.

But here (to cure this tyrant's fullness)
The painter has a new false curtain drawn,
Where beauty's hid creation to express ;
From thence, harmless as light, he makes it dawn.

LXIII.

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the world's first
maid ;
Her breast, Love's cradle, where Love quiet
lies ;
Nought yet had seen so foul, to grow afraid,
Nor gay, to make it cry with longing eyes.

LXIV.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her monarch steals ;
She wonders, till so vain his wonder grows,
That it his feeble sov'reignty reveals ;
Her beauty then, his manhood does depose.

LXV.

Deep into shades the painter leads them now ;
To hide their future deeds ; then storms does
raise [grow
O'er heav'n's smooth face, because their life does
Too black a story for the house of praise.

LXVI.

A noble painted vision next appears ; [waste ;
Where all heav'n's frowns in distant prospect
And nought remains, but a short shower of tears,
Shed, by its pity, for revenges past.

LXVII.

The world's one ship, from th' old to a new world
bound ;
Freighted with life (chief of uncertain trades !)
After five moons at drift, lies now a ground ;
Where her frail stowage, she in haste unlades.

LXVIII.

On Persian Caucasus the eight descend ;
And seem their trivial beings to deplore ;
Griev'd to begin this world in th' others end ;
And to behold wreck'd nations on the shore.

LXIX.

Each humbled thus, his beasts led from aboard,
As fellow passengers, and heirs to breath ;
Joint tenants to the world, he not their Lord ;
Such likeness have we in the glass of death.

LXX.

Yet this humility begets their joy ; [veys)
And taught, that heav'n (which fully sin sur-
Was partial where it did not quite destroy ;
So made the whole world's dirge their song of
praise.

LXXI.

This first redemption to another led,
Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects ;
That but a few did respite from the dead,
This all the dead, from second death protects.

LXXII.

And know, lost Nature ! this resemblance was
Thy frank Redeemer, in ascension shown ;
When hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause ;
Hell, which before, man's common grave was
grown.

LXXIII.

By pencils this was exquisitely wrought ;
Rounded in all the curious would behold ;
Where life came out, and met the painter's thought ;
The force was tender, though the strokes were
bold.

LXXIV.

The holy mourners, who this Lord of life
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise ;
So well the painter drew their passion strife,
To follow him with bodies, as with eyes.

LXXV.

This was the chief which in this temple did
By pencils rhetoric, to praise persuade ;
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid ;
Who shine all painted glory into shade.

LXXVI.

Lord Astragon a purple mantle wore,
Where nature's story was in colours wrought;
And though her ancient text seem'd dark before,
'Tis in this pleasant comment clearly taught.

LXXVII.

Such various flow'ry wreaths th' assembly wear,
As show'd them wisely proud of nature's pride;
Which so adorn'd them, that the courtest here
Did seem a prosp'rous bridegroom, or a bride.

LXXVIII.

All show'd as fresh, and fair, and innocent,
As virgins to their lovers first survey;
Joy'd as the spring, when March his sighs has spent,
And April's sweet rash tears are dry'd by May.

LXXIX.

And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each breast,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
Therefore their voices heav'n's renown exprest;
Though tongues ne'er reach, what minds so nobly meant.

LXXX.

Yet music here show'd all her art's high worth;
Whilst virgin-trebles seem'd, with bashful grace,
To call the bolder marry'd tenor forth;
Whose manly voice challeng'd the giant bass.

LXXXI.

To these the swift soft instruments reply;
Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;
Whose louder notes, to neighb'ring forests fly,
And summon Nature's voluntary quire.

LXXXII.

These Astragon, by secret skill had taught,
To help, as if in artful consort bred;
Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,
Whose care their careless merry fathers fed.

LXXXIII.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, Duke Gondibert
Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds
allow;
And high heav'n's praise in music of the heart,
He inward sings, to pay a victor's vow.

LXXXIV.

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds!
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where heav'n divided faiths united finds;
But pray'r in various discord upward flies.

LXXXV.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

LXXXVI.

By penitence, when we ourselves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on piteous heav'n;
In praise we nobly give, what God may take,
And are without a beggar's blush forgiv'n.

LXXXVII.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown! [fear,
And though weak kings excess of praise may
Yet when 'tis here, like powder, dang'rous grown,
Heav'n's vault receives, what would the palace
tear.

CANTO VII.

The Argument.

The Duke's wish'd health in doubtful wounds assur'd;
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:
Nature in Birtha, Art's weak help derides;
Which strives to mend, what it at best but hides;
Shows Nature's courser works, so hid, more course;
As sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, grows worse.

I.

LET none our Lombardauthor rudely blame,
Who from the story has thus long digrest;
But for his righteous pains, may his fair Fame
Forever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

II.

Ill could he leave art's shop of nature's store;
Where she the hidden soul would make more
known; [more
Though common faith seeks souls, which is no
Then long opinion to religion grown.

III.

A while then let this sage historian stay
With Astragon, till he new wounds reveals,

And such (though now the old are worn away)
As balm, nor juice of pyrol, never heals.

IV.

To Astragon, heav'n for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept, where flow'rs grew on her
grave;
And she succeeded her in face, and fame.

V.

Her beauty, princes, durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn
seem.

VI.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have un-
done

With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd, could never shun;
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

VII.

She never had in busy cities been; [fears;
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

VIII.

But here her fathers's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours;
In spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

XIX.

And as kind Nature with calm diligence
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

X.

Whilst her great mistress, nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends;
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

XI.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they when she does
rise,

Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall, [eyes.
And droop like flowers, when evening shuts her

XII.

The footy chemist (who his sight does waste,
Attending lesser fires) she passing by,
Broke his lov'd lymbic, through enamour'd haste,
And let, like common dew, th' elixer fly.

XIII.

And here the gray philosophers resort,
Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow;
Hoping for secrets now in nature's court;
Which only she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

XIV.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,
And with familiar beams their age she cheers;
Yet all those civil forms seem but neglects
To what she shows, when Astragon appears.

XV.

For as she once from him her being took, [sight
She hourly takes her law; reads with swift
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
And shows, by haste, obedience her delight.

XVI.

She makes (when she at distance to him bows)
His int'rest in her mother's beauty known;
For that's th' original whence her copy grows;
And near originals, copies are not shown.

XVII.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear
Of flowers, which she in mystic order ties;
And, with the sacrifice of many a tear,
Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

XVIII.

The just historians, Birtha thus express;
And tell how by her fire's example taught,

She serv'd the wounded Duke in life's distress,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

XIX.

Black melancholy mists, that fed despair
Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled ver-
vin clear'd;

Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air,
And with rich fumes his fullen senses cheer'd.

XX.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him
endures;

For Love, makes Birtha shift with death, his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures.

XXI.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she
took;

And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew;
Which at their stars he first in triumph shook!

XXII.

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But finds him now a bold unquiet guest;
Who climbs to windows, when we shut the door;
And enter'd, never lets the master rest.

XXIII.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame;
She not the robber knows, yet feels the stealth;
And never but in songs had heard his name.

XXIV.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals;
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
As make those wounds that only Hymen heals.

XXV.

And this, her ancient maid, with sharp complaints
Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd
head;

With tears besought her not to jest at fairs,
Nor mock those martyrs Love had captive led.

XXVI.

Nor think the pious poets e'er would waste
So many tears in ink, to make maids mourn,
If injur'd lovers had in ages past
The lucky myrtle, more than willow worn.

XXVII.

This grave rebuke, officious memory
Presents to Birtha's thought; who now believ'd
Such sighing songs, as tell why lovers die,
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when poets
griev'd.

XXVIII.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret shade;
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by confed'racy was uselefs made;

XXIX.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shows him not at home;
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

XXX.

Yet with this foreign heart, she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theme;

And like young conscienc'd casuists, thinks that sin,
Which will by talk and practise lawful seem.

xxxI.

With open ears, and ever waking eyes,
And flying feet, Love's fire she from the sight
Of all her maids does carry, as from spies;
Jealous, that what burns her, might give them
light.

xxxII.

Beneath a myrtle cover she does spend
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of
thought; [mend,
Fond maids! who love, with minds fine stuff would
Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

xxxIII.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kind;
Such as in holy story were employ'd
To the first fathers, from th' eternal mind;
And in short vision only are enjoy'd.

xxxIV.

As eagles then, when nearest heav'n they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below:

xxxV.

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man; the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

xxxVI.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart;
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

xxxVII.

If I do love, (said she) that love (O heav'n!)
Your own disciple, nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to show effects which you decree?

xxxVIII.

And you, my alter'd mother (grown above
Great nature, which you read, and reverenc'd
here)
Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were.

xxxIX.

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With Love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

XL.

Already thinks, the Duke her own spous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battle brought;
Where all false lovers perish'd by his sword;
The true to her for his protection fought.

XLI.

She thinks, how her imagin'd spouse and she,
So much from heav'n, may by her virtues gain;
That they by time shall ne'er o'ertaken be,
No more than time himself is overta'en.

XLII.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,
Heav'n's favour may repay their summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a flow glass,
That they shall live, and not as two, but one.

XLIII.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough wind,
In their Pacific Sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her ears keep him asleep, her voice awake.

XLIV.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway.
(The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease)
Such chance her tears shall calm, as shower's allay
The accidental rage of winds and seas.

XLV.

She thinks that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or heav'n from neighbourhood increase allows,
As Palm and the Mamora fructifies;
Or they are got, by close exchanging vows.

XLVI.

But come they (as she hears, from mother's pain,
(Which by th' unlucky first-maid's longing,
proves
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,
So they be like this heav'nly man she loves.

XLVII.

Thus to herself in day-dreams BIRTHA talks;
The Duke (whose wounds of war are healthful
grown)
To cure Love's wounds, seeks BIRTHA where she
walks; [own.
Whose wand'ring soul seeks him to cure her

XLVIII.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,
Shame (which in maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wish night's help to make more
shade, [appear.
That love (which maids think guilt) might not

XLIX.

And she had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd, and conquer'd enemy,
That he did seem offenceless, as her shame;
As if he but advanc'd for leave to fly.

L.

First with a longing seaman's look he gaz'd,
Who would ken land, when seas would him de-
vour;
Or like a fearful scout, who stands amaz'd
To view the foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

LI.

Then all the knowledge which her father had
He dreams in her, through purer organs
wrought;
Whose soul (since there more delicately clad)
By lesser weight, more active was in thought.

LII.

And to that soul thus spake, with tremb'ling voice;
The world will be (O thou, the whole world's
maid!)

Since now 'tis old enough to make wise choice,
Taught by thy mind, and by thy beauty sway'd.

LIII.

And I a needless part of it, unless
You think me for the whole a delegate,
To treat for what they want of your excess,
Virtue to serve the universal state.

LIV.

Nature (our first example, and our queen,
Whose court this is, and you her minion maid)

The world thinks now, is in her sickness seen,
And that her noble influence is decay'd.

LV.

And the records so worn of her first law, [good;
That men, with art's hard shifts, read what is
Because your beauty many never saw,
The text by which your mind is understood.

LVI.

And I with the apostate world should grow,
From sov'reign Nature, a revolted slave,
But that my lucky wounds brought me to know,
How with their cure my sicker mind to save.

LVII.

A mind still dwelling idly in mine eyes,
Where it from outward pomp could ne'er ab-
stain;

But even in beauty, cost of courts did prize,
And nature, unassisted, thought too plain.

LVIII.

Yet by your beauty now reform'd, I find
All other only current by false light;
Or but vain visions of a feverish mind;
Too slight to stand the test of waking sight.

LIX.

And for my healthful mind (diseas'd before)
My love I pay; a gift you may disdain,
Since love to you, men give not, but restore;
As rivers to the sea pay back the rain.

LX.

Yet eastern kings, who, all by birth possess,
Take gifts, as gifts, from vassals of the crown;
So think in love, your property not less,
By my kind giving what was first your own.

LXI.

Lifted with love, thus he with lover's grace,
And love's wild wonder, spake; and he was
rais'd

So much with reverence of this learned place,
That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

LXII.

And she in love unpractis'd and unread,
(But for some hints her mistress, nature, taught)
Had it, till now, like grief with silence fed;
For love and grief are nourish'd best with
thought.

LXIII.

But this close diet, Love endures not long;
He must in sighs, or speech, take air abroad;
And thus, with his interpreter, her tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a stranger aw'd.

LXIV.

She said, those virtues now she highly needs,
Which he so artfully in her does praise,
To check (since vanity on praises feeds)
That pride which his authentic words may raise.

LXV.

That if her pray'rs, or care, did ought restore
Of absent health, in his bemoan'd distress;
She beg'd, he would approve her duty more,
And so commend her feeble virtue less.

LXVI.

That she the payment he of love would make
Less understood, then yet the debt she knew;
But coins unknown, suspiciously we take,
And debts, till manifest, are never due,

LXVII.

With bashful looks she sought him to retire;
Least the sharp air should his new health in-
And as she spake, she saw her rev'rend sire [vade;
Approach to seek her in her usual shade.

LXVIII.

To whom with filial homage she does bow:
The Duke did first at distant duty stand,
But soon embrac'd his knees; whilst he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd BIRTHA'S
hand.

LXIX.

Her face, o'ercast with thought, does soon betray
Th' assembled spirits, which his eyes detect
By her pale look, as by the milky way
Men first did the assembled stars suspect.

LXX.

Or as a pris'ner, that in prison pines,
Still at the utmost window grieving lies;
Even so her soul, imprison'd, sadly shines,
As if it watch'd for freedom at her eyes!

LXXI.

This guides him to her pulse, th' alarm bell,
Which waits the insurrections of desire;
And rings so fast, as if the citadel,
Her newly conquer'd breast, were all on fire!

LXXII.

Then on the Duke, he casts a short survey;
Whose veins, his temples, with deep purple
grace;
Then Love's despair gives them a pale allay;
And shifts the whole complexion of his face.

LXXIII.

Nature's wise spy does onward with them walk;
And finds, each in the midst of thinking starts;
Breath'd short, and swiftly in disorder'd talk,
To cool, beneath Love's torrid zone, their hearts.

LXXIV.

When all these symptoms he observ'd, he knows
From Alga, which is rooted deep in seas,
To the high cedar that on mountains grows,
No sov'reign herb is found for their disease.

LXXV.

He would not nature's eldest law resist,
As if wise Nature's law could be impure;
But BIRTHA with indulgent looks dismiss,
And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

LXXVI.

With mourning Gondibert he walks apart,
To watch his passion's force; who seems to bear
By silent grief, two tyrants o'er his heart,
Great Love, and his inferior tyrant, Fear.

LXXVII.

But Astragon such kind inquiries made,
Of all which to his art's wise cares belong,
As his sick silence he does now dissuade, [tongue.
And midst Love's fears, gives courage to his

LXXVIII.

Then thus he spake with Love's humility;
Have pity father! and since first so kind,
You would not let this worthless body die,
Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my mind!

LXXIX.

A mind so lately lucky, as it here
Has virtue's mirror found, which does reflect

Such blemishes as custom made it wear,
But more authentic nature does detect.

LXXX.

A mind long sick of monarchs vain disease;
Not to be fill'd, because with glory fed;
So busy it condemn'd even war of ease,
And for their useless rest despis'd the dead.

LXXXI.

But since it here has virtue quiet found,
It thinks (though storms were wish'd by it before)

All sick at least at sea, that 'scape undrown'd,
Whom glory serves as wind, to leave the shore.

LXXXII.

All virtue is to yours but fashion now,
Religion, art; internals are all gone,
Or outward turn'd, to satisfy with show,
Not God, but his inferior eye, the sun.

LXXXIII.

And yet, though virtue be as fashion sought,
And now religion rules by art's prais'd skill;
Fashion is virtue's mimic, falsely taught;
And art, but nature's ape, which plays her ill.

LXXXIV.

To this blest house (great Nature's court) all
courts
Compar'd, are but dark closets for retreat

Of private minds, battle's but childrens sports;
And only simple good, is solid great.

LXXXV.

Let not the mind, thus freed from error's night,
(Since you repriev'd my body from the grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your virtue, virtue's lover save.

LXXXVI.

Birtha I love; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rs all which virtue can attain;
But if we perish, when tow'rs heav'n we go,
Then have I learnt that virtue is in vain.

LXXXVII.

And now his heart (extracted through his eyes
In Love's elixer, tears) does soon subdue
Old Astragon; whose pity, though made wise
With Love's false essences, likes these as true.

LXXXVIII.

The Duke he to a secret bower does lead,
Where he his youth's first story may attend;
To guess, ere he will let his love proceed,
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

LXXXIX.

For virtue, though a rarely planted flower,
Was in the seed by this wise florist known;
Who could foretel, even in her springing hour,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

CANTO VIII.

Argument.

Birtha her first unpractis'd Love bewails,
Whilst Gondibert on Astragon prevails,
By showing, high ambition is of use,
And glory in the good needs no excuse.
Golto a grief to Ulfinoe reveals,
Whilst he a greater of his own conceals.

I.

BIRTHA her griefs to her apartment brought,
Where all her maids to heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busy fingers wrought
To deck the altar of the house of praise.

II.

But now she finds their music turn'd to care;
Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and sad as with'ring fav'rites are,
Who for their sick indulgent monarch mourn.

III.

Thula (the eldest of this silenc'd quire)
When Birtha at this change astonish'd was,
With hasty whisper, begg'd her to retire;
And on her knees, thus tells their sorrow's cause.

IV.

Forgive me such experience, as too soon,
Show'd me unlucky Love; by which I guess

How maids are by their innocence undone,
And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

V.

Forgive such passion as to speech persuades,
And to my tongue my observation brought;
And then forgive my tongue, which to your maids,
Too rashly carry'd, what experience taught.

VI.

For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
Your inward music still untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to
fear,
And practis'd grief, e'er you did know to sin.

VII.

This being love, to Agatha I told;
Did on her tongue, as on still death rely;
But winged Love, she was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

VIII.

Love, who in whisper scap'd, did public grow;
Which makes them now their time in silence
waste;

Makes their neglected needles move so slow, [fast.
And through their eyes, their hearts dissolve so

IX.

For oft, dire tales of love has fill'd their heads;
And while they doubt you in that tyrant's pow'r,
The spring (they think) may visit woods and meads,
But scarce shall hear a bird, or see a flow'r.

X.

Ah how (said Birtha) shall I dare confess
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient spy;
Thou (Thula) who didst run to tell thy guests,
With secrets known, wilt to confession fly.

XI.

But if I love this prince, and have in heav'n
Made any friends by vows, you need not fear
He will make good the feature, Heav'n has giv'n;
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

XII.

Yet I have heard, that men whom maids think kind,
Calm, as forgiven saints, at their last hour,
Oft prove like seas, enrag'd by ev'ry wind,
And all to whom their bosoms trust, devour.

XIII.

Howe'er, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the mind)
My heart bears men no malice, nor esteems
Young princes of the common cruel kind,
Nor love so foul as it in story seems.

XIV.

Yet if this prince brought love, whate'er it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;
For since he came, my medic'nal housewifery,
Confections, and my stills, are all forgot.

XV.

Blossoms in winds: berries in frosts may fall!
And flowers sink down in rain! for I no more
Shall maids to woods, for early gath'rings call,
Nor haste to gardens to prevent a shower.

XVI.

Then she retires; and now a lovely shame
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her cheeks;
In a dark lanthorn she would bear love's flame,
To hide herself, whilst she her lover seeks.

XVII.

And to that lover let our song return:
Whose tale so well was to her father told,
As the philosopher did seem to mourn [old.
That youth had reach'd such worth, and he so

XVIII.

Yet Birtha was so precious in his eyes,
And, her dead mother still so near his mind
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a pledge he to his trust resign'd.

XIX.

Whoe'er (said he) in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wife conversing with the dead;
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp (death's moving palace) bred.

XX.

Wise youth, in books and battles early finds
What thoughtless lazy men perceive too late;
Books show the utmost conquests of our minds,
Battles, the best of our lov'd bodies fate.

XXI.

Yet this great breeding, join'd with kings' high
blood

(Whose blood ambition's fever over-heats)
May spoil digestion, which would else be good,
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.

XXII.

For though books serve as diet of the mind;
If knowledge, early got, self-value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to wind;
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.

XXIII.

Though war's great shape best educates the sight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shows victors but authentic murd'ers are.

XXIV.

And I may fear that your last victories
Where glory's toils, and you will ill abide
(Since with new trophies still you fed your eyes)
Those little objects which in shades we hide.

XXV.

Could you, in fortune's smiles, foretel her frowns,
Our old foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
But victors, after wreaths, pretend to crowns;
And such think Rhodalind their valour's due.

XXVI.

To this the noble Gondibert replies;
Think not ambition can my duty sway;
I look on Rhodalind with subjects eyes,
Whom he that conquers, must in right obey.

XXVII.

And though I humanly have heretofore
All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a crown can raise his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does love allow.

XXVIII.

Though, since I gave the Hunns their last defeat,
I have the Lombard's ensigns onward led,
Ambition kindled not this victor's heat,
But 'tis a warmth my father's prudence bred.

XXIX.

Who cast on more than wolfish man his eye,
Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw
That caus'd not his devouring malady;
But like a wanton whelp he loves to gnaw.

XXX.

Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose law is temp'rance) ne'er inspires;
But 'tis a humour, which fond man does please,
A luxury, fruition only tires.

XXXI.

And as in persons, so in public states,
The lust of pow'r provokes to cruel war;
For wisest senates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as single persons are.

XXXII.

Men into nations it did first divide; [styles;
Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them diff'rent
Rivers, whose breadth inhabitants may stride,
Parts them as much as continents and isles.

XXXIII.

On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd ground,
The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits by a border and a bound,
What was before as passable as air.

XXXIV.

Whilst change of languages oft breeds a war,
(A change which fashion does as oft obtrude
As women's dress) and oft complexions are,
And diff'rent names, no less a cause of feud.

XXXV.

Since men so causelessly themselves devour,
(And hast'ning still, their else too hasty fates,
Act but continu'd massacres for pow'r),
My father meant to chastise kings and states.

XXXVI.

To overcome the world, till but one crown
And universal neighbourhood he saw;
Till all were rich by that alliance grown,
And want no more should be the cause of law.

XXXVII.

One family the world was first design'd;
And though some fighting kings so sever'd are,
That they must meet by help of seas and wind;
Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil war.

XXXVIII.

Nor could religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And hasten us from earth, ere age does call,
Who are (alas!) of heav'n so little sure.

XXXIX.

Religion, ne'er till divers monarchies,
Taught that Almighty Heav'n needs army's aid;
But with contentious kings she now complies,
Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.

XL.

To join all sever'd pow'rs (which is to end
The cause of war) my father onward sought;
By war the Lombard sceptre to extend [sought.
Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly

XLI.

He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;
And I (whom no remoteness can deter,
If what seems difficult, be great and good)
Thought his example could not make me err.

XLII.

No place I merit in the book of fame! [fill'd;
Whose leaves are by the Greeks and Romans
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
And she has heard to whom the Hunns did yield.

XLIII.

But let not what so needfully was done,
Though still pursu'd, make you ambition fear;
For could I force all monarchies to one,
That universal crown I would not wear.

XLIV.

He who does blindly soar at Rhodalind, [ease;
Mounts like seal'd doves, still higher from his
And in the lust of empire he may find,
High hope does better than fruition please.

XLV.

The victor's solid recompence is rest;
And 'tis unjust, that chiefs who pleasure shun,
Toiling in youth, should be in age oppress'd
With greater toils, by ruling what they won.

XLVI.

Here all reward of conquest I would find;
Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade;
With nature's quiet wonders fill my mind,
And praise her most, because she Birtha made.

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XLVII.

Now Astragon (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for Birtha did provide;
Oft had he for her parted mother griev'd,
But can this joy, less than that sorrow hide.

XLVIII.

With tears, bids Gondibert to Heav'n's eye make
All good within, as to the world he seems;
And in gain'd Birtha then from Hymen take
All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

XLIX.

Straight to his lov'd philosophers he hies,
Who now at nature's council busy are
To trace new lights, which some old gazer spies;
Whilst the Duke seeks more busily his star.

L.

But in her search, he is by Goltho stay'd,
Who in a close dark covert folds his arms;
His eyes with thoughts grow darker than that shade,
Such thoughts as yielding breasts with study

LI.

[warms.

Fix'd to unheeded object his eye!
His senses he calls in, as if t' improve
By outward absence, inward ecstasy,
Such as makes prophets, or is made by love.

LII.

Awake! (said Gondibert) for now in vain
Thou dream'st of sov'reignty, and war's success;
Hope, nought has left, which worth should wish to
And all ambition is but hope's excess. [gain;

LIII.

Bid all our worthies to unarm, and rest!
For they have nought to conquer with their care;
I have a father's right in Birtha's breast, [war.
And that's the peace for which the wise make

LIV.

At this starts Goltho, like some army's chief,
Whom, unentrench'd, a midnight 'larum wakes;
By pause then gave disorder'd sense relief,
And this reply with kindled passion makes.

LV.

What means my prince to make so low a boast,
Whose merit may aspire to Rhodalind?
For who could Birtha miss if she were lost,
That shall by worth the others treasure find?

LVI.

When your high blood, and conquests shall submit
To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,
Let courts, without Heav'n's lamps, in darkness sit,
And war become the lowly shepherd's trade.

LVII.

Birtha. (a harmless country ornament!)
May be his bride, that's born himself to serve;
But you must pay that blood your army spent,
And wed that empire which our wounds deserve.

LVIII.

This brought the Duke's swift anger to his eyes,
Which his confid'rate heart rebuk'd as fast;
He Goltho chid, in that he nought replies;
Leaves him, and Birtha seeks with lover's haste.

LIX.

Now Goltho mourns, yet not that Birtha's fair,
Or that the Duke shuns empire for a bride;
But that himself must join love to despair;
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

3 G

LX.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From Oswald's field, where, though he wounds
did 'scape
In tempting death, and here no danger sought,
Yet here meet worse than death in beauty's shape.

LXI.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in wars;
And not till now for beauty leisure had;
Yet bore love's load, as youth bears other cares,
Till new despair makes love's old weight too sad.

LXII.

But Ulfinoe, does hither aptly come,
His second breast, in whom his grief's excess
He may ebb out, where they o'erflow at home;
Such griefs, as thus in throngs for utterance press.

LXIII.

Forgive me that so falsely am thy friend!
No more our hearts for kindness shall contest;
Since mine I hourly on another spend,
And now embrace thee with an empty breast.

LXIV.

Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault;
Who walks with her first force in Birtha's shape;
And when she spreads the net to have us caught,
It were in youth presumption to escape.

LXV.

When Birtha's grief so comely did appear,
Whilst she beheld our wounded Duke's distress;
Then first my alter'd heart began to fear,
Least too much love should friendship dispossess.

LXVI.

But this, whilst Ulfinoe with sorrow hears,
Him Goltho's busier sorrow little heeds;
And though he could reply in sighs and tears,
Yet governs both, and Goltho thus proceeds:

LXVII.

To love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd;
I lack'd experience why to be afraid;
Was too unlearn'd to read whom love had harm'd;
But have his will as nature's law obey'd.

LXVIII.

Th' obedient and defenceless, sure, no law
Afflicts, for law is their defence, and pow'r;
Yet me, love's sheep, whom rigour needs not awe,
Wolf-love, because defenceless, does devour:

LXIX.

Gives me not time to perish by degrees,
But with despair does me at once destroy;
For none who Gondibert a lover sees,
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

LXX.

Birtha he loves; and I from Birtha fear
Death that in rougher figure I despise!
Thus Ulfinoe did with distemper hear,
Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies:

LXXI.

Ah, Goltho! who love's fever can assuage?
For though familiar seem that old disease;
Yet like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.

LXXII.

Nature's religion, love, is still perverse;
And no commerce with cold discretion hath,
For if discretion speak when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith.

I

LXXIII.

As Gondibert left Goltho when he heard
His faint profan'd, as if some plague were nigh;
So Goltho now leaves Ulfinoe, and fear'd
To share such veng'ance, if he did not fly.

LXXIV.

How each at home o'er-rates his misery,
And thinks that all are musical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the winds, whilst only he
Of all the glad and licens'd world is aw'd?

LXXV.

And as cag'd birds are by the fowler set
To call in more, whilst those that taken be,
May think (though they are pris'ners in the net)
Th' incag'd, because they sing, sometimes are free.

LXXVI.

So Goltho (who by Ulfinoe was brought
Here where he first love's dangers did perceive
In beauty's field) thinks though himself was
caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

LXXVII.

But Ulfinoe (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from Birtha's sight;
Ideas which in silence hidden were,
As Heav'n's designs before the birth of light.

LXXVIII.

This from his father Ulfinoe he did hide,
Who, strict to youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the bosom of a bride,
Should be but after virtuous toils possess.

LXXIX.

For Ulfinoe (in blooming honour yet)
Though he had learnt the count'nance of the foe,
And though his courage could dull armies whet,
The care o'ercrowds, nor conduct could not know;

LXXX.

Nor vary battles shape in the foe's view;
But now in foreign fields means to improve
His early arts, to what his father knew,
That merit so might get him leave to love.

LXXXI.

Till then, check'd passion, shall not venture forth:
And now retires with a disorder'd heart;
Griev'd, least his rival should by early worth
Get love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

LXXXII.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack;
Or as misguided travellers that rove,
Oft find their way by going somewhat back;
So let's return, thou ill conductor love!

LXXXIII.

Thy little wanton godhead as my guide
I have attended many a winter night;
To seek whom time for honour's sake would hide,
Since in mine age sought by a wasted light.

LXXXIV.

But ere my remnant of life's lamp be spent,
Whilst I in labyrinth strays amongst the dead,
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

LXXXV.

Thy walk (though as a common deity
The crowd does follow thee) mysterious grow

For Rhodalind may now close mourner die,
Since Gondibert, too late, her sorrow knows.

LXXXVI.

Young Hurgonil above dear light prefers
Calm Orna, who his highest love outloves;
Yet envious clouds in Lombard registers [proves,
O'ercast their morn, whate'er their evening

LXXXVII.

For fatal Laura, trusty Tybalt pines;
For haughty Gartha, subtle Hermegild;
Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines;
And as to fate does to ambition yield.

LXXXVIII.

Great Gondibert, to bashful Birtha bends,
Whom she adores like virtue in a throne;
Whilst Ulfinoe and Goltho (late vow'd friends
By him) are now his rivals, and their own.

LXXXIX.

Through ways thus intricate to lover's urns,
Thou lead'st me, love, to show thy trophies past;
Where time (less cruel than thy godhead) mourns
In ruins which thy pride would have to last.

xc.

Where I on Lombard monuments have read
Old lover's names, and their fam'd ashes spy'd;
But less can learn by knowing they are dead,
And such their tombs, than how they liv'd and
dy'd.

xci.

To Paphos fly! and leave me sullen here!
This lamp shall light me to records which give
To future youth, so just a cause of fear,
That it will valour seem to dare to live!

BOOK III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The people, left by Gartha, leave to mourn;
And worship Hermegild for her return.
The wounded Hurgonil by Orna cur'd;
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.
In Laura's hasty change, love's pow'r appears,
And Tybalt seeks the kindness which he fears.

WHEN sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape [prais'd;
Departed peace brought back, the court they
And seem'd so joy'd as cities which escape
A siege, that by their own brave sallies rais'd.

II.

And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,
Through all the streets his chariot slowly drove;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the throng,
Though rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

III.

On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd [gaze;
From Hubert's camp) with childish eyes they
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his arts to mighty magic raise.

IV.

On both they such abundant blessings throw,
As if those num'rous priests who here reside,
(Loth to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the laity ere they dy'd.

V.

Thus dignify'd and crown'd, through all the streets
To court they come; where them wise Aribert
Not weakly with a public passion meets;
But in his open'd face conceal'd his heart.

VI.

With mod'rate joy he took this pledge of peace,
Because great joys infer to judging eyes
The mind distress'd before; and in distress, [spies.
Thrones, which are jealous forts, think all are

VII.

Yet, by degrees, a soul delighted shows
To Gartha, whom he leads to Rhodalind;
And soon to Hermegild as artless grows
As maids, and like successful lovers kind.

VIII.

And Rhodalind, though bred to daily fight
Of court's feign'd faces, and pretended hearts,
(In which disguises courts take no delight,
But little mischiefs shun by little arts.)

IX.

She, when she Gartha saw, no kindness feign'd,
But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
For now she other's sorrow entertain'd,
As if to love, a maid's first sorrow us'd,

X.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet;
Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
As Hybla honey, or Arabian dew.

XI.

And Gartha like an eastern monarch's bride,
This public love with bashful homage took;
For she had learn'd from Hermegild to hide
A rising heart, behind a falling look.

XII.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much entreat
A pardon for that storm her sorrow rais'd;
Which Rhodalind more fues she would forget,
Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

XIII.

Soon is this joy through all the court dispers'd;
So high they value peace, who daily are
In pride's invasions, private faction, vers'd;
The small, but fruitful seed of public war.

XIV.

Whilst thus sweet peace had other's joys assur'd,
Orna with hopes of sweeter love was pleas'd;
For of war's wounds brave Hurgonil was cur'd;
And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

XV.

In both these cures her sov'reign help appears,
Since as her double patient he receiv'd
For bloody wounds, balm, from her precious tears,
And bloodless wounds of love her vows reliev'd.

XVI.

She let no med'cinal flow'r in quiet grow,
No art lie hid, nor artist ease his thought,
No fane be shut, no priest from altars go,
Nor in Heav'n's quire no saint remain unfought;

XVII.

Nor more her eyes could ease of sleep esteem
Then sleep can the world's eye, the sun, conceal;
Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
Till Heav'n, and she, his diff'rent wounds did heal.

XVIII.

But now she needs those aids she did dispense;
For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
E'er shame afflicts her for that diligence,
Which love had in her fits of pity shown,

XIX.

When she (though made of cautious bashfulness)
Whilst him in wounds a smarting fever burn'd,
Invok'd remotest aids to his redress,
And with a loud ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

XX.

When o'er him then, whilst parting life she ru'd,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before)
Than blossoms fall on parting spring, she strew'd;
Than blossoms sweeter, and in number more.

XXI.

But now when from her busy maid she knew
How wildly grief had led her love abroad,
Unmask'd to all, she her own pris'ner grew;
By shame, a virgin's native conscience, aw'd.

XXII.

With undirected eyes which careless rove,
With thoughts too singly to herself confin'd,
She blushing, starts at her remember'd love, [blind.
And grieves the world had eyes, when that was

XXIII.

Sad darkness, which does other virgins fright,
Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;
And shuns her lover, like the traitor, light,
Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd:

XXIV.

Why, bashful maid, will you your beauty hide
Because your fairer mind, your love, is known?
So jewellers conceal with artful pride
Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

XXV.

In pity's passion you unvail'd your mind;
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climb;

Nor seem by being bashful, so unkind
As if you think your pity was a crime.

XXVI.

O useless shame! Officious bashfulness!
Virtue's vain sign, which only there appears,
Where virtue grows erroneous by excess,
And shapes mere sins, then frightened conscience fears.

XXVII.

Your blushes, which to mere complexion grow,
You must as nature, not as virtue own;
And for your open'd love, you but blush so
As guiltless roses blush that they are blown;

XXVIII.

As well the morn (whose essence poets made,
And gave her bashful eyes) we may believe
Does blush for what she sees through night's thin
shade,
As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

XXIX.

Arise! and all the flowers of ev'ry mead
(Which weeping through your stills my health
restor'd)
Bring to the temple to adorn your head,
And there where you did worship, be ador'd.

XXX.

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
By joys of love) he spake; and not less kind
Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
Like forward spring) the blooming Rhodolind.

XXXI.

Like summer, goodly Gartha, fully blown;
Laura, like autumn, with as ripe a look;
But show'd, by some chill griefs, her sun was gone,
Arnold, from whom the life's short glory took.

XXXII.

Like winter, Hermegild; yet not so gray
And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,
That even weak winter is allow'd some day,
And the air clear, and healthful in a frost.

XXXIII.

All these, and Tybalt too (unless a spy
He be, watching who thrives in Laura's sight)
Came hither, as in kind conspiracy,
To hasten Orna to her marriage plight.

XXXIV.

And now the priests prepare for this high vow
All rites, that to their laws can add a grace;
To which the sequent knot they not allow,
Till a spent morn recovers all her face.

XXXV.

And now the streets like summer meads appear!
For with sweet strewings maids left gardens bare,
As lovers with their sweeter bosoms were,
When hid unkindly by dishevell'd hair.

XXXVI.

And Orna now (importun'd to possess [so
Her long wish'd joys) breaks through her blushes
As the fair morn breaks through her rosiness;
And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

XXXVII.

She thinks her love's high sickness now appears
A fit so weak, as does no med'cine need;
So soon society can cure those fears
On which the coward, solitude, does feed;

XXXVIII.

They with united joy blest Hurgonil
And Orna to the sacred temple bring;
Whilst all the court in triumph show their skill,
As if long bred by a triumphant king.

XXXIX.

Such days of joy, before the marriage day,
The Lombards long by custom had embrac'd;
Custom, which all, rather than law obey,
For laws by force, customs, by pleasure last.

XL.

And wisely ancients by this needful snare
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness
As most in marriage swallow with that care,
Which bashfully the wife will ne'er confess.

XLI.

'Tis statesmen's music, who states fowlers be,
And singing birds, to catch the wilder, set;
So bring in more to tame society;
For wedlock, to the wild, is the state's net.

XLII.

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
Like battle's music which to fights prepare,
Many to strife and sad success invites;
For marriage is too oft but civil war.

XLIII.

A truth too amply known to those who read
Great Hymen's rolls; though he from lover's
Hides his most tragic stories of the dead, [eyes
Left all, like Goths, should 'gainst his temples
rise.

XLIV.

And thou (whate'er thou art, who dost perchance
With a hot reader's haste, this song pursue)
May'st find, too soon, thou dost too far advance,
And wish it all unread, or else untrue.

XLV.

For it is sung (though by a mourning voice)
That in the Ides before these lovers had,
With Hymen's public hand, confirm'd their choice
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

XLVI.

For Hermegild, too studiously foresaw
The count's alliance with the Duke's high blood,
Might from the Lombards such affection draw,
As could by Hubert never be withstood.

XLVII.

And he in haste with Gartha does retire,
Where thus his breast he opens to prevent,
That Hymen's hallow'd torch may not take fire,
When all these lesser lights of joy are spent.

XLVIII.

High heaven (from whose best lights your beauty
grows,
Born high, as highest minds) preserve you still
From such, who then appear resistless foes,
When they alliance join to arms and skill!

XLIX.

Most by conjunction planets harmful are;
So rivers joining overflow the land,
And forces join'd make that destructive war,
Which else our common conduct may withstand.

L.

Their knees to Hurgonil the people bow,
And worship Orna in her brother's right;

They must be sever'd, or like palms will grow,
Which planted near, out-climb their native
height.

LI.

As winds, whose violence out-does all art,
Act all unseen; so we as secretly
These branches of that cedar Gondibert
Must force till his deep root in rising die.

LII.

If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,
Such rumour through thick towns unheeded
flies, [past)
As winds through woods, and we (our great work
Like winds will silence tongues, and 'scape from
eyes.

LIII.

E'er this dark lesson she was clearer taught,
His enter'd slaves place at her rev'renc'd feet
A spacious cabinet, with all things fraught,
Which seem'd for wearing artful, rich, and
sweet.

LIV.

With leisurely delight, she by degrees
Lifts ev'ry till, does ev'ry drawer draw;
But nought which to her sex belongs she sees;
And for the male all nice adornments saw.

LV.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her eyes,
Which like a wanton wonder there began;
But strait she in the lower closet spies
Th' accomplish'd dress, and garments of a man.

LVI.

Then starting, she her hand shrunk nicely back;
As if she had been stung, or that she fear'd
This garment was the skin of that old snake,
Which at the fatal tree like man appear'd.

LVII.

Th' ambitious maid at scornful distance stood;
And bravely seem'd of love's low vices free;
Though vicious in her mind, not in her blood:
Ambition is the mind's immodesty!

LVIII.

He knew great minds, disorder'd by mistake,
Defend through pride, the errors they repent;
And with a lover's fearfulness he spake
Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent:

LIX.

How ill (delightful maid!) shall I deserve
My life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
If I shall vex your virtues, that preserve
Others weak virtues, which would else expire.

LX.

How, more than death, shall I my life despise,
When your fear'd frowns, make me your ser-
vice fear;
When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise
You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

LXI.

So rude a law your int'rest will impose;
And solid int'rest must not yield to shame:
Vain shame, which fears you should such honour
As lasts but by intelligence with fame, [lose

LXII.

Number, which makes opinion law, can turn
This shape to fashion, which you scorn to

Because not by your sex as fashion worn;
And fashion is but that which numbers choose.

LXIII.

If you approve what numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness;
Extremes, from which a king would blushing shrink,
Unblushing senates act as no excess.

LXIV.

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his mind)
By a dark vail to sudden sight deny'd;
That she might prize, what seem'd so hard to
find;

For curtains promise worth in what they hide.

LXV.

He said her manhood would not strange appear
In court, where all the fashion is disguise;
Where masquerades are serious all the year;
None known but strangers, nor secure but spies.

LXVI.

All rules he reads of living great in courts;
Which some the art of wise dissembling call;
For pow'r (born to have foes) much weight supports
By their false strength who thrust to make it
fall.

LXVII.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;
By ears as open be to all endear'd;
For the unthinking crowd judge by their sight,
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

LXVIII.

He shuts her breast even from familiar eyes;
For he who secret's (pow'r's chief treasure) spends
To purchase friendship, friendship dearly buys:
Since pow'r seeks great confederates, more than
friends.

LXIX.

And now with counsels more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rs Rhodolind
Her looks, which of the mind false pictures are;
And then how Orna may believe her kind.

LXX.

How Laura too may be (whose practis'd eyes
Can more detect the shape of forward love)
By treaty caught, though not by a surprise;
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

LXXI.

But here he ends his lecture, for he spy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace magnifick leasts)
Bright Rhodolind, with the elected bride;
And with the bride, all her selected guests.

LXXII.

They Gartha in their civil pity sought;
Whom they in midst of triumph's mist, and fear
Lest her full breast (with Hubert's sorrows fraught)
She, like a mourner, came to empty here.

LXXIII.

But she, and Hermegild, are wild with haste,
As traitors are whom visitants surprise;
Decyph'ring that which fearfully they cast
In some dark place, where viler treason lies.

LXXIV.

So open they the fatal cabinet,
To shut things slighter with the consequent;
Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set;
And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

LXXV.

Tybalt, who Laura gravely ever led,
With ceaseless whispers lags behind the train;
Tries, since her wary governor is dead,
How the fair fort he may by treaty gain.

LXXVI.

For now unhappy Arnold she forsakes;
Yet is he blest that she does various prove,
When his spent heart for no unkindness akes;
Since from the light as sever'd as from love.

LXXVII.

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gone,
Some clouds a while, and strokes of faintness
last;

So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,
As shews a tempest, or a sickness past.

LXXVIII.

But him no more with such sad eyes she seeks,
As even at feasts would make old tyrants
weep;
Nor more attempts to wake him with such shrieks,
As threatened all where death's deaf prisoners
sleep.

LXXIX.

Hugo and him, as leaders now she names,
Not much as lovers does their fame approve;
Nor her own fate, but chance of battle blames;
As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

LXXX.

This Tybalt saw, and finds that the turn'd stream
Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;
Yet could he not forget the kind esteem
She lately had of Arnold's high desert.

LXXXI.

Nor does it often 'scape his memory,
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her eyes,
After such showers of love, were quickly dry,
He would them more than lamps in tombs de-
pise.

LXXXII.

And whilst he watch'd like an industrious spy
Her sexes changes, and revolts of youth;
He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,
As senates count'nance laws, or synods, truth.

LXXXIII.

But men are frail, more glass than women are!
Tybalt, who with a stay'd judicious heart
Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:
Love free by nature, scorns the bonds of art!

LXXXIV.

Laura (whose fort he by approach would gain)
With a weak sigh blows up his mine, and
smiles;
Gives fire but with her eye, and he is slain;
Or treats, and with a whisper him beguiles.

LXXXV.

Nor force of arms or arts (O love!) endures
They mightiness; and since we must discern
Diseases fully e'er we study cures;
And our own force by others weakness learn;

LXXXVI.

Let me to courts and camps thy agent be,
Where all their weakness and diseases spring
From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee
In those, who nature in thy triumphs sing.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Whilst BIRTHA and the Duke their joys pursue
 In conqu'ring love, fate does them both subdue
 With triumphs, which from court young Orgo brought;
 And have in Goltho greater triumphs wrought:
 Whose hopes the quiet Ulfmore does bear
 With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.

I.

THE prosp'rous Gondibert from BIRTHA gains
 All bashful plights a maid's first bounties give;
 Fast vows, which bind love's captives more than
 chains,
 Yet free love's saints in chosen bondage live.

II.

Few were the days, and swiftly seem'd to waste,
 Which thus he in his mind's fruition spent;
 And lest some envious cloud should overcast
 His love's fair morn, oft to his camp he sent.

III.

To Bergamo, where still intrenched were
 Those youth, whom first his father's army bred;
 Who ill the rumor of his wounds did bear,
 Though he that gave them, of his own be dead.

IV.

And worse those haughty threat'nings they abhor,
 Which came from Brescia's ancient fighters
 brought;
 Vain fame, the people's trusted orator, [wrought
 Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has

V.

Oft Goltho with his temp'rate counsels went,
 To quench whom fame to dang'rous fury warm'd;
 Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,
 And think him safest in their patience arm'd.

VI.

And safe now is his love, as love could be,
 If all the world like old Arcadia were;
 Honor the monarch, and all lovers free
 From jealousy, as safety is from fear.

VII.

And BIRTHA's heart does to his civil breast
 As much for ease and peace, as safety come;
 For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a guest,
 But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at
 home.

VIII.

Like great and good confed'rates, whose design
 Invades not others but secures their own,
 So they in just and virtuous hopes combine,
 And are, like new confed'rates, busy grown,

IX.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought,
 They walk consulting, standing they debate;
 And then seek shades, where they in vain are sought,
 By servants who intrude and think they wait.

X.

In this great league, their most important care
 Was to dispatch their rites; yet so provide,
 That all the court might think them free as air,
 When fast as faith, they were by Hymen ty'd.

XI.

For if the king (said he) our love surprise,
 His stormy rage will it rebellion call;
 Who claims to choose the brides of his allies;
 And in that storm our joys in blossom fall.

XII.

Our love, your cautious father only knows
 (On whose safe prudence senates may depend),
 And Goltho, who to time few reck'nings owes,
 Yet can discharge all duties of a friend.

XIII.

Such was his mind, and her's (more busy) shows
 That bonds of love do make her longer fast
 Than Hymen's knot, as plain religion does,
 Longer than rites (religion's fashions) last.

XIV.

That her discretion somewhat does appear,
 Since she can love, her mind's chief beauty hide;
 Which never farther went than Thula's ear,
 Who had (alas!) but for that secret died.

XV.

That she already had disguises fram'd, [side;
 And sought out caves where she might close re-
 As being, not unwilling nor ashamed
 To live his captive, so she die his bride.

XVI.

Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,
 Where in the front was to remoter view
 Exalted hills, and nearer prostrate meads, [grew.
 With forests flank'd, where shade to darkness

XVII.

Beneath the shade, two rivers slyly steal,
 Through narrow walks, to wider Adice,

3 G iij

Who swallows both, till proudly she does swell,
And hastes to show her beauty to the sea.

XVIII.

And here, whilst forth he sends his raging eye,
Orgo he spies; who plies the spur so fast,
As if with news of victory he would fly
To leave swift fame behind him by his haste.

XIX.

If (said the Duke) because this boy is come
I second gladness show, do not suppose
I spread my breast to give new comforts room,
That were to welcome rain where Nilus flows.

XX.

Though the unripe appearance of a page
For weighty trust, may render him too weak,
Yet this is he, who more than cautious age,
Or like calm death, will bury what we speak.

XXI.

This Birtha, is the boy, whose skilless face
Is safe from jealousy of oldest spies;
In whom, by whisper, we from distant place
May meet, or wink our meaning to his eyes.

XXII.

More had he said to gain him her esteem,
But Orgo enters speechless with his speed;
And by his looks more full of haste did seem,
Than when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.

XXIII.

And with his first recover'd breath he cries;
Hail my lov'd lord; whom fame does value so,
That when she swift with your successes flies,
She fears to wrong the world in being slow.

XXIV.

I bring you more than tastes of fortune's love,
Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
To think her favours could your gladness move;
Who have more worth than fortune can reward.

XXV.

The Duke, with smiles, forwarns his hasty tongue
As loath he should proceed in telling more;
Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,
By hearing what he thought he knew before.

XXVI.

Thy diligence (said he) is high desert;
It does in youth supply defects of skill;
And is of duty the most useful part;
Yet art thou now but slow to Hurgonil,

XXVII.

Who hither by the moon's imperfect light
Came and return'd, without the help of day,
To tell me he has Orna's virgin plight,
And that their nuptials for my presence stay.

XXVIII.

Orgo reply'd, though that a triumph be
Where all false lovers are, like savage kings,
Led captive after love's great victory,
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

XXIX.

It was the eve to this your holiday!
And now Verona mistress does appear
Of Lombardy; and all the flowers which May
E'er wore, does as the country's favours wear.

XXX.

The weary echo from the hills makes haste;
Vex'd that the bells still call for her replies

When they so many are, and ring so fast;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the people's cries:

XXXI.

Who send to heav'n the name of Rhodalind,
And then Duke Gondibert as high they raise
To both with all their public passion kind,
If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

XXXII.

The King this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the empire next allied,
As heir to all his conquests and his crown,
For royal Rhodalind must be your bride.

XXXIII.

Not all the dangers valour finds in war,
Love meets in courts, or pride to courts pro-
cures,
When sick with peace they hot in faction are,
Can make such fears as now the Duke endures.

XXXIV.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry maid has found,
On whose first guards, love by surprises steals,
(Whose fightless arrow makes a cureless wound)
Are like to this which doubtful Birtha feels.

XXXV.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chase;
Strives more to teach his manhood to resist
Death in her eyes; and then with all the grace
Of seeming pleasure, Orgo he dismiss.

XXXVI.

And Orgo being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, she fell; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart; griev'd that no grave he sees,
To sink, where love no more can sorrow know.

XXXVII.

Her sighs as showers lay winds, are calm'd with
tears;

And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A clearer sky, and thus she weeping spake:

XXXVIII.

Since such a Prince has forfeited his pow'r,
Heaven give me leave to make my duty less,
Let me my vows, as sudden oaths abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth express.

XXXIX.

Yet your's! would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

XL.

Though cruel now as beasts where they have pow'r;
Choosing, like them, to make the weakest bleed;
For weakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

XLI.

To fighting fields, send all your honour back,
To courts your dang'rous tongue and civil shape,
That country maids may men no more mistake,
Nor seek dark death, that they may love escape.

XLII.

Now soon to heav'n her soul had found the way,
(For there it oft had been in pray'r and
praise)

But that his vows did life with loudness stay,
And life's warm help did soon her body raise.

XLIII.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
He lets th' unhallow'd ground a fall'n flower wear,
Sweeter than nature's bosom ever wore;
And now these vows sends kindly to her ear:

XLIV.

If (Birtha) I am false, think none to blame
For thinking truth (by which the soul subsists)
No farther to be found than in the name;
Think humankind betrayed even by their priests.

XLV.

Think all my sex so vile, that you may chide
Those maids who to your mother's nuptials ran;
And praise your mother who so early died,
Rememb'ring whom she married was a man.

XLVI.

This great court miracle you strait receive
From Orgo, and your faith the whole allows;
Why since you Orgo's words so soon believe
Will you less civilly suspect my vows?

XLVII.

My vows, which want the temple's seal, will bind
(Though private kept) surer than public laws;
For laws but force the body, but my mind
Your virtue counsels, whilst your beauty draws.

XLVIII.

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
Attest his grief, and fear does her's renew;
Now losing (were he lost) more then before,
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

XLIX.

As sick physicians seldom their own art
Dare trust, to cure their own disease, so these
Were to themselves quite useless when apart;
Yet by consult, each can the other ease.

L.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
For Orgo's news (which need not borrow wings,
Since Orgo for his lord believ'd it good)
To Astragon the joyful household brings.

LI.

But Astragon, with a judicious thought,
This day's glad news took in the dire portent;
A day which mourning nights to Birtha brought,
And with that fear, in search of Birtha went.

LII.

And here he finds her in her lover's eyes,
And him in her's; both more afflicted grown
At his approach; for each his sorrow spies,
Who thus would counsel theirs and hide his own.

LIII.

Though much this fatal joy to anger moves,
Yet reason's aids shall anger's force subdue;
I will not chide you for your hasty loves,
Nor ever doubt (great Prince) that your's is true.

LIV.

In chiding love, because he hasty was,
Or urging errors, which his swiftness brings,
I find effects, but dare not tax the cause;
For poets were inspir'd who gave him wings.

LV.

When low I dig, where desert rivers run,
Dive deep in seas, through forests follow winds,

Or reach with optic tubes the ragged moon,
My sight no cause of love's swift motion finds.

LVI.

Love's fatal haste, in your's I will not blame,
Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,
Nor Birtha chide, who thought you came from heav'n.

LVII.

If you lay snares, we err when we escape;
Since evil practise learns men to suspect
Where falsehood is, and in your noble shape,
We should by finding it, our skill detect.

LVIII.

Yet both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;
Call you unthankful; for your great griefs
show
That heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

LIX.

If your contextures be so weak and nice,
Weep that this stormy world you ever knew;
You are not in those calms of Paradise,
Where slender flowers as safe as cedars grew.

LX.

This which your youth calls grief, was froward-
ness
In flatter'd infancy, and as you bear
Unkindly now amidst youth's joys distress,
So then, unless still rock'd you forward were.

LXI.

Grief's conflicts gave these hairs their silver shining;
(Torn ensigns which victorious age adorn)
Youth is a dress too garish and too fine
To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

LXII.

Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
But we by use of burdens are made strong;
And in our practis'd age can calmly take
Those sorrows, which like fevers, vex the young.

LXIII.

When you in love's fair books (which poets keep)
Read what they hide, his tragic history,
You will rejoice that half your time in sleep,
And smile at love when nature bids you die.

LXIV.

Learn then that love's diseases common are;
Do not in sickness known (though new to you)
Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despair:
Love's vital heat does last, whilst love is true.

LXV.

Thus spake the kind and prudent Astragon:
And much their kind impatience he appeas'd,
For of his griefs (which heavier than their own
Were borne by both) their duteous fears are eas'd.

LXVI.

She begs, that he would pardon her distress,
Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move,
And then with all her mother's lowliness
His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

LXVII.

The Duke who saw fair truth so undisguis'd,
And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
Pity'd the studious world, and all despis'd,
Who did not here unlearn, what they had learn'd.

LXVIII.

I am reform'd (said he) not that before
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
But I have learn'd to perfect nature more
By giving innocence a little skill.

LXIX.

For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear
With temper the distempers of our stars;
Not doubling griefs already come by fear
Of more, for fears but hasten threat'ned wars,

LXX.

But we will bravely suffer to inure
Our strength to weights against the new are laid;
That when 'tis known how much we can endure,
Our sufferings may make our foes afraid.

LXXI.

This comet glory shines but in portent, [beams;
Which from the court does send her threat'ning
And looks as if it were by malice meant
To hasten Oswald's faction to extremes.

LXXII.

Since Hurgonil, who just fore-ran the boy
Could not instruct us, we as much may know
Of the first light, as of these fires of joy;
Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

LXXIII.

Yet thus the King might hide in kingly skill,
Wisely to make his bounty more his own:
Kings stoop for counsel, who impart their will;
His acts, like heav'n's, make not their causes known.

LXXIV.

Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I here to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never sought,
Nor now would with her love her greatness take.

LXXV.

Love's bonds are for her greatness made too
straight,
And me ambition's pleasures cannot please;
Even priests who on the higher altar wait,
Think a continu'd rev'rence loss of ease.

LXXVI.

Let us with secrecy our love protect,
Hiding such precious wealth from public view;
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
As false, and shun it when I find it true.

LXXVII.

They now retire because they Goltho saw,
Who hither came to watch with Ulfino
If much the Duke's woo'd mistress did him awe;
Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of
pow'r.

LXXVIII.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
With sudden shyness, he suppos'd it shame
Of being seen in chase of Birtha's love:
As if above it grown since Orgo came.

LXXIX.

Goltho by nature was of music made,
Cheerful as victors warm in their success;
He seem'd like birds created to be glad,
And nought but love could make him taste
distress.

LXXX.

Hope, which our cautious age scarce entertains,
Or as a flatt'rer gives her cold respect,
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
Of one hour's absence as a year's neglect.

LXXXI.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his standing guest,
Fed by the rich, but feasted by the poor;
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breast,
He thus presents in boast to Ulfino.

LXXXII.

Well may I (friend) auspicious love adore,
Seeing my mighty rivals takes no pride
To be with Birtha seen, and he before [hide.
(Thou know'st) injoin'd that I his love should

LXXXIII.

Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd
To thee, since we are now so much the same,
That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
For we admit no difference but in name.

LXXXIV.

But be it still from ev'ry other ear
Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:
His laws are still to my obedience dear,
Who was my gen'ral, though my rival now.

LXXXV.

And well thou know'st how much mine eyes did
melt,
When our great leader they did first perceive
Love's captive led; whose sorrows then I felt,
Though now for greater of mine own I grieve.

LXXXVI.

Nor do I now by love in duty err;
For if I get what he would fain possess,
Then he a monarch is, and I prefer
Him, who undoes the world in being less.

LXXXVII.

When heav'n (which hath prefer'd me to thy
breast, [known
Where friendship is enthron'd,) shall make it
That I am worthy thy love, which is express'd
By making heav'nly Birtha all mine own.

LXXXVIII.

Then at this quiet Eden thou wilt call,
And stay a while, to mark if love's prais'd plant
Have after spring a ripeness, and a fall,
Or never of the first abundance want.

LXXXIX.

And I shall tell thee then if poets are
In using beauty's pencil false, or blind;
For they have Birtha drawn but sweet and fair;
Styles of her face, the curtain of her mind!

xc.

And thou at parting shalt her picture wear,
For nature's honour, not to show my pride;
Try if her like the teeming world does bear,
Then bring that copy hither for thy bride.

xci.

And they shall love as quietly as we;
Their beauty's pow'r no civil war will raise;
But flourish, and like neighb'ring flow'rs agree;
Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

xcii.

Then we for change will leave such luscious peace;
In camps their favours shall our helms adorn;

For we can no way else our joys increase,
But by beholding their's at out return.

xciii.

Thus cloth'd in feathers, he on steeples walks;
Not guessing yet, that silent Ulfinoe,
Had study'd her of whom he loosely talks,
And what he likes did solidly adore.

xciv.

But Ulfinoe with cold discretion aw'd
His passion, and did grave with love become;
Though youthfully he sent his eyes abroad,
Yet kept with manly care, his tongue at home.

xcv.

These rival's hopes, he did with patience hear;
His count'nance not uneasy seem'd, nor strange;
Yet meant his cares should more like love appear,
If in the Duke ambition bred a change.

xcvi.

But as the Duke shun'd them for secrecy,
So now they from approaching Orgo move,
Made by discretion (love's strict tutor) shy,
Which is to lovers painful as their love.

xcvii.

But Orgo they did ill suspect, whose youth
And nature yielded lovers no offence;
Us'd by his lord for kindness and for truth;
Both native in him as his innocence:

xcviii.

And here pass'd by in haste, to court employ'd,
That Birtha may no more have cause to mourn:
Full was his little breast: and overjoy'd
That much depended on his quick return!

xcix.

Many like Orgo in their manhood's morn,
As pages did the noble Duke attend;
The sons of chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer virtue did that beauty mend.

c.

These in his hero's schools he bred (which were
In peace his palace, and in war his tent)
As if time's self had read sage lectures there
How he would have his hours (life's treasure)
Spent.

ci.

No action, though to shorten dreaded war,
Nor needful counsels, though to lengthen
peace,
Nor love, of which wise nature takes such care,
Could from this useful work his cares release.

cii.

But with the early sun he rose, and taught
These youths, by growing virtue to grow great;
Show'd greatness is without it blindly fought,
A desp'rate charge which ends in base retreat.

ciii.

He taught them shame, the sudden sense of ill;
Shame, nature's hasty conscience, which forbids
Weak inclination e'er it grows to will,
Or stays rash will, before it grows to deeds.

civ.

He taught them honour, virtue's bashfulness;
A fort so yieldless, that it fears to treat;
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;
Honour, the moral conscience of the great!

cv.

He taught them kindness; soul's civility,
In which, nor courts, nor cities have a part;
For their's is fashion, this from falsehood free;
Where love, and pleasure, know no lust nor art.

cvi.

And love he taught; the soul's stoll'n visit made,
Though froward age watch hard, and law for-
bid;
Her walks no spy has trac'd, nor mountain staid;
Her friendship's cause, is as the loadstone's hid.

cvii.

He taught them love of toils; toil which does keep
Obstructions from the mind, and quench the
blood;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep
Like opium, is our med'cine, not our food.

cviii.

To dangers us'd them; which death's vizards are
More ugly than himself, and often chase
From battle coward-life; but when we dare
His vizard see, we never fear his face.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The poet takes the wife aside to prove
Even them concern'd in all he writes of love.
The duteous Orgo from the court returns
With joys, at which again fair Birtha mourns.
The Duke with open arms does entertain
Those guests whom he receives with secret pain.

i.

THOU, who some ages hence these rolls dost read,
(Kept as records by lovers of love's pow'r)
Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,
And feed'st from earth, when earth does me
devour:

ii.

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some city's joys,
Where they would fall asleep with lazy peace,
But that their triumphs make so great a noise,
And their loud bells cannot for nuptials
cease:

III.

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'st to some temple, where I wither'd lie;
Proudly, as if the age's frosts defy'd,
And that thy springing self could never die:

IV.

Thou, to whom then the cheerful choir will sing,
Whilst hallow'd lamps, and tapers brave the sun
As a lay-light; and bells in triumph ring,
As when from sallies the besiegers run.

V.

That when the priest has ended, if thine eyes
Can but a little space her eyes forbear,
To show her where my marble coffin lies,
Her virgin garlands she will offer there:

VI.

Confess, that reading me she learn'd to love;
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rs thyself, my doctrine did improve;
Where love by nature is forwarn'd of art.

VII.

She will confess, that to her maiden state
This story show'd such patterns of great life,
As though she then could those but imitate,
They an example make her now a wife.

VIII.

And thy life's fire could she a while outlive
(Which were, though lawful, neither kind nor
good)

Then, even her sorrows would examples give;
And shine to others through dark widowhood.

IX.

And she will boast, how spite of Cynic age,
Of bus'ness, which does pow'r uncivil make,
Of ruder cells, where they love's fire assuage
By study'ng death, and fear for virtue take:

X.

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
An art, as dying is in cells) my laws
Did teach her how by nature to persuade,
And hold by virtue whom her beauty draws.

XI.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to
whom [blind;
Love owes his eyes, who has too long been
Then in the temple leave my body's tomb,
To seek this book, the mon'ment of my mind.

XII.

Where thou may'st read; who with impatient eyes
For Orgo on the guilded terras stay;
Which high, and golden shows, and open lies,
As the morn's window when she lets out day.

XIII.

Whose height two rising forests overlooks;
And on pine-tops the eyesight downward casts;
Where distant rivers seem bestrided brooks,
Churches but anchor'd ships, their steeples masts.

XIV.

Hence, by his little Regian courser brought,
Orgo they spy, with diligence endu'd,
As if he would o'ertake forerunning thought;
And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

XV.

But his light speed left those a while behind;
Whilst with rais'd dust, their swiftnes hid the way,

Yet BIRTHA will, too soon, by Orgo find
What she by distance lost in this survey.

XVI.

Orgo a precious casket did present
To his dear lord, of Podian saphire wrought;
For which, unknown to BIRTHA, he was sent;
And a more precious pledge was in it brought.

XVII.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! long may I live!
Sent still with blessings from the heav'nly
powers;

And may their bounties show what they can give;
And full as fast as long expected showers!

XVIII.

Behold the King, with such a shining train
As dazzles sight, yet can inform the blind;
But there the rich, and beauteous shine in vain,
Unless they distance keep from Rhodalind.

XIX.

Methinks, they through the middle region come;
Their chariots hid in clouds of dust below,
And o'er their heads, their coursers scatter'd
foam

Does seem to cover them like falling snow.

XX.

This BIRTHA heard, and she on Orgo cast
A piteous look (for she no anger knew)
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast
Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

XXI.

So Gondibert this gust of glory took
As men whose sails are full, more weather take;
And she so gaz'd on him, as seamen look
On long fought shore, when tempests drive them
back.

XXII.

But now these glories more apparent be,
And justly all their observation claim'd;
Great, as in greatest courts less princes see,
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

XXIII.

West from Verona's road, through pleasant meads
Their chariots cross, and to the palace steer;
And Aribert this winged triumph leads,
Which like the planet's progress did appear.

XXIV.

So shin'd they, and so noiseless seem'd their speed;
Like Spartans, touching but the silken reins,
Was all the conduct which their coursers need;
And proudly to sit still, was all their pains.

XXV.

With Aribert sat royal Rhodalind;
Calm Orna by the Count; by Hermegild
(Silver'd with time) the golden Gartha shin'd;
And Tybalt's eyes were full by Laura fill'd.

XXVI.

The lesser beauties, numberless as stars,
Show'd sickly and far off, to this noon-day;
And lagg'd like baggage treasure in the wars;
Or only seem'd, another milky way.

XXVII.

The Duke perceiv'd, the King design'd to make
This visit more familiar by surprise;
And with court art, he would no notice take
Of that, which kings are willing to disguise.

XXVIII.

But as in heedless sleep, the house shall seem
New wak'd with this alarm; and Ulfen strait
(Whose fame was precious in the court's esteem)
Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

XXIX.

To Astragon he doubles all his vows;
To BIRTHA, through his eyes, his heart reveal'd;
And by some civil jealousies he shows
Her beauty from the court must be conceal'd.

XXX.

Prays her, from envy's danger to retire;
The palace war; which there can never cease
Till beauty's force in age or death expire:
A war disguis'd in civil shapes of peace.

XXXI.

Still he the precious pledge kept from her view;
Who guess'd not by the casket his intent;
And was so willing not to fear him true,
That she did fear to question what it meant.

XXXII.

Now hastes she to be hid; and being gone,
Her lover thinks the planet of the day
So leaves the mourning world to give the moon
(Whose train is mark'd but for their number)
way.

XXXIII.

And ent'ring in her closet (which took light
Full in the palace front) she finds her maids
Gather'd to see this gay unusual sight;
Which, comet-like, their wond'ring eyes invades.

XXXIV.

Where Thula would by climbing highest be,
Though ancient grown, and was in stature short;
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,
But to be hid from dangers of the court.

XXXV.

Their curious longing BIRTHA durst not blame
(Boldness, which but to seeing did aspire)
Since she herself, provok'd with court's great fame,
Would fain a little see what all admire.

XXXVI.

Then through the casement ventur'd so much face
As kings depos'd, show when through grates
they peep,

To see depositors to their crowning paps;
But strait shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

XXXVII.

Soon so her eyes did too much glory find;
For even the first she saw was all; for she
No more would view since that was Rhodalind;
And so much beauty could none other's be.

XXXVIII.

Which with her virtue weigh'd (no less renown'd)
Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;
And be in tears of the possessor drown'd,
Or she depose her lover by her love.

XXXIX.

But Thula (wildly earnest in the view
Of such gay sights as she did ne'er behold)
Mark'd not when BIRTHA her sad eyes withdrew;
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to
gold.

XL.

Each lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;
Then with rude liking prais'd them all aloud;

Yet thought them fou and coarse to ev'ry lord;
And civilly to ev'ry page she bow'd.

XLI.

The objects past, out-sigh'd even those that woo;
And strait her mistress at the window miss'd;
Then finding her in grief, out-sigh'd her too;
And her fair hands with parting passion kist:

XLII.

Did with a servant's usual art profess
That all she saw, was to her beauty black;
Confess'd their maids well bred, and knew to dress;
But said those courts are poor which painting lack.

XLIII.

Thy praise (said BIRTHA) poison'd is with spite;
May blisters cease on thy uncivil tongue,
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,
By doing Rhodalind and Orna wrong.

XLIV.

False fame, thy mistress, tutor'd thee amiss;
Who teaches school in streets, where crowd
resort;
Fame, false, as that their beauty painted is;
The common country slander on the court.

XLV.

With this rebuke, Thula takes gravely leave;
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gone;
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;
Whilst BIRTHA finds, wild fear feeds best alone.

XLVI.

Ulfen receives, and through art's palace guides
The King; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though twice seven years from first observance
hides
Those marks of valour which adorn'd his face.

XLVII.

Then Astragon with hasty homage bows;
And says, when thus his beams he does dispense
In lowly visits, like the sun he shows
Kings made for universal influence.

XLVIII.

Him with renown the King for science pays,
And virtue; which God's likest pictures be;
Drawn by the soul, whose only hire is praise;
And from such salary not Heav'n is free.

XLIX.

Then kindly he inquires for Gondibert;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progress of his art
Alike with wonder and with pleasure hear.

L.

Now Gondibert advanc'd, but with delay;
As fetter'd by his love, for he would fain
Dissembled weakness might procure his stay,
Here where his soul does as in Heav'n remain.

LI.

Him, creature-like, the king did boldly use
With public love; to have it understood
That kings, like God, may choose whom they will
choose; [good.
And what they make, judge with their own eyes

LII.

This grace the Duke at bashful distance takes;
And Rhodalind so much concern'd is grown,
That his surprisal she her troubles makes;
Blushing, as if his blushes were her own.

LIII.

Now the bright train with Astragon ascend;
 Whilst Hermegild, with Gartha moves behind;
 Whom much this gracious visit did offend;
 But thus he practis'd to appease her mind.

LIV.

Judge not you strangely in this visit show;
 As well in courts think wise dissembling new;
 Nor think the kindness strange, though to your
 foe,
 Till all in courts where they are kind are true.

LV.

Why should your closer mourning more be worn?
 Poor priests invented blacks for lesser cost;
 Kings for their fires in regal purple mourn;
 Which shows what they have got, not what
 they lost.

LVI.

Though rough the way to empire be, and steep,
 You look that I should level it so plain,
 As babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;
 But pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

LVII.

This high hill pow'r, whose bowels are of gold,
 Shows near to greedy and unpractis'd sight;
 But many grow in travel to it old,
 And have mistook the distance by the height.

LVIII.

If those old travellers may thither be
 Your trusted guides, they will your haste reform;
 And give you fears of voyages by sea;
 Which are not often made without a storm.

LIX.

Yet short our course shall prove, our passage fair,
 If in the steerage you will quiet stand,
 And not make storms of ev'ry breath of air;
 But think the helm safe in the pilot's hand.

LX.

You like some fatal king (who all men hears
 Yet trusts entirely none) your trust mistake,
 As too much weight for one: One pillar bears
 Weight that would make a thousand shoulders
 ache.

LXI.

Your brother's storm I to a calm have turn'd;
 Who lets this gilded sacrifice proceed
 To Hymen's altar, by the King adorn'd,
 As priests give victims garlands ere they bleed.]

LXII.

Hubert to triumph would not move so fast;
 Yet you (though but a kind spectator) mean
 To give his triumph laws, and make more haste
 To see it pass, than he does to be seen.

LXIII.

With patience lay this tempest of your heart!
 For you, ere long, this angel's form shall turn
 To fatal man's; and for that shape of art,
 Some may, as I for yours of nature, mourn.

LXIV.

Thus by her love-sick statesman she was taught;
 And smil'd, with joy of wearing manly shape;
 Then smil'd, that such a smile his heart had caught;
 Whose nets camps break not through, nor se-
 nates 'scape.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The King to Gondibert is grown so kind,
 That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
 In giving of her love; and Gondibert
 Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
 Which BIRTHA grieves her beauty did subdue,
 Since he undoes the world in being true.

I.

FULL grows the presence now, as when all know
 Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with state,
 When courts show those, who come to see the show;
 And all gay subjects like domestics wait.

II.

Nor Ulsinore nor Goltho absent were;
 Whose hopes expect what list'ning BIRTHA (hid
 In the adjoining closet) fears to hear;
 And begs kind Heav'n in pity would forbid.

III.

The King (who never time nor pow'r mispent
 In subjects bashfulness, whiling great deeds
 Like coward councils, who too late consent)
 Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds:

IV.

If to thy fame (brave youth) I could add wings,
 Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
 I would (as an example drawn for kings)
 Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

V.

But this were to suspect the world asleep,
 Or all our Lombards with their envy blind,
 Or that the Hunns so much for bondage weep,
 As their drown'd eyes cannot thy trophies find.

VI.

When this is heard, none dare of what I give
 Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
 And to say more, might make thy foes believe,
 Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

VII.

Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coin, by laws were known;
For laws but made more current victors pow'r.

VIII.

A crown soon taught, by whom pow'r first was
given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

IX.

A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers awe.

X.

To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth give princes place;
And virtue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As souls extraction does the body's race.

XI.

Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes veins,
Thou may'st with any Lombard measure time;
Though he his hidden house in Illium feigns;
And not stop short, when Hubert's self would
climb.

XII.

And Hubert is of highest victors breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate proceed,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

XIII.

His valour shall the Gothic conquest keep;
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty
minds
As soon were pleas'd, as infants are with sleep,
And you had music common as the winds.

XIV.

That all the year your seasons were like spring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kind;
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

XV.

For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that, if my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! Who now are she;
And she that heav'n where secondly I live.

XVI.

And richer than that crown (which shall be thine,
When life's long progress I am gone with fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain,
shame.

XVII.

Thus spake the King; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashful-
ness,
As young kings show, when by surprise o'erheard
Moaning to fav'rite ears a deep distress.

XVIII.

For love is a distress, and would be hid [grow;
Like monarch's griefs, by which they bashful
And in that shame beholders they forbid; [show.
Since those blush most, who must their blushes

XIX.

And Gondibert with dying eyes did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great minds mourn, who cannot then relieve
The virtuous, when through shame they want
conceal.

XX.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty dy'd,
But that attendant hope persuades her stay
A while, to hear her Duke; who thus reply'd.

XXI.

Victorious king! Abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by war;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

XXII.

A king you are o'er subjects so, as wise
And noble husbands seem o'er loyal wives;
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

XXIII.

To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

XXIV.

Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled virtue find) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous fight,
The stroke, and fire, and Oisels' juice endures;

XXV.

Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lure near,
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

XXVI.

Forgive me that I am not what I seem;
But falsely have dissembled an excess
Of all such virtues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ill confess.

XXVII.

Far in ambition's fever am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too; and like the sun
Does round the world tow'rd's change of objects
move.

XXVIII.

Nor is this now through virtuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd fear,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when faintly votaries appear,

XXIX.

When she will grace the bridal dignity,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will try
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

XXX.

Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal suitors brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire wait.

XXXI.

Amongst this ruling race the choice may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the mind,

Eyes that in empire's drowsy calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find;

XXXII.

A prince who more enlarges pow'r than lands,
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands,
Not where his coin does pass, but pow'r re-
mains.

XXXIII.

Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good possess'd; for 'tis in them
The swelling Nile; from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

XXXIV.

Thus (Princess) you should choose; and you will
find,

Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kind)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eyes.

XXXV.

Such was the Duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral ears:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his fears.

XXXVI.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewails;
And now her hope a weak physician seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevails
Like common med'cines, slowly in extremes.

XXXVII.

The King (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sudden passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should express.

XXXVIII.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poor,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

XXXIX.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The King does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

XL.

Yet whilst the King does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

XLI.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the King
Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the Duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her sorrows to his bosom sends:

XLII.

Why should my storm your life's calm voyage
vex?

Destroying wholly virtue's race in one;
So by the first to my unlucky sex,
All in a single ruin were undone.

XLIII.

Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! whilst I
Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
That virtuous men forsake so willingly
Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

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XLIV.

Let me her servant be! A dignity,
Which if your pity in my fall procures,
I still shall value the advancement high,
Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours.

XLV.

E'er this high sorrow up to dying grew,
The Duke the casket open'd, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerful emerald drew;
Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sense.

XLVI.

The thirtieth carraet it had doubled twice;
Not ta'en from the Attic silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

XLVII.

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians
climb;

But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

XLVIII.

Then thus he spake! This (Birtha) from my male
Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kind heart they did in love prevail,
The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

XLIX.

Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
To bride did first succeed; and though 'tis
known

From ancient lore, that gems much virtue hide,
And that the emerald is the bridal stone:

L.

Though much renown'd because it chasteness loves,
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Show when her absent lord disloyal proves,
By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

LI.

Though emeralds serve as spies to jealous brides,
Yet each compar'd to this does counsel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
Or seems born blind, or feigns a dying sleep.

LII.

With this take Orgo, as a better spy;
Who may in all your kinder fears be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament.

LIII.

Had now an artful pencil, Birtha, drawn, (light)
(With grief all dark, then strait with joy all)
He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
A sudden break of beauty out of night.

LIV.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, fear,
Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

LV.

Her joys (too vast to be contain'd in speech)
Thus she a little spake! Why stoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

LVI.

Or why do I, when I this plight embrace,
Boldly aspire to take what you have given?

But that your virtue has with angels place,
And 'tis a virtue to aspire to heav'n.

LXVII.

And as tow'rd's heav'n all travel on their knees;
So I tow'rd's you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better
please

Then aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

LXVIII.

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
Far from your bosom banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

LXIX.

But thus ascending from your humble maid
To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
Till time my duty cancel with my life.

LX.

And fruitfully if heav'n ere make me bring
Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you can tax the spring
For boasting of those flowers she cannot hide.

LXI.

Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
By duty to esteem what ere you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
Will luckier than his former triumphs prove.

LXII.

For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
And as for sin beg pardon for my fears.

LXIII.

Thus spake she: and with fix'd continu'd sight,
The Duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
Like flowers still sweeter as they thicker grew.

LXIV.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
To tell the Duke, his monarch is in haste:

LXV.

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears,
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

LXVI.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
And bids her hope, he with the king shall find,
By now appearing forward to obey,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

LXVII.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

LXVIII.

The king has now his curious sight suffic'd
With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new de-
vis'd:
Fashions of minds, call'd new when but re-
new'd!

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LXIX.

The busy court prepares to move, on whom
Their sad offended eyes the country cast;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

LXX.

As men move flow, who know they lose their way,
Even so the Duke tow'rd's Rhodalind does move;
Yet he does dateous fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the first, and dangerous signs of love.

LXXI.

All his addressee much by Goltio were
And Ulsinore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence near;
But shun his eyes to 'scape from his command:

LXXII.

Lest to Verona he should both require:
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
And not despair to kindle them to-night.

LXXIII.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
Which near fair Rhodalind, the Duke, contains;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
But honour so refus'd, more honour gains.

LXXIV.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a household maid.

LXXV.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's ear
An echo, which from all redoubled soon,
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like ev'ning to her noon.

LXXVI.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

LXXVII.

Thou Astragon, now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

LXXVIII.

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school, and learn)
Knew bashful maids with public view distress;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

LXXIX.

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had BIRTHA dress'd, nor that herself obey'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring BIRTHA did command.

LXXX.

The Duke (whom virtuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from BIRTHA highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal maid's, will walk at ease.

LXXXI.

Of these a brief survey sad BIRTHA takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

3 H

LXXXII.

And when calm Orna with the Count she saw,
 Hope (who, though weak, a willing painter is,
 And busily does ev'ry pattern draw)
 By that example could not work amiss.

LXXXIII.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kind,
 So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
 When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodalind;
 But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

LXXXIV.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd, believes
 (Since with such haste they bear her wealth
 away)
 That they at best, are but judicious thieves,
 And know the noble value of their prey.

LXXXV.

And then she thus complain'd: Why royal maid!
 Injurious greatness! Did you hither come,
 Where pow'r's strong nets of wire were never laid?
 But childish love took cradle as at home.

LXXXVI.

Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
 Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
 Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would
 sleep;
 False lights to scare poor birds in country shade!

LXXXVII.

Or if our joys their own discov'ry make, [yours].
 Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she de-
 calls it our pride; envy, the pois'nous snake,
 Whose breath blasts maids, as innocent as flowers!

LXXXVIII.

Forgive me, beauteous greatness, if I grow
 Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
 To be secure; or praise your beauty so
 As to believe, that it may do me wrong!

LXXXIX.

And you my plighted lord, forgive me too,
 If since your worth and my defects I find,
 I fear what you in justice ought to do; [kind].
 And praise your judgment when I doubt you

XC.

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
 The pale appearance of a killing frost;
 And careful Orgo, when she started, thought
 She had her pledge, the precious emerald, lost.

XCI.

But that kind heart, as constant as her own,
 She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sense,
 Least in her lover's heart some change was grown,
 And it grew pale with that intelligence.

XCII.

Soon from her bosom she this emerald took:
 If now (said she) my lord my heart deceives,
 This stone will by dead paleness make me look
 Pale, as the snowy skin of lilly leaves.

XCIII.

But such a cheerful green the gem did fling
 Where she oppos'd the rays, as if she had
 Been dy'd in the complexion of the spring,
 Or were by nymphs of Britain valleys clad.

XCIV.

Soon she with earnest passion kiss'd the stone;
 Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
 But then the rays retir'd, as if it shone
 In vain, so near the rubies of her lips.

XCV.

Yet thence remov'd, with public glory shines!
 She Orgo blest, who had this relic brought:
 And kept it like those relics lock'd in shrines,
 By which the latest miracles were wrought.

XCVI.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
 Which fear to superstition would sublime,
 But that her father took fear's ladder down;
 Lost steps, by which distress to heav'n would
 climb.

XCVII.

He knew, when fear shapes heav'nly pow'r so just,
 And terrible (parts of that shape drawn true)
 It veils heav'n's beauty, love; which when we trust,
 Our courage honours him to whom we sue!

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The deep designs of BIRTHA in distress;
 Her emerald's virtue shows her love's success,
 Wife Astragon with reason cures despair;
 And the afflicted chides for partial pray'r.
 With grief the secret rivals take their leave;
 And but dark hope for hidden love receive.

I.

To show the morn her passage to the east,
 Now BIRTHA's dawn, the lover's day, appears!
 So soon love beats revellies in her breast;
 And like the dewy morn she rose in tears:

II.

So much she did her jealous dreams dislike.
 Her maids straight kindle by her light their eyes,
 Which when to her's compar'd, poets would strike
 Such sparks to light their lamps ere day does rise,

III.

But O vain jealousy! why dost thou haste
To find those evils which too soon are brought?
Love's frantic valour! which so rashly feast
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unfought.

IV.

As often fairest morns soon cover'd be,
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks so, as weaker eyes small objects see,
Or studious statesmen who contract the brow.

V.

Or like some thinking Sybil that would find
The sense of mystic words by angels given!
And this fair politic bred in her mind,
Restless as seas, a deep design on heav'n.

VI.

To pray'r's plain temple she does haste unseen;
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for
show,

Was nicely kept; and now must be as clean
As tears make those who thence forgiven go.

VII.

For her own hands (by which best painters drew
The hands of innocence) will make it shine;
Penance which newly from her terrors grew;
And was, alas! part of her deep design.

VIII.

And when this holy housewifery was past,
Her vows she sends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Entire; not broken by unthinking haste;
Like sinner's sparks that in ascending die.

IX.

Thence she departs; but at this temple gate
A needy crowd (call'd by her summons there)
With such assurance for her bounty wait,
As if ne'er failing Heav'n their debtor were.

X.

To these she store of antic treasure gave
For she no money knew) medals of gold,
Which curious gath'ers did in travel save,
And at high worth were to her mother sold.

XI.

Figures of fighting chiefs, born to o'ercome
Those who without their leave would all destroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to Athens, Rome,
To Carthage, Tyre, and to lamented Troy.

XII.

Such was her wealth, her mother's legacy;
And well she knew it was of special price;
But she has begg'd what Heav'n must not deny;
So would not make a common sacrifice.

XIII.

To the black temple she her sorrow bears;
Where she outbegg'd the tardy begging thief;
Made weeping Magdalene but poor in tears,
Yet silent as their pictures was her grief.

XIV.

Her purpos'd penance she did here fulfil; [liev'd
Those pictures dress'd, and the spent lamp re-
With fragrant oils, dropp'd from her silver still;
And now for those that there sat mourning,
griev'd.

XV.

Those penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what parent's sin she did bemoan;

And venture (though they go unpardon'd thence)
More sighs for her redress than for her own.

XVI.

Now jealousy no more benights her face,
Her courage beauteous grows, and grief decays;
And with such joy as shipwreck'd men embrace
The shore, she hastens to the house of praise.

XVII.

And there the gem she from her bosom took
(With which till now she trembled to advise),
So far from pale, that Gondibert would look
Pale if she saw how it out-shin'd her eyes.

XVIII.

These rays she to a miracle prefers;
And lustre that such beauty so defies,
Had poets seen (love's partial jewellers, [eyes),
Who count nought precious but their mistress.

XIX.

They would with grief a miracle confess!
She enters straight to pay her gratitude;
And could not think her beauty in distress,
Whilst to her love her lord is still subdu'd.

XX.

The altar she with imag'ry array'd;
Where needles boldly, as a pencil wrought,
The story of that humble Syrian maid,
Who pitchers bore, yet kings to Judah brought.

XXI.

And there she of that precious linen spreads,
Which in the consecrated month is spun
By Lombard brides; for whom in empty beds
Their bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding moon.

XXII.

'Tis in that moon bleach'd by her fuller light;
And wash'd in suds of amber, till it grow
Clean as this spreader's hands; and those were white
As rising lilies, or as falling snow.

XXIII.

The voluntary choir of birds she feeds,
Which oft had here the virgin-confort fill'd;
She diets them with aromatic feeds; [till'd
And quench'd their thirst with rainbow-dew dis-

XXIV.

Lord Astragon, whose tender care did wait
Her progress, since her morn so cloudy broke,
Arrests her passage at this temple-gate,
And thus he with a father's licence spoke:

XXV.

Why art thou now, who hast so joyful liv'd,
Ere love thou knew'st, become with love so sad?
If thou hast lost fair virtue, then be griev'd;
Else show thou know'st her worth by being glad.

XXVI.

Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;
Nor can we, if a spinster loves a king,
Say that her love ambitiously does climb:
Love seeks no honour, but does honour bring.

XXVII.

Mounts others value, and her own lets fall!
Kings honour is but little, till made much
By subjects tongues! elixir-love turns all,
To pow'rful gold, where it does only touch.

XXVIII.

Thou lov'st a prince above thine own degree:
Degree is monarch's art, love, nature's law;

3 H ij

In love's free state all pow'rs so levell'd be,
That there affection governs more than awe.

XXIX.

But thou dost love where Rhodalind does love;
And thence thy griefs of jealousy begin;
A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move;
Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy sin.

XXX.

This vain and voluntary load of grief
(For fate sent love, thy will does sorrow bear),
Thou to the temple carry'st for relief;
And so to heav'n art guided by thy fear.

XXXI.

Wild fear! which has a commonwealth devis'd
In heav'n's old realm, and saints in senates
fram'd;

Such as by which were beasts well civiliz'd,
They would suspect their tamer man untam'd.

XXXII.

Wild fear! which has the Indian worship made;
Where each unletter'd priest the Godhead draws
In such a form, as makes himself afraid;
Disguising mercy's shape in teeth and claws.

XXXIII.

This false guide, fear, which does thy reason sway,
And turns thy valiant virtue to despair,
Has brought thee here to offer and to pray;
But temples were not built for cowards pray'r.

XXXIV.

For when by fear thy noble reason's led
(Reason, not shape, gives us so great degree
Above our subjects, beasts), then beasts may plead
A right in temple's helps, as well as we.

XXXV.

And here with absent reason thou dost weep,
To beg success in love; that Rhodalind
May lose what she as much does beg to keep;
And may at least an equal audience find.

XXXVI.

Mark, Birtha, this unrighteous war of prayer!
Like wrangling states, you ask a monarch's aid
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim to what your passion would invade.

XXXVII.

Long has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to
heav'n;
And thought that heav'n would like themselves
have err'd,
Depriving some of what's to others given.

XXXVIII.

'Thence modern faith becomes so weak and blind,
Thinks heav'n in ruling other worlds employ'd,
And is not mindful of our abject kind,
Because all suits are not by all enjoy'd.

XXXIX.

How firm was faith, when humbly suits for need,
Not choice, were made? then (free from all des-
pair,
As mod'rate birds, who sing for daily feed),
Like birds, our songs of praise included prayer.

XL.

Thy hopes are by thy rival's virtue aw'd;
Thy rival Rhodalind; whose virtue shines
On hills, when brightest planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like minors lamps in mines.

XLI.

The court (where single patterns are disgrac'd;
Where glorious vice weak eyes admire;
And virtue's plainness is by art out-fac'd),
She makes a temple by her vestal fire.

XLII.

Though there vice sweetly dress'd does tempt like
bliss

Even cautious saints, and single virtue seem
Fantastic, where brave vice in fashion is;
Yet she has brought plain virtue in esteem.

XLIII.

Yours is a virtue of inferior rate;
Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your sex that should her imitate, [ward:
And of that pomp which should her foes re-

XLIV.

Retir'd, as weak monastics fly from care;
Or devout cowards steal to forts, their cells,
From pleasures, which the world's chief dangers
are:

Her's passes yours, as valour fear excels.

XLV.

This is your rival in your suit to heav'n:
But heav'n is partial, if it give to you
What to her bolder virtue should be given;
Since yours, pomps, virtue's dangers, never knew

XLVI.

Your suit would have your love with love repay'd;
To which art's conquests, when all science flows,
Compar'd, are student's dreams; and triumphs
made [shows.
By glorious courts and camps but painted

XLVII.

Even art's dictators, who give laws to schools,
Are but dead heads; statesmen, who empire
move,
But prosp'rous spies, and victors, fighting foes,
When they their trophies rank with those of love.

XLVIII.

And when against your fears I thus declaim
(Yet make your danger more, whilst I descry
Your worth to hers), then wisely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull'st when attempts are high:

XLIX.

And you should think your noble dangers less,
When most my praise does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your hasty hope's excess;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

L.

Now you are taught your sickness, learn your cure;
You shall to court, and there serve Rhodalind;
Try if her virtue's force you can endure
In the same sphere, without eclipse of mind.

LI.

Your lord may there your souls compare; for we,
Though souls, like stars, make not their great-
ness known,
May find which greater than the other be;
The stars are measur'd by comparison!

LII.

Your plighted lord shall you ere long prefer
To near attendance on this royal maid;
Quit then officious fear! the jealous fear
They are not fearful, when to death afraid!

LIII.

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick-ey'd-hope three blessings
spy'd;

With joy of being near her lord, inspir'd,
With seeing courts, and having virtue try'd!

LIV.

She now with jealous questions utter'd fast,
Fills Orgo's ear, which there unmark'd are gone,
As throngs through guarded gates, when all make
haste,
Not giving warders time t' examine one.

LV.

She ask'd if fame had render'd Rhodalind
With favour, or in truth's impartial shape?
If Orna were to humble virtue kind,
And beauty could from Gartha's envy 'scape?

LVI.

If Laura (whose fair eyes those but invites,
Who to her wit ascribe the victory)
In conquest of a speechless maid delights;
And e'er to this prompt Orgo could reply,

LVII.

She ask'd in what consist the charms of court;
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common country travellers report,
And such as innocence had cause to fear?

LVIII.

What kind of angel's shape young fav'rites take?
And being angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair country maids return from court so sad?

LIX.

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her lovemight prosp'rous be)
But that young Ulfinoe approach'd her now,
And Goltho, warmer with design than she.

LX.

Though Goltho's hope, in Indian feathers clad,
Was light and gay, as if he meant to fly;
Yet he no farther than his rival had
Advanc'd in promise from her tongue or eye.

LXI.

When distant, talk'd as if he plighted were;
For hope in love, like cowards in the war,
Talks bravely till the enterprise be near;
But then discretion dares not venture far.

LXII.

He never durst approach her watchful eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her ear;
But still seem'd frolic, like a statesman's spy;
As if his thoughtful bus'ness were not there.

LXIII.

Still superstitious lovers beauty paint
(Thinking themselves but devils), so divine,
As if the thing belov'd were all a faint;
And ev'ry place she enter'd were a shrine.

LXIV.

And though last night were the auspicious time
When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;

Yet soon, as to the sun when eaglets climb,
They stoop'd, and quench'd their daring eyes
in tears.

LXV.

And now (for hope, that formal sentry, stands
All winds and show'rs, though where but vainly
plac'd),
They to Verona beg her dear commands;
And look to be with parting kindness grac'd.

LXVI.

Both daily journies meant, 'twixt this and court:
For taking leave is twice love's sweet repast;
In being sweet, and then in being short;
Like manna, ready still, but cannot last.

LXVII.

Her favours not in lib'ral looks she gave;
But in a kind respectful lowliness
Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;
Which gently thus she did to both express.

LXVIII.

High heav'n that did direct your eyes the way
To choose so well, when you your friendship
made,
Still keep you join'd, that daring envy may
Fear such united virtue to invade!

LXIX.

In your safe breasts the noble Gondibert
Does trust the secret treasure of his love;
And I, grown conscious of my low desert, [prove.
Would not you should that wealth for me im-

LXX.

I am a flow'r that merit not the spring!
And he (the world's warm sun!) in passing by
Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
His beams to cedars haste, which else would die.

LXXI.

This from his humble maid you may declare
To him, on whom the good of human kind
Depends; and as his great'ning is your care,
So may your early love successes find!

LXXII.

So may that beauteous foe, whom either heart
For virtue and delight of life shall choose,
Quit in your siege the long defence of art,
And nature's freedom in a treaty lose.

LXXIII.

This gave cold Ulfinoe in love's long night
Some hope of day; as seamen that are run
Far northward find long winters to be light,
And in the cynosure adore the sun.

LXXIV.

It show'd to Goltho, not alone like day,
But like a wedding noon; who now grows strong,
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay
His eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his tongue.

LXXV.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In pretty flow'rs of love's wild rhetoric;
Which mov'd not her, though orators thus sway
Assemblies, which since wild, wild music like.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

Here Ulfín reads the art to Ulfínore
 Of wisely getting, and increasing power.
 The rivals to Verona haste, and there
 Young Goltho's frailty does too soon appear.
 Black Dalga's fatal beauty is reveal'd;
 But her descent and story is conceal'd.

I.
 OLD Ulfín parting now with Ulfínore,
 His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import,
 Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient lore;
 When prudence kept up greatness in the court.

II.
 Heav'n guide thee, son, through honour's slipp'ry
 way;
 The hill, which wary painfulness must climb,
 And often rest, to take a full survey
 Of every path, trod by experienc'd time.

III.
 Rise glorious with thy master's hopeful morn,
 His favour calls thee to his secret breast;
 Great Gondibert! to spacious empire born,
 Whose careful head will in thy bosom rest.

IV.
 Be good! and then in pity soon be great!
 For virtuous men should toil to compass pow'r,
 Lest when the bad possess dominion's seat,
 We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

V.
 Our virtue without pow'r but harmless is!
 The good, who lazily are good at home,
 And safely rest in doing not amiss,
 Fly from the bad, for fear of martyrdom!

VI.
 Be in thy greatness easy, and thy brow
 Still clear, and comforting as breaking light;
 The great, with business troubled, weakly bow;
 Pow'r should with public burdens walk upright!

VII.
 We cheerfulness as innocence commend!
 The great may with benign and civil eyes
 The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
 Who feel most wrong from those who them de-
 spise!

VIII.
 Since wrongs must be, complaints must show the
 griev'd;
 And favourites should walk still open ear'd;
 For of the suing crowd half are reliev'd
 With the innate delight of being heard.

IX.
 Thy greatness be in arms! who else are great,
 Move but like pageants in the people's view;
 And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat;
 The Greeks their painted gods in armour drew!

X.
 Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
 Which from the people does to rulers grow;
 Pow'r (fortune's sail) should not for threat'nings
 strike;
 In boats bestorm'd all check at those that row.

XI.
 Courts little arts condemn! dark holes to save
 Retreated pow'r, when fear does friendship feign;
 Poor thieves retire to woods! chiefs great and
 brave,
 Draw out their forces to the open plain.

XII.
 Be by thy virtue bold! when that sun shines,
 All art's false lights are with disgrace put out;
 Her straightness shows itself and crooked lines;
 And her plain text the sceptics dare not doubt.

XIII.
 Revenge (weak women's valour, and in men,
 The ruffian's cowardice) keep from thy breast!
 The factious palace is that serpent's den,
 Whom cowards there, with secret slaughter
 feast.

XIV.
 Revenge is but a braver name for fear,
 'Tis Indians furious fear, when they are fed
 With valiant foes; whose hearts their teeth must
 tear
 Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

XV.
 When thou giv'st death, thy banners be display'd!
 And move not till an open foe appears!
 Courts lurking war shows justice is afraid;
 And no broad sword, but a close poinard wears.

XVI.
 To kill shows fear dreads not more fears endure!
 When wrong'd, destroy not with thy foes thy
 fame;

The valiant by forgiving mischief, cure;
And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclaim.

xvii.

Be by thy bounty known! for since the needs
Of life so rudely press the bold and wise;
The bounteous heart all but his God exceeds;
Whom bounty best makes known to mortaleyes.

xviii.

And to be bountiful, be rich; for those
Fam'd talkers, who in schools did wealth despise,
Taught doctrine, which at home would empire
lose,
If not believ'd first by their enemies.

xix.

And though in ruling ministers of state,
The people wretched poverty adore,
(Which fools call innocence, and wise men hate
As sloth) yet they rebel for being poor;

xx.

And to be rich, be diligent! move on
Like Heav'n's great movers that enrich the earth;
Whose moments sloth would show the world un-
done,
And make the spring strait bury all her birth.

xxi.

Rich are the diligent! who can command
Time, nature's stock! and could his hour-glass
fall;
Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand;
And by incessant labour gather all.

xxii.

Be kind to beauty! that unlucky shrine [prey;
Where all love's thieves come bowing to their
And honour steal; which beauty makes divine;
Be thou still kind, but never to betray!

xxiii.

Heav'n study more in nature, than in schools;
Let nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd time; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spy not godhead through her glass.

xxiv.

These precepts, Ulfinoe, with dutious care,
In his heart's closet lock'd, his faithful breast!
And now the rival friends for court prepare;
And much their youth is by their haste express.

xxv.

They yet ne'er saw Verona nor the court;
And expectation lengthens much their way;
Since by that great inviter urg'd report;
And thither fly on couriers of relay.

xxvi.

Ere to his western mines the sun retir'd;
They his great mint for all those mines behold,
Verona, which in tow'rs to Heav'n aspir'd;
Gilt doubly, for the sun now gilt their gold.

xxvii.

They make their entry through the western gate,
A Gothic arch! where, on an elephant
Bold Clephes as the second founder sate;
Made to mock life, and only life did want.

xxviii.

Still strange, and divers seem their objects now;
And still increase, where'er their eyes they cast;
Of lazy pag'ant greatness moving slow,
And angry bus'ness rushing on in haste.

5

xxix.

All strange to them, as they to all appear;
Yet less like strangers gaz'd than those they see;
Who this glad day the Duke's spectators were;
To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

xxx.

And guess that these are of his fighting train,
Renown'd in youth, who by their wonder stay'd,
And by their own, but slowly passage gain;
But now much more their progress is delay'd:

xxxi.

For a black beauty did her pride display
Through a large window, and in jewels shone,
As if to please the world, weeping for day,
Night had put all her starry jewels on.

xxxii.

This beauty gaz'd on both, and Ulfinoe
Hung down his head, but yet did lift his eyes;
As if he fain would see a little more;
For much, though bashful, she did beauty prize.

xxxiii.

Golto did like a blushless statue stare;
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look;
And even for fear she would mistrust her snare;
Was ready to cry out, that he was took!

xxxiv.

She, with a wicked woman's prosp'rous art,
A seeming modesty, the window clos'd;
Wisely delay'd his eyes, since of his heart
She thought she had sufficiently dispos'd.

xxxv.

And he thus strait complain'd, ah, Ulfinoe!
How vainly glory has our youth misled?
The wind which blows us from the happy shore,
And drives us from the living to the dead.

xxxvi.

To bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those
Who might beget such beauties as this maid;
The sleepy here are never wak'd with foes;
Nor are of ought but ladies frowns afraid.

xxxvii.

Ere he could more lament, a little page,
Clean, and perfum'd (one whom this dame did
breed
To guess at ills, too manly for his age)
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his steed.

xxxviii.

With civil whisper cries, My lady, Sir! —
At this, Golto alights as swiftly post
As posterns mount; by ling'ring loth to err,
As wind-bound men, whose sloth their first
wind lost.

xxxix.

And when his friend advis'd him to take care;
He gravely, as a man new potent grown,
Protests he shall in all his fortunes share;
And to the house invites him as his own.

xl.

And, with a rival's wisdom, Ulfinoe [astray,
Does hope, since thus blind love leads him
Where a false faint he can so soon adore,
That to Birtha ne'er will find the way.

xli.

They enter, and ascend; and enter then
Where Dalga with black eyes does sinners draw;

3 H iij

And with her voice holds fast repenting men ;
To whose warm jet, light Goltho is but straw.

XLII.

Nicely as bridegroom's, was her chamber drest,
Her bed, as bride's ; and richer than a throne ;
And sweeter seem'd than the Circania's nest,
Though built in eastern groves of cinnamon.

XLIII.

The price of princes pleasures, who her love
(Though but false ware) at rates so costly bought :
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
Spoils to some one by whom herself is caught.

XLIV.

She, sway'd by sinful beauty's destiny,
Finds her tyrannic pow'r must now expire ;
Who meant to kindle Goltho with her eye,
But to her breast has brought the raging fire.

XLV.

Yet even in simple love she uses art ;
Though weepings are from looser eyes but lakes,
Yet oldest lovers scarce would doubt her heart ;
So well she weeps, and thus to Goltho speaks.

XLVI.

I might, if I should ask your pardon, Sir,
Suspect that pity which the noble feel
When women fail ; but since in this I err
To all my sex, I would to women kneel.

XLVII.

Yet happy were our sex, could they excuse
All breach of modesty, as I can mine ;
Since 'tis from passion which a saint might use,
And not appear less worthy of a shrine.

XLVIII.

For my brave brother you resemble so [fell ;
Throughout your shape ; who late in combat
As you in that an inward virtue show,
By which to me you all the world excel.

XLIX.

All was he, which the good as greatness see,
Or love can like ! in judgment match'd by none ;
Unless it fail'd in being kind to me ;
A crime forbid to all since he is gone.

L.

For though I send my eyes abroad, in hope
Amongst the streams of men still flowing here,
To find (which is my passion's utmost scope)
Some one that does his noble image bear ;

LI.

Yet still I live recluse ; unless it seem
A liberty too rude, that I in you
His likeness at so high a rate esteem,
As to believe your heart is kind and true.

LII.

She casts on Ulfinoe a sudden look ;
Stares like a mountebank, who had forgot
His viol, and the curfed poison took
By dire mistake before his antidote.

LIII.

Prays Goltho that his friend may strait forbear
Her presence ; who (she said) resembled so
Her noble brother's cruel murderer,
As she must now expire, unless he go !

LIV.

Goltho, still gravely vain, with formal face
Bids Ulfinoe retire ; and does pretend

Almost to know her parents, and the place,
And even to swear her brother was his friend.

LV.

But wary Ulfinoe (whose beauteous truth
Did never but in plainest drefs behold)
Smiles, and remembers tales, to forward youth
In winter nights by country matrons told,

LVI.

Of witches, towns, where seeming beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, maids that can fly !
Whose palaces at night are smoky hell,
And in their beds their slaughter'd lovers lie.

LVII.

And though, the sun now setting, he no lights
Saw burning blue, nor steam of sulphur smelt ;
Nor took her two black Merœn maids for sp'rits ;
Yet he a secret touch of honour felt.

LVIII.

For not the craft of rivalship (though more
Than states wise rivals study interest)
Can make him leave his friend, till he restore
Some cold discretion to his burning breast.

LIX.

Though to his fears his cause now serious shows ;
Yet smiles he at his solemn moving eye ;
For lust in reading beauty solemn grows
As old physicians in anatomy.

LX.

Goltho (said he) 'tis easy to discern
That you are grave, and think you should be
so ;

Since you have bus'ness here of grave concern ;
And think that you this house and lady know.

LXI.

You'll stay, and have your sleep with music fed ;
But little think to wake with mandrakes groans ;
And by a ghost be to a garden led
At midnight, strew'd with simple lovers bones.

LXII.

This, Goltho, is enchantment, and so strange,
So subt'ly false, that whilst I tell it you,
I fear the spell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleasant vision true.

LXIII.

Her dire black eyes are like the ox's eye,
Which in the Indian Ocean tempest brings ;
Let's go ! before our horses learn to fly,
Ere she show cloven feet, and they get wings !

LXIV.

But high rebellious love, when counsell'd soon
As fullen as rebuk'd ambition grows ;
And Goltho would pursue what he would shun,
But that his happier fate did interpose ;

LXV.

For at the garden gate, a summons loud
Enough, to show authority and haste,
Brought care to Dalga's brow ; which like a cloud
Did soon her shining beauty overcast.

LXVI.

Like thieves surpris'd, whilst they divide their
prize,
Her maids run and return through every room ;
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies ;
All speaking with their looks, and all are
dumb.

LXVII.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
 With words, swift as those errands which her
 heart
 Sends out in glances, thus to Goltho spake :
 My mother, Sir ! alas ! you must depart !

LXVIII.

She is severe as dying confessors,
 As jealous as unable husbands are,
 She youth in men, like age in maids abhors ;
 And has more spies than any civil war.

LXIX.

Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
 I have a closet secret as my breast,
 Which is to men, nor day, no more reveal'd,
 Than a close swallow in his winter's nest.

LXX.

To this good Goltho did begin to yield ;
 But Ulfinoe (who doubts that it may tend
 To base retreat, unless they quit the field),
 Does by example govern and defend.

LXXI.

And now his eyes even ache with longingness,
 Ready to break their strings to get abroad
 To see this matron, by whose sole access
 Dalga in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

LXXII.

And as he watch'd her civil Mercury,
 The hopeful page ; he saw him entrance give,
 Not to a matron, still prepar'd to die,
 But to a youth wholly design'd to live.

LXXIII.

He seem'd the heir to prosp'rous parents toils ;
 Gay as young kings, that woo in foreign courts ;
 Or youthful victors in their Persian spoils ;
 He seem'd like love and music, made for
 sports.

LXXIV.

But wore his clothing loose, and loosely cast,
 As princes high with feasting, who to wine
 Are seldom us'd : show'd warm, and more un-
 brac'd
 Than ravishers oppos'd in their design.

LXXV.

Thus Ulfinoe observ'd, and would not yet
 In civil pity, undeceive his friend ;
 But watch'd the signs of his departing fit ;
 Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

LXXVI.

To the Duke's palace they inquir'd their way ;
 And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse
 Griev'd Goltho frames, vowing he made this stay
 For a discovery of important use.

LXXVII.

If, Sir, said he, we heedlessly pass by [come
 Great towns, like birds that from the country
 But to be scar'd, and on to forests fly,
 Let's be no travell'd fools, but roost at home.

LXXVIII.

I see, (reply'd his friend), you nothing lack
 Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
 In travellers ; else would you not look back
 So often to observe this house and street :

LXXIX.

Drawing your city map with coaster's care,
 Not only marking where safe channels run,
 But where the shelves, and rocks, and dangers are ;
 To teach weak strangers what they ought to
 shun.

LXXX.

But, Goltho, fly from lust's experiments,
 Whose heat we quench much sooner than assuage ;
 To quench the furnace lust, stop all the vents ;
 For, give it any air, the flames will rage.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

I AM here arrived at the middle of the third Book, which makes an equal half of the Poem ; and I was now by degrees to present you (as I promised in the preface) the several keys of the main building ; which should convey you through such short walks as give an easy view of the whole frame.—But it is high time to strike sail, and cast anchor (though I have run but half my course) when at the helm I am threatened with death ; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome ; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity, as diverts the music of verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civil as to be pleas'd with what is written) not to take ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of virtue ; yet even in so worthy

a design I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying : and it is an experiment to the most experienced ; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, He has already died.

It may be objected by some (who look not on verse with the eyes of the ancients, nor with the reverence which it still preserves among other nations) that I beget a poem in an unreasonable time. But be not thou, reader, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common spectator, that can never look on great changes but with tears in his eyes : for if all men would observe, that conquest is the wheels of the world, on which it has ever run, the victorious would not think they have done so new, and such admirable actions, as must draw

men from the noble and beautiful arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the conquered continue their wonder till it involve them in sorrow: which is then the mind's incurable disease, when the patient grows so fullen, as not to listen to remedy: And poesy was that harp of David, which removed from Saul the melancholy spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of empire.

I shall not think I instruct military men, by saying, that with poesy, in heroic songs, the wiser ancients prepar'd their battles; nor would I offend the austerity of such, as vex themselves with the manage of civil affairs, by putting them in mind, that whilst the plays of children are punished, the plays of men, are but excus'd under the title of business.

But I will gravely tell thee (reader) he who writes an heroic poem, leaves an estate entailed; and he gives a greater gift to posterity, than to the present age; for a public benefit is best measured in the number of receivers; and our contemporaries are but few, when reckon'd with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the drum; for if this age be not quiet enough to be taught virtue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure: nor could I (like men that have civilly slept, till they are old in dark cities) think war a novelty: for we have all heard that Alexander walked after the drum, from Macedon into India; and I tell thee (reader) he carried Homer in his pocket; and that after Augustus, by many battles, had changed the government of the world, he and Mæcenas often feasted very peaceably with Horace: and that the last wise Cardinal (whilst he was sending armies abroad, and preparing against civil invasion (took Virgil and Tasso aside under the Louvre gallery, and at a great expence of time and treasure, sent

them forth in new ornaments. And perhaps, if my poem were not so severe a representation of virtue, (undressing truth even out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the world), it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a harbour in a storm.

If thou art a malicious reader, thou wilt remember, my preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to this undertaking, was a desire of fame; and thou mayest likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have some years ago considered, that fame, like time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that like a river, it is narrowest where it is bred, and broadest afar off: but this concludes it not unprofitable; for, he whose writings divert men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous as he is an example to others endeavours: and exemplary writers are wiser than to depend on the gratuities of this world; since the kind looks and praises of the present age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in heaven, for a long and continual conversion of posterity.

If thou (reader) art one of those, who has been warmed with poetic fire, I reverence thee as my judge, and whilst others tax me with vanity, as if the preface argued my good opinion of the work, I appeal to thy conscience, whether it be more than such a necessary assurance, as thou hast made to thyself in like undertakings? For when I observe that writers have many enemies, such inward assurance (methinks) resembles that forward confidence in men of arms), which makes them to proceed in great enterprise; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt ourselves.

Cowes-Castle in the Isle of Wight,
October 22, 1670.

WILL. DAVENANT.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

*To my worthy Friend Mr. William Davenant: upon
his Poem of Madagascar, which he writ to the most
Illustrious Prince Rupert.*

I AM compell'd by your commands to write
I' th' frontispiece of this, and sure I might
With quaint conceits, here to the world set forth
The merit of the poem, and your worth;
Had I well fancy'd reasons to begin;
And a choice mould, to cast good verses in:
But wanting these, what power (alas!) have I
To write of any thing? will men rely
On my opinion? which in verse, or prose,
Hath just that credit, which we give to those
That sagely whisper, secrets of the court;
Having but lees for essence, from report.
And that's the knowledge which belongs to me;
For by what's said, I guess at poetry.
As when I hear them read strong lines, I cry
They're rare, but cannot tell you rightly why:
And now I find this quality was it,
That made some poet cite me for a wit:
Now, God forgive him for that huge mistake!
If he did know; but with what pains I make
A verse, he'd pity then my wretched case;
For, at the birth of each I twist my face,
As if I drew a tooth; I blot, and write,
Then look as pale as some that go to fight:
With the whole kennel of the alphabet,
I hunt sometimes an hour, one rhyme to get:
What I approv'd of once I straight deny,
Like an unconstant prince, then give the lie
To my own invention, which is so poor,
As here I'd kiss your hands, and say no more!
Had I not seen a child with scissors cut,
A folded paper unto which was put
More chance than skill, yet when you open it,
You'd think it had been done by art and wit:
So I, perhaps, may light upon some strain,
Which may in this your good opinion gain;
And howsoever, if it be a plot,
You may be certain, that in this you've got
A foil to set your jewel off, which comes
From Madagascar, scenting of rich gums;
Before the which my lay conceits with smell,
Like an abortive chick, destroy'd i' th' shell:
Yet something I must say, may it prove fit;
I'll do the best I can, and this is it.
What lofty fancy was 't possess'd your brain,
And caus'd you soar into so high a strain!
Did all the Muses join, to make this piece
Excel what we have had, from Rome or Greece:

Or did you strive, to leave it as a friend
To speak your praises, when there is an end
Of your mortality? if you did so
Envy will then scarce find you out a foe!
But let me tell you (friend) the height'ning came
From the reflection of Prince Rupert's name;
Whose glorious genius cast into your soul,
Divine conceits, such as are fit t' enrol
In great Apollo's court, there to remain
For future ages to transcribe again:
For such a poem, in so sweet a style,
As yet was never landed on this isle:
And could I speak your praises at each pore,
'Twere little for the work; it merits more.

ENDIMION PORTER.

To my Friend William Davenant.

I CROWDED 'mongst the first, to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience
lean
To th' passion of thy pen: thence ladies went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; and countries who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins whom they wou'd t' abuse;
Both rendered Hymen's pros'lites by thy muse.
But others who were proof 'gainst love, did sit
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor in Comedy.
Who on the stage, though since they ventur'd not,
Yet on some lord, or lady, had their plot
Of gain, or favour: ev'ry nimble jest
They speak of thine, b'ing th' entrance to a feast,
Or nearer whisper: most thought fit to be
So far concluded wits, as they knew thee.
But here the stage thy limit was, kings may
Find proud ambition humbled at the sea,
Which bounds dominion: but the nobler flight
Of poesy, hath a supreamer right
To empire, and extends her large command
Where'er th' invading sea assaults the land.
Ev'n Madagascar (which so oft hath been
Like a proud virgin tempted, yet still seen
Th' enemy court the wind for flight) doth lie
A trophy now of thy wit's victory:
Nor yet disdains destruction to her state,
Encompass'd with thy laurel in her fate.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

MADAGASCAR.

My soul this winter has been twice about
To shift her narrow mansion, and look out;
To air her yet unpractis'd wings, and try
Where souls are entertain'd when bodies die:
For this intended journey was to clear
Some subtle human doubts that vex her here:
And for no other cause; howe'er the court
Believe (whose cruel wits turn all to sport)
'Twas not to better my philosophy
That I would mount, and travel through the sky,
As if I went on nature's embassy;
Whose legate there, religion terms a spy.
But these sick offers to depart, they call
A weariness of life, each spring, and fall:
And this belief (though well resolv'd before)
Made me so fullen, that I'll die no more
Than old Chaldean prophets in their sleep;
Who still some relics of their souls, would keep,
As 'gage for the return of what they sent,
For visions to the starry firmament.
Thus in a dream, I did adventure out
Just so much soul, as sinners giv'n to doubt
Of after usage, dare forego a while:
And this swift pilot steer'd unto an isle,
Between the Southern Tropic and the Line;
Which (noble Prince) my prophecy calls thine:
There, on a crystal rock I sat, and saw
The empire of the winds, new kept in awe,
By things so large and weighty as did press
Waves to bubbles, or what unswell'd to less:
The sea for shelter hasten'd to the shore;
Sought harbour for itself not what it bore:
So well these ships could rule; where ev'ry sail
The subdu'd winds court with so mild a gale,
As if the spacious navy lay adrift,
Sails swell'd to make them comely more than swift:
And then I spy'd (as cause of this command)
Thy mighty uncle's trident in thy hand,
By which mysterious figure I did call
Thee chief, and universal Admiral:
For well our Northern Monarch knows, howe'er
The sea is dully held, the proper sphere
Wherein that trident sways, yet, in his hand
It turns strait to a sceptre when on land:
And soon this wise assertion prov'd a truth;
For when thyself, with thy advent'rous youth
Were disembark'd; strait with one lib'ral mind,
That long-lost, scatter'd-parcel of mankind,
Who from the first disorder'd throng did stray,
And then fix here, now yield unto thy sway:

On olive-trees, their quivers empty hung,
Their arrows were unplum'd, their bows unstrung;
But some from far, with jealous optics trace
Lines of thy mother's beauty in thy face:
By which, so much thou seem'st the God of Love,
That with tumultuous haste they strait remove,
And hide their magazine of archery;
Lest what was their defence might now supply
Thy godhead, which is harmless yet, but know
When thou shalt head a shaft, and draw a bow,
Each then thou conquer'st must a lover be;
The worst estate of their captivity.

What sound is that! whose concord makes a
jar?

'Tis noise in peace, though harmony in war:
The drum, whose doubtful music doth delight
The willing ear, and the unwilling fright.
Had wet Orion chosen to lament
His griefs at sea, on such an instrument;
Perhaps the martial music might incite
The sword-fish, thrasher, and the whale to fight,
But not to dance; the dolphin he should lack,
Who to delight his ear did load his back,
And now as thunder calls ere storms do rise;
Yet not forewarns, till just they may surprise;
Till the assembling clouds are met, to pour
Their long provided fury in one show'r;
Even so this little thunder of the drum,
Foretold a danger just when it was come:
When strait mine eye, might ratify mine ear;
And see that true, which heard, was but my fear:
For in a firm well-order'd body stood,
Erected pikes, like a young leafless wood;
And that show'd dark, they were so close combin'd;
And ev'ry narrow file was double lin'd;
But with such nimble ministers of fire,
That could so quickly charge, so soon retire,
That shot so fast; to say it lighten'd were
No praise, unto a gunner's motion there;
Nor yet to say, it lightened ev'ry where;
Their number thence, nor swiftness would appear;
Since so incessant swift; that in mine eye,
Lightning seem'd slow, and might be taught to fly!
'Tis lawful then to say, thou didst appear
To wonder much, although thou couldst not fear:
Thy knowledge (Prince) were younger than thy
time,
If not amaz'd; to see in such a clime,
Where science is so new, men so exact,
In tactic arts, both to design and act,

These from unwieldy ships (the day before)
 The weary seas disburdened on the shore :
 In envy of thy hopes they hither came ;
 And envy men in war ambition name ;
 Ambition, valour ; but 'tis valour's shame
 When envy feeds it more than noble fame :
 Strait I discern'd by what their ensign wears,
 They are of those ambitious wanderers ;
 Whose avaricious thoughts would teach them run,
 As long continu'd journies as the sun :
 And make the title of their strength, not right,
 As known, and universal as his light :
 For they believe their monarch hath subdu'd :
 Already such a spacious latitude :
 That sure, the good old planet's bus'ness is
 Of late, only to visit what is his :
 And those fair beams which he did think his own,
 Are tribute now, and he his subject grown ;
 Yet not impair'd in title, since they call
 Him kindly his Surveyor-General.

Now give me wine ! and let my fury rise,
 That what my travell'd soul's immortal eyes
 With joy and wonder saw, I may rehearse
 To curious ears, in high, immortal verse !
 Two of this furious squadron did advance ;
 Commanded to comprize the public chance
 In their peculiar fates : their swords they drew :
 And two, whose large renown their nation knew,
 Two of thy party (Prince) they call'd to try
 By equal duel such a victory,
 As gives the victor's side a full command
 Of what possess'd by both, is neither's land,
 And this to save the people's common blood ;
 By whom, although no cause is understood ;
 Yet princes being vex'd, they must take care
 To do not what they ought, but what they dare :
 Their reason on their courage must rely,
 Though they alike the quarrel justify,
 And in their prince's kind indiff'rent eye
 Are duteous fools, that either kill, or die,

This safe agreement by the gen'ral voice
 Was ratify'd with vows, then straight thy choice
 For the encounter (Prince) with greedy eye
 I did entirely view, and both I spy
 March to the list, whilst either's cheerful look
 Foretold glad hopes of what they undertook.
 Their looks ; where forc'd state clouds, ne'er strive
 to lour,

As if sweet feature, bus'ness could make sour :
 Where solemn sadness of a new court face,
 Ne'er meant to signify their pow'r or place.
 You may esteem them lovers by their hair ;
 The colour warns no lady to despair ;
 And nature seem'd to prove their stature such,
 As took not scanty from her, nor too much :
 So tall, we can't misname their stature length,
 Nor think 't less made for comeliness than strength.
 Their hearts are more, than what we noble call,
 And still make envy weary of her gall.
 So gentle soft ; their valours with more ease
 Might be betray'd to suffer than displease :
 Compar'd to lovers, lovers were undone ;
 Since still the best gain by comparison.
 Of these, the godlike Sidney was a type,
 Whose fame still grows, and yet is ever ripe ;

Like fruits of Paradise, which nought could blast
 But ignorance ; for a desire to taste,
 And know, produc'd no curse ; but neut'ral will,
 When knowledge made indiff'rent, good, and ill.
 So whilst our judgment keeps unmix'd, and pure,
 Our Sidney's full grown fame will still endure :
 Sidney, like whom those champions strive to grace,
 The silent remnant of poor Orpheus race.
 First those, whom mighty numbers shall inspire ;
 Then those, whose easier art can touch his lyre.
 And they protect those who with wealthier fate
 Old Zeuxis lucky pencil imitate.
 And those who teach Lysippus imagin'ry ;
 Forms, that if once alive, would never die !
 Which though no offices of life they taste,
 Yet, like th' elements (life's preservers) last !
 An art that travels much, deriv'd to us
 From pregnant Rome, to Rome from Ephesus !
 But whither am I fled ? a poet's song.
 When love directs his praise, is ever long.

The challenge was aloud, whilst ev'ry where
 Men strive to show their hopes, and hide their fear,
 They now stood opposite and near : a while
 Their eyes encounter'd, then in scorn they smile.
 Such did disguise the fury of his heart,
 A safe and temp'rate exercise of art
 Seem'd to invite those thrusts they most decline,
 Receive, and then return in one true line,
 As if, all Archimedes's science were
 In duel both express'd, and better'd there.
 Each strove the others judgment to suppress :
 Stood stiff, as if their postures were in brass.
 But who can keep his cold wise temper long,
 When honour warms him, and his blood is young ?
 Those subtle figures they in judgment chose
 As guards secure, in rage they discompose :
 Now hazard is the play, courage the main,
 Which, if it hits at first, assures the gain :
 But honour throws at all, and in this strife,
 When honour plays, how poor a stake is life ?
 Which soon (alas !) the adverse second found :
 Made wise, by the example of a wound :
 But gamester's wisdom ever comes too late,
 So dear 'tis bought, of that false merchant fate :
 For our bold second by that wound had won
 The treasure of his strength ; whilst quite un-
 done,

He shrunk from this unlucky sport : but now
 More angry wrinkles on his rival's brow
 Appear'd, than hundred lions wear ; and all
 His strength he ventures on our principal :
 Who entertain'd his stream of fury so,
 As seas meet rivers whom they force to flow :
 It is repulse makes rivers swell, and he
 Forc'd back, got courage from our victory :
 Rivers that seas do teach to rage, are toss'd,
 And troubled for their pride, then quickly lost :
 So he was taught that anger, which he spent
 To make the other's wrath more prevalent,
 For in the next assault he felt the best,
 First part of man (the monarch of his breast),
 To sicken in its warm and narrow throne,
 His rival's hasty soul, to shades unknown
 Was newly fled, but his made greater haste,
 His fears had so much sense of sufferings past :

Such danger he discern'd in 's victor's eye,
Whom he believ'd, so skill'd in victory;
As if his soul should near his body stay,
The cruel heavens, would teach him find a way
To kill that too, by which, no pride (we see)
Can make us so profane as misery?
This when their camp beheld, they strait abjure
That pity in their vow; which to secure
The public blood, ventur'd their hopes, and fame
On two, cause they could die, were censur'd tame;
And to exhort, such vex'd, and various minds,
Were in a storm, to reconcile the winds,
With whisper'd precepts of philosophy:
Arms and religion seldom can comply.
Their faith they break, and in a body draw
Their looser strength, to give the victors law.

Charge! charge! the battle is begun! and now
I saw thy uncle's anger in thy brow:
Which like heaven's fire, doth seldom force assume,
Or kindle till 'tis fit it should consume:
Heaven's slow, unwilling fire; that would not fall,
Till two injurious cities seem'd to call
With their loud sins, and when 'twas time it must
Destroy; although it was severely just
To those, so much perverted in their will;
The righteous saw the fire, yet fear'd no ill,
So careless safe, here all the natives were,
Who stood, as if too innocent to fear,
As if they knew thy uncle bred thy fate,
And his just anger thou didst imitate.
But thy proud foes, who thought the morn did
rise,

For no chief cause, but to salute their eyes;
Are now inform'd by death, it may grow night
With them, yet others still enjoy the light:
For strait (methought) their perish'd bodies lay
To soil the ground they conquer'd yesterday.
O! why is valour priz'd at such a rate?
O if a virtue, why so fool'd by fate?
That land, achiev'd with patient toil, and might
Of emulous encounter in the fight,
They must not only yield when they must die,
But dead, it for the victor fructify.
And now our drums so fill each adverse ear,
Their fellow's groans, want room to enter there;
Like ships near rocks, when storms are grown so
high,

They cannot warn each other with their cry:
Ev'n so, not hearing what would make them fly,
All stav'd and sunk for sad society:
Their wounds are such, the neighb'ring rivers need
No springs to make them flow, but what they
bleed:

Where fishes wonder at their red-dy'd flood,
And by long nourishment on human blood,
May grow so near akin to men, that he
Who feeds on them hereafter, needs must be
Esteem'd as true a Cannibal as those
Whose luscious diet is their conquer'd foes.

Sure Adam, when himself he first did spy
So singular, and only in his eye;
Yet knew all to that single self pertain'd,
Which the sun saw, or elements sustain'd;
He not believ'd, a race from him might come
So num'rous, that to make new offspring room,

Is now the best excuse of nature, why
Men, long in growth, so easily must die.
Eden, which God did this first prince allow,
But as his privy-garden then, is now
A spacious country found; else we supply
With dreams, not truth, long lost geography:
And each high island then (though ne'er so wide)
Was but his mount, by nature fortify'd;
And every sea wherein those islands float,
Most aptly then he might have call'd his moat.
Parts, and divisions were computed small,
When rated by his measure that had all:
And all was Adam's when the world was new;
Then straight that all, succeeded to a few;
Whilst men were in their size, not number strong;
But since, each couple is become a throng:
Which is the cause we busy ev'ry wind
(That studious pilots in their compass find) [come
For lands unknown: where those who first do
Are not held strangers, but arrive at home;
Yet he that next shall make his visit there,
Is punish'd for a spy and wanderer:
Not that man's nature is averse from peace;
But all are wisely jealous of increase:
For eaters grow so fast, that we must drive
Our friends away to keep ourselves alive:
And war would be less needful, if to die,
Had been as pleasant as to multiply.

Forgive me, Prince! that this aspiring flame
(First kindled as a light, to show thy fame)
Consumes so fast, and is mispent so long,
Ere my chief vision is become my song,
Thyself I saw, quite tir'd with victory;
As weary grown to kill, as they to die:
Whilst some at last, thy mercy did enjoy,
'Cause 'twas less pains, to pardon than destroy;
And thy compassion did thy army please,
In mere belief, it gave thy valour ease.

Here in a calm began thy regal sway;
Which with such cheerful hearts, all did obey,
As if no law, were juster than thy word:
Thy sceptre still were safe, without a sword.
And here chronologers pronounce thy style;
The first true monarch of the Golden Isle:
An isle, so seated for predominance,
Where naval strength its power can so advance,
That it may tribute take, of what the east
Shall ever send in traffic to the west.

He that from cursed Mahomet derives
His sinful blood: the Sophi too, that strives
To prove, he keeps that very chair in 's throne,
The Macedonian youth last sat upon:
And he, whose wilder pride, makes him abhor
All but the sun, for his progenitor;
Whose mother sure, was ravish'd in a dream,
By some o'er hot, lascivious noon-day beam;
From whence, he calls himself, the Wealth of
Sight,

The Morn's Executor, the Heir of Light:
And he, that thinks his rule extends so far,
He hopes, the former three his vassals are:
Compar'd to him, in war he rates them less,
Than corporals; than constables in peace:
And hopes the mighty Presbyter stands bare
In reverence of his name, and will not dare

To wear (though sick) his purple turban on
Within a hundred leagues of his bright throne.

These mortal gods, for traffic still disperse
Their envy'd wealth, throughout the universe;
In caracks, built so wide, that they want room
In narrow seas; or in a junc, whose womb
So swells, as could our wonder be so mad,
To think that boats, or ships their sexes had;
Who them beheld, would simply say, sure there
Are near their time, and big with pinnaces;
Yet though so large, and populous, they all
Must tribute pay, unto thy admiral.

Now wealth (the cause, and the reward of war)
Is greedily explor'd; some busy are
In virgin mines; where shining gold they spy,
That darkens the celestial chemic's eye:
I wish'd my soul had brought my body here,
Not as a poet, but a pioneer.
Some near the deepest shore are sent to dive;
Whilst with their long retentive breath they
strive

To root up coral trees, where mermaids lie,
Sighing beneath those precious boughs, and die
For absence of their scaly lovers lost
In midnight storms, about the Indian coast.
Some find old oysters, that lay gaping there
For ev'ry new, fresh flood, a hundred year;
From these they rifle pearls, whose pond'rous size
Sinks weaker divers, when they strive to rise:
So big, on carckonets were never seen,
But where some well-trufs'd giantess is queen;
For though they're orient, and design to deck,
Their weight would yoke a tender ladies neck.
Some climb, and search the rocks, till each have
found

A saphire, ruby, and a diamond:
That which the sultan's glist'ring bride doth wear,
To these would but a glowworm's eye appear:
The Tuscan dukes compar'd, shows sick, and dark;
These living stars, and his a dying spark.

And now I saw (what urg'd my wonder more)
Black fuds of ambergrease, float to the shore:
Whilst rude dull mariners, who hardly can
Distinguish buff, or hides, from cordovan,
(since gloves they never wear) this ointment use,
Not to perfume, but supple their parch'd shoes.
Now others hasten to the woods, and there
Such fruits for taste and odour, ev'ry where

Are seen; that the merabolan by some
Is slighted as a course four winter plumb.
Then new temptation make them all in love
With wand'ring, till invited to a grove,
They straight those silken little weavers spy,
That work so fast on leaves of mulberry;
The Persian worm (whose weary summer toils
So long hath been the ruffling courtiers spoils)
Compar'd to these, lives ever lazily,
And for neat spinning is a bungling fly!

Such hopes of wealth discern'd, 'tis hard to say
How gladly reason did my faith obey;
As if that miracle would now appear,
Which turns a poet to an usurer:
But reason soon will without faith conspire,
To make that easy which we much desire:
Nor, Prince, will I despair, though all is thine,
That pioneers now dig from every mine;
Though all, for which on slipp'ry rocks they strive,
Or gather when in seas they breathless dive;
Though poets such unlucky prophets are,
As still foretell more blessings than they share;
Yet when thy noble choice appear'd, that by
Their combat first prepar'd thy victory:
Endimion, and Arigo; who delight
In numbers, and make strong my muses flight!
These when I saw, my hopes could not abstain,
To think it likely I might twirl a chain
On a judicial bench; learn to demur,
And sleep out trials in a gown of fur:
Then reconcile the rich, for gold-fring'd gloves,
The poor for Godfave, or for sugar-loaves!
When I perceiv'd, that cares on wealth rely,
That I was destin'd for authority,
And early gout; my soul in a strange fright
From this rich isle began her hasty flight;
And to my half dead body did return,
Which new inspir'd, rose cheerful as the morn.
Heroic Prince, may still thy acts, and name,
Become the wonder and discourse of fame;
May ev'ry laurel, ev'ry myrtle bough,
Be strip'd for wreaths, t'adorn, and load thy brow;
Triumphant wreaths, which 'cause they never fade,
Wise elder times, for kings and poets made:
And I deserve a little sprig of bay,
To wear in Greece on Homer's holiday;
Since I assume, when I thy battles write,
That very flame, which warm'd thee in the fight.

P O E M S.

Elysium. To the Duchess of Buckingham.

MADAM,

So sleeps the anchorite on his cheap bed,
(Whose sleep wants only length to prove him dead)
As I last night, whom the swift wings of thought,
Convey'd to see what our bold faith had taught;
Elysium, where restored forms ne'er fade
Where growth can need no seeds, nor light a
shade;

The joys which in our flesh, through frail expence
Of strength, through age, were lost t' our injur'd
sense,

We there do meet again; and those we taste
Anew, which though devour'd, yet ever last:
The scatter'd treasure of the spring, blown by
Autumn's rude winds from our discovery;
Lilies, and roses; all that's fair and sweet,
There reconcil'd to their first roots we meet;

There, only those triumphant lovers reign,
 Whose passions knew on earth so little stain,
 Like angels they ne'er felt what sexes meant;
 Virtue was first their nature, then intent:
 There, toiling victors safely are possess'd,
 With fervent youth, eternity, and rest;
 But they were such, who when they got the field;
 To teach the conquer'd, victory, could yield
 Themselves again; as if true glory were
 To bring the foe to courage, not to fear.
 There are no talking Greeks, who their blood lost,
 Nor for the cause, but for a theme to boast;
 As if they strove enough for fame, that fought
 To have their battles better told, than fought.
 There I a vestal's shadow first did spy,
 Who when alive with holy housewifery,
 Trick'd up in lawn, and flow'ry wreaths (each

hand
 Clean as her thoughts) did 'fore the altar stand:
 So busy still, strewing her spice, and then
 Removing coals, vexing the fire again,
 As if some queasy goddess had profess'd
 To taste no smoke that day, but what she dress'd:
 This holy coil she living kept; but far
 More busy now, with more delightful care
 Than when she watch'd the consecrated flame,
 Sh' attends the shade of gentle Buckingham;
 Who their unenvy'd fins, with chaplets crown'd:
 And with wise scorn, smiles on the prophet's
 wound;

He call'd it so, for though it touch'd his heart,
 His nation feels the rancour, and the smart.
*To the Queen, entertain'd at night by the Countess of
 Anglesey.*

FAIR as unshaded light; or as the day
 In its first birth, when all the year was May;
 Sweet, as the altar's smoke, or as the new
 Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;
 Smooth, as the face of waters first appear'd,
 Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard:
 Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far,
 Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are:
 You that are more, than our discreeter fear
 Dares praise, with such full art, what make you
 here:

Here, where the summer is so little seen,
 That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at
 green

You come, as if the silver planet were
 Miss'd a while from her much injur'd sphere,
 And t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
 In this small lanthorn would contract her light.
In Remembrance of Mr. William Shakspeare.

I.
 BEWARE (delighted poets!) when you sing
 To welcome nature in the early spring:
 Your num'rous feet not tread
 The banks of Avon; for each flower
 (As it ne'er knew a sun or shower)
 Hangs there, the pensive head.

II.
 Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath
 made
 Rather a night beneath the boughs, then shade,
 (Unwilling now to grow.)

Looks like the plume a captain wears,
 Whose rifled falls are steep i' th tears
 Which from his last rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itself away
 Long since (alas!) to such a swift decay,
 That reach the map, and look
 If you a river there can spy:
 And for a river your mock'd eye,
 Will find a shallow brook.

*For the Lady Olivia Porter. A present upon a New-
 years Day.*

Go! hunt the whiter ermine! and present
 His wealthy skin, as this day's tribute sent
 To my Endimion's love; though she be far
 More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!
 Go! climb that rock! and when thou there hast
 found

A star, contracted in a diamond,
 Give it Endimion's love, whose glorious eyes,
 Darken the starry jewels of the skies?
 Go! dive into the southern sea! and when
 Th'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
 A swelling pearl; and such whose single worth,
 Boast all the wonders which the seas bring forth;
 Give it Endimion's love! whose ev'ry tear,
 Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
 How I command? how slowly they obey?
 The churlish Tartar, will not hunt to-day:
 Nor will that lazy, fallow Indian strive
 To climb the rock, nor that dull Negro dive.
 Thus poets like to kings (by trust deceiv'd)
 Give oftner what is heard of, than receiv'd.

On the Death of the Lady Marquis of Winchester.
 IN care, lest some advent'rous lover may
 (T' increase his love) cast his own stock away;
 I (that find, th' use of grief is to grow wise)
 Forbid all traffic now, 'twixt hearts and eyes:
 Our remnant love, let us discreetly save,
 Since not augment; for love lies in the grave.
 Lest men; whose patience is their senses sloth,
 That only live, t' expect the tedious growth
 Of what the following summer slowly yields;
 Whose fair Elysium, is their furrow'd fields,
 Lest these, should so much prize mortality;
 They ne'er would reach the wit, or faith to die;
 Know summer comes no more; to the dark bed
 Our sun is gone; the hopeful spring is dead.
 And lest kind poets that delight to raise
 (With their just truths, not ecstacy of praise)
 Beauty to fame; should rashly overthrow
 The credit of their songs; I let them know
 Their theme is lost; so lost, that I have griev'd,
 They never more can praise, and be believ'd.

*To Endimion Porter, upon his Recovery from a long
 Sickness.*

Just so the sun doth rise, as if last night
 He call'd to account the moon, for all the light
 She ever ow'd; now looks so full of scorn,
 And pride; as she had paid him all this morn!
 So clear a day, timely foretels; I now
 Shall 'scape those clouds, that hung upon my brow,
 Whilst I thy sickness mourn'd; and less did sleep,
 Than faithful widows, that sincerely weep.

A true preface ! My hopes no sooner tell
 What they desir'd, but straight I find thee well.
 Bless'd be the stars ; whose pow'rful influence
 Our healths, by minerals, and herbs dispense !
 And that's their chiefest use : who thinks that fate
 So many stars did purposely create,
 And them so large, merely for show, and light,
 Concludes, it took less care of day than night.
 Since thou art safe, those numbers will be lost,
 Which I laid up, to mourn thee as a ghost :
 Unless I spend them on some tragic tale,
 Which lovers shall believe, and then bewail :
 Next term, prepare thee for the theatre !
 And until then, reserve thy skilful ear ;
 For I will sing imagin'd tragedy,
 'Till fates repent their essence is so high
 From passion rais'd, 'cause they can ne'er obtain
 To taste the griefs, which gentle poets feign.

*Upon the Nuptials of Charles Lord Herbert, and the
 Lady M. Villers.*

ROSES 'till ripe, and ready to be blown,
 Their beauty hide, whilst it is yet their own ;
 'Tis ours but in expectance, whilst th' are green ;
 And bashfully they blush when first 'tis seen,
 As if to spread their beauty were a crime ;
 A fault in them, not in all ripening time.
 So stands (hidden with vails) in all her pride
 Of early flourishing, the bashful bride !
 And 'till the priest, with words devoutly said,
 Shall ripen her a wife, that's yet a maid,
 Her vail will never off : so modest still,
 And so express'd by nature, not by skill,
 That sure she dress'd her looks when she did rise,
 Not in her glass, but in her mother's eyes.
 The jolly bridegroom stands, as he had ta'en
 And led love strongly fetter'd in a chain :
 Forgetting when her vails are laid aside,
 Himself is but a captive to the bride,
 The priest now joins their hands, and he doth find
 By mystery divine, in both one mind,
 Mix'd and dispers'd ; his spirits strait begin
 (As they were rap't) to vex, and talk within :
 His temples sweat, whilst he stood silent by,
 Not as prepar'd to bless, but prophecy :
 What needed more ? since they must needs possess,
 All he foretold, though he should never bless :
 And blessing unto such as mo't restores,
 Or but repeats what was their ancestors.

Epitaph on J. Walker.

ENVY'D and lov'd, here lies the prince of mirth !
 Who laugh'd at the grave bus'ness of the earth,
 Look'd on ambitious statesmen with such eyes,
 As might discern them guilty, could not wise.
 That did the noise of war, and battles hear,
 As mov'd to smiling pity, not to fear :
 Thought fighting princes at their dying sad ;
 Believ'd both victors, and the conquer'd, mad :
 Might have been rich, as oft as he would please ;
 But ways to wealth, are not the ways to ease.
 The wit and courage of his talk, now rests,
 In their impatient keeping that stale jests ;
 His jests, who e'er shall father, and repeat
 Small mem'ry needs, but let's estate be great ;
 Danger so season'd them, each hath salt left,
 Will yet undo the poor for one small theft ;

The rich, that will own them, whate'er they pay :
 Shall find, 'tis twice a-week star-chamberday.

Elegy on B. Hafolrick, slain in his youth, in a duel.

Now in the blind and quiet time of night,
 So dark as if the funeral of light
 Were celebrated here ; whither with flow,
 Unwilling feet, sad virgins do you go ?
 Where have you left your reason, and your fear ?
 What mean those violets that downward wear
 Their heads, as griev'd, since thus employ'd they
 grew ?

Lilies, search'd by your looks, to their pale hue !
 Roses, that lost their blushes on the bough,
 And laurel stol'n from some dead poet's brow :
 These, and your looser hair, show that you come
 To scatter both, on that relenting tomb.
 But stay ! by this moist pavement it appears,
 Some ladies have been earlier here with tears
 Than I, or you ; and we can guess no more,
 Those that succeed, by these that dropp'd before ;
 Than by the dew, fall'n in a cowslip's womb,
 Heav'n's treasury of show'rs that are to come. [spy
 The curtain's drawn : look there and you shall
 The faded god of your idolatry !

Cold as the feet of rocks, silent in shade
 As chaos lay, before the winds were made.
 Yet this was once the flow'r, on whom the day
 So smil'd, as if he never should decay :
 Soft as the hands of love, smooth as her brow ;
 So young in show, as if he still should grow ;
 Yet perfected with all the pride of strength,
 Equal in limbs, and square unto his length :
 And though the jealous world hath understood,
 Fates only seal'd the first creation good ;
 This modern work (stern fates !) rose up to prove
 Your ancient skill retain'd, but not your love :
 Could you have lov'd, you had with careful sight
 Preserv'd, what you did frame with such delight,

O, let me sum his crimes, let me relate
 Them strictly as his judge, not advocate ;
 And yet the greatest number you shall find
 Were errors of his youth, not of his mind :
 For had his jealous courage been so wise,
 As to believe itself, not others eyes ;
 Had he not thought his little patience tame
 In suff'ring quiet men, t' enjoy a fame ;
 He might have liv'd to so great use, that I
 Had writ his acts, and not his elegy.
 Go, gentlest of your sex ! should I relate
 With bolder truth, th' unkindness of his fate,
 (Too strict, to flesh and blood) I might infuse
 A schism in your religion, and my muse :
 Yet this would be excus'd, since all we gain
 By grief, is but the licence to complain,

To the Queen upon a New-years day.

You of the guard make way ! and you that keep
 The presence warm, and quiet whilst you sleep,
 Permit me pass ! and then (if any where
 Employ'd) you angels that are busiest here,
 And are the strongest guard, although unseen,
 Conduct me near the chamber of the queen !
 Where with such reverence as hermits use
 At richest shrines, I may present my muse :
 Awake ! salute, and satisfy thy sight,
 Not with the fainting sun's, but thine own light !

Let this day break from thine own silken sphere,
 'This day, the birth, and infant of the year !
 Nor is there need of purple, or of lawn
 To vest thee in ; were but thy curtains drawn,
 Men might securely say, that it is morn,
 'Thy garments serve to hide, not to adorn !
 Now she appears, whilst ev'ry look, and smile,
 Dispenses warmth, and beauty through our isle :
 Whilst from their wealthiest caskets, princes pay
 Her gifts, as the glad tribute of this day !
 'This day, which time shall owe to her, not fate ;
 Because her early eyes did it create. [bring
 But O ! poor poets ! Where are you ? Why
 You not your goddesses now an offering ?
 'Who makes your numbers swift, when they mov'd
 flow, [flow,
 And when they ebb'd, her influence made them
 Alas ! I know your wealth : the laurel bough,
 Wreath'd into circles, to adorn the brow,
 Is all you have : but go ; these strew, and spread,
 In sacrifice, wherever she shall tread,
 And e'er this day grow old, know you shall see
 Each leaf become a sprig, each sprig a tree.

To Endimion Porter.

Would thou wert dead ! so strictly dead to me,
 That, nor my sight, nor my vex'd memory
 Could reach thee more : so dead, but that to name
 'Thou wert, might give the saucy lie to fame ;
 'That the bold sons of honour, and the mild
 Race of lovers (both thy disciples stil'd)
 Might ask ; who could the first example be
 To all their good ? yet none should mention thee :
 Knocking at my breast, when this hour is come ;
 I hope, I once shall find my heart at home.
 Say thou art dead ; yet whisper't but to me ;
 For should thy so well-spent mortality
 End to the world, and that sad end be known,
 I might (perhaps) still live, but live alone :
 'The better world would follow thee, and all
 That I should gain by that large funeral
 Would be, the wanton vanity to boast,
 What they enjoy, was from my plenty lost.

*To the Countess of Carlisle, on the Death of the Earl
 her Husband.*

This cypress folded here ; instead of lawn,
 These tapers winking, and these curtains drawn ;
 What may they mean ; unless to qualify
 And check the lustre of your eye, you'll try
 To honour darkness, and adorn the night,
 So strive, thus with your lord, to bury light.
 Call back your absent beauties to your care ;
 Though clouded, and conceal'd, we know you are
 The morning's earliest beam, life of the day,
 'The even's last comfort, and her parting ray !
 But why these tears, that give him no relief,
 For whom you waste the virtue of your grief ?
 Such, as might be prescrib'd the earth, to drink
 For cure of her old curse ; tears you would think
 Too rich to water (if ye knew their price)
 'The chiefest plant deriv'd from Paradise.
 But O ! where is a poet's faith ? how far [are.
 We are misled : how false we lords of numbers
 Our love is passion, our religion, rage !
 Since, to secure that mighty heritage

Entail'd upon the bay, see how I strive
 To keep the glory of your looks alive ;
 And to persuade your gloomy sorrows thence,
 As subt'ly knowing, your kind influence
 Is all the precious stock, left us t' inspire,
 And feed the flame, of our eternal fire.

But I recant : 'Tis fit you mourn a while,
 And wink, until you darken all this isle ;
 More fit, the bay should wither too, and be
 Quite lost, than he should lose your obsequy :
 He that was once your lord ; who strove to get
 That title, 'cause nought else could make him great ;
 A title, by which his name he did prefer
 To have a day, i' th' poets calendar.

His youth was gentle, and dispos'd to win,
 Had so much courtship in't, 'twas his chief sin ;
 Yet sure, although his courtship knew the way
 To conquer beauty ; it did ne'er betray.
 When wise with years, these soft affairs did cease,
 He whisper'd war abroad, then brought home
 peace ;

He was supreme ambassador, and went
 To be that prince, whom liegers but present ;
 And soon with easy ceremonies got,
 What they did lose with care, and a deep plot :
 Cheerful his age, not tedious or severe ;
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appear ;
 Whose guilt, made them the soul of mirth despise,
 And being sullen, hope men think them wise.

Yet he that kept his virtues from decay,
 Had that about him needs must wear away :
 The daily less'ning of our life, shews by
 A little dying, how outright to die :
 Observe the morning, noon, and evening sun,
 Then (madam) you that saw his hour glass run,
 In wiser faith, will not be more oppress'd
 To see the last sand fall, than all the rest.

To Thomas Carew.

I.

Upon my conscience whensoever thou dy'st
 (Though in the black, the mourning time of
 Lent) [ly'st]
 There will be seen, in Kings-street (where thou
 More triumphs, than in days of Parliament.

II.

How glad, and gaudy then will lovers be ?
 For ev'ry lover that can verses read,
 Hath been so injur'd by thy muse and thee,
 Ten thousand, thousand times, he wish'd thee
 dead.

III.

Not but thy verses are as smooth and high,
 As glory, love, or wine from wit can raise ;
 But now the devil take such destiny ! [praise.
 What should commend them, turns to their dis-

IV.

Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice ;
 For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
 That now coarse faces carry such a price,
 As must undo a lover that should buy.

V.

Scarce any of the sex, admits commerce ;
 It shames me much to urge this in a friend ;
 But more that they should so mistake thy verse,
 Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend,

To Doctor Duppa, Dean of Christ Church, and tutor to the Prince. An acknowledgment for his collection, in honour of Ben Jonson's memory.*

How shall I sleep to night, that am to pay,
By a bold vow, a mighty debt e'er day?
Which all the poets of this island owe:
Like pains neglected, it will greater grow.
How vainly from my single stock of wit,
(As small as is my art to husband it)
I have adventur'd what they durst not do,
With strong confed'rate art, and nature too;
This debt hereditary is, and more
Than can be paid for such an ancestor;
Who living, all the muses treasure spent,
As if they him, their heir, not steward meant;
Forests of myrtle, he disforested,
That near to Helicon their shades did spread;
Like modern lords, w' are so of rent bereft;
Poets, and they have nought but titles left:
He wasted all in wreaths, for's conqu'ring wit;
Which was so strong, as nought could conquer it,
But judgment's force, and that more rul'd the
sense

Of what he writ, than fancy's vast expence.
Of that he still was lavishly profuse;
For join the remnant wealth of ev'ry muse,
And 'twill not pay the debt we owe to thee,
For honours done unto his memory:

Thus then; he brought th' estate into decay,
With which, this debt, we as his heirs should pay.

As fullen heirs, when wasteful fathers die,
Their old debts leave for their posterity
To clear; and the remaining acres strive
T' enjoy, to keep them pleasant whilst alive;
So I (alas!) were to myself unkind,
If from that little wit he left behind,
I simply should so great a debt defray;
I'll keep it to maintain me, not to pay.
Yet, for my soul's last quiet when I die,
I will commend it to posterity:
Although 'tis fear'd ('cause they are left so poor)
They'll but acknowledge what they should re-
store:

However, since I now may earn my bays;
Without the taint of flattery in praise;
Since I've the luck, to make my praises true,
I'll let them know, to whom this debt is due;

Due unto you, whose learning can direct
Why faith must trust what reason would suspect:
Teach faith to rule, but with such temp'rate law,
As reason not destroys, yet keeps 't in awe:
Wise you; the living volume, which contains
All that industrious art from nature gains;
The useful, open book, to all unty'd,
That knows more, than half knowers seem to hide,
And with an easy cheerfulness reveal,
What they, through want, not fullness, conceal.
That to great faithless wits, can truth dispense
'Till't turn their witty scorn to reverence:
Make them confess their greatest error springs,
From curious gazing on the least of things;
With reading smaller prints, they spoil their sight,
Darken themselves, then rave for want of light:

* *Jonsonius Virbius.*

Show them, how full they are of subtile sin,
When faith's great cable they would nicely spin
To reason's slender threads; (then falsely bold)
When they have weak'ned it, cry, 'twill not hold!

To him, that so victorious still doth grow,
In knowledge, and t'enforce others to know;
Humble in's strength; not cunning to beguile,
Nor strong to overcome, but reconcile:
To art's mild conqueror, that is, to you,
Our sadly mention'd debt is justly due:
And now posterity is taught to know,
Why, and to whom, this mighty sum they owe,
I safely may go sleep; for they will pay
It at all times, although I break my day.

S O N G.

The Countess of Anglesey led captive by the rebels, at the disforesting of Penwsam.

I.

O WHITHER will you lead the fair,
And spicy daughter of the morn?
Those manacles of her soft hair,
Princes, though free, would fain have worn!

II.

What is her crime? what has she done?
Did she, by breaking beauty stay,
Or from his course mislead the sun;
So robb'd your harvest of a day?

III.

Or did her voice, divinely clear!
(Since lately in your forest bred)
Make all the trees dance after her,
And so your woods disforested?

IV.

Run, run! pursue this Gothic rout,
Who rudely love in bondage keep;
Sure all old lovers have the gout,
The young are overwatch'd and sleep.

The long Vacation in London; in verse burlesque, or mock verse.

Now Town-wit says to Witty Friend,
Transcribe apace all thou hast penn'd;
For I, in journey hold it fit,
To cry thee up to Country Wit.
Our mules are come! dissolve the club!
The word, till term, is rub, O rub!
Now gamester poor, in cloak of stammel,
Mounted on steed, as slow as camel,
Baton of crab in luckless hand,
(Which serves for bilboe and for wand)
Early in morn does sneak from town,
Left landlord's wife should seize on crown;
On crown which he in pouch does keep,
When day is done, to pay for sleep;
For he in journey nought does eat.
Host spies him come, cries, Sir, what meat?
He calls for room, and down he lies:
Quoth host, no supper, Sir? he cries,
I eat no supper, fling on rug!
I'm sick, d'you hear, yet bring a jug!
Now damsel young that dwells in Cheap,
For very joy begins to leap,
Her elbow small she oft does rub;
Tickled with hope of syllabub!
For mother (who does gold maintain
On thumb, and keys in silver chain)

In snow-white clout, wrapt nook of pie,
Fat capons wing, and rabbits thigh,
And said to hackney coachman, go,
Take shillings six; say ay, or no,
Whither says he? Quoth she, thy team
Shall drive to place where groweth cream.

But husband gray now comes so stall,
For prentice notch'd he strait does call:
Where's dame? quoth he; quoth son of shop,
She's gone her cake in milk to sop:
Ho, ho! to Islington; enough;
Fetch Job my son, and our dog Ruffe;
For there in pond, through mire and muck,
We'll cry, hey duck, there Ruffe, hey duck!

Now Turnbull dame by starving paunch,
Bates two stone weight in either haunch:
On bran and liver she must dine;
And sits at door instead of sign.
She softly says to roaring Swash,
Who wears long whiskers, go, fetch cash!
There's gown, quoth she, speak broker fair,
Till term brings up weak country heir:
Whom Kirtle red will much amaze;
Whilst clown his man on signs does gaze,
In liv'ry short, galloom on cape,
With cloak-bag mounting high as nape.

Now man that trusts, with weary thighs,
Seeks garret where small poet lies:
He comes to lane, finds garret shut;
Then not with knuckle, but with foot
He rudely thrusts, would enter doors;
Though poet sleeps not, yet he snores:
Cit chafes like beast of Libia then;
Swears, he'll not come or send again.

From little lump triangular
Poor poet's sighs, are heard afar.
Quoth he, do noble numbers choose
To walk on feet; that have no shoes?
Then he does wish with fervent breath,
And as his last request e'er death,
Each ode a bond, each madrigal
A lease from haberdashers hall,
Or that he had protected been
At court, in list of chamberlain;
For wights near thrones care not an ace,
For Woodstreet friend that wieldeth mace.
Courts pay no scores but when they list,
And treasurer still has cramp in fist;
Then forth he steals; to Globe does run;
And smiles, and vows four acts are done;
Finis to bring he does protest,
Tells ev'ry play'r, his part is best;
And all to get, (as poets use)
Some coin in pouch to solace muse.

Now wight that acts on stage of Bull,
In scullers bark does lie at Hull;
Which he for pennies two does rig,
All day on Thames to bob for grig:
Whilst fencer poor does by him stand,
In old dung-lighter, hook in hand;
Between knees rod, with canvas crib,
To girdle tide, close under rib;
Where worms are put, which must small fish
Betray at night to earthen dish.

Now London's chief, on saddle new,
Rides into fair of Bartholomew;

He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on greasy stall,
Till female with great belly call.

Now Alderman in field does stand,
With foot on trig, a quoit in hand;
I'm seven quoth he, the game is up!
Nothing I pay, and yet I sup.
To Alderman, quoth neighbour then,
I lost but mutton, play for hen:
But wealthy blade cries out; at rate
Of kings, should'st play; lets go, tis late.
Now lean attorney, that his cheefe
Ne'er par'd, nor verses took for fees;
And aged proctor, that controuls
The feats of Punck in Court of Pauls;
Do each with solemn oath agree,
To meet in fields of Finsbury:
With loins in canvas bow case tide;
Where arrows stick with meikle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand;
Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme:
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.

Now Spynie, Ralph, and Gregory small,
And short hair'd Stephen, whey-fac'd Paul,
(Whose times are out, indentures torn)
Who seven long years did never scorn,
To fetch up coals for maid to use,
Wipe mistresses, and childrens shoes)
Do jump for joy they are made free;
Hire meagre steeds, to ride and see
Their parents old, who dwell as near,
As place call'd Peak in Derby-shire.
There they alight, old crones are mild;
Each weeps on cragg of pretty child:
They portions give, trades up to set,
That babes may live, serve God and cheat.

Near house of law by Temple Bar,
Now man of mace cares not how far
In stockings blue he marcheth on,
With velvet cape his cloak upon;
In girdle scrolls, where names of some
Are written down, whom touch of thumb
On shoulder left must safe convoy,
Annoying wights with name of Roy.
Poor pris'ners friend that sees the touch,
Cries out aloud, I thought as much.

Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cries, hey pass,
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoop;
And man in chimney hid to dress,
Puppet that acts our old Queen Bess;
And man that whilst the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And man that does in chest include
Old Sodom and Gomorrah lewd;
And white oat-eater, that does dwell
In stable small, at sign of bell;
That lift up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by magician, styled banks;
And ape, led captive still in chain,
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain.
All these on hoof now trudge from town,
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown.

Now man of war with visage red,
Grows choleric and swears for bread.
He sendeth note to man of kin,
But man leaves word, I'm not within.
He meets in street with friend call'd Will;
And cries old rogue! what, living still?
But ere that street they quite are past,
He softly asks, what money hast?
Quoth friend, a crown; he cries, dear heart!
O base, no more sweet, lend me part!

But stay, my frightened pen is fled;
Myself through fear crept under bed;
For just as muse would scribble more,
Fierce city dun did rap at door.

E P I T A P H.

WHEN you perceive these stones are wet,
Think not you see the marble swet;
It weeps for grief the day of doom,
Invok'd by saints, will shortly come;
Then the unwilling marble must
Surrender all this saint's sweet dust.

On Mrs. Katherine Cross, buried in France.

WITHIN this hallow'd ground this seed is sown,
Of such a flow'r, though fall'n ere fully blown,
As will when doom (the saint's first spring) ap-
pears, [wears.
Be sweet as those which heaven's choice bosom
Sweeter in wither'd death than fresh flow'rs are;
And through death's foul and frightful vizard fair;
As calm in life as others in death's shade:
So silent, that her tongue seem'd only made
For precepts, weigh'd as those in wisest books:
Yet nought that silence lost us; for her looks
Persuaded more than others by their speech;
Yet more by deeds than words she lov'd to teach.
This fair flow'r's seed let none remove till doom;
No, though to make some great dead princess' room.
The world's triumphant courts prefer high birth;
But saints in death's low palace, under earth,
May claim chief place; she was a stranger here,
And born within opinion's giddy sphere.
A land where many, whilst they are alive,
Profanely for the style of saintship strive
From others, and themselves as saints esteem;
Yet fainting after death, profaneness deem;
Thence, young, she from the sinful living fled
For safety here among the sinless dead.
Near to this blessed stranger's lowly tomb,
Who dares for neighbourhood presume to come?
Unless, as her religious proselyte,
Her mother challenge a just tenant's right.

SONG.—*The Winter Storms.*

I.

BLOW! blow! the winds are so hoarse they cannot
blow! [snow!
Cold! cold! our tears freeze to hail, our spittle to
The waves are all up, they swell as they run!
Let them rise and rise,
As high as the skies,
And higher to wash the face of the sun.

II.

Port! port! the pilot is blind! port at the helm!
Yare! yare! for one foot of shore take a whole
realm! [her?
Alee or we sink! does no man know to wind

Less noise, and more room!

We sail in a drum!

[to tinder.

Our sails are but wrags, which lightning turns
III.

Aloof! aloof! hey how! those carracks and ships
Fall foul, and are tumbled and driven like chips!

Our boatswain, alas! a silly weak gristle,

For fear to catch cold,

Lies down in the hold,

We all hear his sighs, but few hear his whistle.

*Upon the Marriage of the Lady Jane Cavendish with
Mr. Cheney.*

WHY from my thoughts sweet rest; sweeter to
me,

Than young ambition's prosp'rous travels be,

Or love's delicious progresses;

And is next death the greatest ease?

Why from so calm a heav'n,

Dost call me to this world, all windy grown;

Where the light crowd, like lightest sand is
driven, [blown?

And weighty greatness, even by them, to air is

Epitaph on the Daughter of Mr. Richard Turpin.

STRIPP'D from her silks and lawns here lies

The joy and wonder of all eyes

Should I reveal, in what a sweet

And just consent, her forms did meet,

Thou wouldst believe (the story heard)

Nature herself lay here interr'd.

And all succeeding white and red

Will seem complexion of the dead,

And ever unsuccessful prove,

Whilst lovers know not where to love.

S O N G.

I.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

II.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your vails of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

S O N G.

ENDIMION PORTER AND OLIVIA.

Olivia.

BEFORE we shall again behold
In his diurnal race the world's great eye,
We may as silent be and cold,
As are the shades where buried lovers lie.

Endimion.

Olivia, 'tis no fault of love
To loose ourselves in death; but, O! I fear
When life and knowledge is above
Restor'd to us, I shall not know thee there.

Olivia.

Call it not heaven (my love) where we
Ourselves shall see, and yet each other miss:

So much of heaven I find in thee
As, thou unknown, all else privation is.

Endimion.

Why should we doubt, before we go
To find the knowledge which shall ever last,
That we may there each other know?
Can future knowledge quite destroy the past?

Olivia.

When at the bowers in the Elysian shade
I first arrive, I shall examine where
They dwell, who love the highest virtue made?
For I am sure to find Endimion there.

Endimion.

From this vex'd world when we shall both retire,
Where all her lovers, and where all rejoice;
I need not seek thee in the heavenly quire;
For I shall know Olivia by her voice.

Sent with a Lock of Hair.

LEST thou for length and beauty of thy hair,
(Which is to ev'ry eye and heart a snare)
Should'st by the rage of love's feverer sway,
Be doom'd for casting eyes and hearts away,
Wear mine a while; though mine I know,
Cannot mislead with softness or with show:
Yet I so love thee, as I fain would share,
Love's punishment on thy destructive hair.

S O N G.

The Philosopher and the Lover, to a Mistress dying.

Lover.

YOUR beauty ripe, and calm, and fresh,
As eastern summers are,
Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
Add light to some small star.

Philosopher.

Whilst she yet lives, where stars decay'd,
Their light by hers, relief might find:
But death will lead her to a shade
Where love is cold, and beauty blind.

Lover.

Lovers (whose priests all poets are)
Think ev'ry mistress, when she dies,
Is chang'd at least into a star:
And who dares doubt the poet's wife?

Philosopher.

But ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

S O N G.

The Soldier going to the Field.

I.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl!
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

II.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expence of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

III.

For I must go where lazy peace,
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

IV.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

V.

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old,
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

VI.

Thy payment shall but double be;
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
Accompany'd with thine.

Epitaph on a Young Virgin. A. K.

NATURE a form intended to create,
Which might subdue the ruthless eyes of fate:
But fate (ready to think warm nature cold,
Itself too merciful, and time too old)
Has struck the world; forthwith this beauty dy'd,
Time's evening hope, and nature's latest pride.

THE DEATH OF ASTRAGON.

The Philosophers Disquisition directed to the Dying Christian.

I.

BEFORE by death you never knowledge gain,
(For to increase your knowledge you must die)
Tell me if all that learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this life rely.

II.

Is not the learning which we knowledge call,
Our own but by opinion and in part?
Not made entirely certain, nor to all;
And is not knowledge but disputed art?

III.

And though a bad, yet 'tis a forward guide;
Who, vexing at the shortness of the day,
Doth, to o'ertake swift time, still onward ride;
Whilst we still follow, and still doubt our way.

IV.

A guide, who ev'ry step proceeds with doubt;
Who guessingly her progress doth begin;
And brings us back where first she led us out
To meet dark midnight at our restless inn.

V.

It is a plummet to so short a line,
As sounds no deeper than the founder's eyes,
The people's meteor which not long can shine,
Nor far above the middle region rise.

VI.

This spy from schools gets ill intelligence;
Where art imposing rules, oft gravely errs,
She steals to nature's closet, and from thence
Brings nought but undecypher'd characters.

VII.

She doth, like India's last discoverers, boast
Of adding to old maps, though she has been
But failing by some clear and open coast,
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

VIII.

False learning wanders upward more and more,
Knowledge (for such there is in some degree)

Still vainly, like the eagle, loves to soar,
Though it can never to the highest see.

ix.

For errors mist doth bound the spirits sight
As clouds (which make earth's arched roof
seem low,

Restrain the bodies eyes; and still, when light
Grows clearer upward, Heaven must higher show.

x.

And as good men, whose minds towards godhead
rise, [press;
Take heaven's height higher than they can ex-
So from that height they lower things despise,
And oft contract earth's littleness to less.

xi.

Of this forbidden fruit, since we but gain,
A taste, by which we only hungry grow;
We merely toil to find our studies vain;
And trust to schools for what they cannot know.

xii.

If knowledge be the coin of souls, 'tis set
Above the standard of each common reign;
And, like a medal of God's cabinet,
Is seldom shown, and soon put up again.

xiii.

For though in one blest age much sway it bears,
Yet to the next it oft becomes unknown;
Unless like long hid medals it appears
In counterfeits, and for deceit be shown.

xiv.

If Heav'n with knowledge did some one endue
With more than the experience of the dead;
To teach the living more than life e'er knew
In schools, where all succession may be bred.

xv.

Then (as in courts, mere strangers bashfully
At first their walk towards private doors begin;
But bolder grow when those they open spy,
And being enter'd, beckon others in.)

xvi.

So to his studious cell (which would appear
Like nature's privy lodgings) my address
I first by stealth would make, but enter'ing there
I should grow bold, and give to all access.

xvii.

Then to her secret nursery would proceed;
And thither bring the world, to judge how she
First-causes, and time's infancy did breed?
For knowledge, should, since good, to all be free.

xviii.

If knowledge must, as evil, hidden lie,
Then we, its object, Nature, seem to blame;
And whilst we banish knowledge, as a spy,
We but hide nature as we cover shame.

xix.

For if our object, nature, be correct,
Bold knowledge then a free spectator is,
And not a spy, since spies we scarce suspect
Or fear, but where their objects are amiss.

xx.

In gathering knowledge from the sacred tree,
I would not snatch in haste the fruit below;
But rather climb, like those who curious be,
And, boldly taste that wondrous does highest
grow.

xxi.

For knowledge would her prospect take in height;
'Tis God's lov'd Eaglet, bred by him to fly,
Though with weak eyes, still upward at the light,
And may soar short, but cannot soar too high.

xxii.

Though life, since finite, has no ill excuse
For being but in finite objects learn'd,
Yet sure the soul was made for little use,
Unless it be in infinites concern'd.

xxiii.

Speak then such things of Heaven (since studious
minds
Seem travel'd souls, and yours prepares to go)
As mine may wish the journey when it finds
That yours doth heaven, her native country,
know.

xxiv.

Tell, if you found your faith, ere you it sought?
Or could it spring ere reason was full blown?
Or could it learn, till by your reason taught,
To know itself, or be by others known?

xxv.

Where men have several faiths, to find the true
We only can the aid of reason use;
'Tis reason shows us which we should eschew
When by comparison we learn to choose.

xxvi.

But though we there on reason must rely
Where men to several faiths their minds dispose,
Yet, after reason's choice, the schools are shy
To let it judge the very faith it chose.

xxvii.

Howe'er 'tis call'd to consult the records
Of faith's dark charter, wrapt in sacred writ;
And is the only judge even of those words,
By which faith claims that reason should submit.

xxviii.

Since holy text bids faith to comprehend
Such mysteries as nature may suspect,
And faith must reason, as her guide, attend,
Lest she mistake what scripture doth direct.

xxix.

Since from the soul's far country, heaven, God sent
His law (an embassy to few reveal'd)
Which did those good conditions represent
Of our eternal peace, ere it was seal'd.

xxx.

Since to remote ambassadors are given
Interpreters, when they with kings confer;
Since to that law, God's embassy from heaven,
Our reason serves as an interpreter,

xxxi.

Since justly clients pay that judge an awe,
Who law's lost sense interprets and restores;
(Yet judges are no more above the law
Than truchmen are above ambassadors)

xxxii.

Since reason, as a judge, the trial hath
Of diff'ring faiths, by adverse pens perplex'd;
Why is not reason reckon'd above faith,
Though not above her law, the sacred text?

xxxiii.

If reason have such worth, why should she still
Attend below, whilst faith doth upward climb?

3 l iiij

Yet common faith seems but unstudy'd will ;
And reason calls unstudy'd will a crime.

XXXIV.

Slave reason, even at home in prison lies !
And by religion is so watch'd, and aw'd,
That though the prison windows, both her eyes,
Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.

XXXV.

Faith thinks, that Reason is her adverse spy ;
Yet Reason is, through doubtful ways, her guide ;
But like a scout, brought in from th' enemy,
Must, when she guides her bound, and guarded
ride.

XXXVI.

Or if by faith, not as her judge disdain'd,
Nor, as her guide, suspected, but is found
In every sentence just to the arreign'd,
And guides her right, unguarded and unbound.

XXXVII.

Why then should such a judge be still deny'd
T' examine (since Faith's claims still public are)
Her secret pleas ? or, why should such a guide
Be hinder'd, where Faith goes, to go as far ?

XXXVIII.

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would show
His monarch's palace to a stranger, goes
But to the gates ; as if to let him know [does ;
Where so much greatness dwells, not what it

XXXIX.

Whilst straight the stranger enters undeny'd,
As one whose breeding has much bolder been ;
So Reason, though she were at first Faith's guide
To heav'n, yet waits without, when Faith goes in.

XL.

But though, at court, bold strangers enter, where
The way is to their bashful guide forbid ;
Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear
And ask them, what the king then said, and did ?

XLI.

And so, though Reason (which is Faith's first guide
To God) is stopt where Faith has entrance free,
As Nature's stranger ; though 'tis then deny'd
To Reason, as of Nature's family ;

XLII.

Yet strait, when from her vision and her trance
Faith does return, then reason quits that awe,
Enjoin'd when priests impos'd our ignorance ;
And asks, how much she of the Godhead saw ?

XLIII.

But as a prudent monarch seems alone,
Retir'd, as if conceal'd even to his court ;
To subjects more in pow'r than person known ;
At distance fought, and found but by report.

XLIV.

So God hath vail'd his pow'r with mysteries
Even to his court in heaven ; and faith comes
there,
Not prying with a stranger's curious eyes,
But like a plain implicit worshipper.

XLV.

Yet as court-strangers, getting some access,
Are apt to tell at home, more than they saw ;
Though then their pencil draws court-greatness
less, [draw :
Than that which truth at nearer view could

XLVI.

So Faith (who is even taught an ignorance ;
For she by knowledge quits her dignity)
Does lessen Godhead, which she would advance,
By telling more of God than she can see.

XLVII.

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come
From heav'n, their country, to this world's bad
coast ; [home ;
They land, then straight are backward bound for
And many are in storms of passion lost !

XLVIII.

They long with danger sail through life's vex'd seas,
In bodies, as in vessels full of leaks ;
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,
Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.

XLIX.

Art's card is by their pilot, Faith, refus'd ;
Her course by guess she ever forward bears ;
Reason her rudder is, but never us'd ;
Because towards heaven she ne'er with reason
steers.

L.

For as a pilot, sure of fair trade-winds,
The helm in all the voyage never hands,
But ties it up, so Reason's helm she binds,
And boldly clogs for heaven's safe harbour stands.

LI.

In reason's place, tradition doth her lead ;
And that presumptuous antiquary makes
Strong laws of weak opinions of the dead,
And what was common coin, for medals takes.

LII.

Tradition ! time's suspected register !
Too oft religion at her trial fails !
Instead of knowledge, teacheth her to err ;
And wears out truth's best stories into tales,

LIII.

O why hath such a guide faith's progress laid ?
Or can our faith, ill guided, guide us well ?
Or had she not tradition's maps survey'd,
How could she aim to show us heaven and hell ?

LIV.

If faith with reason never doth advise ;
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From heav'n inspir'd, and secretly grows wise
Above the schools we know not how, nor when.

LV.

For could we know how faith's bold trust is
wrought,
What are those visions we in sleep discern ;
And when by heaven's short whispers we are
taught [learn ;
More than the watchful schools could ever

LVI.

Then soon faith's ignorance, which now doth seem
A serious wonder to philosophy,
Would fall from value to a low esteem,
And not a wonder nor a virtue be.

LVII.

But though we cannot guess the manner how
Grace first is secretly in small seeds sown ;
Yet fruit, though seed lies hid, in view doth grow ;
And faith, the fruit of grace, must needs be
known.

LVIII.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deity;
 Whilst, without fight, we witness that she shows
 More God than in his works our eyes can see;
 Though none but by those works the Godhead
 knows.

LIX.

If you have faith, then you we must adore;
 Since faith does rather seem inspir'd than taught;
 And men inspir'd have of the Godhead more
 Than nature ever found, or reason sought.

LX.

To you whom inspiration sanctifies,
 I come with doubts, the minds defect of light,
 As to apostles some, with dark'ned eyes,
 Came to receive by miracle their sight.

LXI.

And when I thus presume, you are with more
 Than nature's public wealth by faith indu'd,
 Or think you should reveal your secret store;
 You cannot judge my bold opinion rude.

LXII.

Even faith (not proving what it would assure)
 But bold opinion seems to reason's view;
 And since the blind brought faith to help their
 cure,
 I bring opinion, reason's faith, to you.

LXIII.

We, for their knowledge, men inspir'd adore;
 Not for those truths they hide, but those they
 show;

And vulgar reason finds, that none knows more
 Than that which he can make another know.

LXIV.

Then tell me first, if nature must forbear
 To ask, why still she must remain in doubt?
 A darkness which does much like hell appear,
 Where all may enter in but none get out.

LXV.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;
 Charg'd to make God the object of the mind;
 Then hinder'd from it, since he is so hid,
 As we but seek that which we cannot find.

LXVI.

Our glim'ring knowledge, like the wand'ring light
 In fens, doth to uncertainties direct
 The weary progress of our useless fight;
 And only makes us able to suspect.

LXVII.

Or if inquiring minds are not kept in,
 But by some few, whom schools to power ad-
 vance,

Who, since themselves see short, would make it sin,
 When others look beyond their ignorance.

LXVIII.

If, as God's students, we have leave to learn
 His truths, why doth his text oft need debate?
 Why, as through mists, must we his laws discern?
 Since laws seem snares, when they are intricate.

LXIX.

They who believe man's reason is too scant,
 And that it doth the war of writers cause;
 Infer that God's great works proportion want,
 Who taught our reason, and did write those
 laws.

LXX.

His text, the soul's record, appears to some
 (Though thence our souls hold their inheritance)
 Obscure by growing old, and seems to come,
 Not by consignment to us, but by chance.

LXXI.

Law (which is reason made authority)
 Allows consignment to be good and clear,
 Not when, like this, it does in copies lie,
 But in the known original appear.

LXXII.

Could this record be too authentic made?
 Or why, when God was fashion'd to our eyes,
 And very forms of human laws obey'd,
 Did he not sign it but by deputies?

LXXIII.

Or why, when he was man, did he not deign
 Wholly to write this text with his own hand?
 Or why (as if all written rolls were vain)
 Did he ne'er write but once, and but in sand?

LXXIV.

Tell me, why Heav'n at first did suffer sin?
 Letting seed grow which it had never sown:
 Why, when the soul's first fever did begin,
 Was it not cur'd, which now a plague is grown?

LXXV.

Why did not Heav'n's prevention sin restrain?
 Or is not pow'r's permission a consent?
 Which is in kings as much as to ordain;
 And ills ordain'd are free from punishment.

LXXVI.

And since no crime could be ere laws were fram'd;
 Laws dearly taught us how to know offence;
 Had laws not been, we never had been blam'd;
 For not to know we sin, is innocence.

LXXVII.

Sin's childhood was not starv'd, but rather more
 Than finely fed; so sweet were pleasures made
 That nourish'd it: for sweet is lust of pow'r,
 And sweeter, beauty, which hath power be-
 tray'd.

LXXVIII.

Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,
 Would but for pleasure's company decay;
 As sickly children thrive that have their will;
 But quickly languish being kept from play.

LXXIX.

Since only pleasure breeds sin's appetite,
 Which still by pleasant objects is insus'd;
 Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit,
 And ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd;

LXXX.

Why should our sins, which not a moment last,
 (For, to eternity compar'd, extent
 Of life is, e'er we name it, stop'd and past)
 Receive a doom of endless punishment?

LXXXI.

If souls to hell's vast prison never come
 Committed for their crimes, but destin'd be,
 Like bondmen born, whose prison is their home,
 And long ere they were bound could not be
 free;

LXXXII.

Then hard is destiny's dark law; whose text
 We are forbid to read, yet must obey;

And reason with her useless eyes is vex'd,
Which strive to guide her where they see no
way.

LXXXIII.

Doth it our reason's mutinies appease,
To say, the potter may his own clay mould
To ev'ry use, or in what shape he please,
At first not counsel'd, nor at last controul'd?

LXXXIV.

Pow'r's hand can neither easy be nor strict
To lifeless clay, which ease nor torment knows;
And where it cannot favour nor afflict,
It neither justice nor injustice shows.

LXXXV.

But souls have life, and life eternal too;
Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,
It seems to show what heavenly power can do,
But does not in that deed that pow'r commend.

LXXXVI.

That we are destin'd after death to more
Than reason thinks due punishment for sins
Seems possible, because in life, before
We know to sin, our punishment begins.

LXXXVII.

Why else do infants with incessant cries
Complain of secret harm as soon as born?
Or why are they, in cities destinies,
So oft by war from ravish'd mothers torn:

LXXXVIII.

Doth not belief of being destin'd draw
Our reason to presumption or despair?
If destiny be not, like human law,
To be repeal'd, what is the use of prayer?

LXXXIX.

Why even to all was prayer enjoin'd? since those
Whom God (whose will ne'er alters) did elect
Are sure of heaven; and when we pray, it shows
That we his certainty of will suspect.

XC.

Those who to lasting darkness destin'd were,
Though soon as born they pray, yet pray too
late:
Avoidless ills we to no purpose fear;
And none, when fear is past, will supplicate.

The Christian's Reply to the Philosopher.

I.

THE good in graves as heavenly seed are sown;
And at the saints first spring, the general doom,

Will rise, not by degrees, but fully blown;
When all the angels to their harvest come.

II.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (since flowers which
pass [too,
Thaw'd through a still, and there melt mingled
Are rais'd distinct in a poor chymist's glass)
Do more in graves than men in lymbecs do?

III.

God bred the arts to make us more believe
(By seeking nature's cover'd mysteries)
His darker works, that faith may thence conceive
He can do more than what our reason sees.

IV.

O coward faith! religion's trembling guide!
Whom ev'n the dim-ey'd arts must lead to see
What nature only from our sloth does hide,
Causes remote, which faith's dark dangers be.

V.

Religion, ere impos'd, should first be taught;
Not seem to dull obedience ready laid,
Then swallow'd s'rait for ease, but long be sought;
And be by reason counsel'd, though not sway'd.

VI.

God has enough to human kind disclos'd;
Our fleshly garments he a while receiv'd,
And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,
Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

VII.

The faithless Jews will this at doom confess,
Who did suspect him for his low disguise:
But, if he could have made his virtue less,
He had been more familiar to their eyes.

VIII.

Frail life! in which, through mists of human
breath, [flow;
We grope for truth, and make our progress
Because, by passion blinded, till by death,
Our passions ending, we begin to know.

IX.

O rev'rend death! whose looks can soon advise
Even scornful youth; whilst priests their doc-
trine waste,
Yet mocks us too; for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past.

X.

O harmless death! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave,
A short dark passage to eternal light.

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